

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILLIAD



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
4 of 8

RATED T+



\$2.99 US \$3.05 CAN

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DIRECT EDITION

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THE ILLIAD

The Story So Far:

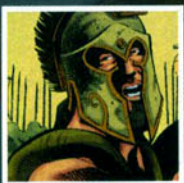
When **Helen**, queen of Sparta, was taken across the sea to the city of Troy by its prince **Paris**, her husband **Menelaus** raised a large Achaean (Greek) force, led by his brother **King Agamemnon**, to bring her back. In the war's ninth year, Agamemnon offended proud **Achilles**, so he, their greatest hero of war, vowed to fight no more till the matter was redressed. His goddess-mother **Thetis** persuaded **Zeus**, king of the gods, to favor the Trojans in battle, though the immortals knew Troy (also called Ilium) was eventually doomed to fall.

Paris and Menelaus met in single combat to decide claims to Helen and her treasure. But when Paris lost, the goddesses **Hera** and **Athena** caused the fighting to resume. The Olympians took sides—**Apollo** and **Aphrodite** favoring the Trojans, Hera and Athena the Argives (Greeks), and the war god **Ares** first one side, then the other. At last Zeus forbade any gods to take part in the war, and he himself turned the tide in favor of Troy and her allies. The Achaeans were driven behind their ship-wall, and the Trojans encamped on the plain outside their city. With the dawn, says **Hector**, Troy's greatest warrior, they will destroy the fortifications—and the Achaeans....

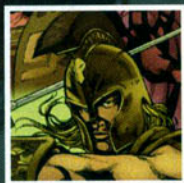
The Achaeans



Agamemnon
King of Mycenae



Menelaus
King of Sparta



Achilles
Mightiest Achaean
Warrior



Ajax the Greater
Foremost Achaean
Warrior
after Achilles



Odysseus
King of Ithaca

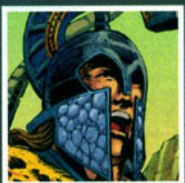


Diomedes
Youngest Achaean
Commander

The Trojans



Priam
King of Troy



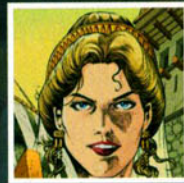
Paris
Son of Priam



Hector
Greatest Warrior
of Troy



Aeneas
Trojan Nobleman



Helen
Once Queen of Sparta -
now Helen of Troy

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THUS DID THE TROJANS
WATCH AS THE NIGHT
WORE ON.

BUT PANIC, COMRADE OF BLOOD-
STAINED ROUT, HAD TAKEN HOLD
OF THE ACHAEANS, AND THEIR
PRINCES WERE ALL OF THEM
IN DESPAIR.

AGAMEMNON SUMMONED HIS
CHIEFS TO A COUNCIL... AND
SPOKE TO THEM AMID
HEAVY SIGHS...

My friends,
the hand of heaven
has been laid heavily
upon me.

Cruel Zeus
swore that I should
sack Troy... but he
has played me
false.

Now, therefore,
let us all sail back
to Argos...

For we
shall never
take that
wide-wayed
city!





Son of Atreus, do you truly think the Achaeans so unwarlike--so cowardly?

If your own mind is set upon going home--go! The way is open to you.

But the rest of us will stay here till we have sacked Troy!

Though young, Diomedes, you have spoken wisely.

Agamemnon-- I urged you not to take the girl Briseis from Achilles, but in your pride you dishonored our mightiest warrior.

Let us now appease him, with gifts and fair words.



I was wrong in what I did, Nestor... I admit it.

I will send to Achilles an embassy composed of Ajax and Odysseus--and led by Phoenix here, whom he loves.

ERE LONG, THE THREE EMISSARIES APPROACHED THE SHIPS AND TENTS OF THE MYRMIDONS...



See, Patroclus. Three who are dearest to me of the Achaeans draw near.

All hail and welcome! You must come upon some great matter.



Every man shall have his full cup of wine.

We lack no food or drink, Achilles... but we are in the face of a great disaster.



The Trojans believe nothing can prevent them from burning our fleet.

You will repent bitterly if you do not save the Achaeans now.

Put away your anger and forgive Agamemnon...



...and he will give you ten talents of gold... twelve strong horses... and much besides.

Your choice for a wife among his three daughters...

...and seven cities with her.

He will restore Briseis--whom he swears he has never taken to his couch--

And when Troy falls, you may take her twenty loveliest women after Helen herself.



Odysseus, I'll not fight for hated Agamemnon...not even to gain glory by slaying Hector.

Tomorrow morning, if you care to look, you will see my ships rowing out to sea.

If Poseidon grant me fair passage, in three days I shall be in Phthia.



My mother, divine Thetis, tells me there are two ways I may meet my end.

If I stay here and fight, I'll not return alive, but my name will live forever.

If I go home, my name will die, but it will be long ere death shall take me.

To all of you, I say-- "Go home, for you will not take Ilium!"



Noble Achilles, I reared you and trained you, when your father, Peleus, cast you out.

If you are now minded to return, how can I remain here without you?

But I beg you to take Agamemnon's gifts and return to the fray...

...for then the Achaeans will honor you as a god.



Phoenix, old friend, I've no need of such honor, for I have honor from Zeus himself.

Stay here, and at daybreak we will consider whether to remain or leave.

Odysseus, let us be gone...



...for I see that our journey here has been made in vain.

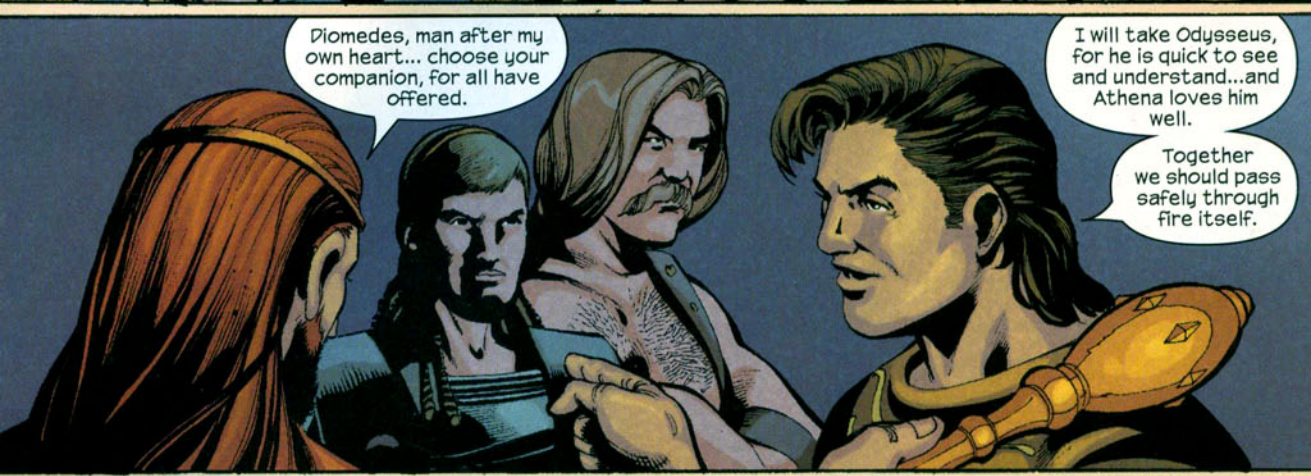


WHEN AGAMEMNON
LEARNED ACHILLES'
ANSWER, HE AGAIN
CALLED HIS CHIEFS...

I stand in need
of shrewd counsel
to save the Argives
and our ships.

Is there any man
bold enough to venture
among the Trojans and
bring us news of what
the enemy mean
to do?

I will go...
but better if
there were
two of us.



Diomedes, man after my
own heart... choose your
companion, for all have
offered.

I will take Odysseus,
for he is quick to see
and understand...and
Athena loves him
well.

Together
we should pass
safely through
fire itself.



WHEN THE PAIR
HAD ARMED...

Let us be
going...
...for two-
thirds of the
night are
already
spent.



NOR DID HECTOR LET THE TROJANS SLEEP, FOR HE TOO CALLED A COUNCIL...

Is there one who will go find whether the Achaeans mean to flee in their ships...

...or perhaps by sheer exhaustion fail to keep their watches?

He who dares will win infinite honor... and the Argives' fleetest horses.



I, Hector! I, Dolon, will go to the ships--

--if you swear to give me the chariot and horses of Achilles himself!

May Zeus bear witness that no Trojan but you shall mount those steeds!

MEANWHILE, DIOMEDES AND ODYSSEUS PROWLLED LIKE TWO LIONS AMID THE ARMOR AND BLOOD-STAINED BODIES OF THOSE WHO HAD FALLEN...



I hear the cry of a heron upon our right hands-- a sign from Athena.

If she guard us now, I will sacrifice a year-old heifer to her.



Diomedes-- someone comes!

It may be a spy--or some thief who would plunder the dead.

Let us lie down among the corpses and let him get a little past us...



Behind me--

Be you friends from the Trojan camp?



No! You are Achaeans!

Take me alive, I beg you--and my father will satisfy you with a very large ransom!



Tell us--do all the Trojan camps have watchfires?

Aye! But our Thracian allies, only lately arrived under King Rhesus, leave it to the Trojans to keep guard while they sleep.

Now bind me here, till you have proved if my words be false or true.

If we ransom you, you will come a second time to spy or as an open enemy--

But if I
make an end
of you--

AARR--

--you will
give me no
more
trouble.

SOON DIOMEDES AND ODYSSEUS
CAME TO THE SLEEPING THRACIAN
SOLDIERS, TIRED OUT WITH THEIR
DAY'S TOIL...

...WITH THEIR KING SLEEPING
IN THEIR MIDST, HIS FINE
HORSES HARD BY.

ATHENA PUT
COURAGE INTO
THE HEART OF
DIOMEDES...

...AND HE SMOTE
RIGHT AND LEFT,
KILLING TWELVE
OF THEM...

...AND RHEBUS WAS
THE THIRTEENTH...

MEANWHILE, ODYSSEUS HAD
MADE FAST THE HORSES, ONE
TO ANOTHER...

...AND NOW HE
AND DIOMEDES
FLEW ONWARD
TO THE SHIPS OF
THE ACHAENS.



SOON, AT THE
CAMP OF NESTOR...

I never yet saw or
heard of horses such
as those you brought
back.

Surely some
god has met you
and given them
to you.

Heaven, if it
willed, could give
us even better
horses... but these
are freshly brought
from Thrace by the
king we killed.



AND, AS DAWN BROUGHT LIGHT ALIKE TO MORTALS
AND IMMORTALS, ZEUS SENT FORTH THE FIERCE GODDESS
DISCORD, WITH THE ENSIGN OF WAR IN HER HANDS...

Get thee
to the ships of
Odysseus, in the
middle of the
Achaean line...

...that your
voice may carry
to the tents of Ajax
and Achilles on
the nether ends.



BY THE SHIPS COME
FROM ITHACA, DISCORD
TOOK HER STAND...

...AND SHE RAISED A
CRY BOTH LOUD AND
SHRILL.

IT FILLED THE ACHAEANS
WITH COURAGE, GIVING
THEM HEART TO FIGHT ON.

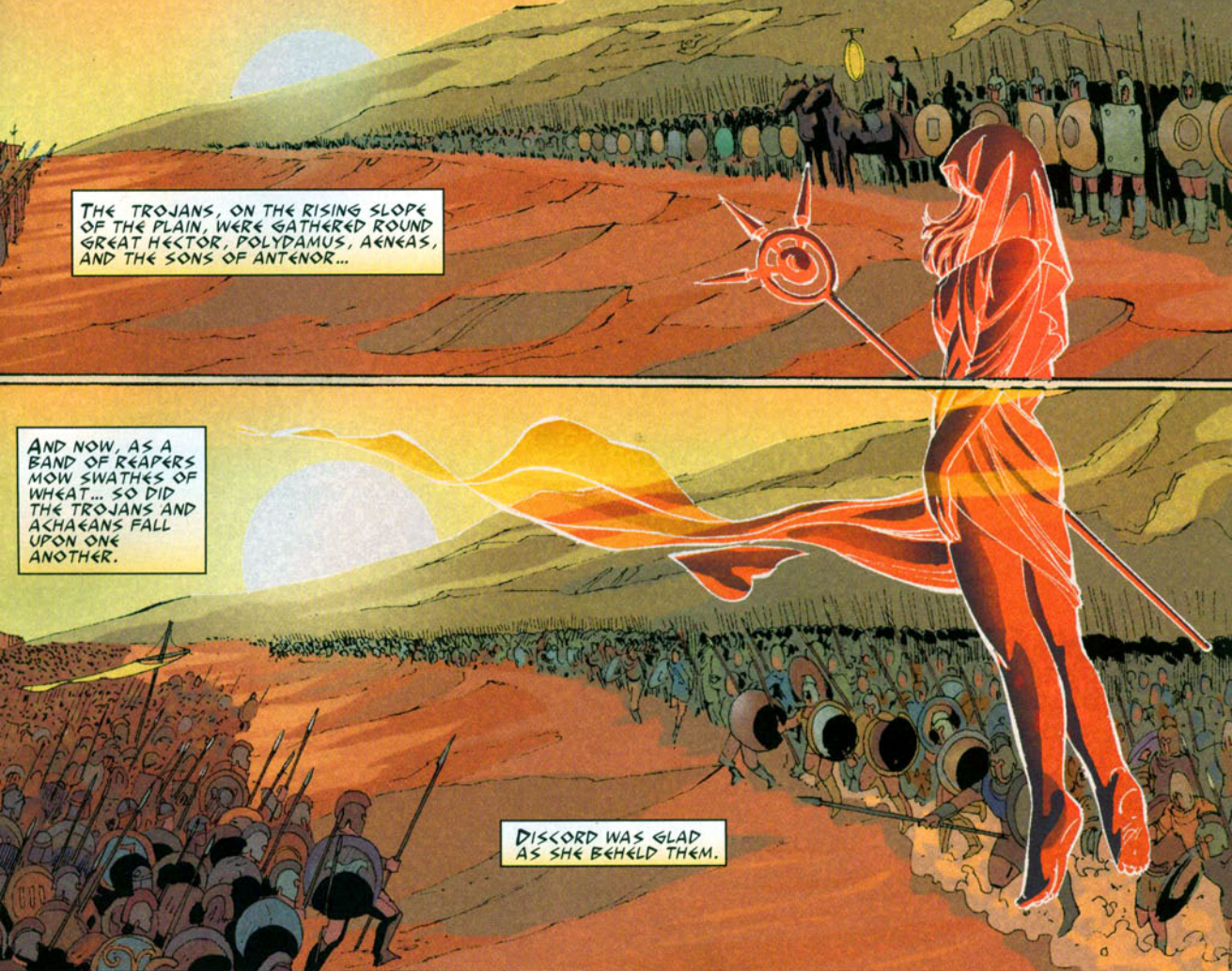
AND AGAMEMNON, SON OF
ATREUS, SHOUTED ALOUD AS
HE DONNED HIS ARMOR...

Argives!
Gird yourselves
for combat!

Let every
man now let his
charioteer hold
his horses in
readiness...

...while you
go forward
into battle
on foot!





THE TROJANS, ON THE RISING SLOPE OF THE PLAIN, WERE GATHERED ROUND GREAT HECTOR, POLYDAMUS, AENEAS, AND THE SONS OF ANTENOR...

AND NOW, AS A BAND OF REAPERS MOW SWATHES OF WHEAT... SO DID THE TROJANS AND ACHAEANS FALL UPON ONE ANOTHER.

DISCORD WAS GLAD AS SHE BEHELD THEM.

THEY FOUGHT LIKE WOLVES...

...UNTIL, AT MIDDAY, AGAMEMNON LED THE WAY IN BREAKING THE BATTALIONS OF THE ENEMY...

Onward, Achaeans---



--so I
could fight you
Achaean the
sooner!

While you
prattle, your
spear is turned
aside by my belt
of silver--



And your
own weapon
draws you--



AAAGGK

--within
reach of my
sword!

You have
killed my
brother,
Agamemnon--



But I will
revenge his
fall--and
rescue his
body!



And who
will rescue
yours--

--when I've
sent two sons of
Antenor down into
the house of
Hades!

YET, WHEN HECTOR SAW WOUNDED AGAMEMNON QUIT THE FIELD, HE PLUNGED IN AMONG THE FOREMOST...



Trojans--Lycians--Dardanians! Be men, and acquit yourself bravely!

Their king has left them--and Zeus has promised me a great triumph!

THEN, WHEN HE SPIED TWO FIERCE ACHAEANS WREAKING HAVOC AMONGST THE TROJANS...



Diomedes! Odysseus!

Great Hector is bearing down upon us!

BRONZE HELMET TURNED BRONZE SPEAR--



We must stand firm against his onset!

BUT HECTOR FELL TO HIS KNEES...FOR DARKNESS HAD FALLEN UPON HIS EYES...



Dog! you will not escape from death this time!

Lord Apollo, who saved our Hector from Diomedes' spear--



--let not
the arrow of
Paris speed
in vain!



OWWWW

Hah! It
pierces his
foot--fixing
itself in the
ground!



Come, brother!
Would I had hit him
in the belly!

Then the
Trojans would
have had a
truce from
evil!

I will draw
the arrow
forth.

Paris! Without
your bow you
are nothing but
a seducer!

When I strike
a man--vultures,
not women,
gather round
him!



AS DIOMEDES WAS DRIVEN TO
THE SHIPS AND ARGIVES FLED
IN PANIC, ODYSSEUS FACED
THE TROJANS ALONE.

EVEN WHEN WOUNDED,
HE FOUGHT ON...

...FOR ATHENA HAD NOT
SUFFERED THE SPEAR TO
PIERCE HIS ENTRAILS.

MEANWHILE, ACHILLES SAW
IT ALL AND TOOK NOTE, AS
HE STOOD ON THE STERN
OF HIS SHIP...

I shall now
have the Argives
praying at my
knees--

For they are
in great straits,
retreating through
the great doors
of their ship-
walls.

Patroclus--go
ask Nestor if that
is Machaon, son of
the healer Aesculapius,
that he is bearing
wounded in his
chariot.

Aye,
cousin.



Patroclus!
It is good to
see you.

Achilles sent me
to learn if it was
Machaon you brought
from the field.

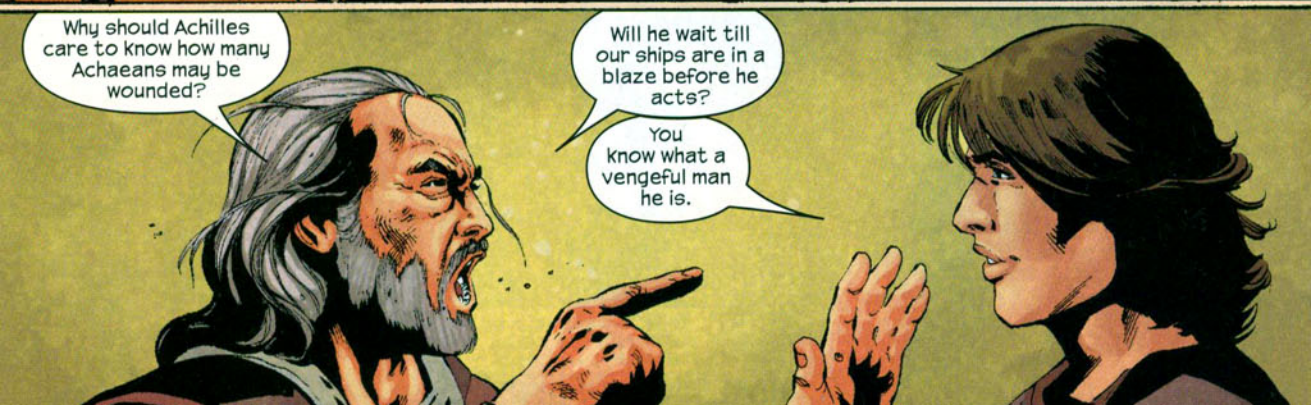
I see that
it is, and must
go tell him.



Why should Achilles
care to know how many
Achaean may be
wounded?

Will he wait till
our ships are in a
blaze before he
acts?

You
know what a
vengeful man
he is.





If Achilles will not fight, then let him send his Myrmidons!

Let him send you into battle clad in his armor, so the Trojans think you are he.

And they might leave off fighting?



Aye. The Achaeans may thus have time to catch their breath.

Nestor-- you have moved my heart.

BATTLE AND TURMOIL RAGED ROUND THE LOOMING WOODEN WALL AND SHARP-STAKED TRENCH...

...AND THE ARGIVES WERE HEMMED IN AT THEIR SHIPS IN FEAR OF HECTOR, WHO FOUGHT WITH THE FORCE AND FURY OF A WHIRLWIND.

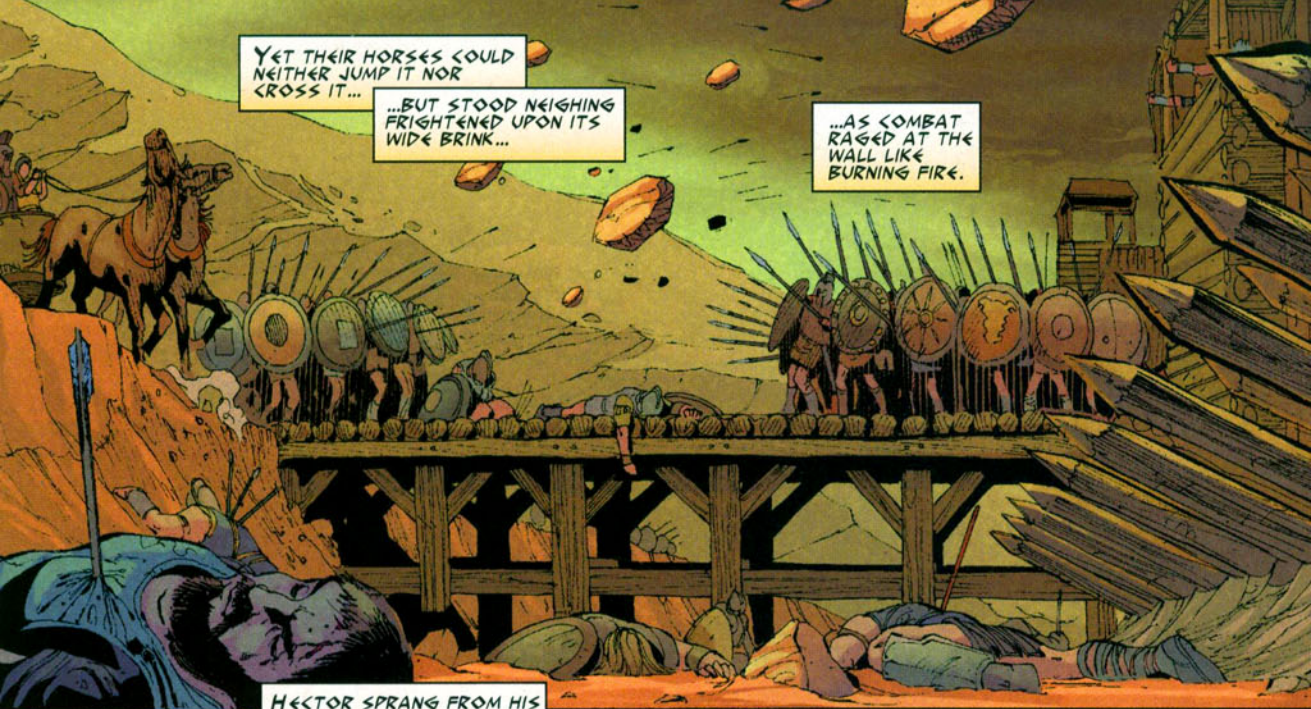
AND THE TROJAN HOST, EXHORTED BY THE MIGHTIEST SON OF PRIAM, MOVED FORWARD TO BRAVE THE YAWNING TRENCH...



YET THEIR HORSES COULD
NEITHER JUMP IT NOR
CROSS IT...

...BUT STOOD NEIGHING
FRIGHTENED UPON ITS
WIDE BRINK...

...AS COMBAT
RAGED AT THE
WALL LIKE
BURNING FIRE.



HECTOR SPRANG FROM HIS
CHARIOT, THAT THE OTHER
TROJANS MIGHT DO
THE SAME...



Follow me
on foot, Paris--
all of you--

And if the day
of their doom is at
hand, the Achaeans
will not be able to
withstand us!

RAISING A LOUD CRY OF
BATTLE, THE WARRIORS OF
ILIUM MADE STRAIGHT FOR
THE WOODEN RAMPARTS--



--THE SHIELDS ABOVE THEIR
HEADS WARDING OFF THE ARGIVES'
THUNDERSTORM OF STONES.

BUT EVEN AS THEY
SOUGHT TO SCALE
THE TRENCH--

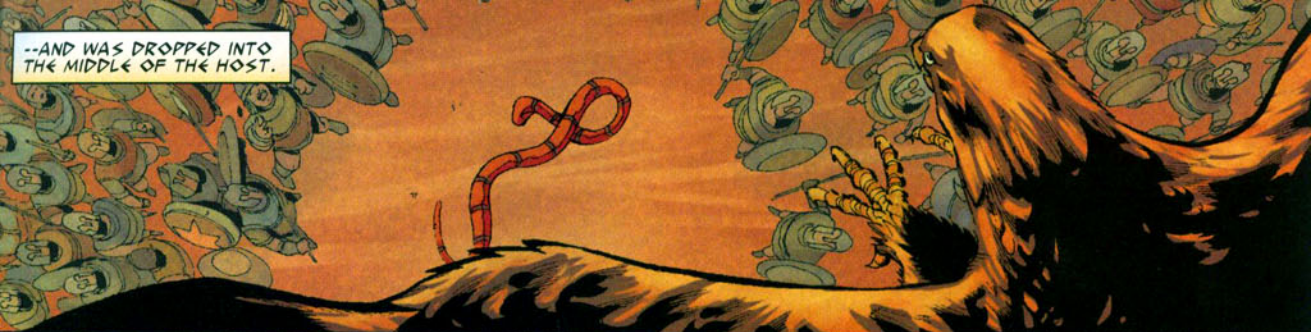


--A SOARING EAGLE SKIRTED
THEIR LEFT WING--A MONSTROUS
BLOOD-RED SNAKE STRUGGLING
IN ITS TALONS--



--AND WRITHING TILL IT
IT STRUCK THE BIRD
THAT HELD IT--

--AND WAS DROPPED INTO
THE MIDDLE OF THE HOST.



Hector--just
as the eagle
loosed her hold, so
will it be with
ourselves.

It is a sign we
must not fight the
Achaeans at their
ships!

Has fear robbed
you of your reason,
Polydamus?

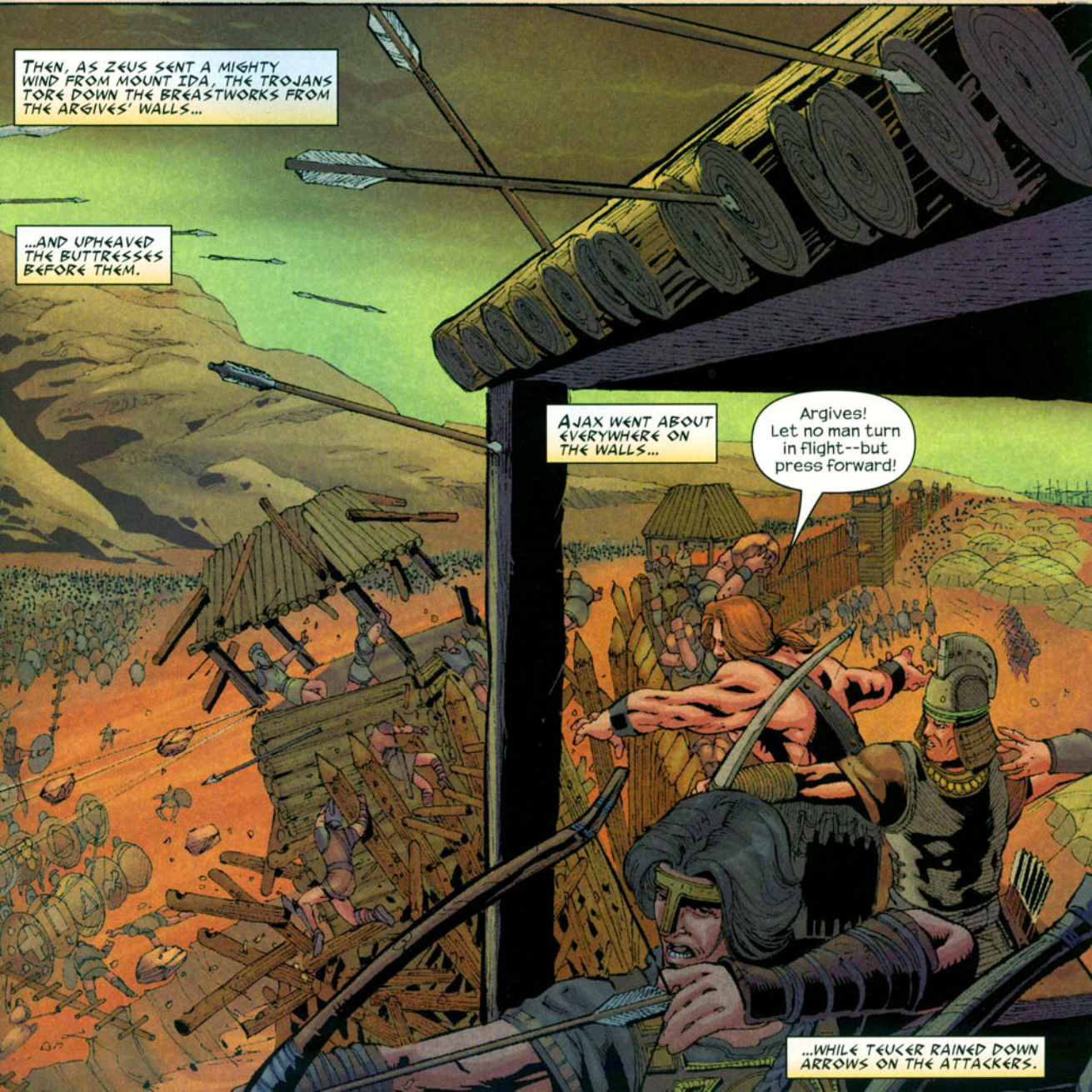
There is
one omen, and
one only--

--that a
man should
fight for his
country!



THEN, AS ZEUS SENT A MIGHTY
WIND FROM MOUNT IDA, THE TROJANS
TORE DOWN THE BREASTWORKS FROM
THE ARGIVES' WALLS...

...AND UPHEAVED
THE BUTTRESSES
BEFORE THEM.



AJAX WENT ABOUT
EVERYWHERE ON
THE WALLS...

Argives!
Let no man turn
in flight--but
press forward!

...WHILE TEUKER RAINED DOWN
ARROWS ON THE ATTACKERS.



May Zeus
grant us to
repel our
foes--



--and drive
them back
towards the
city!



THE TROJAN EPICLES, HIS HELMET
AND THE BONES OF HIS SKULL CRUSHED
BY AJAX'S JAGGED STONE--

--FELL FROM THE HIGH WALL AS
THOUGH HE WERE DIVING, WITH
NO MORE LIFE LEFT IN HIM.



AND THEN CAME THE TIME
WHEN THE FATHER OF GODS
GAVE THE GREATER GLORY
TO HECTOR...

Up,
Trojans!



Let us
break the
ramparts of
the Argives--





Now IN,
all you sons
of Ilium--

--and fling
fire upon their
ships!

NEXT:
WHEN THE GODS
MAKE WAR...

THE GLOSSARY OF THE ILIAD

Appease – to bring to a state of peace, quiet, ease or calm

Charioteer – driver of a light, two-wheeled vehicle for one person, usually drawn by two horses and driven from a standing position

Embassy – a body of persons entrusted with a mission to a sovereign or government not their own

Ensign – a flag or banner

Entrails – internal parts, intestines

Ere – before

Fertile – bearing, producing, or capable of producing vegetation, crops, etc.

Fray – a fight or battle

Gird – to prepare (oneself) for action

Heifer – a young cow over one year old that has not produced a calf

Hemmed – enclosed or confined

Heron – a bird characterized by being long-legged, long-necked and usually long-billed

Onset – an assault or attack

Play – to use or manipulate, especially for one's own interests

Plunder – to rob or steal

Prattle – to talk in a foolish or simple-minded way

Rampart – a broad embankment raised as a fortification; a protective barrier

Repent – to feel sorry or regret past conduct

Sack – to pillage or loot after capture; plunder

Seducer – a person who leads others astray usually by persuasion or false promises

Shrewd – of a practical or sharp intelligence

Shrill – a loud, piercing sound

Smote – past tense of *smite*, meaning to strike or hit hard, with or as if with the hand, a stick, or other weapon

Stern – the rear part of a ship or boat

Straits – a position of difficulty, perplexity, distress, or need

Swath – the width of a scythe stroke or a mowing-machine blade

Talent – a variable unit of weight and money used in ancient Greece, Rome, and the Middle East

