

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILLIAD



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8 of 8

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ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILLAD

The Story So Far:

When **Helen**, beauteous queen of Sparta, was taken across the sea to the city of Troy (also called Ilium) by its prince **Paris**, her husband **Menelaus** raised a large Achaean (Greek, or Argive) force, led by his brother **Agamemnon**, to bring her back. In the war's ninth year, Agamemnon offended the Achaeans' greatest warrior, **Achilles**, who vowed to fight no more till the matter was redressed.

On occasion, the Olympian deities took sides in the war—**Apollo** and **Aphrodite** favoring the Trojans, **Hera** and **Athena** the Achaeans. But **Zeus**, king of the gods, at the urging of Achilles' goddess-mother **Thetis**, turned the tide of battle temporarily in favor of Troy and her allies, and the Achaeans were driven behind their ship-wall by **Hector**, **Aeneas**, and the other Trojans.

Patroclus persuaded his comrade Achilles to let him wear his armor to frighten off the Trojans. But Hector killed Patroclus and took the armor. Achilles, enraged, made peace with Agamemnon and vowed to enter the battle again. Thetis persuaded the god **Hephaestus** to make new and even better armor for Achilles. Her son slew so many Trojans that the **River Scamander** came to life to oppose him. To help Hector, Apollo, in the guise of the Trojan prince **Agenor**, lured Achilles away from the city. When the other Trojans fled within its walls, only Hector now stood outside its gates, awaiting his final, fateful bout with Achilles...

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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FROM ABOVE,
PRIAM CRIED
TO HIS SON TO
COME INSIDE
THE GATES...

Many a
brave son has
that monster
taken from
me!

Stay not
to face him
alone and
unsupported!

BUT HIS PITEOUS
WORDS MOVED
NOT THE HEART
OF HECTOR.



MEANWHILE, APOLLO, IN THE GUISE OF ANTENOR, HAD BEGUILLED ACHILLES AWAY FROM THE CITY...

...BEFORE HE REVEALED HIS TRUE SELF.

Son of Peleus--why do you, who are but man, give chase to an immortal?

You have deceived me, Far-Darter.

You saved the Trojans and robbed me of glory at no risk to yourself.

Were it in my power to do so, I would exact my revenge...

But I shall return to the city--and may yet sack it this day!



Hector! I see Achilles' armor gleam on his breast as he speeds this way!

Come inside, to be the guardian of the city--

--Or you will meet death at his hands, for he is even mightier than you!

BUT STILL HIS BEST-LOVED SON STOOD HIS GROUND...



...AS ACHILLES RACED TOWARD HIM...



...WITH FELL INTENT...

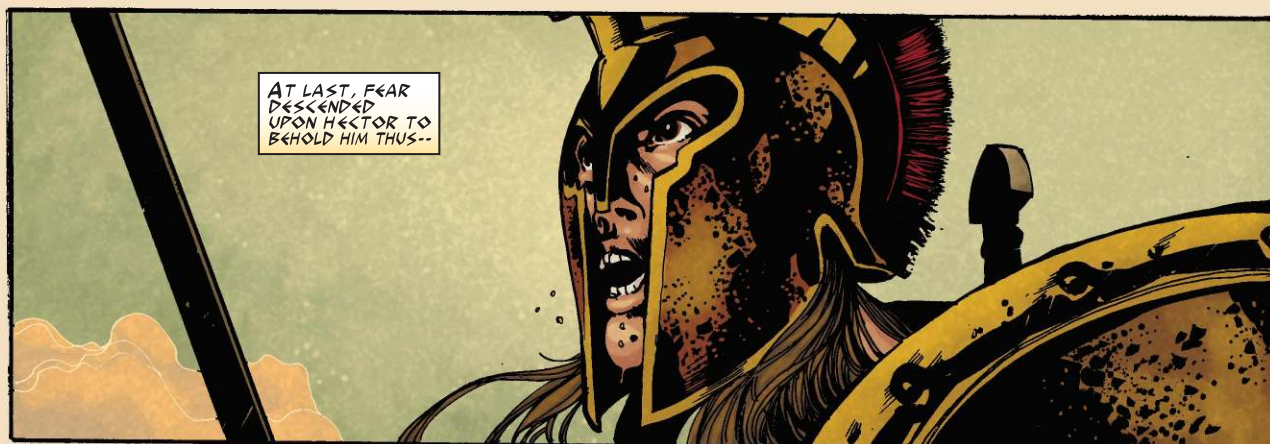


...AS IF HE WERE...



...ARES HIMSELF...

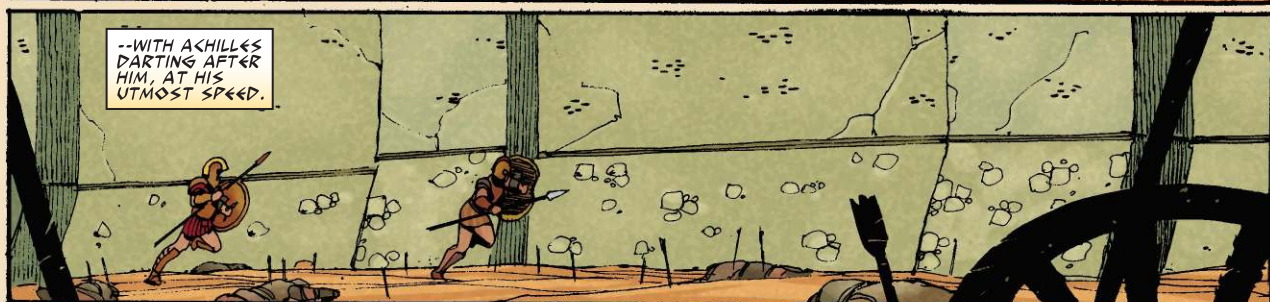
...PLUMED LORD OF BATTLE!



AT LAST, FEAR
DESCENDED
UPON HECTOR TO
BEHOLD HIM THUS--



--AND HE FLED
IN DISMAY
FROM BEFORE
THE GATES--



--WITH ACHILLES
DARTING AFTER
HIM, AT HIS
UTMOST SPEED.



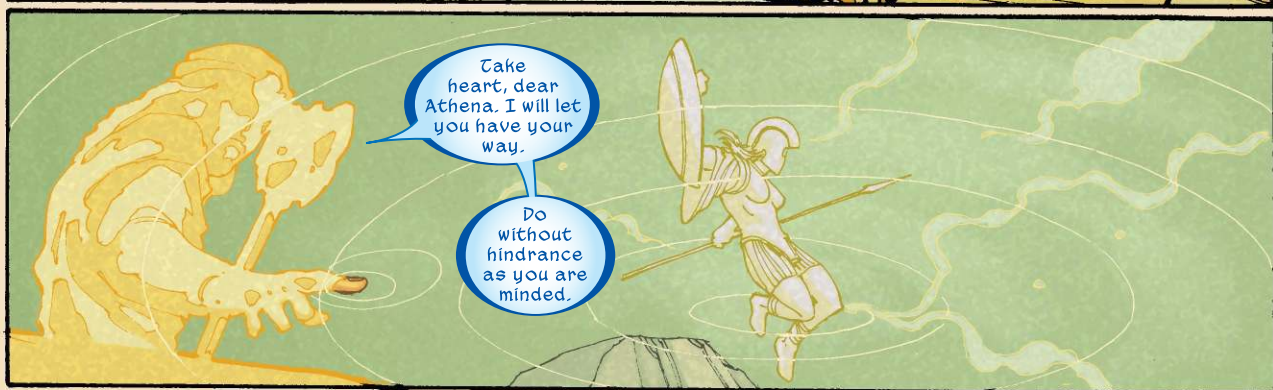
AS HORSES IN A CHARIOT
RACE THUNDER ROUND
THE TURNING-POSTS
WHEN COMPETING FOR
SOME GREAT PRIZE--



--SO DID
THESE TWO
RUN FULL
SPEED--

--THREE
TIMES--

--ROUND
THE CITY
OF PRIAM.





WHENEVER HECTOR
GOT NEAR THE
DARDANIAN GATES
AND UNDER THE WALLS...



...ACHILLES
WOULD GAIN
ON HIM...



...AND WOULD
HEAD HIM
BACK TOWARDS
THE PLAIN.

NEVER COULD
ACHILLES COME
UP WITH HECTOR...

...NOR HECTOR
BREAK AWAY
FROM ACHILLES.



ACHILLES MADE SIGNS
TO THE ACHAEAN HOST,
LEST ANOTHER MAN
AIM A DART AT THE
SON OF PRIAM...

...AND PERHAPS
WIN THE GLORY OF
HAVING HIT HIM.



THEN DID ZEUS
PLACE A DOOM
ON EACH OF HIS
GOLDEN SCALES...

...AND THE DOOM OF
HECTOR FELL DOWN
DEEP INTO THE
HOUSE OF HADES.

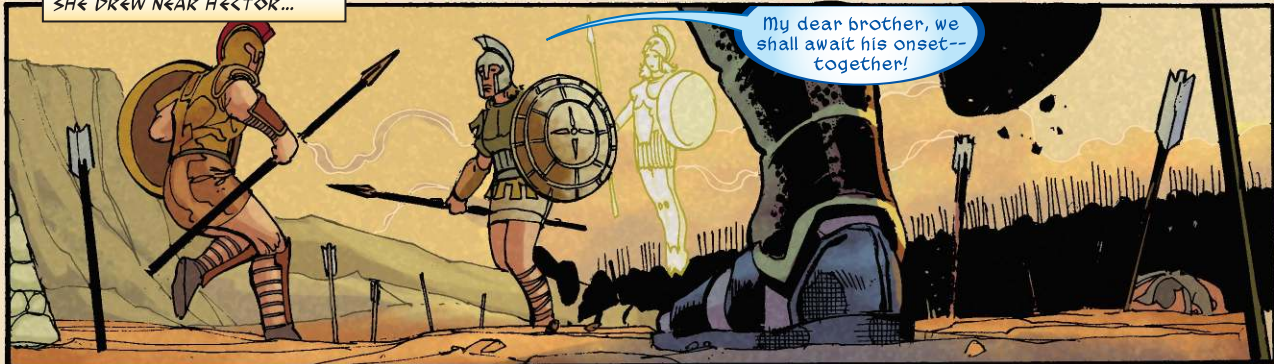
THEREON, ATHENA
WENT CLOSE UP TO
THE SON OF PELEUS...



Noble
Achilles,
Hector cannot
escape us any
longer.

Stay
here and take
breath, while I go
persuade him to
make a stand and
fight you.

TAKING THE FORM OF DEIPHOBUS,
SHE DREW NEAR HECTOR...



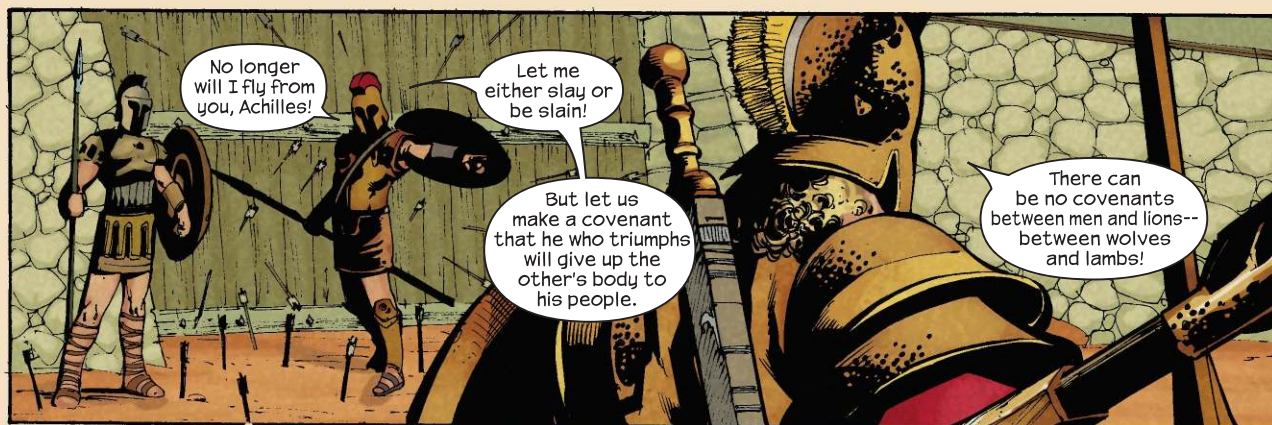
My dear brother, we
shall await his onset--
together!

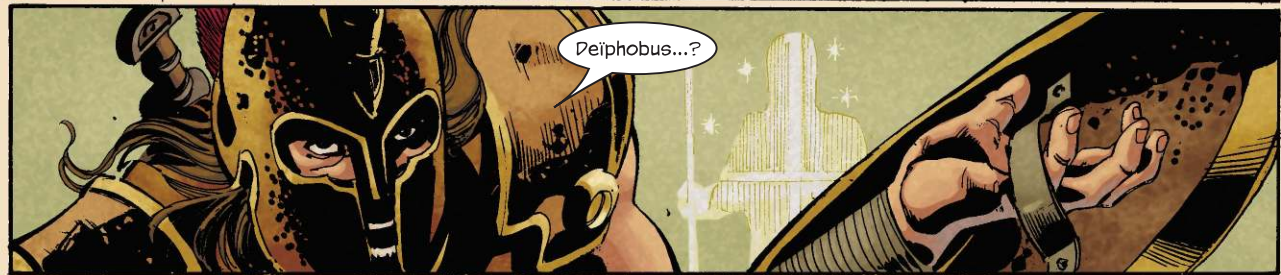


Deiphobus,
you have always
been dearest
to me of all my
brothers...

But
henceforth,
I shall rate you
yet more
highly.

Let us
stand and fight--
with no keeping of
our spears in
reserve!





BUT ACHILLES KNEW THE ARMOR HECTOR WORE FOR IT HAD BEEN HIS OWN, WORN BY PATROCLUS BEFORE THE SON OF PRIAM DESPOILED HIM.

ALL WAS PROTECTED--SAVE ONLY THE THROAT WHERE THE COLLAR-BONES DIVIDE THE NECK FROM THE SHOULDERS.

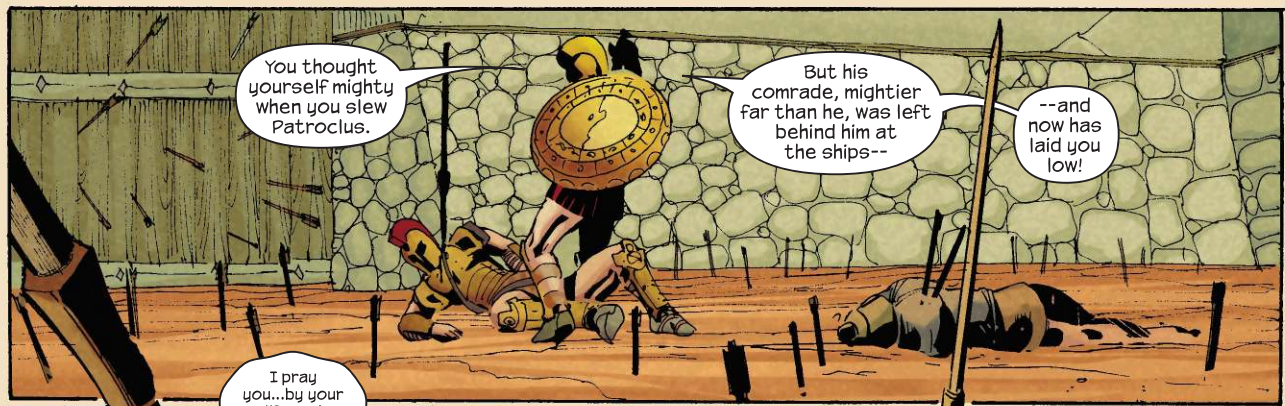
THIS IS A MOST DEADLY PLACE...

...AND HERE DID ACHILLES STRIKE HIM...

AAAAARRRR

...THROUGH THE FLESHY PART OF HIS NECK.





You thought yourself mighty when you slew Patroclus.

But his comrade, mightier far than he, was left behind him at the ships--

--and now has laid you low!



I pray you...by your life and knees...

Let not dogs devour me... but accept the rich treasure...which my father will offer you...

I could cut your flesh into pieces and eat it raw, for the ill you have done me.



No ransom will save you from the dogs and the vultures!



May I bring heaven's wrath upon you...the day Paris and Apollo slay you...at the Scaean gates...

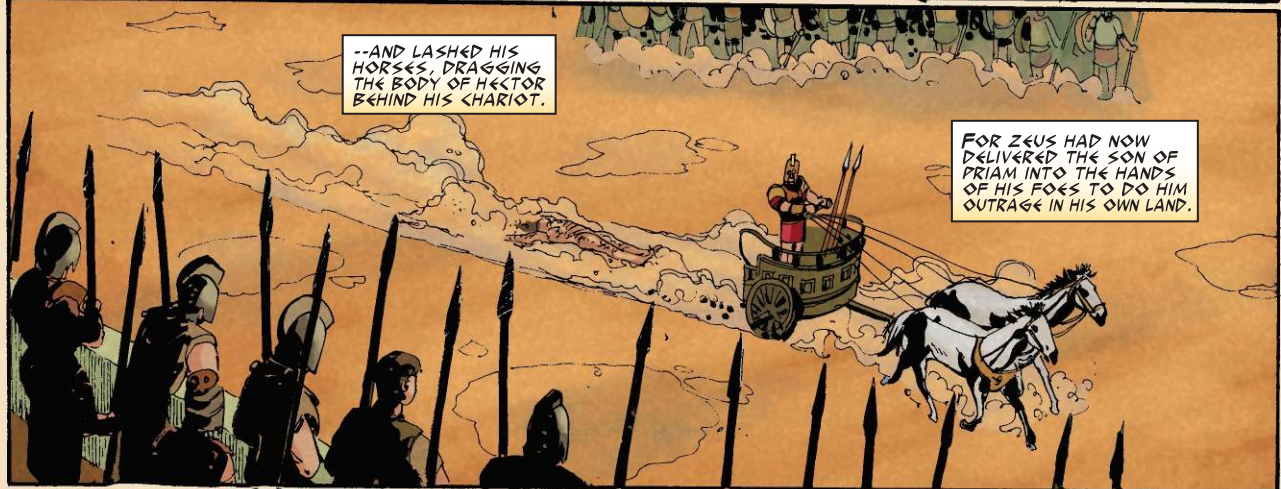
THEN DID THE SHROUDS OF DEATH ENFOLD HECTOR...





THEN ACHILLES
PIERCED THE SINEWS
OF HECTOR'S FEET
FROM HEEL TO ANKLE--

--PASSED THONGS
OF OX-HIDE
THROUGH THEM--



--AND LASHED HIS
HORSES, DRAGGING
THE BODY OF HECTOR
BEHIND HIS CHARIOT.

FOR ZEUS HAD NOW
DELIVERED THE SON OF
PRIAM INTO THE HANDS
OF HIS FOES TO DO HIM
OUTRAGE IN HIS OWN LAND.



Alas, my
son--what
have I left to
live for, now that
you are no
more?

Open the
gates! I must
go to him!

Achilles
would but
slay you, too,
O King.



Many a
son of mine
has he slain in the
flower of his
youth.

Yet, grieve
for these as I may,
I do so for Hector
more than for
them all...

...and the
bitterness of my
sorrow will bring me
down to the house
of Hades!



BACK AT HIS SHIPS,
ACHILLES LAID HIS
BLOOD-STAINED HAND
UPON THE BREAST OF
HIS DEAD FRIEND...

Patroclus,
I will now
do all that
I promised
you.

I will
drag Hector
here and let the
dogs devour
him raw...

And twelve
noble sons of
Trojans will I also
slay before your
pyre to avenge
you.

BUT THAT NIGHT,
THE SAD SPIRIT
OF PATROCLUS
DREW NEAR HIM...

Bury me
with all speed,
Achilles...

...that I
may join those
that are beyond
the River
Styx.

I will
do all as you
have bidden
me.

THE NEXT NIGHT,
AS THE FUNERAL
PYRE BURNED UP
TOWARD HEAVEN...

Fare
you well,
Patroclus.

But dogs,
not fire, shall
devour the flesh
of the son of
Priam.

YET, FOR ALL THE DAYS OF THE FUNERAL
GAMES OF PATROCLUS, THE RAVENING DOGS
CAME NOT ABOUT THE BODY OF HECTOR...

FOR APHRODITE,
DAUGHTER OF ZEUS,
KEPT THEM FROM HIM,
NIGHT AND DAY.



ALL THE WHILE, ACHILLES
STILL WEPT FOR THINKING
OF HIS DEAR COMRADE...

AND SLEEP, BEFORE
WHOM ALL THINGS
BOW, COULD TAKE
NO HOLD UPON HIM.



WHEN DAWN BROKE,
THREE TIMES DID HE DRAG
HECTOR ROUND THE
TOMB OF PATROCLUS...

...AND THEN
BENEATH THE
CITY'S WALLS.

BUT APOLLO WOULD
NOT SUFFER THE BODY
TO BE DISFIGURED...

...AND APHRODITE HAD
ANOINTED HIM WITH
AMBROSIAL OIL OF
ROSE, THAT HIS FLESH
MIGHT NOT BE TORN.

AND WHEN THE MORNING OF THE TWELFTH DAY HAD COME, PHOEBUS APOLLO SPOKE AMONG THE IMMORTALS...

You gods ought be ashamed of yourselves!

Hector always gave sacrifice to you--and now you let Achilles dishonor his dead body.

Hector was mortal, while Achilles is the offspring of a goddess whom I myself reared and married to great Peleus.

You yourself feasted and played your lyre at their wedding!

Hera, wife, be not so bitter.

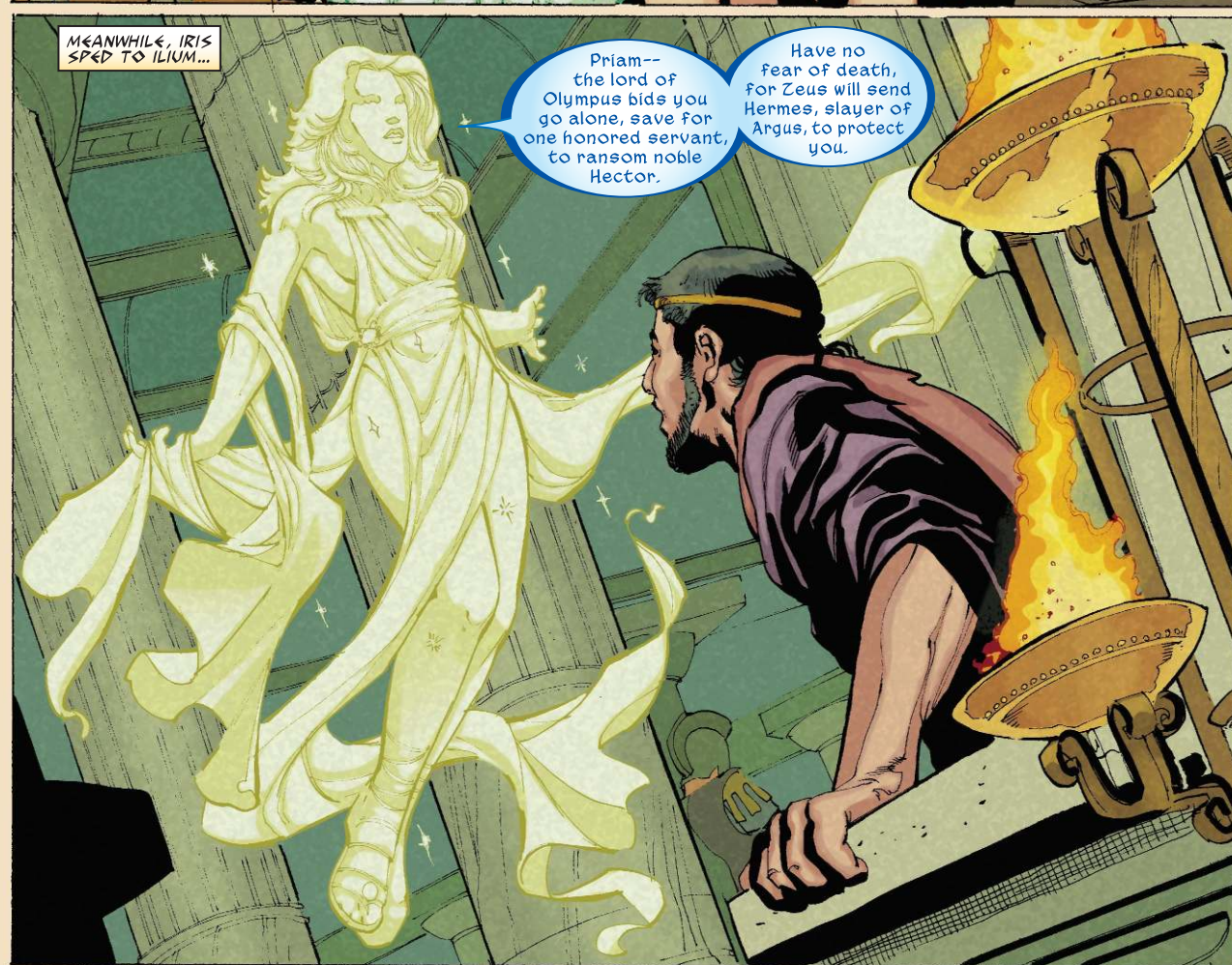
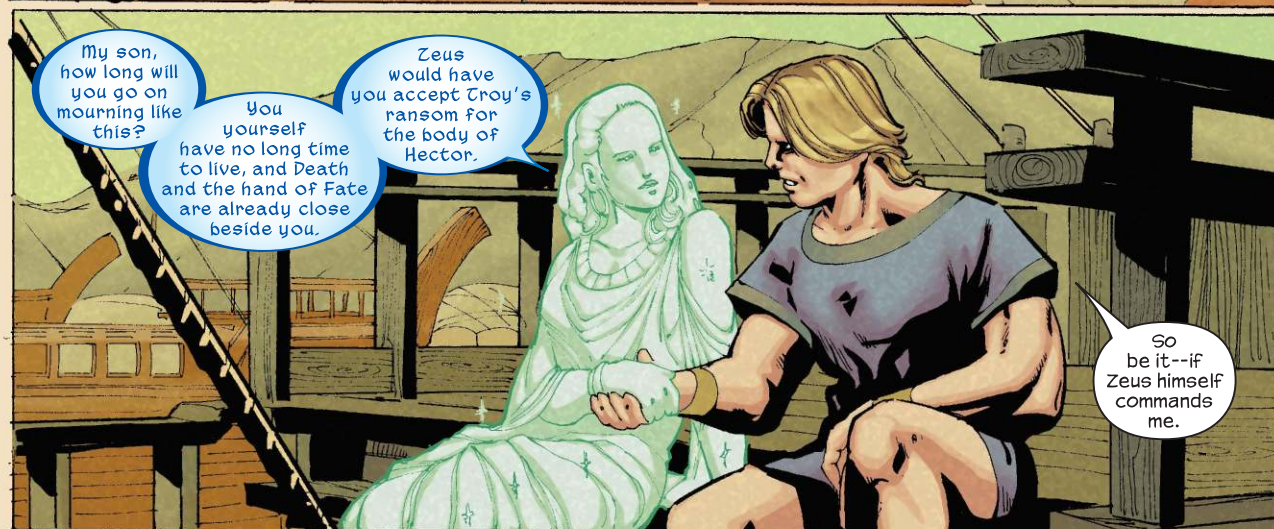
Their honor shall not be equal...but I will give counsel to Chetis, mother of Achilles.

FLEET AS THE WIND, IRIS WENT TO THETIS ON THE FLOOR OF THE SEA, AND BROUGHT HER TO THE SIRE OF GODS AND MEN...

Goddess, I know well the grief that reigns ever in your heart.

But you must tell your son that the gods are angry with him that he will not give up the body of Hector.

I...will do as you say, great Zeus.



THE RANSOM TREASURES HAD BEEN PLACED
IN HIS CHARIOT WHEN HECUBA CAME TO HIM...

That cruel
savage will lay
hands on you, knowing
neither respect
nor pity!

A goddess
has spoken
to me, so
I will go.

Let Achilles
slay me, if I may but
first take my son
in my arms and
mourn him!

THUS DID PRIAM
AND HIS MAN IDAEUS
VENTURE FORTH
UPON THE PLAIN...

...AND HERMES
ACCOMPANIED
THEM TO TROY.

ONLY WHEN PRIAM
HAD REACHED THE
DWELLING OF ACHILLES,
UNSEEN BY ANY...

...DID THE GOD'S GOLDEN
SANDALS BEAR HIM BACK
TO HIGH OLYMPUS.



O Achilles...



Fifty sons had I when the Achaeans came, born by various wombs.

The greater part of them, now, has the fierce war-god laid low...

And Hector, our guardian, have you lately slain.

Think of your own aged father...accept the ransom I have brought for his body...and have compassion on me...

For I have raised to my lips the hand of him who killed my son.



Unhappy Priam...you must have iron courage, even though some god brought you safely to my ships.

I am minded to give up Hector's body...

...for Zeus desires it.



You must take your supper here...then enjoy the blessed boon of sleep in my forecourt.

At daybreak you shall take your son away, newly dressed in a fair shirt and mantle.

Eleven days your city shall have to mourn and bury Hector...while I shall stay the Achaeans from battle.



BUT, LATE IN THE NIGHT, HERMES CAME AGAIN TO PRIAM...

Old sire, you sleep in the thick of your foes.

Depart at once--for, if Agamemnon learns you are here, he will hold you for a threefold ransom.



AND SO HERMES ESCORTED THE KING AND HIS SERVANT QUICKLY THROUGH THE HOST, SO THAT NO ONE PERCEIVED THEM...

...TILL PRIAM'S DAUGHTER CASSANDRA CAUGHT SIGHT OF THEM FROM THE HIGH WALLS OF WINDY TROY.

ON THE TENTH DAY
AFTER, THE PEOPLE
OF ILIUM LAID THE
BODY OF THE FALLEN
HERO UPON A GREAT
PYRE OF WOOD, AND
SET THE FIRE THERETO.

AT DAWN ON THE ELEVENTH
DAY, THEY QUENCHED
THE LAST OF THE FLAMES
WITH WINE AND WRAPPED
HIS WHITE BONES IN SOFT
ROBES OF PURPLE...

...AND PLACED THEM
UPON THE PLAIN, IN
A GOLDEN URN, IN A
GRAVE COVERED OVER
WITH LARGE STONES.

THEN THEY WENT
BACK INTO THE CITY
AND HELD HIGH FEAST
IN THE HOUSE OF
PRIAM, THEIR KING.

THUS DID THE CITY OF
TROY CELEBRATE THE
FUNERAL OF HECTOR,
TAMER OF HORSES.