

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

# THE ILIAD



RATED T+



DIRECT EDITION

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MARVEL  
LIMITED SERIES

6 of 8



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# THE ILIAD

## *The Story So Far:*

When **Helen**, 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) force, led by his brother **King Agamemnon**, to bring her back. In the war's ninth year, Agamemnon offended his greatest warrior, **Achilles**, who 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.

At times, the Olympian gods took sides in the war—**Apollo** and **Aphrodite** favoring the Trojans, **Hera** and **Athena** the Argives (Greeks)—till **Zeus** himself turned the tide of battle temporarily in favor of Troy and her allies. The Achaeans were driven behind their ship-wall, and it seemed that **Hector**, Troy's mightiest warrior, might burn their vessels. Several of the foremost Achaeans were wounded... and still the Trojans advanced, till Hector was near enough to reach out and touch a ship...

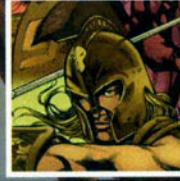
## *The Achaeans*



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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RIVERA  
2008

AS FIGHTING  
RAGED ABOUT  
ONE OF THE SHIPS...

Patroclus--

Why do  
you run to me  
weeping like  
a child?

Do not  
be angry,  
Achilles.

I weep  
for the disaster  
that has now  
befallen the  
Achaeans.

Diomedes--  
Odysseus--  
Agamemnon--all  
have been wounded  
by sword  
or spear.

Who in  
future stories  
will speak well of  
you--unless you now  
save the Argives  
from ruin?

If knowledge  
gained from some  
oracle holds you from  
the fight, at least send me  
into battle wearing  
your armor--

--and  
your Myrmidon  
warriors with  
me.

Thus, the  
Trojans may  
mistake me for  
you and quit  
the field--

--so the  
hard-pressed  
Achaeans may  
have breathing  
time!

We who  
are fresh might  
soon drive the tired  
Trojans back from our  
ships and tents to  
their own city!



NOW TELL, O MUSES, HOW  
GREAT HECTOR AND THE  
TROJANS CAST UNWEARYING FIRE UPON THE NEAREST SHIP...



ACHILLES  
ADDRESSED  
HIS WARRIOR...

Myrmidons!  
Much have you  
complained because  
I held you back from  
the fight!

Now the  
hour is come for  
those high feats of  
arms you have been  
pining for!

...THEN  
PATROCLUS  
RODE FORTH.

Fight with  
might and with  
main, Myrmidons,  
that we may win  
glory for the son  
of Peleus!

IN ACHILLES' CHARIOT,  
FAITHFUL AUTOMEDON  
GUIDED XANTHUS AND  
BALIUS--STEEDS THAT  
COULD FLY LIKE THE WIND...



WHILE, WITHIN HIS  
TENT, ACHILLES  
OFFERED SACRIFICE...

O Zeus,  
grant that victory  
go with Patroclus,  
and that he return  
unharmed with  
his comrades!

THE KING OF  
GODS HEARD  
HIS PRAYER AND  
GRANTED PART  
OF IT...

...BUT NOT  
THE WHOLE.

THE WORDS OF PATROCLUS  
HAD PUT HEART AND SOUL  
INTO THE MYRMIDONS...

AND THEY FELL IN  
A BODY UPON THE  
TROJANS BEFORE  
THE BURNING SHIP.



AS THE TROJANS FELL BACK, HECTOR STROVE TO PROTECT HIS COMRADES...

The fortunes of the day have changed, Cebriones!

...WHILE PATROCLUS SPED WHEREVER HE SAW THE MOST CONFUSION.

Give chase, Achaeans!

I have set my heart on spearing Hector!

AND SO THE BRAVE SON OF MENOETIUS IMPETUOUSLY FORGOT THE ADMONITION OF ACHILLES...

...IN BEARING DOWN UPON THE TROJANS BETWEEN THE RIVER AND THE SHIPS.

Faster, Automedon! Hector's horses are hurrying him away!

THEN TURNED SARPEDON, AMID THE FLEEING LYCIANS...

That is NOT Achilles!

I will meet this imposter in fight--

--and learn  
who it is that  
slaughters in  
his armor!

BUT THE SHAFT  
OF SARPEDON  
MISSED ITS MARK--

--THOUGH THE  
SPEAR OF  
PATROCLUS SPED  
NOT FROM HIS  
HAND IN VAIN...

HNNNGG

AND ZEUS LOOKED  
DOWN IN PITY AT THE  
END OF ONE OF HIS  
MORTAL SONS.

Epeorus!  
Come strip off  
the Lycian's armor--

--while I draw  
out both my  
spear-point and  
his soul!

Aye,  
Patroclus...

ARRRRR

Hector!  
So it was you  
who hurled that stone.

I'll  
avenge my  
comrade--

--then Troy  
will be taken by  
the hands of  
Patroclus!



BUT NOT FOR ONE  
MOMENT HAD ZEUS  
TURNED HIS KEEN EYES  
AWAY FROM THE FIGHT...



FOR HE WAS  
CONSIDERING HOW  
BEST TO KILL  
PATROCLUS.



AND HE SENT PHOEBUS  
APOLLO INTO THE THICK  
OF BATTLE...



Draw  
back, noble  
Patroclus...



It is not your lot  
to sack the city  
of the Trojan  
chieftains...



Nor will  
it be that of  
Achilles, who is a  
far better man  
than you.



I--will  
withdraw--for  
no man can stand  
against the anger  
of the gods!



BUT WHEN THE  
SUN BEGAN  
TO SET...

...APOLLO, UNSEEN,  
STRUCK PATROCLUS'  
HELMET...

...HIS BRONZE-  
SHOD SPEAR...

...HIS  
SHIELD...

...HIS  
CORSLET...  
...SO THAT  
PATROCLUS  
BECAME AS  
ONE DAZED!

WHEREUPON  
EUPHORUS, SON  
OF PANTHOUS--

--BECAME THE  
FIRST TO DRIVE  
A WEAPON INTO  
PATROCLUS.

URRGKK

Myrmidons...  
shield me...

...or I  
die...!

AAAAGGG

Patroclus--  
poor wretch--

Achilles  
with all his  
armor availed  
you nothing!

Surely he  
charged you,  
"Come not back  
to the ships till  
you have slain  
Hector!"--

--and your  
fool's heart  
answered him "yea"  
within you!

Hector...  
Zeus and Apollo  
brought me down...  
not you...



...and the day of your doom... at Achilles' hand... is close upon you...

Patroclus--



Why should you prophesy my doom?

Who knows but that Achilles may be spitted on my spear and die before me?

BUT ALREADY THE EYES OF PATROCLUS WERE CLOSED IN DEATH...

AND HIS SOUL WAS FLITTING DOWN TO THE HOUSE OF HADES.



HECTOR STRIPPED PATROCLUS OF ACHILLES' ARMOR--AND CHARGED WITH THE TROJANS TO CARRY OFF THE CORPSE, AS WELL--

AND ZEUS ENDOWED PRIAM'S SON WITH GREAT MIGHT, KNOWING THAT HECTOR'S OWN DEATH WAS ALREADY CLOSE UPON HIM...

Menelaus--  
I am less concerned  
for the body of  
Patroclus, than for  
the safety of our  
own heads!

A shame to  
Achaea, Ajax,  
if Patroclus become  
meat and morsel for  
Trojan hounds!

RALLYING, THE ARGIVES WOULD HAVE ACHIEVED  
A TRIUMPH OVER THE MEN OF ILIUM...

BUT APOLLO  
ROUSED AENEAS  
TO STIFFEN  
TROJAN SPINES...

...EVEN AS  
ATHENA CAME  
DOWN AND  
DROVE THE  
ACHAEANS  
FORWARD.



LORD ZEUS, BEING  
CHANGEABLE OF MIND, HAD  
SENT FIRST ONE, THEN THE  
OTHER, TO EXHORT DEFENDER  
AND INVADER ALIKE.

Antilochus! Run and  
tell Achilles that  
Patroclus is dead--  
that he may come  
help us rescue  
his body!

As for his armor,  
Hector already  
has it!

I go,  
Menelaus!





--and a  
fight is now  
raging--





IN THE DEPTHS OF  
THE SEA, THETIS  
HEARD HER SON'S CRY...



AND THE WAVES  
OPENED A PATH  
BEFORE HER...

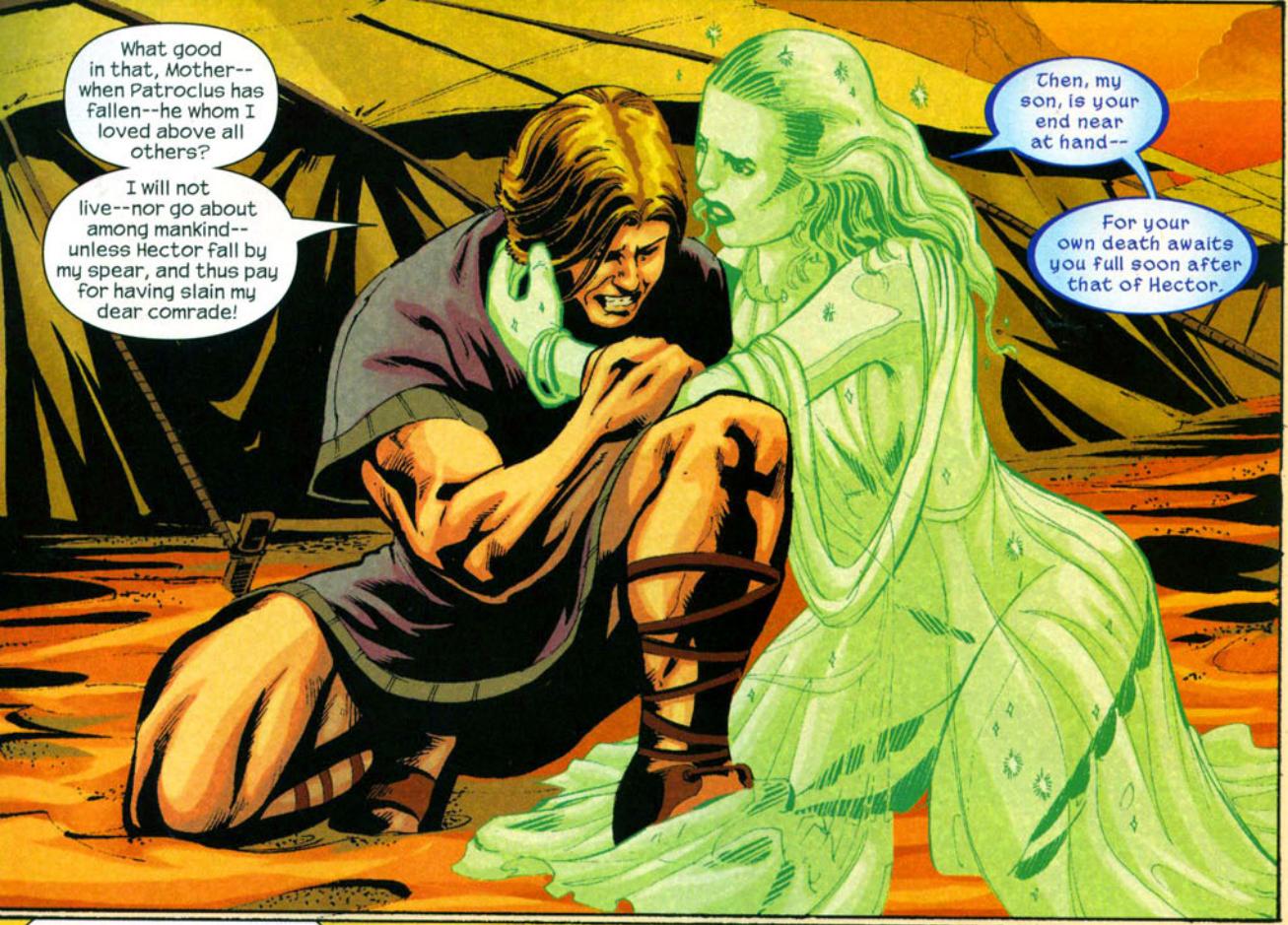


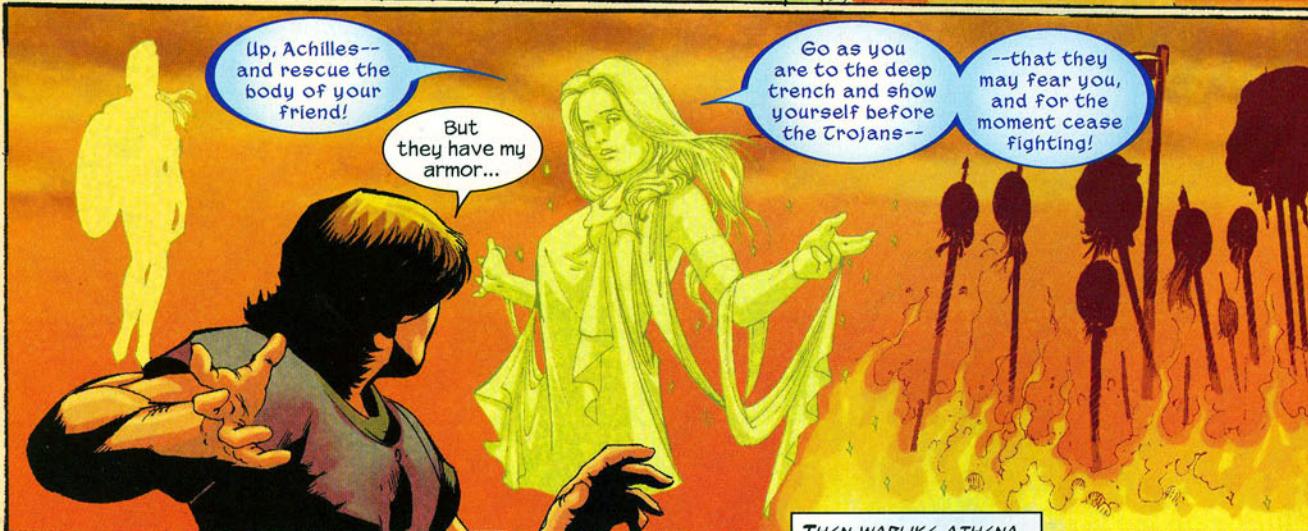
...TO THE SHIPS  
OF THE MYRMIDONS.



What  
sorrow has  
befallen  
you?

Surely Zeus  
has granted our  
prayer that the  
Achaeans might rue it  
bitterly that you were no  
longer beside them  
in battle...





THERE HE DID  
STAND - AND  
THRICE HE DID  
SHOUT ALOUD...

HIIYAAAHAAA

HEARING THAT CLARIOS  
CRY, THE TROJANS AND  
THEIR ALLIES WERE  
THROWN INTO CONFUSION...

AND THE ACHAEOANS  
DREW DEAD PATROCLUS  
OUT OF REACH OF  
THEIR WEAPONS...

...BACK BEHIND  
THE WALL THAT  
SHIELDED THEIR  
SHIPS.

THERE ACHILLES  
WEPT BITTERLY WHEN  
HE SAW HIS COMRADE  
LYING DEAD.

HE HAD SENT HIM  
OUT WITH HORSES  
AND CHARIOT  
INTO BATTLE...

...BUT HIS  
RETURN HE DID  
NOT WELCOME.

THEN HERA SENT  
THE SUN INTO THE  
WATERS OF OCEANUS...

...AND THE ACHAEOGS  
HAD REST FROM THE  
TURMOIL OF WAR.

THAT NIGHT,  
THE TROJANS  
GATHERED, AND  
POLYDAMUS SPOKE...

Let us retreat, for in  
the morning Achilles  
will sally forth in  
full armor!

Our gates will protect our  
city, and we can take  
our stand upon  
the walls.

Dogs shall  
devour the son  
of Peleus before  
he ever sacks  
Troy!

No! We  
stay here by  
their ships--  
and I will fight  
Achilles.

The slayer  
may yet  
be slain!

THUS SPOKE  
HECTOR...

AND THE  
TROJANS SHOUTED  
IN APPLAUSE...

...FOR PALLAS  
ATHENA HAD ROBBED  
THEM OF THEIR REASON.

IN THE TENT OF  
ACHILLES, MYRMIDONS  
WASHED THE BODY  
OF PATROCLUS...

...ANOINTED  
IT WITH OIL...

...CLOSED ITS  
WOUNDS WITH  
OINTMENT.

MEANWHILE, THETIS  
CAME TO THE HOUSE OF  
HEPHAESTUS, BLACKSMITH  
TO HIS FELLOW GODS...

Honored  
Thetis! You cared  
for me when cruel Hera  
hurled me from Olympus  
because she birthed  
me lame.

Say what  
you want, and  
I shall do it  
if I can.

I beg you,  
provide my  
son with helmet and  
shield, greaves and  
breastplate...

For he lost  
his own when his  
comrade fell at  
Hector's hand.

I shall  
make Achilles  
armor...

...armor  
that shall amaze  
the eyes of all who  
behold it!

TWENTY BELLOWS  
BLEW BLASTS OF  
EVERY KIND, FIERCE  
AND MILD...

...AS THE HAMMER  
OF HEPHAESTUS SHAPED  
A GLEAMING SHIELD IN FIVE  
THICKNESSES, AND GRAVEN  
WITH MANY A WONDER...



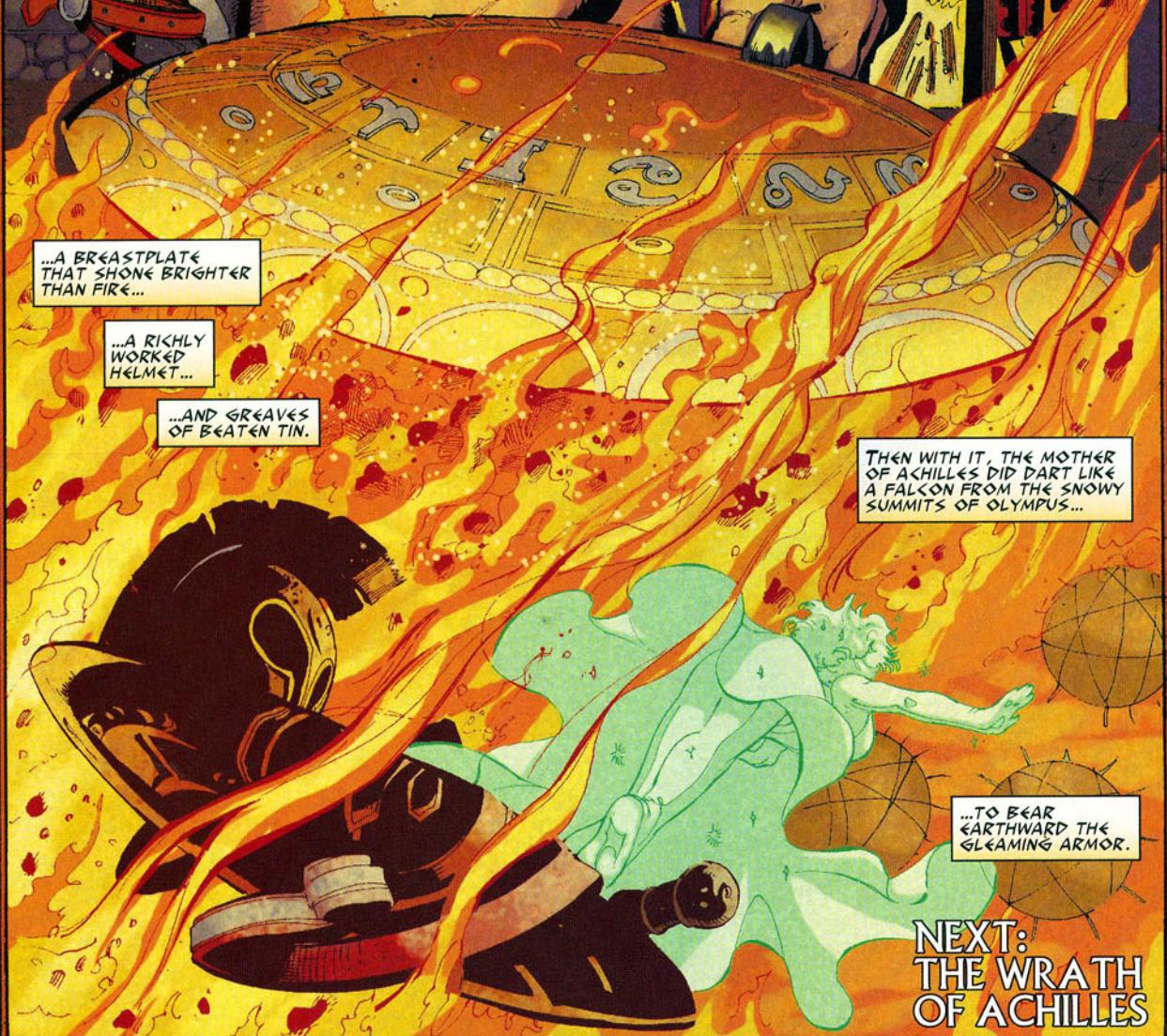
...A BREASTPLATE  
THAT SHONE BRIGHTER  
THAN FIRE...

...A RICHLY  
WORKED  
HELMET...

...AND GREAVES  
OF BEATEN TIN.

THEN WITH IT, THE MOTHER  
OF ACHILLES DID DART LIKE  
A FALCON FROM THE SNOWY  
SUMMITS OF OLYMPUS...

...TO BEAR  
EARTHWARD THE  
GLEAMING ARMOR.



NEXT:  
THE WRATH  
OF ACHILLES

# THE GLOSSARY OF THE ILIAD

**Admonition** – counsel, advice, or caution

**Amid** – in the middle of; surrounded by; among

**Anoint** – to consecrate or make sacred in a ceremony that includes the token applying of oil

**Bellow** – a very loud utterance or other sound; roar

**Chieftain** – a leader of a group, band, clan or tribe

**Clarion** – loud and clear

**Corslet** – body armor, usually consisting of a breastplate and back piece

**Despoil** – to strip of possessions, rob, plunder or pillage

**Dire** – causing or involving great fear or suffering; dreadful, terrible

**Exhort** – to urge, advise, or caution earnestly

**Flit** – to move lightly and swiftly

**Gird** – to put on; to fasten to or around securely

**Graven** – carved; sculptured

**Greave** – leg armor worn below the knee

**Heed** – to pay attention to; listen to and consider

**Hew** – to strike forcibly with an ax, sword, or other cutting instrument

**Impetuous** – of, pertaining to, or characterized by sudden or rash action, emotion

**Imposter** – a person who practices deception under an assumed character, identity, or name

**Melee** – a confused hand-to-hand fight or struggle among several people

**Morsel** – a bite, mouthful, or small portion of food

**Pine** – to yearn deeply; suffer with longing; long painfully

**Prophecy** – to foretell or predict; to indicate beforehand

**Rouse** – to stir or incite to strong indignation or anger

**Sack** – to pillage or loot after capture; plunder

**Sally** – a sudden rushing forth or activity

**Spit** – to pierce or stab; impale on something sharp

**Steed** – a horse, especially a spirited one

**Unwearying** – showing sustained enthusiastic action or vitality

**Wrought** – produced or shaped by beating with a hammer

