

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

# THE ILLIAD



DIRECT EDITION

MARVEL  
LIMITED SERIES

2 of 8



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# The Story So Far:

When **Helen**, queen of Sparta, fled across the sea to the city of Troy with its prince **Paris**, her husband **Menelaus** raised a large Achaean (Greek) force to bring her back. Troy (also called Ilium) was soon besieged by an army led by Menelaus' brother, **Agamemnon**. In the ninth year of the war, Agamemnon offended **Chryses**, a priest of Apollo, by refusing to restore to him his daughter, **Chryseis**, who had been captured in a raid. The priest prayed to **Apollo** to make the Achaeans suffer, and the god's heavenly arrows brought a deadly plague that killed many in their camp.

When the seer **Calchas** revealed the cause of the catastrophe, Agamemnon returned the girl—but insisted on having in her stead the fair **Briseis**, who was the prize of **Achilles**, the Achaeans' greatest warrior. Achilles, his pride stung, vowed not to fight again until the matter was redressed... and beseeched his mother, the goddess **Thetis**, for help.

Thetis persuaded **Zeus**, king of the gods, to favor the Achaeans in battle for a time. Zeus sent a False Dream to Agamemnon, assuring him that he could conquer Troy if he launched an assault. Thus, in the morning light, the two opposing armies marched bravely toward each other....

## The Achaeans



Agamemnon  
King of Mycenae



Menelaus  
King of Sparta



Achilles  
Mightiest Achaean Warrior



Odysseus  
King of Ithaca



Ajax the Greater  
Foremost Achaean Warrior  
after Achilles



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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AS WHEN THE SOUTH WIND SPREADS  
A CURTAIN OF MIST UPON THE  
MOUNTAIN TOPS-BAD FOR SHEPHERDS  
BUT BETTER THAN NIGHT FOR THIEVES--

EVEN SO ROSE THE DUST  
FROM UNDER THEIR FEET AS  
THE TWO ARMIES MADE ALL  
SPEED OVER THE PLAIN.

AND WHEN THEY  
HAD COME NIGH  
TO ONE ANOTHER--

--ONE WARRIOR  
STRODE FORWARD  
AS CHAMPION ON  
THE TROJAN SIDE...

I, Paris,  
challenge the  
bravest of the  
Achaeans to meet  
me, man to man, in  
deadly combat!

Glad are  
these eyes  
to catch sight  
of you, at  
last!

Now  
I shall be  
revenged!



Menelaus...?

Hah! Plunge  
back, coward,  
into the Trojan  
throng!



Evil-hearted Paris—  
dare you not face the  
man whose wife  
you stole?

Your rebuke  
is just, Hector. I  
will fight him for Helen  
and all her wealth.

And let the victor bear home  
the woman and her treasure...  
but let the rest swear to  
a solemn covenant  
of peace!

Trojans and Achaeans—  
hear the words of HECTOR,  
brother of the one through  
whom this quarrel has  
come about!

Let Paris  
and Menelaus  
fight in the midst  
of you.

Hear ME,  
as well—for I,  
Menelaus,  
am the most  
aggrieved.

Let him  
who shall  
die, DIE.

But let King  
Priam first come  
and swear to the  
covenant...for his  
sons are high-  
handed and ill  
to trust!

AND BOTH TROJANS  
AND ACEANS WERE  
GLAD WHEN THEY  
HEARD THESE WORDS.



MEANWHILE, THOSE  
TOO OLD TO FIGHT  
SAT OR STOOD UPON  
THE RAMPARTS ABOVE  
THE SCARRED GATES...



BUT KING PRIAM BADE HER DRAW NIGH...



Sit here, my child, that you may see your former husband, kinsmen, and friends.

I lay blame on the gods, not you, for this terrible war.

Strange... I see not my brothers Castor and Pollux among the Achaeans.

Perhaps they will not show themselves, for the shame and disgrace I have brought upon them.



SHE KNEW NOT THAT BOTH THESE HEROES WERE ALREADY LYING UNDER THE EARTH IN THEIR OWN FAR LAND OF LACEDAEMON.



THEN, PRIAM RECEIVED WORD FROM HERALDS THAT HE MUST GO DOWN AND SWEAR TO A SACRED COVENANT BETWEEN THE TWO WARRING SIDES...

...AND HELEN WISHED THAT SHE HAD CHOSEN DEATH RATHER THAN COME HERE WITH THE KING'S SON.



WHEN TROY'S  
RULER HAD  
SEALED THE  
COVENANT AND  
DEPARTED...



AND THE LOT  
OF PRIAM'S  
SON FLEW OUT.

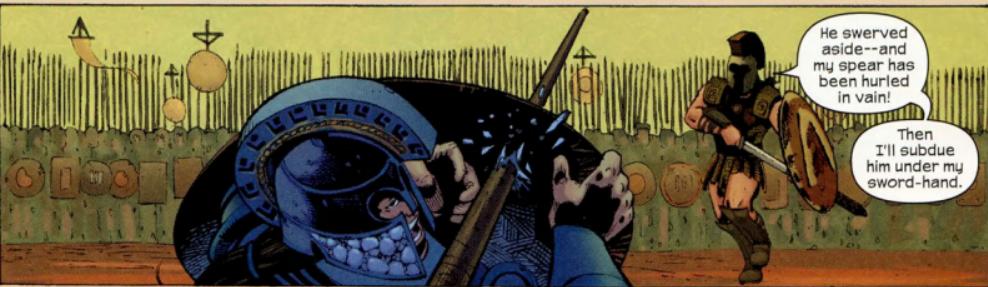


Hah!  
My shield  
turns its  
point!

Now, Lord  
Zeus, grant  
me vengeance on  
Paris, who has  
wronged me--

--that, in  
ages to come,  
a man may shrink  
from doing ill deeds  
in the house  
of his host!





He swerved aside--and  
mu spear has  
been hurled  
in vain!

Then  
I'll subdue  
him under my  
sword-hand.



Father Zeus--of  
all the gods,  
you are the most  
despotic!

My sword  
has broken  
in my hand, and  
I have not  
killed him!

HNNHH



Then I will  
drag him back  
to Achaean  
lines--



--by his own  
well-wrought  
helmet!

WITH HIS OWN CHIN-STRAP CHOINKING PARIS, MENELAUS WOULD HAVE HAULED HIM OFF TO HIS OWN GREAT GLORY...

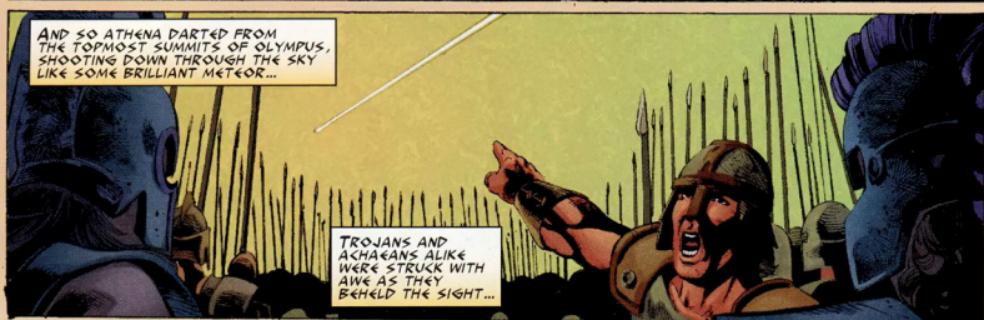
...HAD NOT APHRODITE, GODDESS OF LOVE, BEEN QUICK...

...TO BREAK THE OXHIDE.









Apollo, lord of the  
silver bow--guide  
my hand--

--and when  
I get home to  
Zelea, I will offer a  
hecatomb of firstling  
lambs in your honor!

BUT ATHENA  
STOOD BY  
MENELAUS NOW...

...GUIDING THE ARROW  
SO THAT IT ONLY GRAZED  
HIS SKIN THROUGH  
CUIRASS AND BELT.

Huhnnn...

THEN THE TROJANS  
MOVED FORWARD  
AGAINST THE ACHAENS,  
RENEWING THE FIGHT...

AS AGAMEMNON  
UPRAIDED HIS HOST...

Argives!  
Would you wait till  
the Trojans reach our  
ships, before you  
fight back?

They have  
trampled on their  
oaths, and their  
mighty city must  
be laid low!

Men of  
Achaea--go  
forward into  
battle--

--and show  
yourselves the  
men you have always  
been proud  
to be!

THEN SHIELD  
CLASHED WITH  
SHIELD AND SPEAR  
WITH SPEAR--

THERE WAS THE  
DEATH-CRY OF  
SLAIN AND TRIUMPH  
OF SLAYERS--

--AND THE  
EARTH RAN RED  
WITH BLOOD.

BUT ACHILLES  
ABODE AT HIS  
SHIPS, AND NURSED  
HIS ANGER...

...NOT SALLYING  
FORTH TO FIGHT.

NOW PALLAS  
ATHENA  
DESCENDED  
TO DIOMEDES,  
SON OF TYDEUS.

HE WAS SORELY  
EMBATTLED BY TWO  
TROJAN BROTHERS  
IN THEIR CHARIOTS--

--BUT SHE PUT  
MIGHT AND  
COURAGE INTO  
HIS HEART.

AND WHEN  
DIOMEDES  
THREW HIS  
SPEAR--

--IT SPED  
NOT IN VAIN.

ONE BROTHER DARED  
NOT BESTRIDE  
THE OTHER'S CORPSE,  
BUT TOOK TO FIGHT...

SEEING THE FATE  
OF THE TWO SONS OF  
DARES, THE TROJANS  
WERE AFFRIGHTED...

ATHENA, THEREFORE,  
Sought our Ares,  
God of War, who  
Raged up and down  
the fray, mostly  
aiding the Trojans...

Ares, Ares...bane of men,  
bloodstained stormer  
of cities...may we not now  
leave the Trojans and  
Achaeans to fight it  
out for  
themselves?

Let us  
depart, and thus  
avoid the anger  
of Zeus.

SO SAYING, SHE  
DREW ARES OUT  
OF THE BATTLE.

UPON THIS, THE  
ARGIVES DROVE  
THE TROJANS BACK...

...AND EACH ONE  
OF THEIR CHIEFTAINS  
KILLED HIS MAN.

AGAMEMNON  
SLEW MIGHTY  
ODIUS, CAPTAIN  
OF THE HALIZONI...

...WHILST MENELAUS,  
ALREADY WHOLE AGAIN,  
KILLED SCAMANDRIUS,  
THE SON OF STROPHIUS.

YET, WHEN PANDARUS  
SAW DIOMEDES DRIVING  
THE TROJANS PELL-MELL  
BEFORE HIM, HE AIMED  
AN ARROW...

...AND SOON  
THE ACHAEN'S  
CUIRASS WAS  
COVERED IN  
BLOOD.

ARRRGGG

Come,  
Trojans—the  
bravest of the  
Achaeans is  
wounded!

If Apollo  
is with me, he'll  
not hold out  
much longer!

Sthenelus--  
draw this arrow  
out of my  
shoulder.

Athena, daughter of  
aegis-bearing Zeus,  
grant me to come within  
a spear's throw of  
that boaster who  
arrowed me.

Diomedes,  
I have made  
your limbs supple  
again.

Moreover,  
I have withdrawn  
the veil from your  
eyes, so you may  
know gods and  
men apart.

If any other  
god offers you  
battle, do not fight him--  
but if Aphrodite comes,  
ward her with  
your spear!

WHEN THE GODDESS HAD  
GONE, DIOMEDES ONCE MORE  
TOOK HIS PLACE AMONG THE  
FOREMOST FIGHTERS,  
THREE TIMES MORE FIERCE EVEN  
THAN HE HAD BEEN BEFORE.

HE TOOK MANY  
LIVES, AND LEFT  
MANY TROJAN  
FATHERS SORROWING  
BITTERLY...

...FOR THEY NEVERMORE SAW  
THEIR SONS COME HOME FROM  
BATTLE ALIVE.





Great and mighty Diomedes--  
my arrow failed to  
lay you low--

So I will now try with my spear!



You have missed,  
not hit!

You shall glut tough-shielded Ares  
with your blood!



ATHENA GUIDED  
THE SPEAR OF  
DIOMEDES...



...AND PANDARUS  
WAS REFT OF LIFE  
AND STRENGTH.

You slew him,  
Achaean--though  
you will not  
carry off his  
body.

But--  
that huge  
stone--



It would take  
two men to  
lift it--

Yet you  
bear it aloft  
with ease,  
unaided!

THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT  
FELL UPON THE EYES OF  
PRINCE AENEAS...



...AND HE WOULD  
HAVE PERISHED  
THEN AND THERE AT  
DIOMEDES' HAND...

HAD NOT HIS  
OLYMPIAN MOTHER  
COVERED HIM WITH  
HER OWN FAIR  
GARMENT.



Aphrodite--  
you are not one  
of those goddesses  
who can lord it among  
men in battle  
like Athena.

Nor will  
you bear Aeneas  
safe out of  
this fight!



Wounded and  
spouting ichor,\*  
you must leave your  
son for Apollo  
to catch!

\*THE BLOOD  
OF THE GODS.



Daughter of Zeus,  
leave war and battle  
alone!

If you meddle  
with fighting, you will  
get what will make you  
shudder at the very  
name of war.

Dear brother--  
protect me, for  
I am wounded, for  
a mortal--

--Diomedes,  
who would now  
fight even with  
father Zeus!

Stand aside, Apollo--  
for I mean to kill Aeneas  
and strip him of  
his armor!

Take heed, son  
of Tydeus, and  
draw off.

Think not to  
match yourself  
against  
gods...



...for men  
that walk the  
earth cannot hold  
their own with the  
immortals.

AND APOLLO TOOK AENEAS  
TO SACRED PEGASUS, WHERE  
HIS TEMPLE STOOD...THAT HE  
MIGHT BE MADE WHOLE AGAIN.

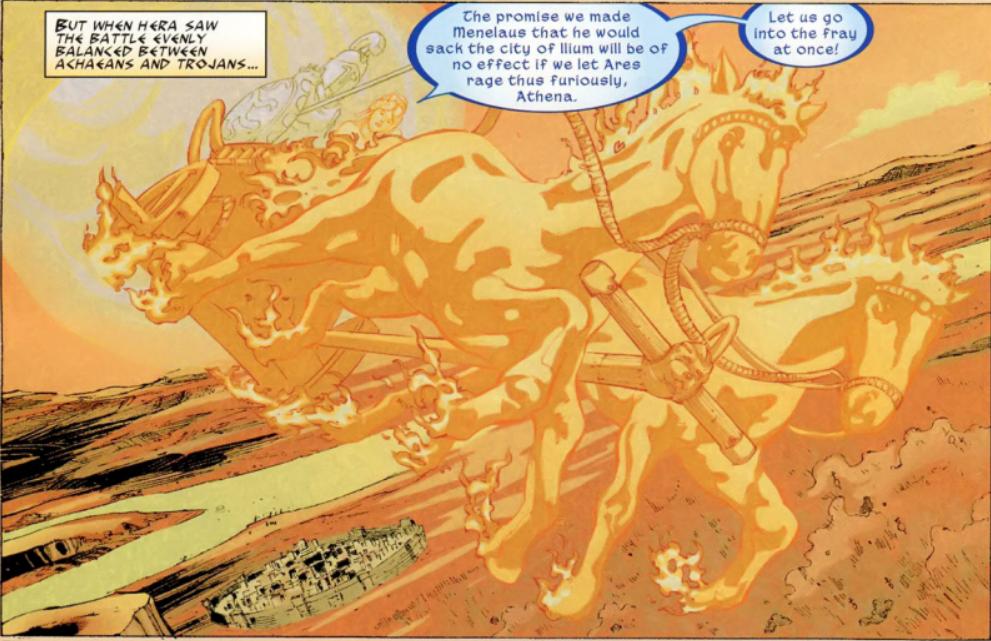
THEN THE ARCHER GOD SENT  
ARES BACK TO THE FRAY TO  
EMBOLDEN THE TROJANS--AND  
THOSE WHO FOUGHT BESIDE THEM.

Hector, you used to say that you  
and your brothers could hold  
your city alone.

Yet we, the  
allies of Ilium, now  
bear the brunt of  
the battle.

I will rouse  
my people,  
Sarpedon...





WHILE ACHILLES FOUGHT, THE TROJANS DARED NOT SHOW THEMSELVES OUTSIDE THEIR GATES...

BUT NOW THEY SALLY FAR FROM THE CITY AND FIGHT EVEN AT YOUR SHIPS!

WITH THESE WORDS, SHE PUT HEART AND SOUL INTO ALL THE ARGIVES...

...WHILE ATHENA SPRANG TO DIOMEDES' SIDE.

Are you afraid and out of heart-- and thus no true son of Tydeus?

I know you, goddess.

I am only following your own command.

You told me not to fight any of the blessed gods but Aphrodite...

...and Ares is now lording it in the field.

Fear neither Ares nor any other immortal now...for I will befriend you...

...and I shall take the whips and reins of your chariot.

I have brought the helmet of Hades...

...that the war god may not see he may beise you.

He told Hera and myself that he would help the Argives...

But now he is with the Trojans, and has forgotten the Argives.

Aim straight at  
Ares...and fear  
not that raging  
madman...

...that villain  
incarnate, first on  
one side, then on  
the other!

ARES!  
I COME FOR  
YOU!!

Diomedes!

Your life  
is a prize fit  
for a war god  
to take!

Now,  
Athena--

Guide my  
spear!

ARES ROARED AS  
LOUDLY AS TEN  
THOUSAND MEN IN THE  
THICK OF A FIGHT--

--AND THE ACHAEOUS  
AND TROJANS WERE  
STRUCK WITH PANIC, SO  
TERRIBLE WAS HIS CRY!

