

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILIAD



DIRECT EDITION

RATED T+



\$2.99 US \$3.05 CAN

RIVER
2007

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
3 of 8

Roy Thomas
Miguel Angel Sepulveda
Sandu Florea
Nathan Fairbairn

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILLIAD

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 besieged by an army led by Menelaus' brother, **Agamemnon**. In the war's ninth year, Agamemnon offended **Achilles** by seizing his prize of war, the maiden **Briseis**. His pride stung, Achilles vowed to fight no more until the matter was redressed. His goddess-mother **Thetis** persuaded **Zeus**, king of the gods, to favor the Achaeans in battle, even though all the immortals knew that Troy was eventually doomed to fall.

Paris and Menelaus met in single combat, to decide which should keep Helen and her treasure. But when Paris lost, **Aphrodite**, goddess of love, whisked him off behind Troy's walls. Menelaus demanded Helen be returned to him, but the goddesses **Hera** and **Athena** arranged for the fighting to break out anew. The Olympians took sides in the combat, with **Apollo** and Aphrodite favoring the Trojans, Hera and Athena the Argives (Greeks). **Ares**, god of war, fought first for one side, then for the other. After Athena drove him from the field, all the gods temporarily departed the field of battle, leaving the war between the Trojans and Achaeans to rage as it would....

The Achaeans



Agamemnon
King of Mycenae



Menelaus
King of Sparta



Achilles
Greatest 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

Writer

Roy Thomas

Penciler

Miguel Angel Sepulveda

Inker

Sandu Florea

Colorist

Nathan Fairbairn

Letterer

VC's Joe Caramagna

Cover

Paolo Rivera

Special Thanks

Chris Allo

Production

Paul Acerios

Asst. Editor

Lauren Sankovitch

Editor

Nicole Boose

Senior Editor

Ralph Macchio

Editor in Chief

Joe Quesada

Publisher

Dan Buckley

MARVEL ILLUSTRATED: THE ILLIAD No. 3, April, 2008. Published Monthly except semi-monthly in February by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2008 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue are the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity to any of the names, characters, marks, logos, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.05 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.99 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in Canada. ALANFINE, CIE Marvel Toys & Publishing Divisions and CMO Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASCUOLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Director of Editorial Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Mitch Dane, Advertising Director, at midades@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

AND THE TIDE OF WAR SURGED BACK
AND FORTH OVER THE PLAIN, BETWEEN
THE STREAMS OF SIMOIS AND XANTHUS,
AS THE SONS OF ILIUM AND ARGOS
AIMED AGAINST EACH OTHER THEIR
BRONZE-SHOED JAVELINS.

AJAX, SON OF
TELEMON, BROKE
A PHALANX OF
TROJANS...

THIS PUT HEART AND
SOUL INTO DIOMEDES
AND MENELAUS AND
AGAMEMNON AND MANY
ANOTHER ACHAEOAN...



...EVEN THOUGH
ACHILLES, GREATEST
OF THE ARGIVES,
STILL HELD ALOOF
FROM THE FIGHT.

THEN, AMID THE TROJANS, ANOTHER SON OF PRIAM HURRIED TOWARD TWO OF THE BRAVEST OF THEIR WARRIOR...

Hector! Aeneas!

It is your young brother Helenus.

Hector, you must go bid our mother sacrifice to Athena...

...and pray to the goddess to take pity on our town.

You are the wisest of augurs, and read omens of things to come...

...so I will do as you have asked.

AFTER DIRECTING QUEEN HELENA TO MAKE OFFERINGS IN THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA, HE TURNED TO THE PALACE WHERE DIVULG THE BRINGER OF THE WAR...

Paris--

You yourself would chide one you saw shirking his part in the combat.

Your rebuke is just, Hector...

Up, then-- or soon the city will be scorched with burning fire!







See, boy,
how I lay
it gleaming
on the
ground.

Zeus, grant that this,
my child, may be even as
myself--chief among
the Trojans.

I fear I
have kept you
waiting!

Let them
say of him one day
when he comes from
battle, "The son is far
better than the father!"

As for me, wife--
war is man's
matter...

...and mine
above all
others in
Troy.
Nor can
anyone hurry
me down to
Hades before
my time.

Brother--

Paris,
you fight
bravely.

I grieve to
hear the ill
Trojans speak of
you, though they have
suffered much on
your account.

We will
make things
right--

--should
Zeus favor us
to drive the
Achaeans from
our city!



WELCOME WAS THE SIGHT
OF THESE TWO HEROES
TO THEIR COMRADES!

BUT WHEN ATHENA
SAW THE TROJANS
MAKING HAVOC OF
THE ARGIVES...



AND TROY-FAVORING
APOLLO ROSE UP
TO MEET HER.

Have you
no pity upon
the Trojans,
my sister?

Stay the
combat for today,
but let them renew the
fight hereafter, till they
compass the doom
of Ilium...

...since
you and Hera
have made up
your minds to
destroy the
city.



So be
it, Far-
Darter.

But how do you
propose to end
this present
battle?

Let us incite
great Hector to
challenge some
Achaean in single
combat.

Thus, the Achaeans
will be shamed into
finding a man who
will fight him.



SO SPOKE HECTOR...
BUT ALL THE ACHAENS
HELD THEIR PEACE...

...ASHAMED
TO DECLINE THE
CHALLENGE...

...YET FEARING
TO ACCEPT IT.

TILL AT LAST ROSE MENELAUS...

Vain
braggarts--ye
women, and no more men--
I will myself go out
against him...

...and the
threads of victory
will be guided by the
immortal gods!

My brother, you
are mad! Even Achilles
shrank from meeting
Hector in battle.

The Achaeans
will send some other
champion to fight
him.

SHAMED BY MENELAUS'
EXAMPLE, OTHER ARGIVES
NOW STOOD FORTH...

I, Ajax--
called "The Lesser"
for my greater
cOUNTRYMAN's sake--
will fight the son
of Priam!

Nay, let
Ajax the Greater,
son of Telemon, meet
him--for I am clothed
in valor as with a
garment!

Who but
Diomedes has
wounded two gods in
combat? I should
face Hector.

Odysseus,
king of Ithaca,
stands ready!

As does
Idomeneus,
lord of
Crete!

IN ALL, NINE
WARRIOR CAME
FORWARD.

EACH
MARKED
HIS LOT...

THEN NESTOR
SHOOK THE
HELMET OF
AGAMEMNON.

My friends--the lot is
mine, and I rejoice at it,
for I shall vanquish
Hector.

I was born
and bred in Salamis,
and none shall overcome
me, neither by force
nor cunning!

AND SO A GREAT
CIRCLE WAS MADE,
RINGED ABOUT
WITH ACHAEANS
AND TROJANS...

Hector...



You shall now learn, man to man, what kind of champions the Argives have among them.

Lion-hearted Achilles now abides at his ships, but there are many of us who are well able to face you.



I WILL SMITE YOU IF I CAN!

Hah!

Your spear
went through six
oxide layers of
my shield--

But in the
seventh, it
stayed.

Now
I throw in
turn!

THAT TERRIBLE SPEAR
WENT THROUGH HECTOR'S
GLEMING SHIELD,
PIERCING HIS CURASS
AND THE SHIRT AGAINST
HIS SIDE--

You
swerved--and
thus saved
your life!

Let us
each draw out
the other's spear
from his shield, then--

--and fall
on one another
like lions!

AJAX'S SPEAR
ME HECTOR AS
HE WAS SPRINGING
TO ATTACK--

--AND CUT A BLOODY GASH ACROSS HIS NECK.

Hnnnghh...

HECTOR GAVE GROUND...

BUT THE RUGGED AND HUGE STONE HE THREW MADE THE BRONZE SHIELD OF AJAX RING AGAIN.

Uhhnn...

AJAX, HOWEVER, CAUGHT UP A FAR LARGER STONE--

--AND HURLED IT WITH PRODIGIOUS FORCE.

ARRRRHH

YET APOLLO
RAISED HECTOR
AT ONCE...

Now let
us hack at one
another with our
swords!

No, brave
Hector!

HERALDS CAME FORWARD...
TALTHIBIUS AND IDAEUS,
ONE EACH FROM TROJANS
AND ACHAEOANS...

My sons,
fight no longer.
You are both of you
valiant, and dear
to Zeus.

Night
is falling, and
it is well to
heed its
commands.

It was
Hector who
challenged our
princes. Let him
speak.

Ajax, let us for
this day cease
fighting.

Hereafter, we will fight
anew, till the gods
decide between us and give
victory to one or
the other.

It shall
be as you
say.

Let it be
said, "They fought
with might and main,
but parted in
friendship."

HECTOR GAVE AJAX
A SILVER-STUDDED
SWORD, AND THE
ACHAEAN GAVE HIM A
BELT DYED PURPLE...

...AND EACH ARMY
REJOICED TO SEE
ITS HERO RETURN
SAFE AND UNHARMED.

THAT SAME NIGHT, THE TROJANS HELD A COUNCIL IN KING PRIAM'S PALACE...AND WISE ANTENOR SPOKE...

Trojans...
Pardanians...
allies...
We fight in
violation of our
solemn covenants,
and shall not prosper till
we give up Argive Helen
and her wealth to
the Achaeans.

WHEN HE
SAT DOWN,
PARIS ROSE...

I will speak
plainly.

The wealth
I brought home
from Argos with
the woman, I will
restore...

...and I
will add yet
further of
my own...

THEN DID PRIAM
ADDRESS THE
ASSEMBLAGE...

...but
I will not
give up
Helen.

And if you
have spoken in
good earnest, Antenor,
then heaven has indeed
robbed you of
your reason!

At daybreak, let the herald
Idaeus relate to Agamemnon and
Menelaus the words of Paris,
through whom this quarrel
has come about.

Let him
propose, also,
that all fighting
cease till both sides
have burned
our dead.

Thereafter,
if we must, we will
fight anew...till heaven
decide between us and give
victory to one or to
the other.

NEXT DAWN, WHEN THE HERALD HAD DELIVERED HIS MESSAGE BEFORE THE SHIPS...

Let there be **no** taking--neither treasure nor yet Helen--for even a child may see that the doom of the Trojans is at hand!

Idaeus, you have heard from Diomedes the answer the Achaeans make you--and I with them.

But, as concerning the dead...I give you leave to burn them.

THE SUN WAS BEGINNING TO BEAT WHEN THE TWO ARMIES VENTURED UPON THE FIELDS, HARDLY ABLE TO RECOGNIZE THEIR DEAD.

TROJANS AND ACHAEOUS ALIKE HEAPED THEIR CORPSES SADLY AND SILENTLY UPON THEIR PYRES.

THE ACHAEOUS ALSO TOOK THIS DAY TO BUILD A HIGH WALL TO SHELTER THEMSELVES AND THEIR SHIPS.

THEY GAVE IT STRONG GATES, A WAY THROUGH FOR THEIR CHARIOTS...

AND OUTSIDE IT THEY DUG A TRENCH DEEP AND WIDE...PLANTED WITHIN WITH SHARP STAKES.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING ZEUS CALLED A COUNCIL ON OLYMPUS...

Hear and heed me, gods and goddesses-- that I may bring this matter to an end!

If I see any helping either Trojan or Argive, I will hurl him down into dark Cartarus, in the deepest pit under the earth.

AND ALL THE IMMORTALS WERE FRIGHTENED AND HELD THEIR PEACE.

THEREAFTER THE SOVEREIGN OF GODS SPED TO MANY-FOUNDED MOUNT IDA...

...FROM WHOSE TOPMOST CREST HE LOOKED DOWN WHILE SHIELD CLASHED WITH SHIELD, AND SPEAR WITH SPEAR, IN THE CONFLICT OF MAIL-CLAD MEN.

MIGHTY WAS THE DIN-DEATH-CRY OF SLAIN AND SLAYER'S SHOUT OF TRIUMPH-- AND THE EARTH RAN RED WITH BLOOD.

BUT WHEN THE SUN HAD REACHED MID-HEAVEN, ZEUS BALANCED HIS GOLDEN SCALES...

...AND PUT TWO FATES OF DEATH WITHIN THEM...

...ONE FOR THE TROJANS, THE OTHER FOR THE ACHAENS.

AND THE DEATH-FRAUGHT SCALE OF THE ACHAENS SETTLED DOWN UPON THE GROUND...

...WHILE THAT OF THE TROJANS ROSE HEAVENWARD.

THEN HE
THUNDERED
ALOUD FROM
IDA...

--AND SENT THE
GLARE OF HIS
LIGHTNING UPON
THE ACHAEOANS.

WHEN THEY
SAW THIS, PALE
FEAR FELL UPON
THEM ALL.

IDOMENUS AND
AGAMEMNON--THE
TWO AJAXES--NONE
DARED HOLD THEIR
GROUND THEN
AGAINST THE TROJANS...

OLD NESTOR,
KNIGHT OF
GERENE ALONE
STOOD FIRM...

--NOT OF HIS OWN WILL,
BUT BECAUSE ONE OF
HIS HORSES HAD BEEN
STRUCK BY AN ARROW
LOOSED BY PARIS.

Shall
I abandon
my chariot--
and flee on
foot?

Even now,
Hector's chariot
bears down
upon me!

Will no one
defend me from
that man's
furious
onset?

BUT DIOMEDES HAD
BEEN QUICK TO MARK
NESTOR'S PLIGHT...

Mount my
chariot,
sir.

These young warriors press
you hard, knowing that age is
heavy upon you.

Hah! I
hoped to skewer
Hector--but struck
his charioteer
instead!

Still, I took these
steeds from the
Trojan hero
Aeneas.

Watch now how
swiftly they bear
us back to the
black ships!





EVEN AS TEUCER AIMED
YET ANOTHER ARROW
AT HECTOR—PRIAM'S
FOREMOST SON HURLED
A GREAT, JAGGED STONE...



...AND STRUCK
HIM SO THAT
THE BOW
DROPPED
FROM HIS
HAND.

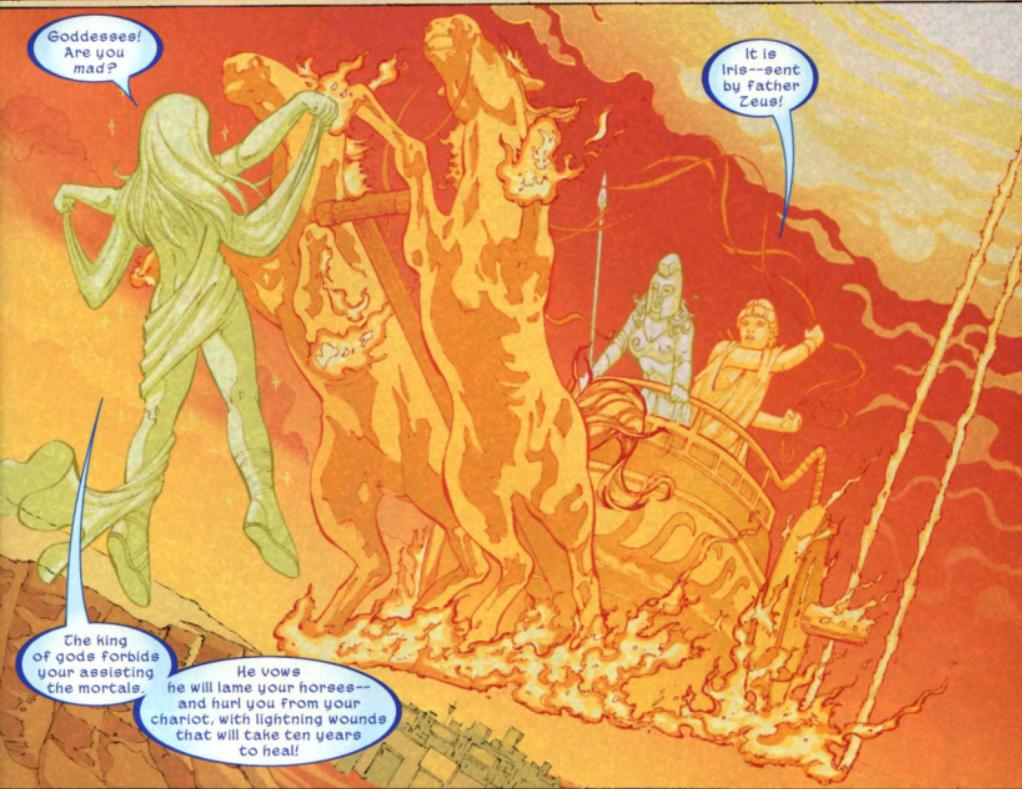


Squires--
bear my
brother to
the ships!



ZEUS NOW AGAIN PUT HEART
INTO THE TROJANS, AND WITH
HECTOR AT THEIR HEAD THEY
DROVE THE ACHAEANS TO THEIR
DEEP, SHIP-GUARDING TRENCH...





THEN HECTOR HELD A COUNCIL NOT FAR FROM WALL AND SHIPS....

I deemed that I would destroy the ships and all the Achaeans with them ere I went back to Ilium...

But darkness came on too soon!

It was this, and this alone, that saved them there upon the seashore!

Burn watchfires from dark till dawn, whose glare may reach to heaven--

For the Achaeans may try to fly beyond the sea by night!

At daybreak, let us rouse fierce war at the ships of the Achaeans!

Would that I were as sure of being immortal and never growing old--

--and of being worshipped like Athena and Apollo--

--as I am that the light of day will bring evil to the Argives!

NEXT:
DAWN...AND DOOM?

THE GLOSSARY OF THE ILIAD

- Augur** – one of a group of ancient Roman religious officials who foretold events by observing and interpreting signs and omens (*see page 2*)
- Chide** – to express disapproval of; scold (*see page 2*)
- Covenant** – a formal sealed agreement or contract (*see page 13*)
- Crest** – the highest part of a hill or mountain range; summit (*see page 15*)
- Hades** – the god of the dead and the name of the underworld inhabited by departed souls (*see page 5*)
- Javelin** – a light spear, usually thrown by hand (*see page 1*)
- Mail-clad** – wearing protective chain-mail (*see page 15*)
- Omen** – anything perceived or happening that is believed to portend a good or evil event or circumstance in the future (*see page 2*)
- Phalanx** – a group of heavily armed infantry formed in ranks and files close and deep with shields joined and long spears overlapping (*see page 1*)
- Plume** – a soft, fluffy feather (*see page 4*)
- Prodigious** – extraordinary in size, amount, extent, degree, force (*see page 11*)
- Puny** – of less than normal size and strength; weak (*see page 9*)
- Rebuke** – to express sharp, stern disapproval (*see page 2*)
- Shaft** – a projectile suggestive of a spear or arrow in appearance or configuration (*see page 19*)
- Shirking** – to avoid work or duty (*see page 2*)
- Smite** – to strike down, injure, or slay (*see page 9*)
- Sovereign** – a group or body of persons or a state having authority (*see page 15*)
- Stay** – to hold back, detain, or restrain, as from going further (*see page 6*)
- Summit** – the highest point or part; the top (*see page 6*)
- Surge** – a strong, wavelike, forward movement, rush, or sweep (*see page 1*)
- Tartarus** – a sunless abyss, below Hades, in which Zeus imprisoned the Titans, a place in Hades for the punishment of the wicked (*see page 15*)
- Trench** – a long, narrow excavation in the ground, the earth from which is thrown up in front to serve as a fortification from enemy fire or attack (*see page 14*)
- Valiant** – boldly courageous; brave (*see page 12*)

