

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

# THE ILLIAD



**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES  
1 of 8

Roy Thomas  
Miguel Angel Sepulveda  
Sandu Florea  
Nathan Fairbairn

DIRECT EDITION



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**RATED T+**

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# THE ILLIAD

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# PROLOGUE:

AND A WOMAN  
WAS BORN...HELEN,  
DAUGHTER TO TYNDAREUS,  
KING OF SPARTA...  
AND A MARVEL TO MEN.

SHE IT WAS WHO BECAME  
AN INSTRUMENT OF THE  
PLAN OF ZEUS, LORD OF  
OLYMPUS, AND OF THEMIS,  
WHO IS JUSTICE.

THOSE GODS DESIRED  
TO RELIEVE THE  
OVERBURDENED GAEA--  
THE EARTH--OF A  
SURFEIT OF MANKIND.

THUS DID GRIM  
WAR AND DREAD  
BATTLE DESTROY A  
MULTITUDE OF MEN...

...WHEN IT HAD BROUGHT  
THEM IN SHIPS OVER THE  
GREAT SEA GULF TO  
TROY FOR RICH-HAIRED  
HELEN'S SAKE.





SUCH WAS HELEN'S BEAUTY AND WEALTH THAT, WHEN SHE CAME OF AGE, SHE WAS SOUGHT AS A BRIDE BY MANY SUITORS:

MENESTHEUS,  
REGENT OF  
ATHENS.

IDOMENEUS,  
KING OF  
CRETE.

DIOMEDES,  
KING OF  
SOUTHERN  
THRACE.

AJAX, SON  
OF TELAMON,  
KING OF  
SALAMIS.

ODYSSEUS,  
KING OF  
ITHACA.

PATROCLUS,  
SON OF  
MENETIUS,  
KING OF  
PHOCIS.

TEUCER,  
BEST ARCHER  
OF THE  
ACHAEANS.\*

MENELAUS,  
BROTHER OF  
AGAMEMNON,  
KING OF  
MYCENAE.

HER FATHER,  
TYNDAREUS, FEARED  
ROUSING DISPLEASURE  
IN THOSE SUITORS  
WHO WOULD NOT BE  
CHOSEN AS HER MATE.

IT WAS WILY ODYSSEUS  
WHO SUGGESTED THAT  
SPARTA'S SOVEREIGN  
BIND ALL THE PRINCES  
BY AN IRON OATH.

AND SO THEY SWORE,  
EACH OF THEM, TO  
TAKE THE CAUSE OF  
THE MAN SHE WED,  
IF ANY SHOULD VIOLATE  
HIS RIGHTS.

\*GREEKS.



WARLIKE MENELAUS  
WON THE HAND OF  
HELEN, FOR HE GAVE  
THE GREATEST GIFTS.

UPON THE DEATH OF  
TYNDARAEUS, HELEN BECAME  
SPARTA'S QUEEN--AND  
THUS, MENELAUS, ITS KING.

BUT APHRODITE, GODDESS  
OF LOVE, HAD PROMISED  
TO PARIS, SON OF TROY'S  
MONARCH, THAT HE SHOULD  
POSSESS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL  
BRIDE IN ALL THE WORLD.

AT HER BIDDING,  
HE SAILED FOR  
SPARTA...

THERE HE WAS  
GREETED BY  
MENELAUS...

...AND  
HELEN.

AFTER ALL HAD FEASTED,  
MENELAUS SET SAIL FOR  
CRETE, ORDERING HELEN  
TO FURNISH THEIR GUESTS  
WITH ALL THEY REQUIRED,  
UNTIL THEY DEPARTED.

BUT APHRODITE  
BROUGHT HELEN  
AND PARIS  
TOGETHER...

...AND, AFTER THEIR  
UNION, THEY PUT A  
VERY GREAT TREASURE  
ON BOARD AND SAILED  
AWAY BY NIGHT.

MENELAUS  
IMPLORED HIS  
BROTHER, KING  
AGAMEMNON,  
TO LEAD AN  
EXPEDITION  
AGAINST TROY,  
WHICH WAS  
ALSO CALLED  
ILIUM.

TOGETHER,  
THEY GATHERED  
THE RULERS OF  
HELLAS,\* REMINDING  
THEM OF THEIR  
SACRED OATH.

THE PRIEST CALCHAS  
FORETOLD THAT THEY  
COULD NEVER BRING  
DOWN TROY'S TOWERS  
WITHOUT THE AID OF  
THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS  
OF ALL ACHAEAN  
WARRIORS.

AND SO ACHILLES,  
SEVENTH SON OF PELEUS,  
KING OF THE MYRMIDONS,  
WAS PERSUADED TO JOIN  
THEIR FORCE--IN SPITE  
OF THE WISHES  
OF HIS MOTHER, THE  
GODDESS THETIS.

IN DUE TIME,  
A THOUSAND  
ACHAEAN SHIPS  
SET SAIL FROM  
AULIS.

\*GREECE.



PRIAM, KING OF TROY, THOUGH ANGERED BY PARIS' DISHONORABLE ACTIONS, WELCOMED HELEN TO THEIR CITY...AS DID QUEEN HECUBA.

GIVING ORDERS TO REPUSE THE ACHAEANS IF THEY SHOULD ATTACK, PRIAM RELIED ABOVE ALL UPON TROY'S TWO MOST FORMIDABLE DEFENDERS:

AENEAS, SON OF A MORTAL AND THE GODDESS APHRODITE...

...AND PRIAM'S OWN SON HECTOR, MIGHTIEST OF ILIUM'S WARRIORS.

NOR WAS TROY WITHOUT ALLIES ABROAD, WHO SENT SOLDIERS TO GUARD HER HIGH, WINDY RAMPARTS.

WHEN THE TROJANS REBUFFED THE ACHAEANS' DEMANDS FOR THE SURRENDER OF HELEN AND HER TREASURE...WAR ENSUED.

NINE YEARS THE SIEGE ENDURED, AS THE ACHAEANS GARNERED SUPPLIES BY RAIDING NEARBY ISLANDS AND CITIES.

AND, AT THE FALL OF THERE, HOLY CITY OF ECTION, A MAIDEN CALLED CHRYSEIS WAS CAPTURED.



THEN DID HER  
FATHER, CHRYSES,  
PRIEST OF APOLLO,  
COME...



...FEARING  
IN HIS HAND  
THE SYMBOL  
OF APOLLO...



...UNTO THE ACHAEANS'  
FLEET SHIPS, UPON THE  
SHORES BEFORE TROY.



# THE ILIAD

BY HOMER

Ye two sons  
of Atreus, and  
all ye Achaeans...may  
the gods grant you lay  
waste the city of Priam  
and fare happily  
homeward.

Only set  
free my poor  
daughter, and accept  
a great ransom, in  
reverence to Apollo,  
son of Zeus.



ALL THE ACHAEANS CRIED  
ASSENT...SAVE AGAMEMNON...

I will not  
free her,  
priest.

She shall  
grow old in my  
palace, playing the  
loom and serving  
my couch.



Depart--and do  
not provoke  
me further!



THEN WENT CHRYSES  
APART, AND HE PRAYED  
BY THE SOUNDING SEA...

Hear  
me, god of  
the silver  
bow!



If ever I built a  
temple gracious in  
thine eyes...

Fulfill  
thou this my  
desire, and let the  
Achaeans pay by  
thine arrows for  
my tears!

THUS DID  
HE PRAY...



...AND APOLLO  
HEARD HIS  
PRAYER.



HE CAME DOWN,  
WRATHFUL,  
FROM OLYMPUS.

FIRST DID HE  
ASSAIL THE  
MULES AND  
THE HOUNDS...



...BUT SOON, HE AIMED AT  
MEN HIS PIERCING DART.



FOR NINE DAYS,  
THE PYRES OF THE  
ACHAEAN DEAD  
BURNT CONTINUALLY  
IN MULTITUDE.



ON THE TENTH,  
HERA, WIFE OF  
ZEUS, MOVED  
ACHILLES TO CALL  
AN ASSEMBLY...



Agamemnon, we  
must inquire of  
some soothsayer  
why Apollo is  
so wroth.

Perhaps the god will  
accept a sacrifice,  
and remove  
this pestilence  
from us.

THEN ROSE  
THE MOST  
EXCELLENT  
OF AUGURS--  
THE PRIEST,  
CALCHAS.

Achilles, I  
will speak--if you  
will swear to stand  
by me, for my words  
will offend one  
in power.

While I live,  
Calchas, no man  
shall lay violent  
hands upon  
you.

Apollo is angry  
for the sake of his  
priest, whose ransom  
Agamemnon would  
not accept.

He will not remove  
this curse until the  
girl has been restored,  
and we have carried  
a holy hecatomb\*  
to Chryseis.

O seer  
of evil! You have  
never yet prophesied  
anything favorable  
to me!

\*a great offering  
to the gods.

I prefer the  
damsel Chryseis  
even to my wife,  
Clytemnestra.

Yet I  
will give her  
back, so my  
people do not  
perish.

But I must have  
another prize of honor,  
lest I alone of all  
the Argives be  
without one!

Most covetous of  
men! You know all the  
captured wealth has  
been divided.

Yield the girl, and  
we will pay you back  
fourfold, if ever  
Zeus grants us to  
sack Troy!

Perhaps  
I'll take *your*  
prize, Achilles--  
or Ajax's--or  
Odysseus'.





He who  
hears the  
gods is heard  
by them.

Still, to  
**Agamemnon** I  
will speak, and will  
vow by this gold-  
bestudded scepter  
on which such oaths  
are sworn...



You who are  
heavy with wine--  
with face of dog  
and heart of  
deer--

I will give up the girl you  
crave--but from this day  
I will fight no more for  
your cause.

And when  
your men fall dying  
by the murderous  
hand of Hector--



--you will  
regret the  
hour you offered  
insult to the  
bravest of the  
Achaean!

**THEN ROSE NESTOR,  
OLD WARRIOR-KING  
OF PYLOS, WISE  
IN COUNSEL...**

You are  
younger both  
than I, who have  
seen two generations  
of mortal men  
perish.



The Trojans would  
rejoice to hear of this  
strife between  
you.

Agamemnon, do not  
seize Achilles'  
prize--

And Achilles, think  
not to strive with  
a king, to whom Zeus  
gives power  
over men.

**BUT HIS WORDS  
FELL UPON  
EARS THAT DID  
NOT HEAR.**



**THE NEXT DAY, AGAMEMNON'S MESSENGERS WENT  
MOST RELUCTANTLY TO THE SHIPS OF ACHILLES  
AND HIS MYRMIDONS FROM THESSALY...**

Come near, for you  
are not guilty in  
my sight.



Patroclus, fetch  
Briséis of the fair  
cheeks.

She  
is here,  
cousin.



SO THE MESSENGERS DEPARTED...

AND WITH THEM  
WENT THE GIRL,  
ALL UNWILLING.



THEN ACHILLES  
WENT APART FROM  
HIS COMRADES  
ALONG THE BEACH...

AND HE WEPT  
IN ANGUISH.



Mother--  
since thou didst  
bear me to so brief a  
span of life, at least  
Zeus should have  
granted me  
honor!

Instead,  
Agamemnon has  
shamed me--taking  
away the prize that  
was mine!



My  
child...

What sorrow  
has entered  
into your  
heart?

Why should  
I tell it to  
thee that knowest  
all, Thetis, my  
mother?

Beseech  
Zeus by any  
deed or word  
whereby thou didst  
ever gladden  
his heart.

Often thou  
hast told how  
thou alone of the  
immortals didst save  
him, when all the other  
Olympians would have  
chained him...



"Thou didst  
summon *Briareus*  
of the hundred  
arms..."

"And the  
blessed gods  
feared him, and  
bound not Zeus!"

"Bring this to  
his remembrance,  
and pray him  
aid the Trojans."

"Let many an  
Achaean perish, till  
Agamemnon rues  
his blindness!"



Alas, my  
son, that you  
should be at  
once short of  
life and long  
of sorrow!

Carry among your ships  
for twelve days, till  
Zeus returns from a  
far journey...



...and I  
doubt not  
that I will  
persuade  
him.



MEANWHILE, ODYSSEUS RESTORED TO  
CHRYSES HIS BELOVED DAUGHTER...



...AND THE PRIEST  
PERFORMED THE HOLY  
HECATOMB HE BROUGHT.

God of the silver bow...  
even as thou didst me  
honor, and didst  
mightily afflict the  
Achaean...

...remove now  
from them  
the loathly  
pestilence!

AND APOLLO  
DID HEAR HIM,  
AND DID HEED.



FOR TWELVE DAYS,  
SULLEN ACHILLES REMAINED  
AT HIS SHIP, WITH  
PATROCLUS AT HIS SIDE.

BUT EVER HE  
YEARNED FOR  
THE WAR-CRY AND  
FOR BATTLE.

WHEN THE TWELFTH  
MORN WAS COME, THE  
IMMORTAL GODS  
RETURNED TO OLYMPUS...

...AND THETIS FOUND  
ZEUS SITTING APART  
ON ITS TOPMOST PEAK.

Father  
Zeus...

If ever I  
gave thee aid, do  
honor to my son,  
who is doomed to  
early death.

Grant thou  
victory to the  
Trojans, until  
the Achaeans  
exalt him!

This will cause me quarrels  
with Hera, my wife,  
who says that already  
I too much favor  
the Trojans.

Depart now, before  
she marks you--and  
I will take thought how  
to fulfill this debt  
I owe you.

THEN ZEUS FARED  
TO HIS OWN PALACE...  
AND TO HERA...

Think you  
I do not know  
that Thetis has  
devised counsel  
with you?

To her, I fear, thou  
gavest a pledge that  
thou wilt do honor  
to Achilles...

...by laying  
low many beside  
the Achaeans'  
black ships!

Hera, I mean to  
have  
it so.

Sit down and  
hold your  
tongue!

For if  
I lay my hands  
upon you, having all  
the gods in Olympus  
on your side would  
profit you  
nothing!

FEARFUL, HERA SAT  
IN SILENCE, CURBING  
HER HEART.

THAT NIGHT, WHILE GODS AND ARMED WARRIORS SLEPT, ONLY ZEUS WAS WAKEFUL...

AND HE CALLED TO HIM A FALSE DREAM...

Daneful Dream, go to Agamemnon.

Did him call the Argives to arms with all speed, for now he may take the city of Troy.

Tell him the immortals are no longer divided in counsel, for Hera's beseeching has turned the minds of all...

...and woe betide the Trojans!

AND THE DREAM WENT ITS WAY...

...TO THE ACHAEANS' FLEET SHIPS...

...AND FOUND AGAMEMNON WRAPPED IN A PROFOUND SLUMBER.

Sleep not, son of Atreus...for I am a messenger sent from Zeus.

THE DREAM SPOKE THE WORDS IT WAS BADE TO SPEAK...AND DEPARTED.

AND AGAMEMNON AWOKÉ.

I shall take Priam's city this very day!

But first--I shall test the Achaeans--

--by bidding them flee, so I may see their true minds!

AMID THE DAWN,  
AGAMEMNON  
ADDRESSED THE  
ASSEMBLED HOST...

My friends--  
the great Zeus  
had promised me  
that I should  
sack Troy.

But now, he  
bids us go ingloriously  
back to Argos--after this  
valiant company has battled  
in vain against men  
fewer in number than  
themselves.

Nine years  
are we  
here...

Our ships'  
timbers have  
rotted...

Our wives and  
children wait  
anxiously for our  
return.

Now,  
therefore, let us  
sail back to Achaea--  
for we shall NEVER  
TAKE TROY!

WITH THOSE WORDS,  
HE MOVED THE HEARTS  
OF THE MULTITUDE...

--BUT AGAINST  
HIS OWN WILL,  
AND THE WILL  
OF FATE!

THE WARRIORS SWAYED  
LIKE THE HIGH WAVES OF  
THE ICARIAN SEA, AND  
CHEERED EACH OTHER  
ON TO LAUNCH THE SHIPS  
INTO THE SEA.

SO EAGER WERE  
THEY TO RETURN  
HOME...

--THAT THEIR  
GLAD CRIES  
RANG EVEN TO  
THE HEAVENS!

Athena--shall the  
Argives flee over  
the sea's broad  
back?

Shall they  
leave to the  
Trojans Helen  
of Argos--for  
whose sake many  
an Achaean  
has perished  
so far from  
his native  
land?

\*GREECE

Go thou  
amid the host  
of mail-clad  
Achaean!

With thy  
words, refrain every  
man from drawing their  
ships down to the  
salt sea!

AMONG THE HULLS,  
SHE FOUND ODYSSEUS,  
WHO HAD NOT YET  
LAID A HAND UPON  
HIS VESSEL...



KNOWING  
THE TRUTH,  
ODYSSEUS  
WENT TO ONE  
CAPTAIN AFTER  
ANOTHER...

Son of  
Laertes, will the  
Achaean fling  
themselves upon  
their ships and be  
off to their  
homeland?

I know  
the voice of  
the goddess  
of wisdom!

This flight  
is cowardly  
and unworthy,  
Ajax.



You do  
not yet know  
the full mind of  
Agamemnon...



Idomeneus--  
the son of  
Atreus was but  
sounding us...



Diomedes--  
ere long,  
Mycenae's king will  
visit us with his  
displeasure...



Beware,  
Teucer--lest  
in his anger he  
do harm to  
us all!



ALL THE NOBLE  
WARRIORS KEPT  
THEIR PLACES...

BUT ONE COMMON SOLDIER STILL WAGGED HIS UNBRIDLED TONGUE, DESPITE THE ARGIVES' DISGUST WITH HIM...

What more does King Agamemnon want?

More gold--or another wench to know in love?

You soft fools--  
ye women of  
Achaia and men  
no more--

Let us depart,  
and leave  
Agamemnon  
alone here in  
Troy-land!

Let him discover  
whether we were  
any service to  
him or no!

It is not  
seemly for  
our captain  
to--

KRAAKK

AAAAARRR

Thersites--  
there is no viler  
creature come before  
Troy with the sons  
of Hellas!

IF I find you  
raving again, I will strip  
you naked and whip you  
blubbering back to  
the ships!

Y-yes,  
Odysseus...

Ithaca's  
lord did us a  
service when  
he stopped this  
fellow's mouth  
from prating  
further!



I do not  
marvel that  
Achaean should  
be restive!

Still, we  
would be shamed  
to go home with empty  
ships after so  
long a stay.

Surely you  
all remember how,  
nine summers ago  
as our ships gathered  
at Aulis, a fearful  
serpent emerged  
from beneath  
the altar.

It devoured  
a brood of eight  
young sparrows  
nesting on a high  
bough--and their  
mother made a  
ninth morsel!

Zeus  
made of this  
a portent--  
a sign--

For he  
turned the  
snake to stone  
before our  
very eyes!

Sepulveda, H.  
Molina & Alex  
• FLORE



Then did Calchas prophesy  
that we would make war  
for nine years--but  
in the tenth, we  
would triumph!

Therefore,  
stay here, all  
of you--

--till we  
take the city  
of Priam!



THEN DID THE ARGIVES  
SHOUT ALOUD,  
UNTIL THE SHIPS RANG  
WITH THE UPROAR--

--AND THEY  
HURRIED TO THEIR  
SHIPS TO PREPARE  
FOR WAR--

AND EACH MAN GAVE  
SACRIFICE TO ONE OF  
THE EVERLASTING GODS,  
PRAYING HE MIGHT COME  
ALIVE OUT OF THE FIGHT.



AS  
ABOVE...

Go, Iris,  
fleet as the  
wind!  
Give the  
grievous  
message to the  
Trojans!

THE MEN OF ILIUM  
WERE HOLDING  
ASSEMBLY, OLD  
AND YOUNG...

Hector...  
Priam...you talk  
idly, as in time of  
peace, whilst war  
is at hand.

The Argive army, thick  
as sands of the sea,  
is even now crossing the  
plain to attack  
the city.

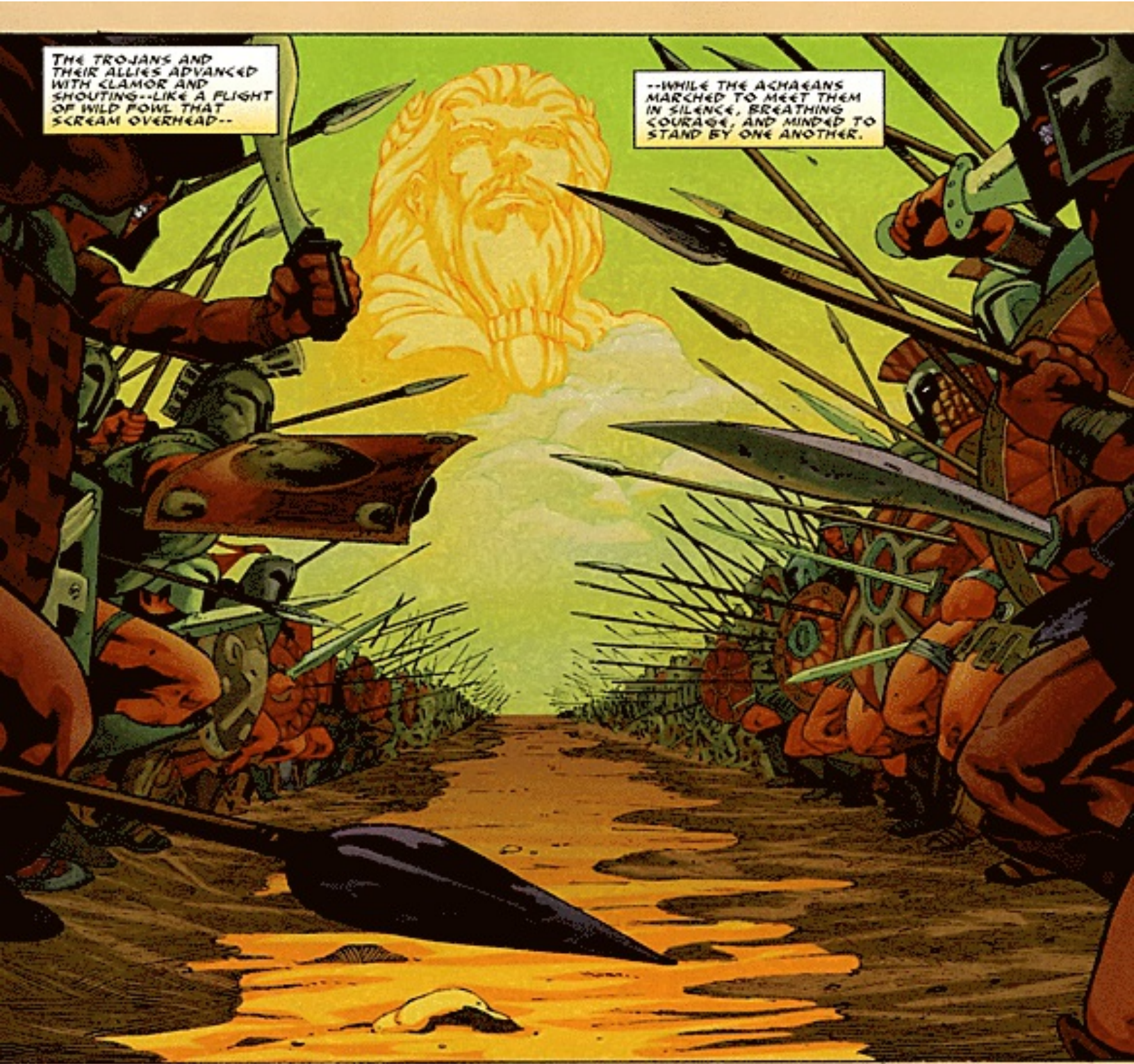
AND THEY KNEW  
THEY HAD BEEN  
WHISPERED TO BY  
A GODDESS.

We have many allies  
who have come within  
the walls of Troy,  
speaking many  
tongues.

Let each chief  
give orders to  
his own people,  
and lead them  
forth to battle!

AND SOON, TROY'S  
GATES WERE THROWN  
OPEN WIDE, AND ITS  
HOST ISSUED FORTH,  
FOOTMEN AND HORSEMEN--

--WITH THE  
TUMULT OF  
A MIGHTY  
MULTITUDE!



THE TROJANS AND  
THEIR ALLIES ADVANCED  
WITH CLAMOR AND  
SHOUTING--LIKE A FLIGHT  
OF WILD FOWL THAT  
SCREAM OVERHEAD--

--WHILE THE ACHAEANS  
MARCHED TO MEET THEM  
IN SILENCE, BREATHING  
COURAGE, AND MINDED TO  
STAND BY ONE ANOTHER.



AND ALL THE  
WHILE, ACHILLES  
SAT BROODING  
AT HIS SHIPS...

...AND NURSED  
HIS ANGER.

NEXT:  
BATTLE--AND  
BETRAYAL







# Happy Holidays from DCP

