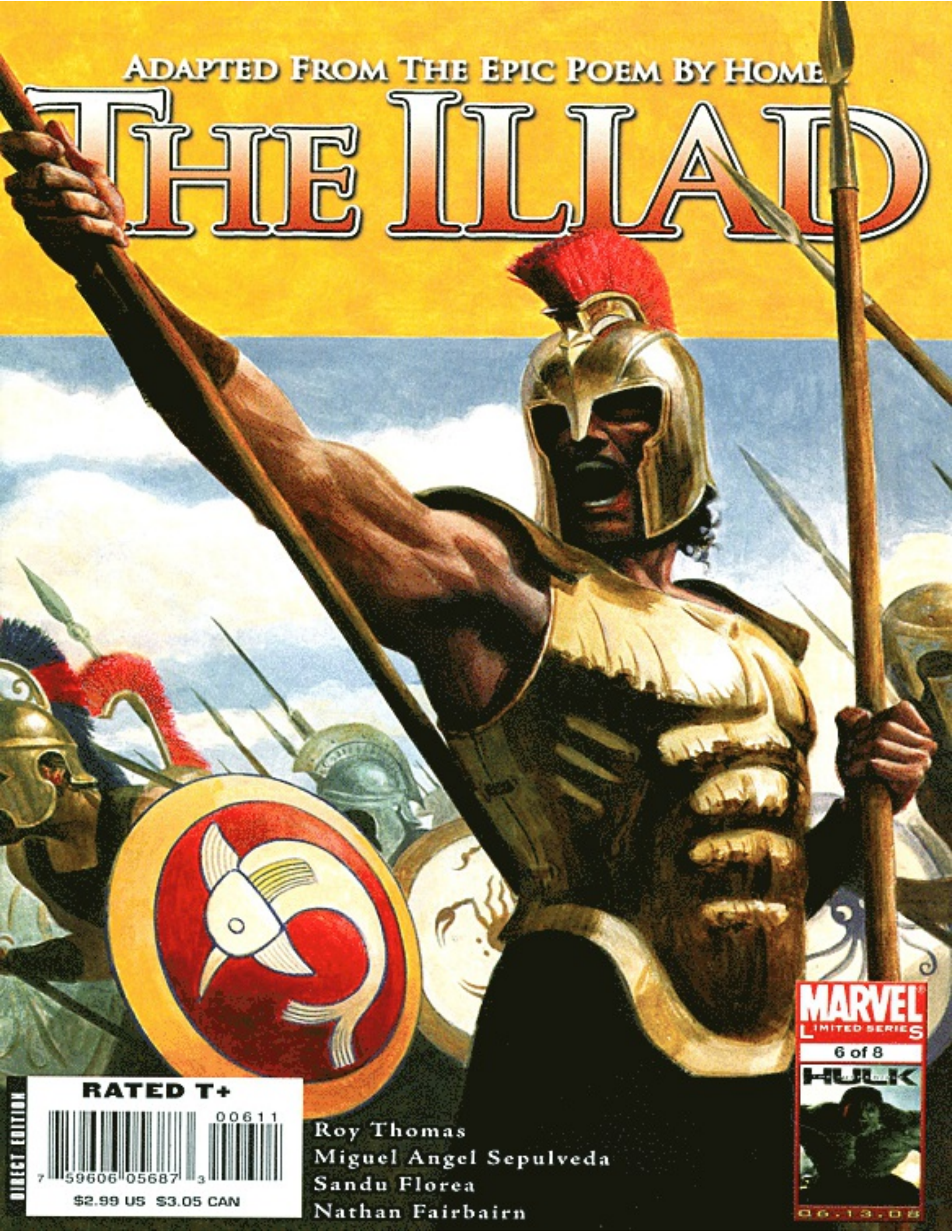


ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILLIAD



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES

6 of 8

HULK



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RATED T+



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Nathan Fairbairn

DIRECT EDITION

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THE ILLIAD

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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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.

Piomedes--
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!



I am
heeding no
oracle, noble
friend.

But I am
cut to the very
heart that Agamemnon
dared rob me of
my prize.



I said I
would not relent
till the battle had
reached my
own ships.

And yet--
the dark cloud
of Trojans has burst
furiously over
our fleet...



Fall upon
them, Patroclus,
and save the Argive
vessels!

But--
when you have
driven the Trojans
back, do not pursue
them or Hector.

Let
others wage
war upon the
plain!



MEANWHILE, NOT EVEN
AJAX COULD ANY LONGER
HOLD HIS GROUND
AGAINST THE RAIN OF
SPEARS AND ARROWS...

The will of Zeus--and the
javelins of the Trojans--
are too much even
for me!



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



Up, Patroclus--
for I behold the
glare of hostile
flames.

Gird on my
armor at
once--



--while I
call our people
together!

THUS DID PATROCLUS
DON THE ARMOR OF
THE SON OF PELEUS--

--HIS WELL-
WROUGHT
HELMET--

--HIS SILVER-STUDDED
SWORD OF BRONZE.

ACHILLES
ADDRESSED
HIS WARRIORS...

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
unharm'd 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.



PATROCLUS AIMED
A SPEAR INTO THE
CLOSE-PACKED RANKS...



...SLAYING PYRAECHMES,
LEADER OF THE
PAEONIAN HORSEMEN.

See there
Achilles in his
gleaming
armor!



The son
of Peleus has
put aside his
anger--and fights
again for the
invaders!



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

The
fortunes of
the day have
changed,
Cebriões!



...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 FURY AT THE
END OF ONE OF HIS
MORTAL SONS.



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



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

Aye,
Patroclus...

ARRRRRR





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!



Cebriones--
drive back
again into the
melee!

Aye,
Hector.



Make
straight for
Patroclus!



Cebriones!

Hah! It
seems there
are oyster divers
among the
Trojans!



But you'll
not despoil
his body!

THEN DID HECTOR AND
PATROCLUS--TROJAN AND
ACHAEAN--HACK AND HEW
OVER THE CHARIOTEER'S
CORPSE WHILE THE SUN
WAS HIGH...

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.

URRGCK



Myrmidons...
shield me...

...or I
die...!



AAAAAGGGG

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...



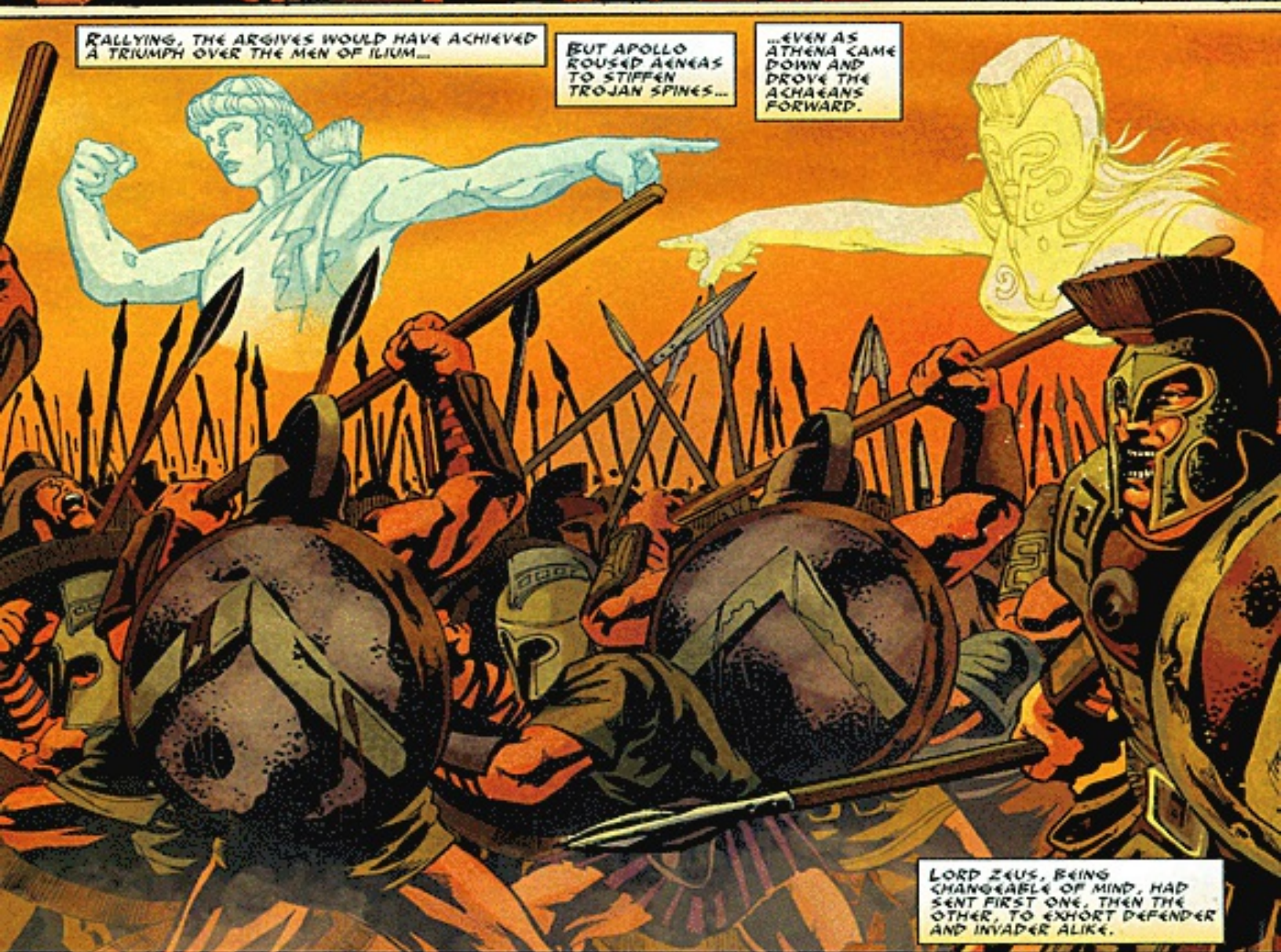
Menelaus--
I am less concerned
for the body of
Patroclus, than for
the safety of our
own heads!

A shame to
Achaean, 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!



THUS DID ANTILOCHUS,
SON OF NESTOR, RUN
WEEPING FROM THE FIELD...



...AND SOON REACHED
ACHILLES, BROODING
AMID HIS TALL SHIPS.

Alas, son
of Peleus, I
bring you dire
tidings.



Patroclus
has fallen--



--and a
fight is now
raging--



--about
his naked
body--



--For
Hector holds
his armor!







What good
in that, Mother--
when Patroclus has
fallen--he whom I
loved above all
others?

I will not
live--nor go about
among mankind--
unless Hector fall by
my spear, and thus pay
for having slain my
dear comrade!

Then, my
son, is your
end near
at hand--

For your
own death awaits
you full soon after
that of Hector.



I shall pursue Hector--and
then abide my doom, whenever
it may please mighty Zeus
to send it!

But I have
no armor--for Priam's
son stripped Patroclus of
that which the gods gave, as
your wedding gift, to my
father Peleus.

If you
must go into
the press of
battle--wait until
tomorrow, at
break of day.



In that
hour I shall
return--

--bringing
you armor forged
by Hephaestus
himself!



MEANWHILE, NOT EVEN THE TWO AJAXES COULD DRIVE THE TROJANS FROM THE CORPSE OF PATROCLUS...



...AS IRIS, SWIFT MESSENGER OF OLYMPUS, FLEW EARTHWARD.

Hera has sent me in secret to your son, Chetiv... without the knowledge of Zeus.



Up, Achilles-- and rescue the body of your friend!

But they have my armor...

Go as you are to the deep trench and show yourself before the Trojans--

--that they may fear you, and for the moment cease fighting!



THEN WARLIKE ATHENA CROWNED ACHILLES' HEAD WITH A HALO LIKE A GLEAMING FIRE...

AND HE STRODE TO THE TRENCH, EVEN BEYOND THE WALL--

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

HIYA AAAAAA

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

AND THE ACHAEANS
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.

A wide shot of an Achaean camp at sunset. Soldiers are seen in various states of activity, some resting and others moving. The sky is a deep orange and red, reflecting on the ground. In the background, there are wooden structures and ships.

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

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

A scene of Trojans gathered around a large fire at night. The fire is bright and central, with people standing around it for warmth and light. The background shows the dark silhouettes of city walls and other figures.

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.

A close-up of Hector and Polydamus in a heated argument. Hector is on the left, looking intense and shouting. Polydamus is on the right, gesturing with his hand and looking back at him.

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

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

The slayer
may yet
be slain!

A group of Trojan warriors celebrating under a full moon. They are holding up golden cups in a toast. The scene is filled with a sense of triumph and joy. The moon is large and bright in the dark sky.

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.

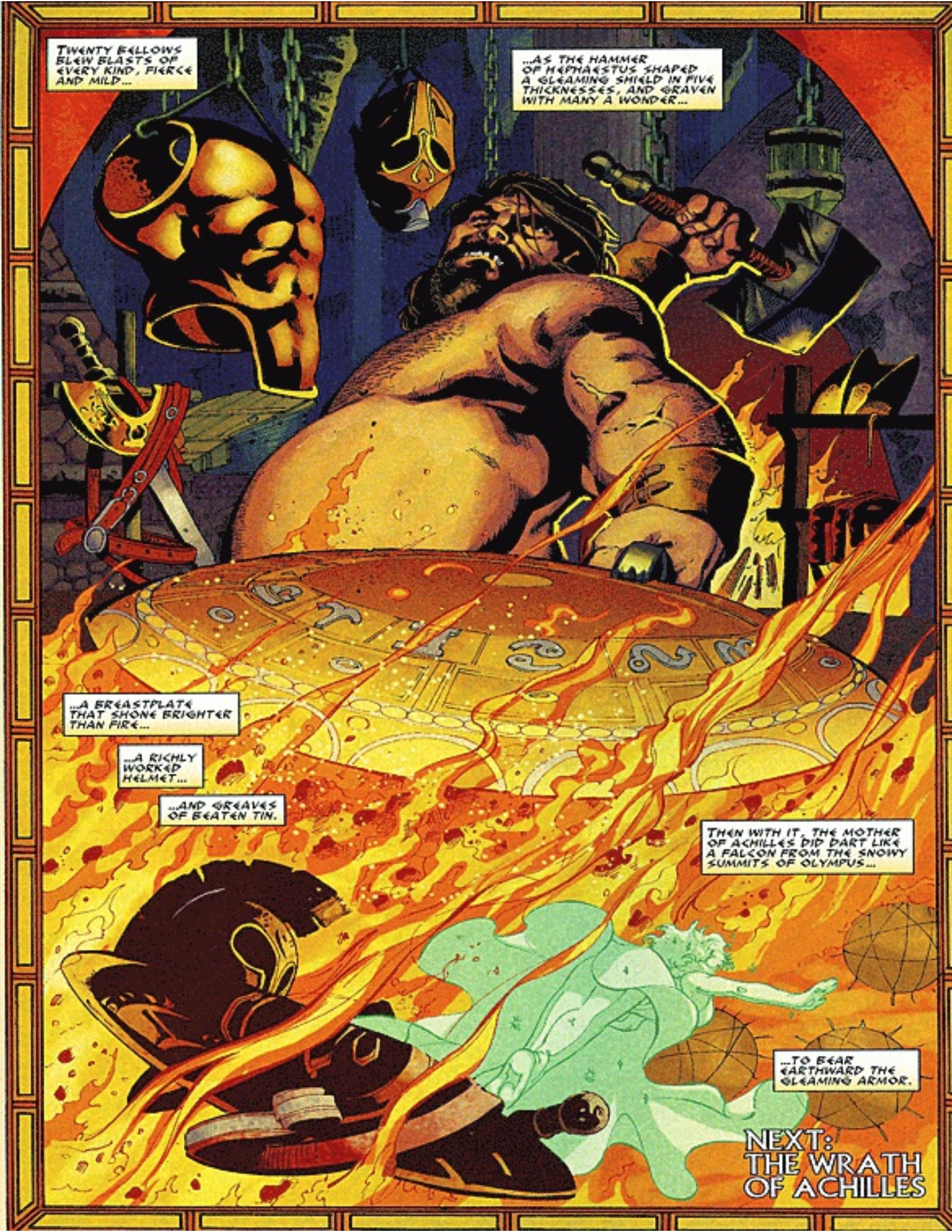
Say what
you want, and
I shall do it
if I can.

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 FELLOWS
BLEW BLASTS OF
EVERY KIND, FIERCE
AND MILD...

...AS THE HAMMER
OF HEPHAESTUS SHAPED
A GLEAMING SHIELD IN FIVE
THICKNESSES, AND GREAVES
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



DCP PRESENTS A COMMANDING SCAN BY

THE CAPTAIN

