

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

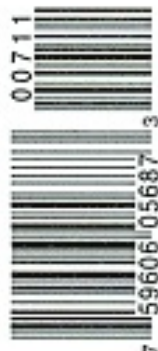
THE ILLIAD



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
7 of 8

DIRECT EDITION

RATED T+



\$2.99 US \$3.05 CAN

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THE ILLIAD

The Story So Far:

When **Helen**, beautiful 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, or Argive) force, led by his brother **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 deities took sides in the war—**Apollo** and **Aphrodite** favoring the Trojans, **Hera** and **Athena** the Achaeans. But Zeus turned the tide of battle temporarily in favor of Troy and her allies, and the Achaeans were driven behind their ship-wall by **Hector**, **Aeneas**, and the best of the Trojans.

To help the Achaeans, **Patroclus** persuaded his comrade Achilles to let him wear his armor, and thus frighten off the Trojans. But Hector killed Patroclus—and Achilles, enraged, vowed to enter the battle again. Since Hector now wore Achilles' armor, which he had stripped from the body of Patroclus, Thetis persuaded the blacksmith god **Hephaestus** to make new and even better armor for Achilles...

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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DAWN WAS BRINGING
LIGHT TO MORTAL AND
IMMORTAL AS THETIS
REACHED HER SON,
WHERE HE WEPT OVER
THE BODY OF PATROCLUS...

Achilles,
we must let
this man lie, for
it is by heaven's
will that he
has fallen.

Accept
from Hephaestus
this armor, which no
man has ever yet
borne upon his
shoulders.

Mother,
I will arm
myself...

But I fear
my friend's body
will be disfigured
and the flesh
will rot.

I will anoint him
with ambrosia
and red
nectar--

--so that,
if he lie for a
whole year, his flesh
shall be as sound
as ever.

Go call the Achaeans--
that you may
fight again with
might and
main.



THEN THE GREATEST OF THE ARGIVES WENT OUT UPON THE SEA'S SHORE...

Heroes of Achaea--gather in assembly!

So speaks Achilles, son of Peleus!



AND ALL CAME--EVEN WOUNDED AGAMEMNON AND LIMPING ODYSSEUS AND AJAX--BECAUSE ACHILLES HAD SHOWN HIMSELF AFTER HAVING HELD ALOOF FOR SO LONG.

Agamemnon, son of Atreus...



Surely it would have been better for you and me had an arrow slain Briseis on the day I took her.

I shall go out with the Achaeans against the Trojans.

When I took the girl from you, I was in the hands of the goddess Folly.

She hovers over the heads of men to make them stumble.

I shall give you all that I offered... and the girl Briseis, whom I swear I never took to my bed.



You may give such gifts as you think proper, or you can withhold them.

Achilles shall again fight among the foremost, and lay low the ranks of the Trojans!

I can take thought of nothing save only slaughter and blood and the rattle in the throats of the dying.

THEN DID ODYSSEUS
BRING FORTH FROM THE
TENT OF AGAMEMNON ALL
THAT HAD BEEN PROMISED:

TEN TALENTS OF GOLD...
SEVEN TRIPODS...TWENTY
METAL CAULDRONS...TWELVE
HORSES...AND WOMEN
SKILLED IN USEFUL ARTS,
SEVEN IN NUMBER...



...AND BRISEIS,
WHICH MADE
EIGHT.

WHEN SHE SAW THE
MANGLED CORPSE,
BRISEIS FLUNG HERSELF
DOWN BEFORE IT...

Patroclus,
dearest friend--
you were always
kind to me--

--and I
shall never
cease to
grieve for
you!



THEN THE
ACHAEANS TOOK
MEAT AND DRINK IN
ACHILLES' TENTS...

BUT THE SON OF PELEUS
WOULD FAST UNTIL HE HAD
FLUNG HIMSELF INTO THE
JAWS OF BATTLE.





FULL OF FURY AGAINST
THE TROJANS, ACHILLES
DONNED THE ARMOR
FORGED BY A GOD.

HIS SHIELD SHONE
WITH THE SPLENDOR
OF THE MOON, AND HIS
HELMET LIKE A STAR.

AND TWO MEN BROUGHT
HIM HIS FATHER'S GREAT
AND HEAVY SPEAR, WHICH
NONE SAVE ONLY ACHILLES
HAD STRENGTH TO WIELD.

Xanthus
and Balios--

Do not
leave me dead on
the plain as you did
Patroclus.

BUT HERA
ENDOWED XANTHUS
WITH HUMAN SPEECH!

Dread
Achilles, it
was Apollo who
gave the victory
to Hector.

We will
save you--
but it is your
doom to fall by
the hand of
a man and a
god.

Why, O Xanthus,
do you thus foretell
my death?

I well
know that I
am to fall here,
far from my dear
father and
mother.

No more,
however, shall
I stay my
hand--

--till I
have given the
Trojans their fill
of fighting!

WHILE, ATOP OLYMPUS,
ZEUS GATHERED THE GODS...

If Achilles fights the
Trojans without hindrance,
they will make no stand
against him.

So go you
among the Trojans
and Achaeans, and
help either side as
you may be
disposed.



AND SO THE IMMORTALS WENT FORTH INTO BATTLE...

AS ACHILLES, ROUSED TO FURY BY THE DEATH OF HIS COMRADE, MEANT TO OVERRIDE FATE ITSELF AND STORM THE CITY CALLED ILIUM.

APOLLO DESCENDED
FIRST TO THE TROJAN RANKS...

Aeneas--bring
your spear to
bear upon
Achilles...

For you
are born of
Aphrodite, while Thetis
is but daughter to the
old man of the sea.

THUS DID THE GOD PUT
COURAGE INTO THE HEART
OF AENEAS AS HE RUSHED
TO MEET ACHILLES...

Aeneas! Have you forgotten how I chased
you down the slopes of Mount Ida, though
the gods rescued you?

Son of
Peleus--

No words of yours
shall turn me
now!

BUT AENEAS' SPEAR
DID NOT PIERCE THE
FINAL LAYER OF THE
GOD-MADE SHIELD...

...WHILE ACHILLES' SPEAR
OF PELIAN ASH WENT
CLEANLY THROUGH THE
TROJAN'S SHIELD--

AND AENEAS STOOD
BLINDED WITH FEAR
BECAUSE THE WEAPON
HAD COME SO NEAR HIM.



THEN WOULD ACHILLES
HAVE KILLED AENEAS,
BUT FOR POSEIDON...

Why
should great
Aeneas perish
because he gave
ear to the
counsel of
Apollo?

It is
fated that
he escape, that
he and his children's
children shall reign
over the sons of
the Trojans.

Earth-
shaker, look
to yourself
whether you will
save him.

Hera and
I have sworn
never to shield
Trojans from
destruction...

...not even
when all Troy
is burning in the
flames that the
Achaeans shall
kindle.

HEARING THIS,
POSEIDON SHED A
DARKNESS BEFORE
THE EYES OF THE
SON OF PELEUS...

...LIFTED AENEAS
FROM OFF THE
EARTH...

...AND HURRIED HIM
AWAY TO THE VERY
FRINGE OF THE BATTLE.

ONLY THEN DID ACHILLES
SEE AGAIN, WITH EYES
OPEN WIDE INDEED...

Here is
my spear--but
I see not him whom
I meant to kill
when I hurled
it.

Aeneas
must also be
under heaven's
protection, although
I had thought
his boasting
was idle.

Let him
go hang--he
will be in no mood
to fight me
further.

Achaean!
Let not the
Trojans keep you
at arm's length, but
fight them man
for man!

Even I
cannot give
chase to so
many and slay all
of them--

--though
I will utterly
break their
ranks!

HECTOR MEANT TO
GO UP AGAINST HIM
AT ONCE, BUT APOLLO
WHISPERED TO HIM...

Son of Priam, you
must not challenge
Achilles to single
combat.

AND THE FOREMOST
TROJAN WARRIOR DREW
BACK, FILLED WITH FEAR
BY THE GOD'S WORDS.



MEANWHILE, CLOTHED WITH VALOR AS WITH A GARMENT, ACHILLES SLEW IPHITON, SON OF OTRYNTEUS...

...AND HIPPODAMAS...

...AND DEMOLEON, SON TO ANTENOR.

THEN CAME POLYDAMUS, WHOM PRIAM HAD FORBIDDEN TO FIGHT BECAUSE HE WAS HIS YOUNGEST AND BEST-LOVED SON.



POLYDAMUS, IN HIS FOLLY AND SHOWING OFF THE FLEETNESS OF HIS FEET, WAS RUSHING AMONG THE FRONT RANKS...



...UNTIL ACHILLES STRUCK HIM AS HE WAS DARTING PAST HIM.

WHEN HECTOR SAW HIS BROTHER SINKING DOWN UPON THE GROUND, A MIST CAME OVER HIS EYES...

...AND HE COULD NO LONGER FEAR TO KEEP AT A DISTANCE.

Draw near, Hector, and meet your doom for slaying my beloved comrade!



Not for long shall we two quail before one another on the highways of war!



I know you
are a mighty warrior,
Achilles--mightier by
far than I.

Nevertheless,
our fates lie in
the lap of heaven!



BUT ATHENA BREATHED
LIGHTLY ON HECTOR'S
SPEAR AND TURNED IT
BACK FROM ACHILLES...

...SO THAT IT
RETURNED TO LIE AT
THE FEET OF PRIAM'S
GREATEST SON.



THEN DID APOLLO
HIDE HECTOR IN
THICK DARKNESS...

--SO THAT
ACHILLES WASTED
HIS BLOWS UPON
THE AIR.

I, too,
have friends
among the gods--
and I will surely make an
end of you when I come
across you again!



Now, however, I
will slay other
Trojans!

THEN ACHILLES DID RAGE
LIKE A GOD, SLAUGHTERING
DROYOS, AND DEMOCHUS,
SON OF PHILETOR--

--AND LAOGONUS
AND DARDANUS,
SONS OF BIAS--

--AND TROS, SON
OF ALASTOR, AND
DEUCALION--AND
MANY ANOTHER--

--AS IF HE WERE A
FOREST FIRE, HIS
TONGUES OF FLAME
CARRIED BY THE WIND
IN EVERY DIRECTION.



WHEN THEY CAME TO THE
FORD OF THE FULL-FLOWING
RIVER SCAMANDER, ACHILLES
CHASED HALF OF THE
TROJANS TOWARD THE CITY...

THE OTHER HALF, HEMMED
IN BY THE DEEP STREAM,
FELL INTO IT WITH A
GREAT UPROAR...



AND ACHILLES
PLUNGED IN
AFTER THEM...



...SO THAT THE
RIVER RAN RED
WITH BLOOD.



THERE, LYCAON, ANOTHER SON
OF PRIAM, GRASPED HIS KNEES--
AN UNARMED SUPPLICANT...

Achilles--
spare me for a
ransom--for I am not of
the same womb as Hector,
who slew your noble
comrade!

Fool!
Talk not to me of
ransom!



Patroclus
fell--

--and he
was a better
man than
you are.

RRGGGK



Lie there
among the fishes,
who will lick the
blood from your
wound--

--and
the eddies of
Scamander shall
bear you into the
broad bosom of
the sea!



Lie there,
Trojans--

--gushing
your blood
into this great
river!

BUT THE RIVER
GREW MORE AND
MORE ANGRY--BEING
FILLED WITH CORPSES--

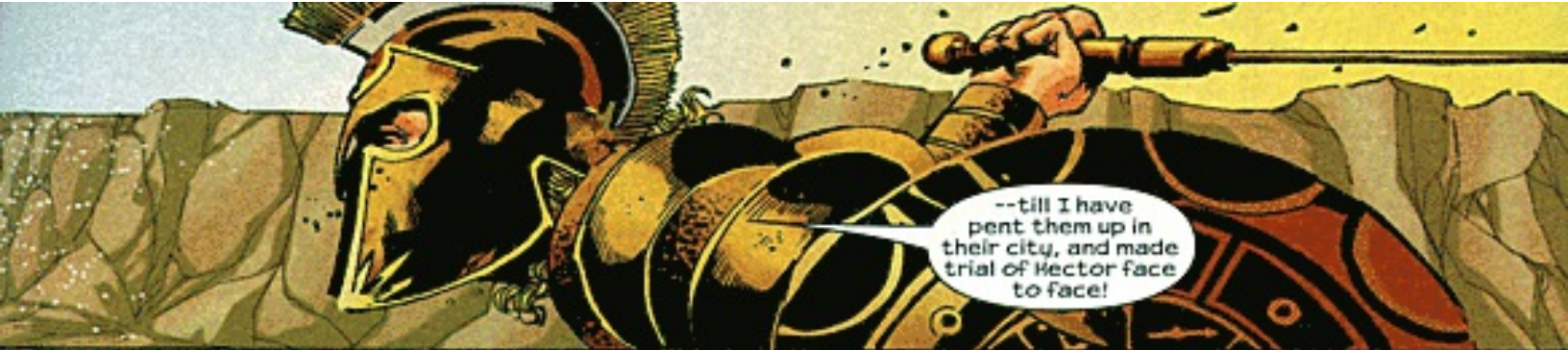
--SO THAT SCAMANDER
IN ITS WRATH TOOK
HUMAN FORM!

Achilles--
my fair waters
are now choked
with dead--yet you
go on mercilessly
slaying, till I am
in despair.

If Zeus
will let you kill
all the Trojans, drive
them out of my stream
and do your grim
work on land!

Zeus-
descended
Scamander, I will
never cease dealing
out death among
the Trojans--





--till I have
pent them up in
their city, and made
trial of Hector face
to face!



Even I--
cannot keep my
feet--against the
falling of this great
and terrible
wave!

THEN, AS THE MIGHTY
RIVER-GOD CAME TEARING
AFTER HIM WITH A LOUD
ROAR, ACHILLES FLED FULL
SPEED OVER THE PLAIN--



FOR HE WAS
AFRAID.



The angry flood flows past me--eats the very ground from under my feet!

Father Zeus--my mother Thetis told me I was to fall under the walls of Troy, by the flying arrows of Apollo!

Would that Hector, the best man among the Trojans, might there slay me!



Then I should fall a hero, by the hand of a hero--

--not drown, as though I were some pitiable swineherd, carried away in a stream's torrent!

BUT POSEIDON AND ATHENA LIFTED HIM UP...



Son of Peleus, be not afraid.

It is not your fate to perish in this river--

--but to continue fighting till you have pent the Trojan host within Ilium's famed walls.



Hephaestus, my son--kindle quickly a fierce fire--

--while I bring up a mighty hurricane to rain those flames upon the heads of the Trojans!

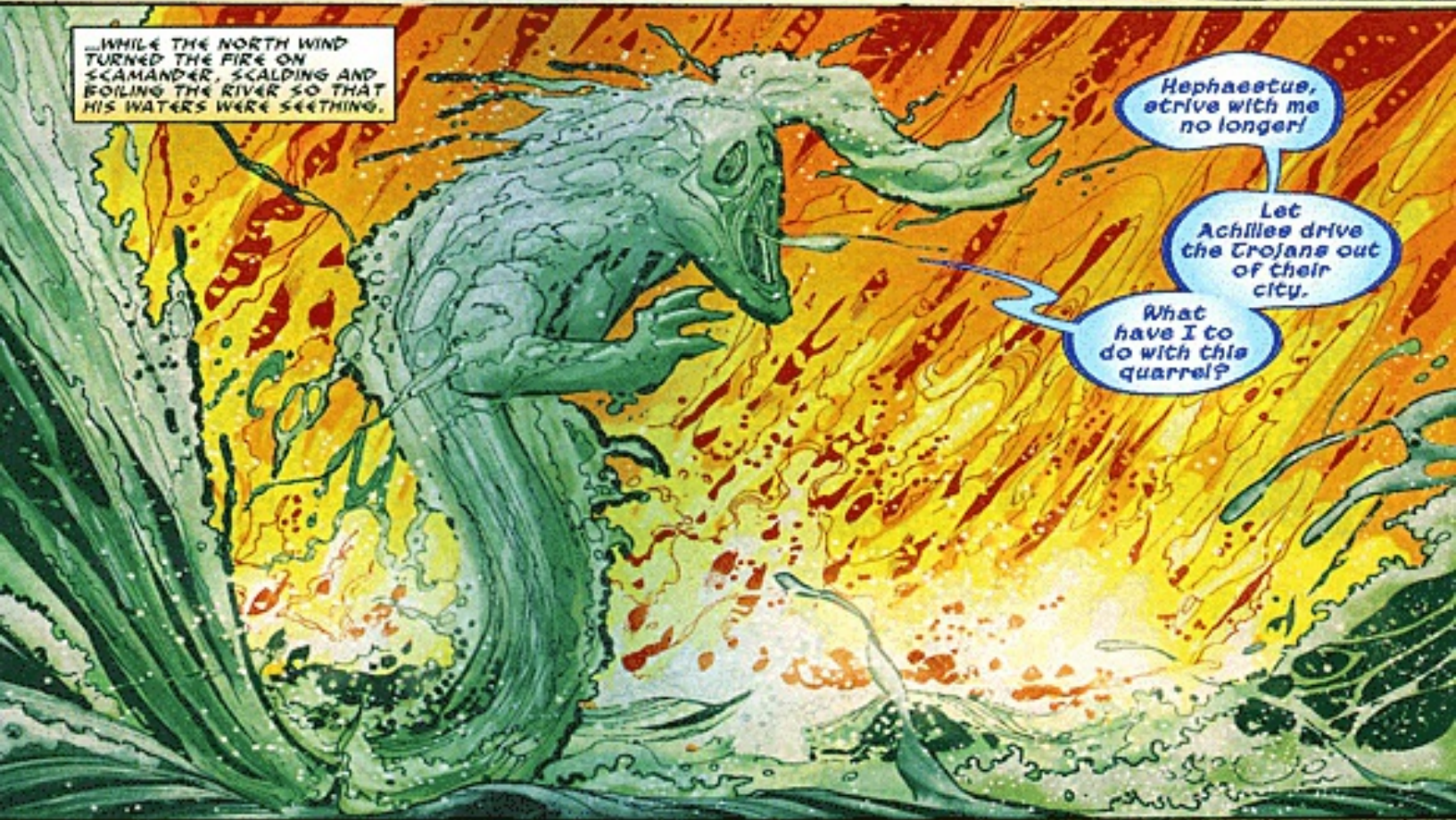
I shall do as you command, Mother Hera--



Nor shall
these tongues
of flame
slacken--

--till you
say that
they shall!

THE FEARSOME FIRE BROKE
OUT UPON THE PLAIN,
BURNING THE MANY DEAD
WHOM ACHILLES HAD KILLED...



...WHILE THE NORTH WIND
TURNED THE FIRE ON
SCAMANDER, SCALDING AND
FOILING THE RIVER SO THAT
HIS WATERS WERE SEETHING.

Hephaestus,
strive with me
no longer!

Let
Achilles drive
the Trojans out
of their
city.

What
have I to
do with this
quarrel?



My son, hold
now your
fire!

We ought not to
use such violence
against a god for
the sake of
mortals.

HEPHAESTUS QUENCHED HIS
FLAMES, AND THE RIVER
WENT BACK ONCE MORE
ONTO HIS OWN FAIR BED...



THEN DID THE GODS
RETURN, SOME ANGRY
AND SOME TRIUMPHANT,
TO OLYMPUS...

...WHILE ACHILLES KEPT
ON DEALING OUT DEATH
ALIKE ON THE TROJANS
AND ON THEIR HORSES.



ON A HIGH TOWER ON THE WALL, OLD KING PRIAM LOOKED DOWN AS HIS PEOPLE FLED PANIC-STRIKEN BEFORE ACHILLES...

Keep the gates wide open till our people come flying into the city--



--for Achilles is hard by and is driving them in rout before him!



"As soon as they are safely inside, close the strong gates--"



"--for I fear that terrible man may come bounding inside along with the others!"

Onward, sons of the Achaeans!

Today we topple the lofty gates of Troy!

BUT APOLLO
PUT COURAGE
INTO THE
HEART OF
THE SON OF
ANTENOR...

I will
stand by
your side,
Agenor.

Achilles' flesh, too,
can be pierced
by pointed
bronze.

He is but
mortal, despite
the triumphs Zeus
heaps before
him!

Noble Achilles--you
deem that you shall
this day sack the city
of the proud
Trojans.

But here, huge
and mighty
warrior--

HERE
YOU SHALL
DIE!

THE TIN OF ACHILLES'
NEWLY WROUGHT
GREAVE RANG LOUDLY...

--BUT THE
SPEAR DID
NOT PIERCE
THE GIFT OF
THE GOD.



Even if
I fly before
Achilles--

--he will
catch me and
kill me for a
coward.



BUT APOLLO WOULD
NOT GIVE ACHILLES HIS
BLOODSTAINED GLORY.

RATHER, HE
THRUST THE SON
OF ANTENOR AWAY...



...AND PUT ON THE
SEMBLANCE OF
AGENOR, TO STAND
BEFORE ACHILLES.

Pursue me
if you must,
Achilles--



--over the
corn lands of
the plain!

I will
overtake you,
Agenor--



--though
you flee
toward the deep
waters of the
Scamander!



MEANWHILE, ALL THE
TROJANS WHOSE FEET
AND KNEES COULD CARRY
THEM POURED PELL-MELL
INTO THE CITY...



...NO LONGER DARING
TO WAIT OUTSIDE THE
WALLS TO LEARN WHO
HAD ESCAPED AND WHO
WERE FALLEN IN FIGHT.



BUT HECTOR
STILL STAYED
BEFORE THE GATES...

FOR HIS HEART
WAS SET UPON
DOING BATTLE
WITH ACHILLES.

NEXT:
WHEN TITANS CLASH

THE GLOSSARY OF THE ILIAD

Aloof – at a distance

Ambrosia – the food of the gods

Anoint – to consecrate or make sacred

Boast – to speak with exaggeration and excessive pride

Cauldron – a large vessel, such as a kettle or vat, used for boiling

Don – to put on or dress in

Eddy – a current moving in a direction that is different from that of the main current

Endow – to equip or supply with a talent or quality

Folly – the state or quality of being foolish

Fringe – an outer edge; margin; periphery

Garment – an article of clothing

Hem – to enclose or confine

Hindrance – an impeding, stopping, preventing, or the like

Idle – of no real worth, importance, or significance

Kindle – to set fire to or ignite

Lofty – extending high in the air;
of imposing height; towering

Mangle – to injure severely, disfigure, or mutilate by
cutting, slashing, or crushing

Nectar – the life-giving drink of the gods

Pell-mell – in disorderly, headlong haste;
in a recklessly hurried manner

Quench – to satisfy or allay

Sack – to pillage or loot after capture; plunder

Seethe – to surge or foam as if boiling

Slacken – to make less active; slow up

Suppliant – one praying humbly for something

Torrent – a rushing; violent, or abundant and
unceasing stream

Valor – boldness or determination in facing great danger,
especially in battle



DCP PRESENTS A COMMANDING SCAN BY

THE CAPTAIN

