

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILLIAD



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LIMITED SERIES

8 of 8

DIRECT EDITION

RATED T+



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THE ILLAD

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 the Achaeans' greatest warrior, **Achilles**, who vowed to fight no more till the matter was redressed.

On occasion, the Olympian deities took sides in the war—**Apollo** and **Aphrodite** favoring the Trojans, **Hera** and **Athena** the Achaeans. But **Zeus**, king of the gods, at the urging of Achilles' goddess-mother **Thetis**, 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 other Trojans.

Patroclus persuaded his comrade Achilles to let him wear his armor to frighten off the Trojans. But Hector killed Patroclus and took the armor. Achilles, enraged, made peace with Agamemnon and vowed to enter the battle again. Thetis persuaded the god **Hephaestus** to make new and even better armor for Achilles. Her son slew so many Trojans that the **River Scamander** came to life to oppose him. To help Hector, Apollo, in the guise of the Trojan prince **Agenor**, lured Achilles away from the city. When the other Trojans fled within its walls, only Hector now stood outside its gates, awaiting his final, fateful bout with Achilles...

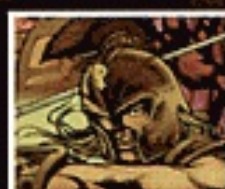
The Achaeans



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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FROM ABOVE,
PRIAM CRIED
TO HIS SON TO
COME INSIDE
THE GATES...

Many a
brave son has
that monster
taken from
me!

Stay not
to face him
alone and
unsupported!

BUT HIS PITEOUS
WORDS MOVED
NOT THE HEART
OF HECTOR.



MEANWHILE, APOLLO, IN THE GUISE OF ANTEOR, HAD REGULED ACHILLES AWAY FROM THE CITY...

...BEFORE HE REVEALED HIS TRUE SELF.

Son of Peleus--why do you, who are but man, give chase to an immortal?

You have deceived me, Far-Darter.

You saved the Trojans and robbed me of glory at no risk to yourself.

Were it in my power to do so, I would exact my revenge...

But I shall return to the city--and may yet sack it this day!



Hector! I see Achilles' armor gleam on his breast as he speeds this way!

Come inside, to be the guardian of the city--

--Or you will meet death at his hands, for he is even mightier than you!

BUT STILL HIS BEST-LOVED SON STOOD HIS GROUND...



...AS ACHILLES RACED TOWARD HIM...



...WITH FELL INTENT...



...AS IF HE WERE...



...ARES HIMSELF...

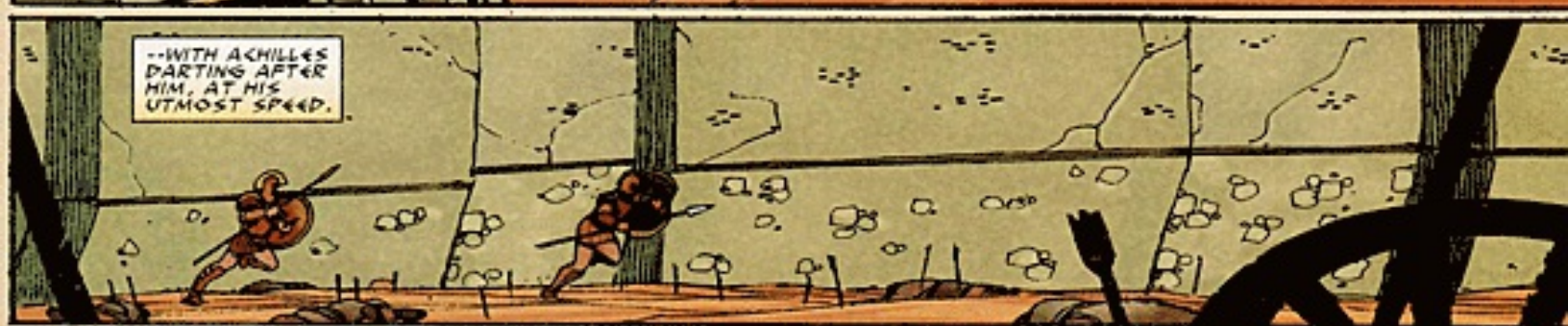
...PLUMED LORD OF BATTLE!



AT LAST, FEAR
DESCENDED
UPON HECTOR TO
BEHOLD HIM THUS--



--AND HE FLED
IN DISMAY
FROM BEFORE
THE GATES--



--WITH ACHILLES
DARTING AFTER
HIM, AT HIS
UTMOST SPEED.



AS HORSES IN A CHARIOT
RACE THUNDER ROUND
THE TURNING-POSTS
WHEN COMPETING FOR
SOME GREAT PRIZE--



--SO DID
THESE TWO
RUN FULL
SPEED--

--THREE
TIMES--

--ROUND
THE CITY
OF PRIAM.



A close-up of Hector, a Trojan warrior, attacking Achilles. Hector is on the left, wearing a brown tunic and a red helmet, lunging forward with a spear. Achilles is on the right, wearing a large, ornate bronze helmet and a brown tunic, holding a shield. The background shows a stone wall with many spears embedded in it.

WHENEVER HECTOR
GOT NEAR THE
DARDANIAN GATES
AND UNDER THE WALLS...

A close-up of Achilles' face, showing a determined and fierce expression. He is wearing a large, ornate bronze helmet with a plume. He is holding a long spear, which is the focus of the panel.

...ACHILLES
WOULD GAIN
ON HIM...

Hector is shown retreating, looking back over his shoulder at Achilles. He is wearing a brown tunic and a red helmet. Achilles is on the left, wearing a brown tunic and a red helmet, holding a shield and a spear. The background shows a stone wall with many spears embedded in it.

...AND WOULD
HEAD HIM
BACK TOWARDS
THE PLAIN.

NEVER COULD
ACHILLES COME
UP WITH HECTOR...

NOR HECTOR
BREAK AWAY
FROM ACHILLES.

Achilles is in the center, wearing a brown tunic and a red helmet, holding a shield and a spear. He is looking towards the right, where a group of Achaean warriors are standing. The warriors are wearing various types of armor, including helmets and tunics. The background shows a stone wall with many spears embedded in it.

ACHILLES MADE SIGNS
TO THE ACHAEAN HOST,
LEST ANOTHER MAN
AIM A DART AT THE
SON OF PRIAM...

...AND PERHAPS
WIN THE GLORY OF
HAVING HIT HIM.

A dramatic illustration of Zeus, with a long white beard and wearing a striped tunic, holding a large wooden scale of justice. He is looking down at the scales. In the background, a figure is seen falling from a high platform.

THEN DID ZEUS
PLACE A DOOM
ON EACH OF HIS
GOLDEN SCALES...

...AND THE DOOM OF
HECTOR FELL DOWN
DEEP INTO THE
HOUSE OF HADES.

THEREON, ATHENA
WENT CLOSE UP TO
THE SON OF PELEUS...

A blue silhouette of Athena in a dynamic, athletic pose, appearing to be in motion.

Noble
Achilles,
Hector cannot
escape us any
longer.

Stay
here and take
breath, while I go
persuade him to
make a stand and
fight you.

TAKING THE FORM OF DEIIPHOBUS,
SHE DREW NEAR HECTOR...

A close-up of Hector wearing a detailed bronze helmet with a crest and a face mask. He has a serious expression.

My dear brother, we
shall await his onset--
together!

A wide shot of a battlefield. In the foreground, two Trojan warriors in armor are running. In the background, a figure in a white robe (Athena) is visible. The landscape is hilly with some trees.

Deiphobus,
you have always
been dearest
to me of all my
brothers...

But
henceforth,
I shall rate you
yet more
highly.

A close-up of two Trojan warriors in armor. The warrior on the left is looking towards the warrior on the right. They are both holding spears.

Let us
stand and fight--
with no keeping of
our spears in
reserve!



But let us make a covenant that he who triumphs will give up the other's body to his people.

There can be no covenants between men and lions-- between wolves and lambs!



Zeus has not yet revealed to you the hour of my doom.

Now, avoid my spear if you can!



Your
shaft rebounds
from my shield,
Trojan.

I need a
second spear,
Deiphobus.



Deiphobus...?



There
is no one
here!

The gods
have lured
me on to my
destruction!



If my doom has come
upon me, then let me not die
ingloriously and without
a struggle--

But let
me first do
some great thing
that shall be told
among men
hereafter!

BUT ACHILLES KNEW THE
ARMOR HECTOR WORE,
FOR IT HAD BEEN HIS OWN,
WORN BY PATROCLUS
BEFORE THE SON OF
PRIAM DESPOILED HIM.

ALL WAS PROTECTED--
SAVE ONLY THE THROAT
WHERE THE COLLAR-BONES
DIVIDE THE NECK FROM
THE SHOULDERS.

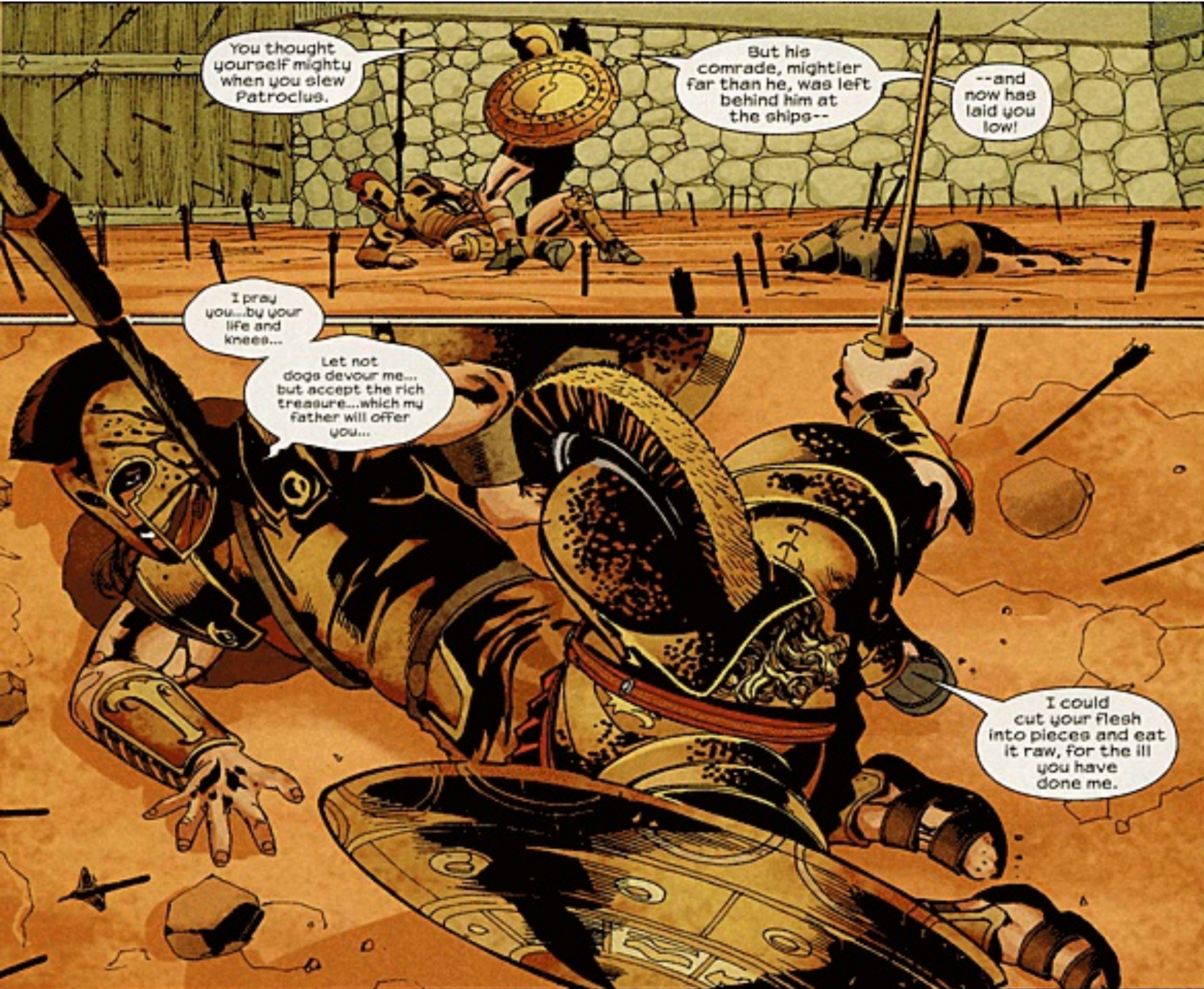
THIS IS A MOST
DEADLY PLACE...

...AND HERE
DID ACHILLES
STRIKE HIM...

AAAAARRRR

...THROUGH THE
FLESHY PART
OF HIS NECK.





You thought yourself mighty when you slew Patroclus.

But his comrade, mightier far than he, was left behind him at the ships--

--and now has laid you low!

I pray you...by your life and knees...

Let not dogs devour me... but accept the rich treasure...which my father will offer you...

I could cut your flesh into pieces and eat it raw, for the ill you have done me.



No ransom will save you from the dogs and the vultures!

May I bring heaven's wrath upon you...the day Paris and Apollo slay you...at the Scean gates...

THEN DID THE SHROUDS OF DEATH ENFOLD HECTOR...

...AND HIS SOUL
WENT OUT OF HIM
AND FLEW DOWN TO
THE HOUSE OF HADES.

Die!

For my
part, I will
accept my fate
whenever the gods
see fit to
send it.

AS THE OTHER
ARGIVES DREW ROUND,
ACHILLES STRIPPED THE
BODY OF ITS ARMOR...

We have achieved a mighty
triumph--overcoming this man
who has done us more hurt
than all the others
together!

AND NO ONE CAME
NEAR HECTOR
WITHOUT GIVING
HIM A FRESH WOUND.

It is easier to handle him now
than when he was flinging fire
onto our ships!



THEN ACHILLES
PIERCED THE SINEWS
OF HECTOR'S FEET
FROM HEEL TO ANKLE--

--PASSED THONGS
OF OX-HIDE
THROUGH THEM--



--AND LASHED HIS
HORSES, DRAGGING
THE BODY OF HECTOR
BEHIND HIS CHARIOT.

FOR ZEUS HAD NOW
DELIVERED THE SON OF
PRIAM INTO THE HANDS
OF HIS FOES TO DO HIM
OUTRAGE IN HIS OWN LAND.



Alas, my
son--what
have I left to
live for, now that
you are no
more?

Open the
gates! I must
go to him!

Achilles
would but
slay you, too,
O King.



Many a
son of mine
has he slain in the
flower of his
youth.

Yet, grieve
for these as I may,
I do so for Hector
more than for
them all...

...and the
bitterness of my
sorrow will bring me
down to the house
of Hades!

HECTOR'S WIFE, ANDROMACHE, WAS AT HER LOOM WHEN SHE HEARD THE CRIES COMING FROM THE WALLS...



BACK AT HIS SHIPS,
ACHILLES LAID HIS
BLOOD-STAINED HAND
UPON THE BREAST OF
HIS DEAD FRIEND...

Patroclus,
I will now
do all that
I promised
you.

I will
drag Hector
here and let the
dogs devour
him raw...

And twelve
noble sons of
Trojans will I also
slay before your
pyre to avenge
you.

BUT THAT NIGHT,
THE SAD SPIRIT
OF PATROCLUS
DREW NEAR HIM...

Bury me
with all speed,
Achilles...

...that I
may join those
that are beyond
the River
Styx.

I will
do all as you
have bidden
me.

THE NEXT NIGHT,
AS THE FUNERAL
PYRE BURNED UP
TOWARD HEAVEN...

Fare
you well,
Patroclus.

But dogs,
not fire, shall
devour the flesh
of the son of
Priam.

YET, FOR ALL THE DAYS OF THE FUNERAL
GAMES OF PATROCLUS, THE RAVENING DOGS
CAME NOT ABOUT THE BODY OF HECTOR...

FOR APHRODITE,
DAUGHTER OF ZEUS,
KEPT THEM FROM HIM,
NIGHT AND DAY.

ALL THE WHILE, ACHILLES
STILL WEPT FOR THINKING
OF HIS DEAR COMRADE...

AND SLEEP, BEFORE
WHOM ALL THINGS
BOW, COULD TAKE
NO HOLD UPON HIM.

WHEN DAWN BROKE,
THREE TIMES DID HE DRAG
HECTOR ROUND THE
TOMB OF PATROCLUS...

...AND THEN
BENEATH THE
CITY'S WALLS.

BUT APOLLO WOULD
NOT SUFFER THE BODY
TO BE DISFIGURED...

...AND APHRODITE HAD
ANointed HIM WITH
AMEROSIAL OIL OF
ROSE, THAT HIS FLESH
MIGHT NOT BE TORN.

AND WHEN THE MORNING OF
THE TWELFTH DAY HAD COME,
PHOEBUS APOLLO SPOKE
AMONG THE IMMORTALS...

You
gods ought be
ashamed of
yourselves!

Hector always gave
sacrifice to you--and
now you let Achilles
dishonor his
dead body.

Hector was mortal,
while Achilles is the
offspring of a
goddess whom I
myself reared and
married to great
Peleus.

You yourself
feasted and
played your lyre
at their
wedding!

Hera, wife,
be not so
bitter.

Their
honor shall not
be equal...but I will
give counsel to Thetis,
mother of Achilles.

FLEET AS THE WIND,
IRIS WENT TO THETIS
ON THE FLOOR OF THE
SEA, AND BROUGHT
HER TO THE SIRE OF
GODS AND MEN...

Goddess,
I know well the
grief that reigns
ever in your
heart.

But you
must tell your
son that the gods
are angry with him
that he will not
give up the body
of Hector.

I...will
do as you
say, great
Zeus.



My son,
how long will
you go on
mourning like
this?

You
yourself
have no long time
to live, and Death
and the hand of Fate
are already close
beside you.

Zeus
would have
you accept Troy's
ransom for
the body of
Hector.

So
be it--if
Zeus himself
commands
me.

MEANWHILE, IRIS
SPED TO ILIUM...



Priam--
the lord of
Olympus bids you
go alone, save for
one honored servant,
to ransom noble
Hector.

Have no
fear of death,
for Zeus will send
Hermes, slayer of
Argus, to protect
you.

THE RANSOM TREASURES HAD BEEN PLACED
IN HIS CHARIOT WHEN HECUBA CAME TO HIM...

That cruel
savage will lay
hands on you, knowing
neither respect
nor pity!

A goddess
has spoken
to me, so
I will go.

Let Achilles
slay me, if I may but
first take my son
in my arms and
mourn him!

THUS DID PRIAM
AND HIS MAN IDAEUS
VENTURE FORTH
UPON THE PLAIN...

...AND HERMES
ACCOMPANIED
THEM TO TROY.

ONLY WHEN PRIAM
HAD REACHED THE
DWELLING OF ACHILLES,
UNSEEN BY ANY...

...DID THE GOD'S GOLDEN
SANDALS BEAR HIM BACK
TO HIGH OLYMPUS.



O Achilles...



Fifty sons had I when the Achaeans came, born by various wombs.

The greater part of them, now, has the fierce war-god laid low...

And Hector, our guardian, have you lately slain.

Think of your own aged father...accept the ransom I have brought for his body...and have compassion on me...

For I have raised to my lips the hand of him who killed my son.

Unhappy Priam...you must have iron courage, even though some god brought you safely to my ships.

I am minded to give up Hector's body...

...for Zeus desires it.



You must take your supper here...then enjoy the blessed boon of sleep in my forecourt.

At daybreak you shall take your son away, newly dressed in a fair shirt and mantle.

Eleven days your city shall have to mourn and bury Hector...while I shall stay the Achaeans from battle.

BUT, LATE IN THE NIGHT, HERMES CAME AGAIN TO PRIAM...



Old sire, you sleep in the thick of your foe.

Depart at once--for, if Agamemnon learns you are here, he will hold you for a threefold ransom.

AND SO HERMES ESCORTED THE KING AND HIS SERVANT QUICKLY THROUGH THE HOST, SO THAT NO ONE PERCEIVED THEM...



...TILL PRIAM'S DAUGHTER CASSANDRA CAUGHT SIGHT OF THEM FROM THE HIGH WALLS OF WINDY TROY.



ON THE TENTH DAY
AFTER, THE PEOPLE
OF ILIUM LAID THE
BODY OF THE FALLEN
HERO UPON A GREAT
PYRE OF WOOD, AND
SET THE FIRE THERETO.

AT DAWN ON THE ELEVENTH
DAY, THEY QUENCHED
THE LAST OF THE FLAMES
WITH WINE AND WRAPPED
HIS WHITE BONES IN SOFT
ROBES OF PURPLE...

...AND PLACED THEM
UPON THE PLAIN, IN
A GOLDEN URN, IN A
GRAVE COVERED OVER
WITH LARGE STONES.

THEN THEY WENT
BACK INTO THE CITY
AND HELD HIGH FEAST
IN THE HOUSE OF
PRIAM, THEIR KING.

THUS DID THE CITY OF
TROY CELEBRATE THE
FUNERAL OF HECTOR,
TAMER OF HORSES.

THE GLOSSARY OF THE ILIAD

Ambrosial – pleasing to taste or smell

Anoint – to make sacred in a ceremony, usually involving the applying of oil

Beguile – to trick, cheat or deceive

Boon – something that is requested or sought as a favor

Covenant – an agreement, that is usually formal, between two or more parties

Despoil – to strip of possessions or things of value

Dismay – sudden disillusionment or disheartenment

Forecourt – a courtyard in front of a building

Hindrance – a person or thing that delays, impedes or prevents

Ingloriously – shameful; disgraceful; not to be honored

Loom – a device for weaving fabrics

Lyre – a musical instrument from ancient Greece often used to accompany singing and chanting

Piteous – evoking or deserving of pity

Plumed – having, or being covered with, large and showy feathers

Pyre – a pile of flammable material used to burn dead bodies as a funeral rite

Quench – extinguish or put out

Ransom – a payment given, often in exchange for a person or property being withheld

Ravering – to devour or consume quickly and greedily

River Styx – a river between Earth and the Underworld (Hades), across which dead souls were ferried

Sack – to loot or plunder a captured place

Sinew – a tendon; a dense, tough tissue connecting muscle to bone

Tamer – one who domesticates or trains wild animals



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is
always
watching

DCP -

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than the competition!

