

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

# THE ILLIAD



**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES  
4 of 8

**RATED T+**



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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 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 proud **Achilles**, so he, their greatest hero of war, 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, though the immortals knew Troy (also called Ilium) was eventually doomed to fall.

Paris and Menelaus met in single combat to decide claims to Helen and her treasure. But when Paris lost, the goddesses **Hera** and **Athena** caused the fighting to resume. The Olympians took sides—**Apollo** and **Aphrodite** favoring the Trojans, Hera and Athena the Argives (Greeks), and the war god **Ares** first one side, then the other. At last Zeus forbade any gods to take part in the war, and he himself turned the tide in favor of Troy and her allies. The Achaeans were driven behind their ship-wall, and the Trojans encamped on the plain outside their city. With the dawn, says **Hector**, Troy's greatest warrior, they will destroy the fortifications—and the Achaeans....

## 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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THUS DID THE TROJANS  
WATCH AS THE NIGHT  
WORE ON.

BUT PANIC, COMRADE OF BLOOD-  
STAINED ROUT, HAD TAKEN HOLD  
OF THE ACHAEANS, AND THEIR  
PRINCES WERE ALL OF THEM  
IN DESPAIR.

AGAMEMNON SUMMONED HIS  
CHIEFS TO A COUNCIL... AND  
SPOKE TO THEM AMID  
HEAVY SIGHS...

My friends,  
the hand of heaven  
has been laid heavily  
upon me.

Cruel Zeus  
swore that I should  
sack Troy... but he  
has played me  
false.

Now, therefore,  
let us all sail back  
to Argos...

For we  
shall never  
take that  
wide-wayed  
city!













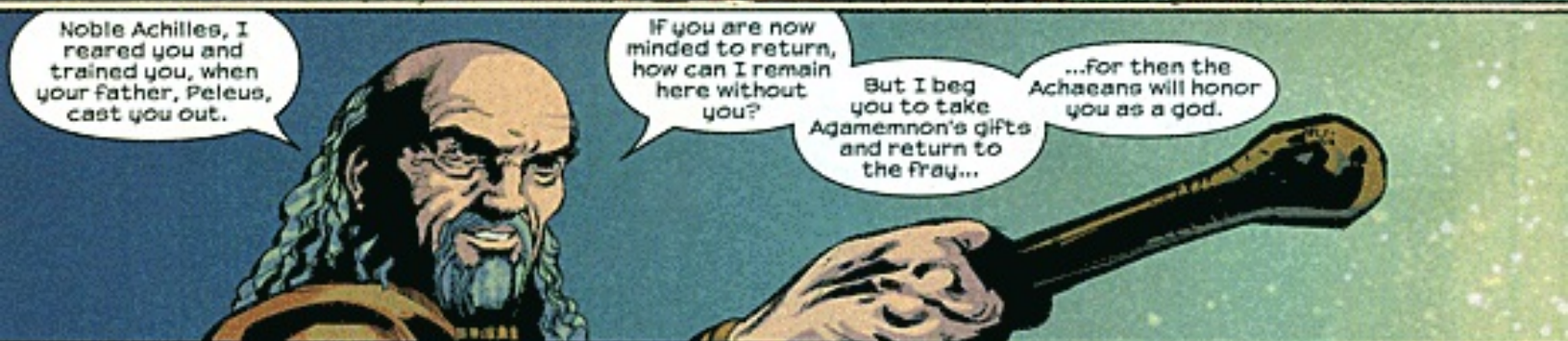


My mother, divine Thetis, tells me there are two ways I may meet my end.

If I stay here and fight, I'll not return alive, but my name will live forever.

If I go home, my name will die, but it will be long ere death shall take me.

To all of you, I say-- "Go home, for you will not take Ilium!"



Noble Achilles, I reared you and trained you, when your father, Peleus, cast you out.

If you are now minded to return, how can I remain here without you?

But I beg you to take Agamemnon's gifts and return to the fray...

...for then the Achaeans will honor you as a god.



Phoenix, old friend, I've no need of such honor, for I have honor from Zeus himself.

Stay here, and at daybreak we will consider whether to remain or leave.

Odysseus, let us be gone...



...for I see that our journey here has been made in vain.





WHEN AGAMEMNON  
LEARNED ACHILLES'  
ANSWER, HE AGAIN  
CALLED HIS CHIEFS...

I stand in need  
of shrewd counsel  
to save the Argives  
and our ships.

Is there any man  
bold enough to venture  
among the Trojans and  
bring us news of what  
the enemy mean  
to do?

I will go...  
but better if  
there were  
two of us.



Diomedes, man after my  
own heart... choose your  
companion, for all have  
offered.

I will take Odysseus,  
for he is quick to see  
and understand...and  
Athena loves him  
well.

Together  
we should pass  
safely through  
fire itself.



WHEN THE PAIR  
HAD ARMED...

Let us be  
going...

...for two-  
thirds of the  
night are  
already  
spent.





NOR DID HECTOR LET THE  
TROJANS SLEEP. FOR HE  
TOO CALLED A COUNCIL...

Is there one  
who will go find  
whether the  
Achaean mean  
to flee in their  
ships...

...or perhaps  
by sheer exhaustion  
fail to keep their  
watches?

He who dares  
will win infinite honor...  
and the Argives'  
fleetest horses.



I, Hector!  
I, Polon, will  
go to the  
ships--

--if you swear  
to give me the  
chariot and horses  
of Achilles himself!

May Zeus bear  
witness that no  
Trojan but you shall  
mount those  
steeds!



MEANWHILE, DIOMEDES AND ODYSSEUS  
PROWLED LIKE TWO LIONS AMID THE  
ARMOR AND BLOOD-STAINED BODIES OF  
THOSE WHO HAD FALLEN...

I hear the cry  
of a heron upon  
our right hands--  
a sign from  
Athena.

If she guard us  
now, I will sacrifice  
a year-old heifer  
to her.



Diomedes--  
someone  
comes!

It may be a  
spy--or some thief  
who would plunder  
the dead.

Let us lie  
down among the  
corpses and let  
him get a little  
past us...







But if I  
make an end  
of you--

AARR--

--you will  
give me no  
more  
trouble.

SOON DIOMEDES AND ODYSSEUS  
CAME TO THE SLEEPING THRACIAN  
SOLDIERS, TIRED OUT WITH THEIR  
DAY'S TOIL...

...WITH THEIR KING SLEEPING  
IN THEIR MIDST, HIS FINE  
HORSES HARD BY.

ATHENA PUT  
COURAGE INTO  
THE HEART OF  
DIOMEDES...

...AND HE SMOTE  
RIGHT AND LEFT,  
KILLING TWELVE  
OF THEM...

...AND RHEBUS WAS  
THE THIRTEENTH...



MEANWHILE, ODYSSEUS HAD  
MADE FAST THE HORSES, ONE  
TO ANOTHER...

...AND NOW HE  
AND DIOMEDES  
FLEW ONWARD  
TO THE SHIPS OF  
THE ACHAEANS.

SOON, AT THE  
CAMP OF NESTOR...

I never yet saw or  
heard of horses such  
as those you brought  
back.

Surely some  
god has met you  
and given them  
to you.

Heaven, if it  
willed, if it  
gave us even better  
horses... but these  
are freshly brought  
from Thrace by the  
king we killed.

AND, AS DAWN BROUGHT LIGHT ALIKE TO MORTALS  
AND IMMORTALS, ZEUS SENT FORTH THE PIERCE GODDESS  
DISCORD, WITH THE ENSIGN OF WAR IN HER HANDS...

Get thee  
to the ships of  
Odysseus, in the  
middle of the  
Achaean line...

...that your  
voice may carry  
to the tents of Ajax  
and Achilles on  
the nether end.



BY THE SHIPS COME  
FROM ITHACA, DISCORD  
TOOK HER STAND...

...AND SHE RAISED A  
CRY BOTH LOUD AND  
SHRILL.

IT FILLED THE ACHAEANS  
WITH COURAGE, GIVING  
THEM HEART TO FIGHT ON.

AND AGAMEMNON, SON OF  
ATREUS, SHOUTED ALOUD AS  
HE DONNED HIS ARMOR...

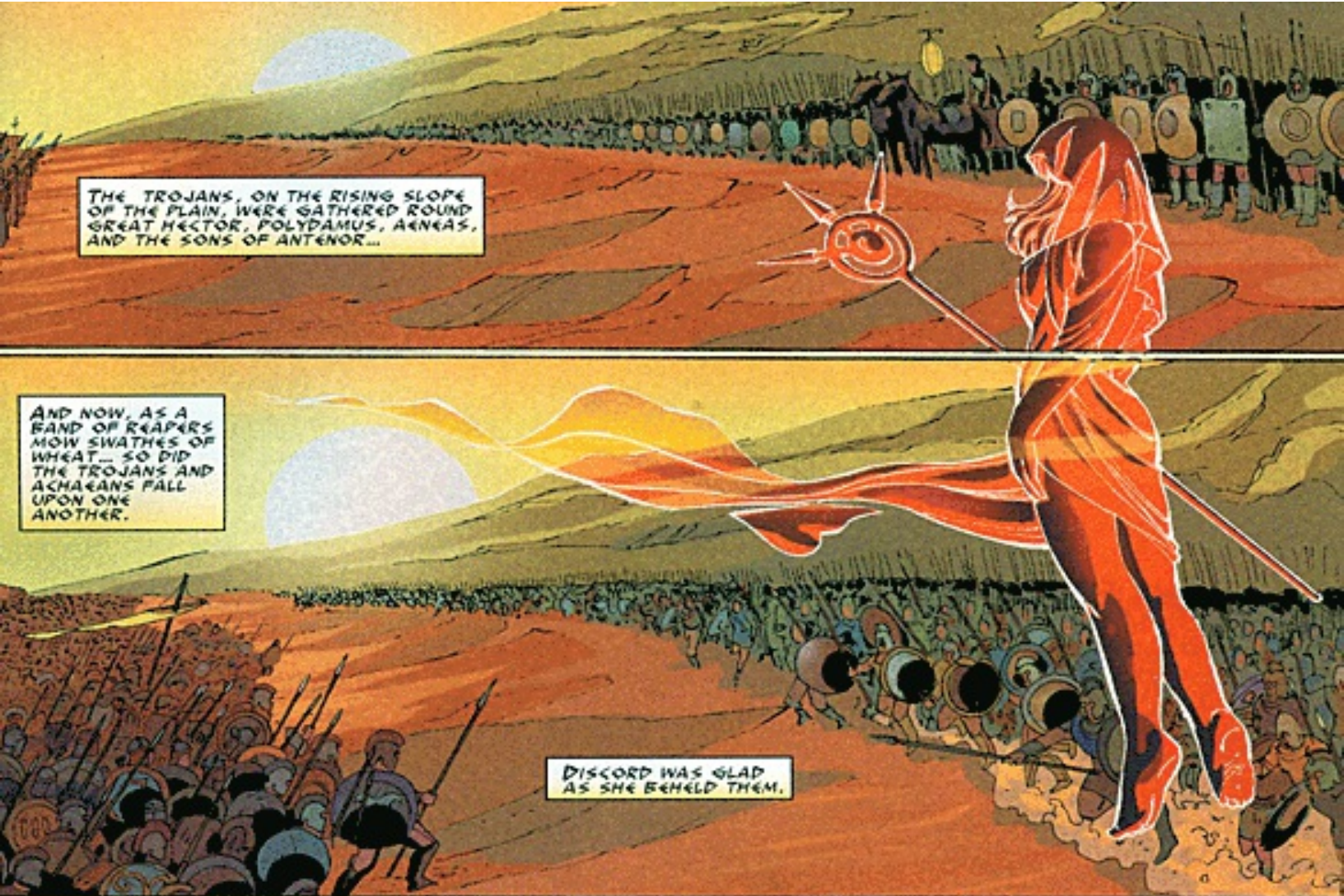
Argives!  
Gird yourselves  
for combat!

Let every  
man now let his  
charioteer hold  
his horses in  
readiness...

...while you  
go forward  
into battle  
on foot!







THE TROJANS, ON THE RISING SLOPE OF THE PLAIN, WERE GATHERED ROUND GREAT HECTOR, POLYDAMUS, AENEAS, AND THE SONS OF ANTENOR...

AND NOW, AS A BAND OF REAPERS MOW SWATHES OF WHEAT... SO DID THE TROJANS AND ACHAEANS FALL UPON ONE ANOTHER.

DISCORD WAS GLAD AS SHE BEHELD THEM.

THEY FOUGHT LIKE WOLVES...

...UNTIL, AT MIDDAY, AGAMEMNON LED THE WAY IN BREAKING THE BATTALIONS OF THE ENEMY...

Onward, Achaeans--





For surely,  
Zeus means us  
to take Troy  
itself this  
day!

BUT, AS THE KING OF  
ARGOS WAS ABOUT TO  
REACH THE HIGH-WALLED  
CITY...



...THE KING OF  
GODS CALLED  
HIS DIVINE  
MESSENGER  
TO THE CREST  
OF MOUNT IDA.

Go,  
fleet  
Iris...

...and  
speak thus  
to Hector...



Son of  
Priam... so long  
as you see Agamemnon  
pressing forward, let  
others bear the brunt  
of the battle.

But when  
he is wounded,  
Zeus will give you  
strength to slay  
till night falls  
again.



Behold how Iphidamus,  
son of Antenor--a brave  
man of great stature--  
now confronts the Argives'  
commander...

With twelve  
ships I set sail  
from fertile  
Thrace--

But I left  
them at Percote  
and came here  
by land--







YET, WHEN HECTOR SAW  
WOUNDED AGAMEMNON QUIT  
THE FIELD, HE PLUNGED IN  
AMONG THE FOREMOST...

Trojans--Lycians--  
Pardaniens! Be men  
and acquit yourself  
bravely!

Their king has  
left them--and  
Zeus has promised  
me a great  
triumph!

THEN, WHEN HE  
SPIED TWO FIERCE  
ACHAEANS WREAKING  
HAVOC AMONGST  
THE TROJANS...

Diomedes!  
Odysseus!

Great  
Hector is  
bearing down  
upon us!

BRONZE HELMET  
TURNED BRONZE  
SPEAR--

We must  
stand firm  
against his  
onset!

BUT HECTOR FELL TO HIS  
KNEES...FOR DARKNESS HAD  
FALLEN UPON HIS EYES...

Dog! You  
will not escape  
from death  
this time!

Lord Apollo,  
who saved our  
Hector from  
Diomedes' spear--





--let not  
the arrow of  
Paris speed  
in vain!



OWWWW

Hah! It  
pierces his  
foot--fixing  
itself in the  
ground!



Come, brother!  
Would I had hit him  
in the belly!

Then the  
Trojans would  
have had a  
truce from  
evil!

I will draw  
the arrow  
forth.

Paris! Without  
your bow you  
are nothing but  
a seducer!

When I strike  
a man--vultures,  
not women,  
gather round  
him!



AS DIOMEDES WAS DRIVEN TO  
THE SHIPS AND ARGIVES FLED  
IN PANIC, ODYSSEUS FACED  
THE TROJANS ALONE.

EVEN WHEN WOUNDED,  
HE FOUGHT ON...

...FOR ATHENA HAD NOT  
SUPPERED THE SPEAR TO  
PIERCE HIS ENTRAILS.



MEANWHILE, ACHILLES SAW  
IT ALL AND TOOK NOTE. AS  
HE STOOD ON THE STERN  
OF HIS SHIP...

I shall now  
have the Argives  
praying at my  
knees--

For they are  
in great straits,  
retreating through  
the great doors  
of their ship-  
walls.

Patroclus--go  
ask Nestor if that  
is Machaon, son of  
the healer Aesculapius,  
that he is bearing  
wounded in his  
chariot.

Aye,  
cousin.



Patroclus!  
It is good to  
see you.

Achilles sent me  
to learn if it was  
Machaon you brought  
from the field.

I see that  
it is, and must  
go tell him.



Why should Achilles  
care to know how many  
Achaean may be  
wounded?

Will he wait till  
our ships are in a  
blaze before he  
acts?

You  
know what a  
vengeful man  
he is.







If Achilles will not fight, then let him send his Myrmidons!

Let him send you into battle clad in his armor, so the Trojans think you are he.

And they might leave off fighting?



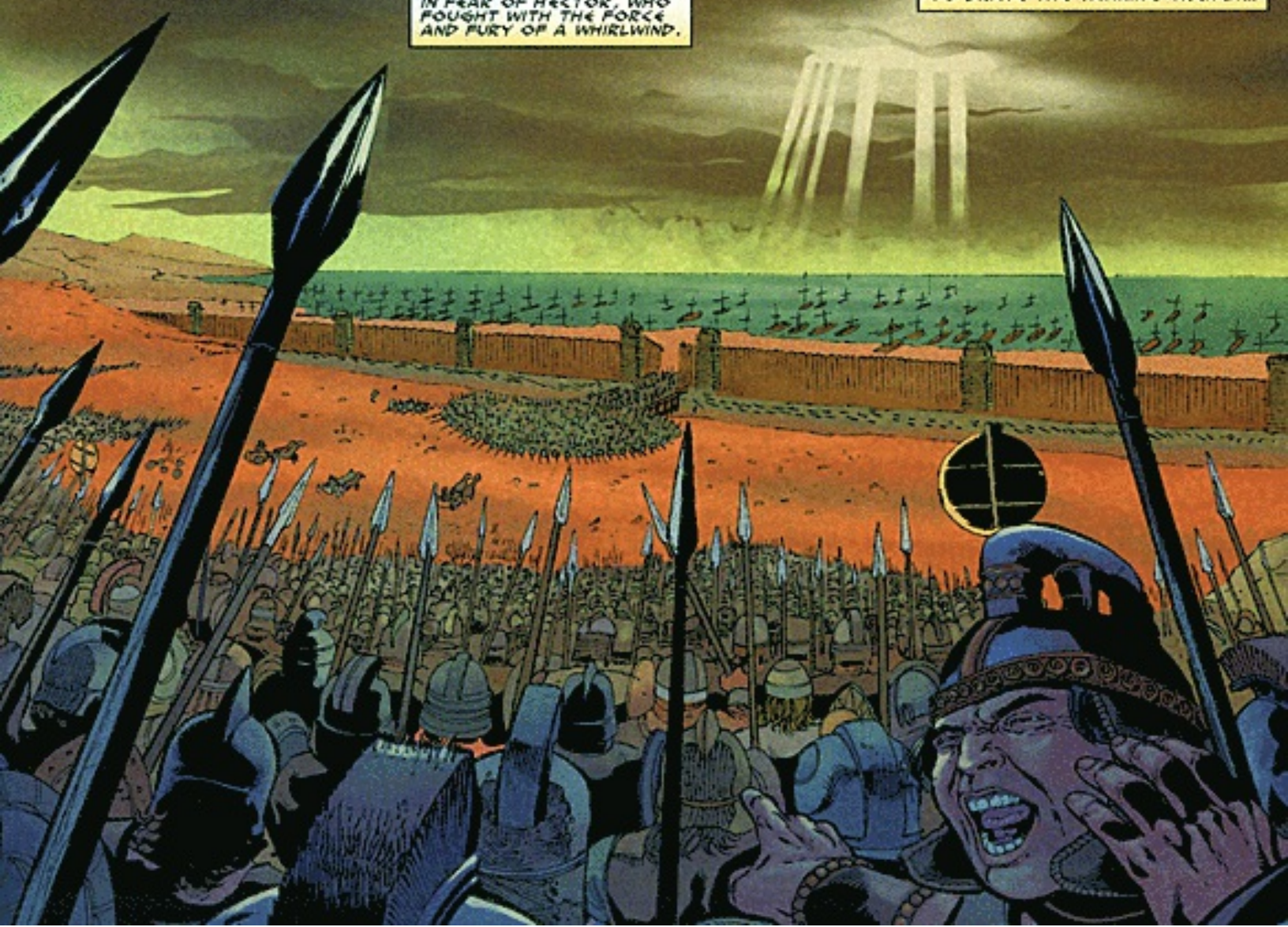
Aye. The Achaeans may thus have time to catch their breath.

Nestor-- you have moved my heart.

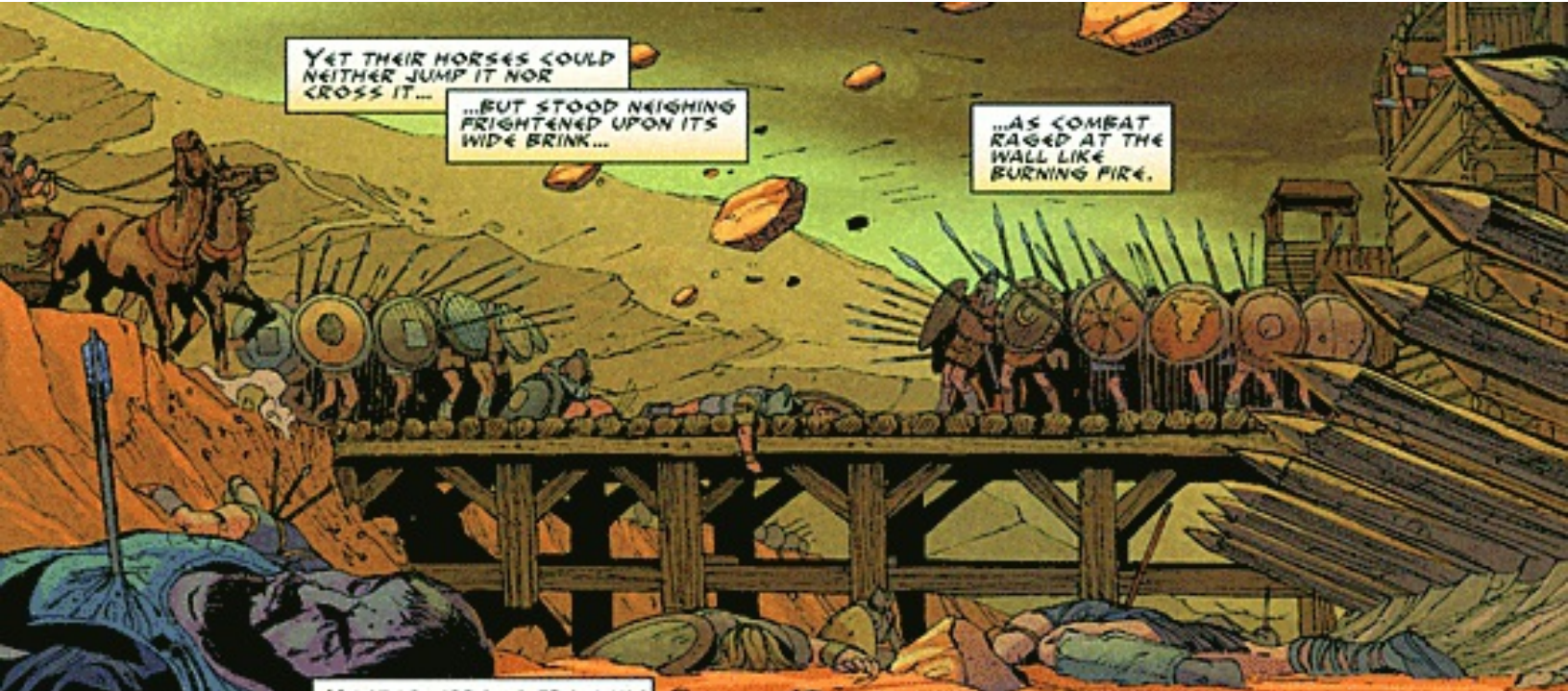
BATTLE AND TURMOIL RAGED  
ROUND THE LOOMING WOODEN  
WALL AND SHARP-STAKED  
TRENCH...

...AND THE ARGIVES WERE  
HEMMED IN AT THEIR SHIPS  
IN FEAR OF HECTOR, WHO  
FOUGHT WITH THE FORCE  
AND FURY OF A WHIRLWIND.

AND THE TROJAN HOST,  
EXHORTED BY THE MIGHTIEST  
SON OF PRIAM, MOVED FORWARD  
TO BRAVE THE YAWNING TRENCH...








YET THEIR HORSES COULD  
NEITHER JUMP IT NOR  
CROSS IT...

...BUT STOOD NEIGHING  
FRIGHTENED UPON ITS  
WIDE BRINK...


...AS COMBAT  
RAGED AT THE  
WALL LIKE  
BURNING FIRE.



HECTOR SPRANG FROM HIS  
CHARIOT, THAT THE OTHER  
TROJANS MIGHT DO  
THE SAME...


Follow me  
on foot, Paris--  
all of you--

And if the day  
of their doom is at  
hand, the Achaeans  
will not be able to  
withstand us!




RAISING A LOUD CRY OF  
BATTLE, THE WARRIORS OF  
ILIUM MADE STRAIGHT FOR  
THE WOODEN RAMPARTS--

--THE SHIELDS ABOVE THEIR  
HEADS WARDING OFF THE ARGIVES'  
THUNDERSTORM OF STONES.



BUT EVEN AS THEY  
SOUGHT TO SCALE  
THE TRENCH--



--A SOARING EAGLE SKIRTED  
THEIR LEFT WING--A MONSTROUS  
BLOOD-RED SNAKE STRUGGLING  
IN ITS TALONS--

--AND WRITHING TILL  
IT STRUCK THE BIRD  
THAT HELD IT--



--AND WAS DROPPED INTO  
THE MIDDLE OF THE HOST.

Hector--just  
as the eagle  
loosed her hold, so  
will it be with  
ourselves.

It is a sign we  
must not fight the  
Achaeans at their  
ships!

Has fear robbed  
you of your reason,  
Polydamus?

There is  
one omen, and  
one only--

--that a  
man should  
fight for his  
country!

THEN, AS ZEUS SENT A MIGHTY  
WIND FROM MOUNT IDA, THE TROJANS  
TORE DOWN THE BREASTWORKS FROM  
THE ARGIVES' WALLS...

...AND UPHEAVED  
THE BUTTRESSES  
BEFORE THEM.

AJAX WENT ABOUT  
EVERYWHERE ON  
THE WALLS...

Argives!  
Let no man turn  
in flight--but  
press forward!

...WHILE TEUCER RAINED DOWN  
ARROWS ON THE ATTACKERS.





May Zeus  
grant us to  
repel our  
foes--



--and drive  
them back  
towards the  
city!



THE TROJAN EPICLES, HIS HELMET  
AND THE BONES OF HIS SKULL CRUSHED  
BY AJAX'S JAGGED STONE--

--FELL FROM THE HIGH WALL AS  
THOUGH HE WERE DIVING, WITH  
NO MORE LIFE LEFT IN HIM.



AND THEN CAME THE TIME  
WHEN THE FATHER OF GODS  
GAVE THE GREATER GLORY  
TO HECTOR...

Up,  
Trojans!



Let us  
break the  
ramparts of  
the Argives--









Now IN,  
all you sons  
of Ilium--

--and fling  
fire upon their  
ships!

NEXT:  
WHEN THE GODS  
MAKE WAR...



# THE GLOSSARY OF THE ILIAD

**Appease** – to bring to a state of peace, quiet, ease or calm

**Charioteer** – driver of a light, two-wheeled vehicle for one person, usually drawn by two horses and driven from a standing position

**Embassy** – a body of persons entrusted with a mission to a sovereign or government not their own

**Ensign** – a flag or banner

**Entrails** – internal parts, intestines

**Ere** – before

**Fertile** – bearing, producing, or capable of producing vegetation, crops, etc.

**Fray** – a fight or battle

**Gird** – to prepare (oneself) for action

**Heifer** – a young cow over one year old that has not produced a calf

**Hemmed** – enclosed or confined

**Heron** – a bird characterized by being long-legged, long-necked and usually long-billed

**Onset** – an assault or attack

**Play** – to use or manipulate, especially for one's own interests

**Plunder** – to rob or steal

**Prattle** – to talk in a foolish or simple-minded way

**Rampart** – a broad embankment raised as a fortification; a protective barrier

**Repent** – to feel sorry or regret past conduct

**Sack** – to pillage or loot after capture; plunder

**Seducer** – a person who leads others astray usually by persuasion or false promises

**Shrewd** – of a practical or sharp intelligence

**Shrill** – a loud, piercing sound

**Smote** – past tense of *smite*, meaning to strike or hit hard, with or as if with the hand, a stick, or other weapon

**Stern** – the rear part of a ship or boat

**Straits** – a position of difficulty, perplexity, distress, or need

**Swath** – the width of a scythe stroke or a mowing-machine blade

**Talent** – a variable unit of weight and money used in ancient Greece, Rome, and the Middle East





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# THE CAPTAIN

