

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILLIAD



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
2 of 8

Roy Thomas
Miguel Angel Sepulveda
Sandu Florea
Nathan Fairbairn

DIRECT EDITION

\$2.99 US \$3.05 CAN



RATED T+

The Story So Far:

When **Helen**, queen of Sparta, fled across the sea to the city of Troy with its prince **Paris**, her husband **Menelaus** raised a large Achaean (Greek) force to bring her back. Troy (also called Ilium) was soon besieged by an army led by Menelaus' brother, **Agamemnon**. In the ninth year of the war, Agamemnon offended **Chryses**, a priest of Apollo, by refusing to restore to him his daughter, **Chryseis**, who had been captured in a raid. The priest prayed to **Apollo** to make the Achaeans suffer, and the god's heavenly arrows brought a deadly plague that killed many in their camp.

When the seer **Calchas** revealed the cause of the catastrophe, Agamemnon returned the girl—but insisted on having in her stead the fair **Briséis**, who was the prize of **Achilles**, the Achaeans' greatest warrior. Achilles, his pride stung, vowed not to fight again until the matter was redressed... and beseeched his mother, the goddess **Thetis**, for help. Thetis persuaded **Zeus**, king of the gods, to favor the Achaeans in battle for a time. Zeus sent a False Dream to Agamemnon, assuring him that he could conquer Troy if he launched an assault. Thus, in the morning light, the two opposing armies marched bravely toward each other....

The Achaeans



Agamemnon
King of Mycenae



Menelaus
King of Sparta



Achilles
Mightiest Achaean Warrior



Odysseus
King of Ithaca



Ajax the Greater
Foremost Achaean Warrior
after Achilles



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

Writer **Roy Thomas** Penciler **Miguel Angel Sepulveda** Inker **Sandu Florea** Colorist **Nathan Fairbairn** Letterer **VC's Joe Caramagna**

Cover
Paolo Rivera

Special Thanks
Chris Allo

Production
Rich Ginter

Asst. Editor
Lauren Sankovitch

Assoc. Editor
Nicole Boose

Editor
Ralph Macchio

Editor in Chief
Joe Quesada

Publisher
Dan Buckley

MARVEL ILLUSTRATED: THE ILIAD No. 2, March, 2008. Published Monthly except semi-monthly in February by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATIONS, 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2008 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.00 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.99 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand. Canadian Agreement #40668537. Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in Canada. ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Toys & Publishing Divisions and CMO Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GARIBOLDI, Senior VP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, VP of Business Affairs & Editorial Operations; MICHAEL PASQUILLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM BOYLE, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARL, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIEL, Managing Editor; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Mitch Dane, Advertising Director, at mdane@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.


AS WHEN THE SOUTH WIND SPREADS
A CURTAIN OF MIST UPON THE
MOUNTAIN TOPS—BAD FOR SHEPHERDS
BUT BETTER THAN NIGHT FOR THIEVES—

EVEN SO ROSE THE DUST
FROM UNDER THEIR FEET AS
THE TWO ARMIES MADE ALL
SPEED OVER THE PLAIN.

AND WHEN THEY
HAD COME NIGH
TO ONE ANOTHER—


--ONE WARRIOR
STRODE FORWARD
AS CHAMPION ON
THE TROJAN SIDE...

I, Paris,
challenge the
bravest of the
Achaeans to meet
me, man to man, in
deadly combat!




Glad are these eyes to catch sight of you, at last!


Now I shall be revenged!



Menelaus...?



Hah! Plunge back, coward, into the Trojan throng!




Evil-hearted Paris--dare you not face the man whose wife you stole?

Your rebuke is just, Hector. I will fight him for Helen and all her wealth.

Trojans and Achaeans--hear the words of HECTOR, brother of the one through whom this quarrel has come about!

Let Paris and Menelaus fight in the midst of you.

And let the victor bear home the woman and her treasure... but let the rest swear to a solemn covenant of peace!



Hear ME, as well--for I, Menelaus, am the most aggrieved.

Let him who shall die, DIE.

But let King Priam first come and swear to the covenant...for his sons are high-handed and ill to trust!

AND BOTH TROJANS AND ACHAEANS WERE GLAD WHEN THEY HEARD THESE WORDS.

MEANWHILE, THOSE
TOO OLD TO FIGHT
SAT OR STOOD UPON
THE RAMPARTS ABOVE
THE SCAEAN GATES...



...AND WATCHED AS
HELEN APPROACHED.



Small wonder Trojans and Achaeans
endure so much and so long for
the sake of a woman so
divinely lovely.

Let them
take her
and go.

She breeds
sorrow for
us and our
children!

BUT KING
PRIAM BADE
HER DRAW
NIGH...



Sit here, my
child, that you
may see your
former husband,
kinsmen, and
friends.

I lay
blame on
the gods, not
you, for this
terrible
war.

Strange...I see not my
brothers Castor and
Pollux among the
Achaeans.

Perhaps they will not show
themselves, for the shame and
disgrace I have brought
upon them.



SHE KNEW NOT THAT
BOTH THESE HEROES
WERE ALREADY LYING
UNDER THE EARTH IN
THEIR OWN FAR LAND
OF LACEDAEMON.

THEN, PRIAM RECEIVED WORD FROM
HERALDS THAT HE MUST GO DOWN
AND SWEAR TO A SACRED COVENANT
BETWEEN THE TWO WARRING SIDES...



...AND HELEN WISHED THAT
SHE HAD CHOSEN DEATH
RATHER THAN COME HERE
WITH THE KING'S SON.





WHEN TROY'S
RULER HAD
SEALED THE
COVENANT AND
DEPARTED...

...ODYSSEUS AND
HECTOR CAST
LOTS FROM A
BRONZE HELMET...



AND THE LOT
OF PRIAM'S
SON FLEW OUT.

Paris
aims his
spear
first.



THEN DID PARIS AND MENELAUS
STRIDE, FIERCE OF ASPECT, INTO THE
OPEN AREA BETWEEN THE TWO ARMIES...



AND FIRST THE PRINCE
OF ILIUM HURLED HIS
FAR-SHADOWING SPEAR.



Hah!
My shield
turns its
point!



Now, Lord
Zeus, grant
me vengeance on
Paris, who has
wronged me--

--that, in
ages to come,
a man may shrink
from doing ill deeds
in the house
of his host!



He swerved
aside--and
my spear has
been hurled
in vain!

Then
I'll subdue
him under my
sword-hand.



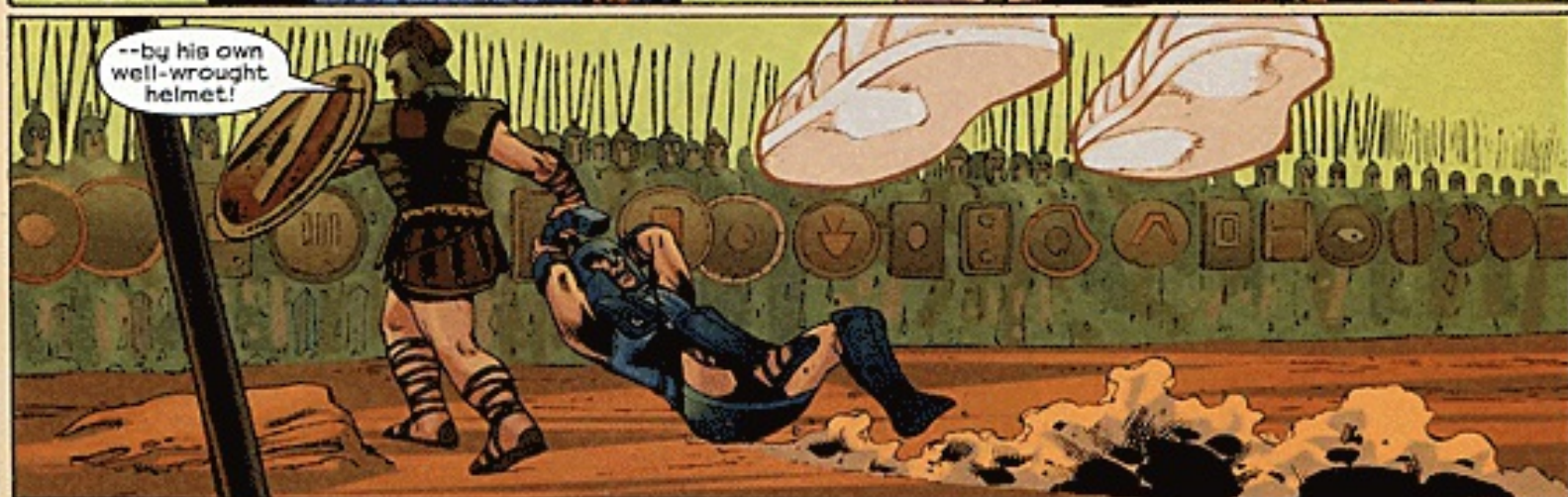
Father Zeus--of
all the gods,
you are the most
despiteful!

My sword
has broken in
my hand, and
I have not
killed him!

HNNHH



Then I will
drag him back
to Achaean
lines--



--by his own
well-wrought
helmet!

WITH HIS OWN
KIN-STRAP CHOKING
PARIS, MENELAUS
WOULD HAVE HAULED
HIM OFF TO HIS
OWN GREAT GLORY...

...HAD NOT
APHRODITE,
GODDESS OF
LOVE, BEEN
QUICK...

...TO BREAK
THE OXIDE.

The helmet
comes
away in my
hands!

Here, comrades!
Take the coward's
headpiece.

I'll run him
through with
my spear!

BUT ZEUS'
DAUGHTER
SNATCHED
HIM UP (AS
A GOD
CAN DO)...

...AND CONVEYED HIM
BACK TO TROY.

THEN WENT APHRODITE
TO HELEN, TAKING THE
FORM OF AN OLD WOMAN
SHE HAD KNOWN WHILE
STILL IN LACEDAEMON...

Come, Paris is
in his chambers,
radiant with
beauty.

Menelaus has
just vanquished
him, goddess--
and is to take
my hateful self
back with
him.

I have
griefs untold in
my soul, and I will
garnish his bed
no longer.

Go sit with
Paris yourself,
and be goddess no
longer, but tend
only to him!



Bold
hussy--do
not provoke me,
or I shall leave
you to your
fate--

--and I will
hate you as
much as I have
loved you.

AT THIS, HELEN
WAS FRIGHTENED...
AND FOLLOWED THE
GODDESS IN SILENCE.

AND SHE CAME
TO THE BEDCHAMBER
WHERE PARIS WAITED...



Would that
you had fallen
by the hand of
that brave man
who was my
husband--

--you, who
used to boast
you were a better man
than Menelaus, by
might of arm and
with spear!

Wife, do
not vex me
with your
reproaches.

This time,
with the help of
Athena, Menelaus
vanquished
me.

Another
time, I may be
victor--for I,
too, have gods
that will stand
by me.

Come, let
us lie down
together and
make friends.

Never yet
was I so enthralled
by my desire for you
as now.



AS, UPON
THE PLAIN...

Where is he,
Trojans?

If we knew,
Menelaus, we were
in no mind to
hide him.

All of us
hate him, as
we do death
itself!

Trojans and their
allies--hear the words
of Agamemnon,
king of men!

The victory
has been with
Menelaus.

Give back Helen
with all her wealth,
as it was
sworn!

ON OLYMPUS,
ZEUS AND THE
GODS GAZED
DOWN UPON TROY...

We must
consider
what we
shall do.

Shall we
set them fighting
anew--or make
peace between
them?

If the last,
then Menelaus can
take back Helen, and
the city of Priam
may remain still
inhabited.

Is my
summoning
of the Achaean
host, then,
to go for
nothing?

Do as you
will, but not all
we other gods
will approve your
actions.



Hera--what harm have Priam and his sons done you, that you are so hotly bent on sacking their city, which has ever done me honor?

Will nothing do for you, wife, but you must eat Priam and all the other Trojans raw?

Sack my own favorite cities of Argos, Sparta, and Mycenae whenever they displease you...



But let your daughter Athena go and contrive that the Trojans shall be the first to break their oaths.

Have it your own way, then.



AND SO ATHENA DARTED FROM THE TOPMOST SUMMITS OF OLYMPUS, SHOOTING DOWN THROUGH THE SKY LIKE SOME BRILLIANT METEOR...

TROJANS AND ACHAEANS ALIKE WERE STRUCK WITH AWE AS THEY BEHELD THE SIGHT...



TAKING THE FORM OF A SOLDIER, THE GODDESS FOUND PANDARUS AMID THE ALLIES OF ILIUM...

Son of Lykaon...if you dare send an arrow at Menelaus now, you will win honor from all the Trojans.

It is a god who asks me thus!



Apollo, lord of the silver bow--guide my hand--

--and when I get home to Zelea, I will offer a hecatomb of firstling lambs in your honor!

BUT ATHENA STOOD BY MENELAUS NOW...

...GUIDING THE ARROW SO THAT IT ONLY GRAZED HIS SKIN THROUGH CUIRASS AND FELT.

Huhnnn...



THEN THE TROJANS MOVED FORWARD AGAINST THE ACHAEANS, RENEWING THE FIGHT...



...AS AGAMEMNON UPBRAIDED HIS HOST...

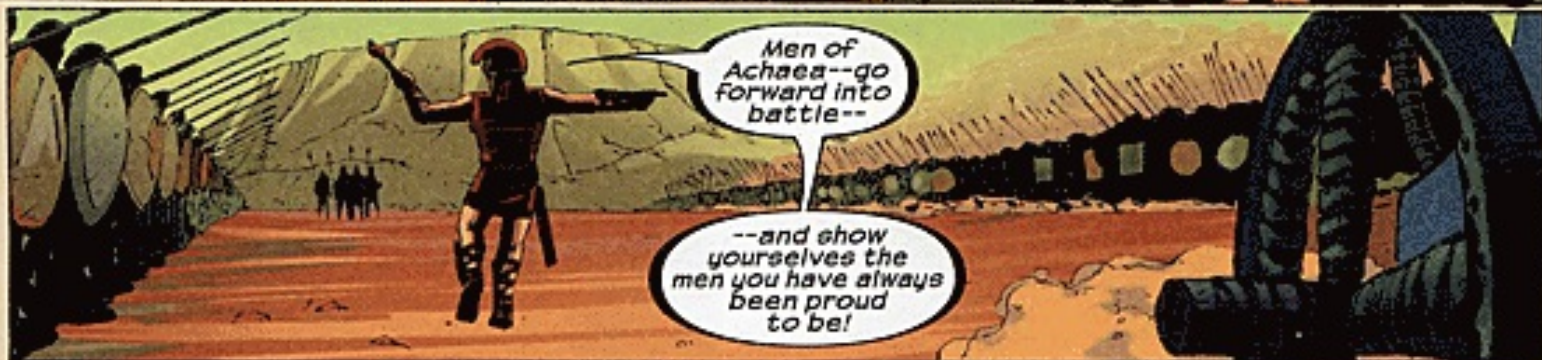
Argives! Would you wait till the Trojans reach our ships, before you fight back?


They have trampled on their oaths, and their mighty city must be laid low!



Men of Achaea--go forward into battle--

--and show yourselves the men you have always been proud to be!





THEN SHIELD
CLASHED WITH
SHIELD AND SPEAR
WITH SPEAR--

THERE WAS THE
DEATH-CRY OF
SLAIN AND TRIUMPH
OF SLAYERS--

--AND THE
EARTH RAN RED
WITH BLOOD.

BUT ACHILLES
ABODE AT HIS
SHIPS, AND NURSED
HIS ANGER...

...NOT SALLYING
FORTH TO FIGHT.

NOW PALLAS
ATHENA
DESCENDED
TO DIOMEDES,
SON OF TYDEUS.

HE WAS SORELY
EMBATTLED BY TWO
TROJAN BROTHERS
IN THEIR CHARIOTS--

--BUT SHE PUT
MIGHT AND
COURAGE INTO
HIS HEART.

AND WHEN
DIOMEDES
THREW HIS
SPEAR--

--IT SPED
NOT IN VAIN.

ONE BROTHER DARED
NOT BESTRIDE
THE OTHER'S CORPSE,
BUT TOOK TO FLIGHT--

SEEING THE FATE
OF THE TWO SONS OF
PARIS, THE TROJANS
WERE APPRIGHTE--

ATHENA, THEREFORE,
SOUGHT OUT ARES,
GOD OF WAR, WHO
RAGED UP AND DOWN
THE FRAY, MOSTLY
AIDING THE TROJANS...

Ares, Ares...bane of men,
bloodstained stormer
of cities...may we not now
leave the Trojans and
Achaeans to fight it
out for
themselves?

Let us
depart, and thus
avoid the anger
of Zeus.

SO SAYING, SHE
DREW ARES OUT
OF THE BATTLE.

UPON THIS, THE
ARGIVES DROVE
THE TROJANS BACK...

...AND EACH ONE
OF THEIR CHIEFTAINS
KILLED HIS MAN.

AGAMEMNON
SLEW MIGHTY
ODIUS, CAPTAIN
OF THE HALIZONI...

...WHILST MENELAUS,
ALREADY WHOLE AGAIN,
KILLED SCAMANDRIUS,
THE SON OF STROPHIUS.

YET, WHEN PANDARUS
SAW DIOMEDES DRIVING
THE TROJANS PELL-MELL
BEFORE HIM, HE AIMED
AN ARROW...

...AND SOON
THE ACHAEAN'S
CURASS WAS
COVERED IN
BLOOD.

ARRRRGGG

Come,
Trojans--the
bravest of the
Achaeans is
wounded!

If Apollo
is with me, he'll
not hold out
much longer!

4

Sthenelus--
draw this arrow
out of my
shoulder.

Athena, daughter of
aegis-bearing Zeus,
grant me to come within
a spear's throw of
that boaster who
arrowed me.

Diomedes,
I have made
your limbs supple
again.

Moreover,
I have withdrawn
the veil from your
eyes, so you may
know gods and
men apart.

If any other
god offers you
battle, do not fight him--
but if Aphrodite comes,
wound her with
your spear!

WHEN THE GODDESS HAD
GONE, DIOMEDES ONCE MORE
TOOK HIS PLACE AMONG THE
FOREMOST FIGHTERS...
THREE TIMES MORE FIERCE EVEN
THAN HE HAD BEEN BEFORE.

HE TOOK MANY
LIVES, AND LEFT
MANY TROJAN
FATHERS
SORROWING
BITTERLY...

...FOR THEY
NEVERMORE SAW
THEIR SONS
COME HOME FROM
BATTLE ALIVE.





Great and mighty Diomedes--
my arrow failed to
lay you low--

So I
will now
try with my
spear!



You
have missed,
not hit!

You shall
glut tough-
shielded Ares
with your
blood!



ATHENA GUIDED
THE SPEAR OF
DIOMEDES...



...AND PANDARUS
WAS LEFT OF LIFE
AND STRENGTH.

You slew him,
Achaean--though
you will not
carry off his
body.

But--
that huge
stone--



It would take
two men to
lift it--

Yet you
bear it aloft
with ease,
unaided!

AAAAARRRR

THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT
FELL UPON THE EYES OF
PRINCE AENEAS...

...AND HE WOULD
HAVE PERISHED
THEN AND THERE AT
DIOMEDES' HAND...

HAD NOT HIS
OLYMPIAN MOTHER
COVERED HIM WITH
HER OWN FAIR
GARMENT.

Aphrodite--
you are not one
of those goddesses
who can lord it among
men in battle
like Athena.

Nor will
you bear Aeneas
safe out of
this fight!

Wounded and
spouting ichor,*
you must leave your
son for Apollo
to catch!

*THE BLOOD
OF THE GODS.

Daughter of Zeus,
leave war and battle
alone!

If you meddle
with fighting, you will
get what will make you
shudder at the very
name of war.

Dear brother--
protect me, for
I am wounded by
a mortal--

--Diomedes,
who would now
fight even with
father Zeus!

Stand aside, Apollo--
for I mean to kill Aeneas
and strip him of
his armor!

Take heed, son
of Tydeus, and
draw off.

Think not to
match yourself
against
gods...

...for men
that walk the
earth cannot hold
their own with the
immortals.

AND APOLLO TOOK AENEAS
TO SACRED PERGAMUS, WHERE
HIS TEMPLE STOOD--THAT HE
MIGHT BE MADE WHOLE AGAIN.

THEN THE ARCHER GOD SENT
ARES BACK TO THE FRAY TO
EMFOLDEN THE TROJANS--AND
THOSE WHO FOUGHT BESIDE THEM.

Hector, you used to say that you
and your brothers could hold
your city alone.

Yet we, the
allies of Illium, now
bear the brunt of
the battle.

I will rouse
my people,
Sarpedon...



SMARTING UNDER THE LYCIAN'S WORDS, PRIAM'S SON RALLIED THE TROJANS.

AND APOLLO SENT AENEAS, HEALED AND FULL OF VALOR, BACK AMONG HIS COMRADES...WHO REJOICED TO SEE HIM ALIVE AND SOUND.

BUT WHEN HERA SAW THE BATTLE EVENLY BALANCED BETWEEN ACHAEANS AND TROJANS...

The promise we made Menelaus that he would sack the city of Ilium will be of no effect if we let Ares rage thus furiously, Athena.

Let us go into the fray at once!



WHEN THEY CAME TO WHERE GREAT NUMBERS BESIEGED MIGHTY DIOMEDES, HERA RAISED A CRY LIKE THAT OF FIFTY MEN...

SHAME ON YOU, COWARDLY ARGIVES--



LOOK WHO'S TALKING!

ENTOURAGE WRITER AND MOON KNIGHT SCRIBE MIKE BENSON

MARVEL: Moon Knight has had quite the interesting return to the Marvel U. Can you catch us up to what he's been up to before your first issue?

MIKE BENSON: Charlie Huston's first arc "The Bottom" brought Moon Knight back from the abyss. When the arc opened, Marc Spector was a shattered man addicted to painkillers, wallowing in self-pity and self-doubt, who'd pushed away everyone who loved him - Marlene, Frenchie, Ray. Then some arrogant knuckleheads called the Committee decided to poke the sleeping lion with a stick, woke him up, and got bit. Just like that Moon Knight was back.

The next arc, "Midnight Sun," saw Moon Knight restored to a portion of his former glory, even as his relationship with his God, Khonshu, got a bit testier. His former sidekick, "Midnight" came back with a score to settle, and got his just desserts. And Moon Knight took in the full view of the new landscape of the Marvel Universe, now dominated by Tony Stark's Initiative, and did the last thing anyone would have expected him to do: He got himself registered.

Which leaves Moon Knight where we are now. In "God and Country," Moon Knight is a card-carrying super hero, dispensing rough justice to those who deserve it.

Marlene and Frenchie are back in Marc Spector's life, even if they're an uneasy fit. And things are about to get very interesting.

MARVEL: Is it safe to say he won't be getting suddenly sane any time in the near future?

MIKE BENSON: That's a pretty safe assumption.

MARVEL: Taskmaster seems to have quite a few fans in the Marvel U; will he be showing up?

MIKE BENSON: I wouldn't rule it out for the near future.

MARVEL: Moon Knight spent a lot of time isolated over the past year. Will we be seeing any familiar faces show up?

MIKE BENSON: Funny you should ask. We have one of Moon Knight's old nemeses coming back into the picture. Not to mention Jack Russell.

MARVEL: Which personality do you think is the strongest? Most dangerous? Most fun to write?

MIKE BENSON: Probably Spector followed by Lockey. I've only touched on Marc's alter egos but plan on doing more with them in the near future. Most dangerous would also be Spector. Marc is a bit of a social misfit, someone without a sense of humor.

As far as most fun to write, that's a hard call. They each serve a purpose and because I primarily use the Spector personality, the other two are refreshing when I focus on them.

MARVEL: How did you come to join up with Charlie Huston? How do you two work together?

MIKE BENSON: Axel Alonso brought me on to the book after I wrote a Punisher Max ANNUAL for him. He knew I was a fan of the character and I loved what Charlie Huston was doing with Moon Knight so when the opportunity came about, I jumped at it.


Charlie and I get together for a meal, catch up and then talk plot. Then I take what we discussed and piece it together. A lot of things change but the essence is there. Charlie's been a total pleasure to work with. It's been a blast.

MARVEL: It has to be asked: If Moon Knight was Vincent Chase, who would be in his ENTOURAGE?


MIKE BENSON: Deadpool, Bullseye and Doop from X-Force.

'Nuff Said!






WHILE ACHILLES
FOUGHT, THE TROJANS
DARED NOT SHOW
THEMSELVES
OUTSIDE THEIR
GATES...




BUT NOW THEY GALLY
FAR FROM THE CITY
AND FIGHT EVEN AT
YOUR SHIPS!

WITH THESE WORDS,
SHE PUT HEART
AND SOUL INTO ALL
THE ACHAEANS...




...WHILE ATHENA
SPRANG TO
DIOMEDES' SIDE.



Are you afraid
and out of heart--
and thus no true
son of
Tydeus?




I know you,
goddess.
I am
only following
your own
command.



You told me not to
fight any of the
blessed gods but
Aphrodite...

...and
Ares is now
lording it in
the field.


Fear
neither Ares
nor any other
immortal now...for
I will befriend
you...




...and I shall take
the whips and
reins of your
chariot.



I have brought
the **helmet**
of Hades...



...that the
war god may not
see me beside
you.



He told
Hera and
myself that he
would help the
Argives...

But now
he is with the
Trojans, and
has forgotten
the Argives.





He ascends into the heavens--like some dark cloud!

WITH ALL SPEED AND IN GREAT PAIN, ARES SPED TO HIGH OLYMPUS...



Father Zeus, I demand you punish your mad daughter, Athena!

She now incites Diomedes to vent his rage even on Immortals!

Whining renegade--I hate you worst of all the gods in Olympus, for you are ever fighting and making mischief.

If you were not my own son, and Hera's, you are so destructive that by this time you would be lying lower than the Titans!



HERA AND ATHENA, NOW THAT THEY HAD PUT A STOP TO THE MURDEROUS DOINGS OF ARES, ASCENDED AGAIN TO THE HOUSE OF ZEUS...

...AND THE FIGHT BETWEEN TROJANS AND ACHAEANS WAS LEFT TO RAGE AS IT WOULD...

NEXT: WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY...

My
name's Ed. I get
to scan. YAY!
Better than you lady!
YAY! I scanned my
butt. YAY!



YAY!
DCP YAY!
Hey lady,
say it with me.
YAY DCP YAY!!!!

