

ADAPTED FROM THE EPIC POEM BY HOMER

THE ILLIAD



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3 of 8

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THE ILLIAD

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 besieged by an army led by Menelaus' brother, **Agamemnon**. In the war's ninth year, Agamemnon offended **Achilles** by seizing his prize of war, the maiden **Briseis**. His pride stung, Achilles vowed to fight no more until the matter was redressed. His goddess-mother **Thetis** persuaded **Zeus**, king of the gods, to favor the Achaeans in battle, even though all the immortals knew that Troy was eventually doomed to fall.

Paris and Menelaus met in single combat, to decide which should keep Helen and her treasure. But when Paris lost, **Aphrodite**, goddess of love, whisked him off behind Troy's walls. Menelaus demanded Helen be returned to him, but the goddesses **Hera** and **Athena** arranged for the fighting to break out anew. The Olympians took sides in the combat, with **Apollo** and **Aphrodite** favoring the Trojans, **Hera** and **Athena** the Argives (Greeks). **Ares**, god of war, fought first for one side, then for the other. After Athena drove him from the field, all the gods temporarily departed the field of battle, leaving the war between the Trojans and Achaeans to rage as it would....

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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AND THE TIDE OF WAR SURGED BACK
AND FORTH OVER THE PLAIN, BETWEEN
THE STREAMS OF SIMOIS AND XANTHUS,
AS THE SONS OF ILIUM AND ARGOS
AIMED AGAINST EACH OTHER THEIR
BRONZE-SHOD JAVELINS.

AJAX, SON OF
TELEMON, BROKE
A PHALANX OF
TROJANS...

THIS PUT HEART AND
SOUL INTO DIOMEDES
AND MENELAUS AND
AGAMEMNON AND MANY
ANOTHER ACHAEAN...



...TILL THE TROJANS
WERE ON THE VERGE
OF BEING DRIVEN BACK
INTO THEIR CITY...



...EVEN THOUGH
ACHILLES, GREATEST
OF THE ARGIVES,
STILL HELD ALOOF
FROM THE FIGHT.

THEN, AMID THE TROJANS, ANOTHER SON OF PRIAM HURRIED TOWARD TWO OF THE BRAVEST OF THEIR WARRIORS...

Hector!
Aeneas!

It is
your young
brother
Helenus.

Hector, you
must go bid our
mother sacrifice
to Athena...

...and pray
to the goddess
to take pity on
our town.

You are
the wisest of
augurs, and read
omens of things
to come...

...so I will do
as you have
asked.

AFTER DIRECTING QUEEN
HECUBA TO MAKE OFFERINGS
IN THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA,
HECTOR WENT TO THE PALACE
WHERE DWELT THE BRINGER
OF THE WAR...

Paris--

You yourself
would chide one
you saw shirking
his part in the
combat.

Your
rebuke is just,
Hector...

Up, then--
or soon the
city will be scorched
with burning
fire!



AT THE SCAEAN GATES, THROUGH WHICH HE WOULD GO OUT AGAIN ONTO THE PLAIN, HECTOR FOUND ANDROMACHE... AND A NURSE WHO CARRIED HIS CHILD, WHOM THE PEOPLE CALLED ASTYANAX, OR "KING OF THE CITY"...

Dear my lord... your valor will bring you to destruction!



Achilles killed my father and my seven brothers when he sacked Thebe.

Think on your infant son-- and on myself, who shall soon be your widow.





See, boy,
how I lay
it gleaming
on the
ground.



Zeus, grant that this,
my child, may be even as
myself--chief among
the Trojans.

Let them
say of him one day
when he comes from
battle, "The son is far
better than the father!"



As for me, wife--
war is man's
matter...

...and mine
above all
others in
Troy.

Nor can
anyone hurry
me down to
Hades before
my time.

Brother--



I fear I
have kept you
waiting!

Paris,
you fight
bravely.

I grieve to
hear the ill the
Trojans speak of
you, though they have
suffered much on
your account.



We will
make things
right--

--should
Zeus favor us
to drive the
Achaean from
our city!

WELCOME WAS THE SIGHT
OF THESE TWO HEROES
TO THEIR COMRADES!

BUT WHEN ATHENA
SAW THE TROJANS
MAKING HAVOC OF
THE ARGIVES...



SHE DARTED
DOWN FROM THE
SUMMITS OF
OLYMPUS.



AND TROY-FAVORING
APOLLO ROSE UP
TO MEET HER.



Have you
no pity upon
the Trojans,
my sister?

Stay the
combat for today,
but let them renew the
fight hereafter, till they
compass the doom
of Ilium...

...since
you and Hera
have made up
your minds to
destroy the
city.


So be
it, Far-
Darter.

But how do you
propose to end
this present
battle?

Let us incite
great Hector to
challenge some
Achaean in single
combat.

Thus, the Achaeans
will be shamed into
finding a man who
will fight him.





THE ARMORED
GODDESS
ASSENTED...


...AND HELENUS, SON
OF PRIAM, DIVINED AT
ONCE THE COUNSEL
OF THE GODS.



QUICKLY,
HE SOUGHT
OUT HIS
DEATH-
DEALING
BROTHER...


Hector--challenge
the best man among the
foe to meet you
in battle!

I have heard the
voice of the gods,
and the hour of
your doom is not
yet come.



Hear me,
Trojans and
Achaeans!

Let the
Achaean who will
fight me stand forward
now as his army's
champion!



If either
of us slay the
other, let the victor
take the dead
man's armor...

But let him
give up his body
for burial...that
his people may honor
the memory of one
who was slain by a
mighty warrior!

AND ATHENA AND APOLLO,
IN THE LIKENESS OF VULTURES,
PERCHED ON FATHER ZEUS'
HIGH OAK TREE, REJOICING
IN THEIR WARRIORS.

SO SPOKE HECTOR...
BUT ALL THE ACHAEANS
HELD THEIR PEACE...

...ASHAMED
TO DECLINE THE
CHALLENGE...

...YET FEARING
TO ACCEPT IT.

TILL AT LAST ROSE MENELAUS...

Vain
braggarts--ye
women, and no more men--
I will myself go out
against him...

...and the
threads of victory
will be guided by the
immortal gods!

My brother, you
are mad! Even Achilles
shrank from meeting
Hector in battle.

The Achaeans
will send some other
champion to fight
him.

SHAMED BY MENELAUS'
EXAMPLE, OTHER ARGIVES
NOW STOOD FORTH...

I, Ajax--
called "The Lesser"
for my greater
countryman's sake--
will fight the son
of Priam!

Nay, let
Ajax the Greater,
son of Telemon, meet
him--for I am clothed
in valor as with a
garment!

Who but
Diomedes has
wounded two gods in
combat? I should
face Hector.

Odysseus,
king of Ithaca,
stands ready!

As does
Idomeneus,
lord of
Crete!

IN ALL, NINE
WARRIORS CAME
FORWARD.

EACH
MARKED
HIS LOT...

THEN NESTOR
SHOOK THE
HELMET OF
AGAMEMNON.

My friends--the lot is
mine, and I rejoice at it,
for I shall vanquish
Hector.

I was born
and bred in Salamis,
and none shall overcome
me, neither by force
nor cunning!

AND SO A GREAT
CIRCLE WAS MADE,
RINGED ABOUT
WITH ACHAEANS
AND TROJANS...

Hector...



You shall
now learn, man
to man, what kind
of champions the
Argives have
among them.

Lion-
hearted
Achilles now abides
at his ships, but
there are many of
us who are
well able to
face you.

Noble Ajax,
treat me not
as though I were
some puny boy
or woman.

I WILL
SMITE YOU IF
I CAN!



Hah!
Your spear
went through six
oxide layers of
my shield--

But in the
seventh, it
stayed.



Now
I throw in
turn!

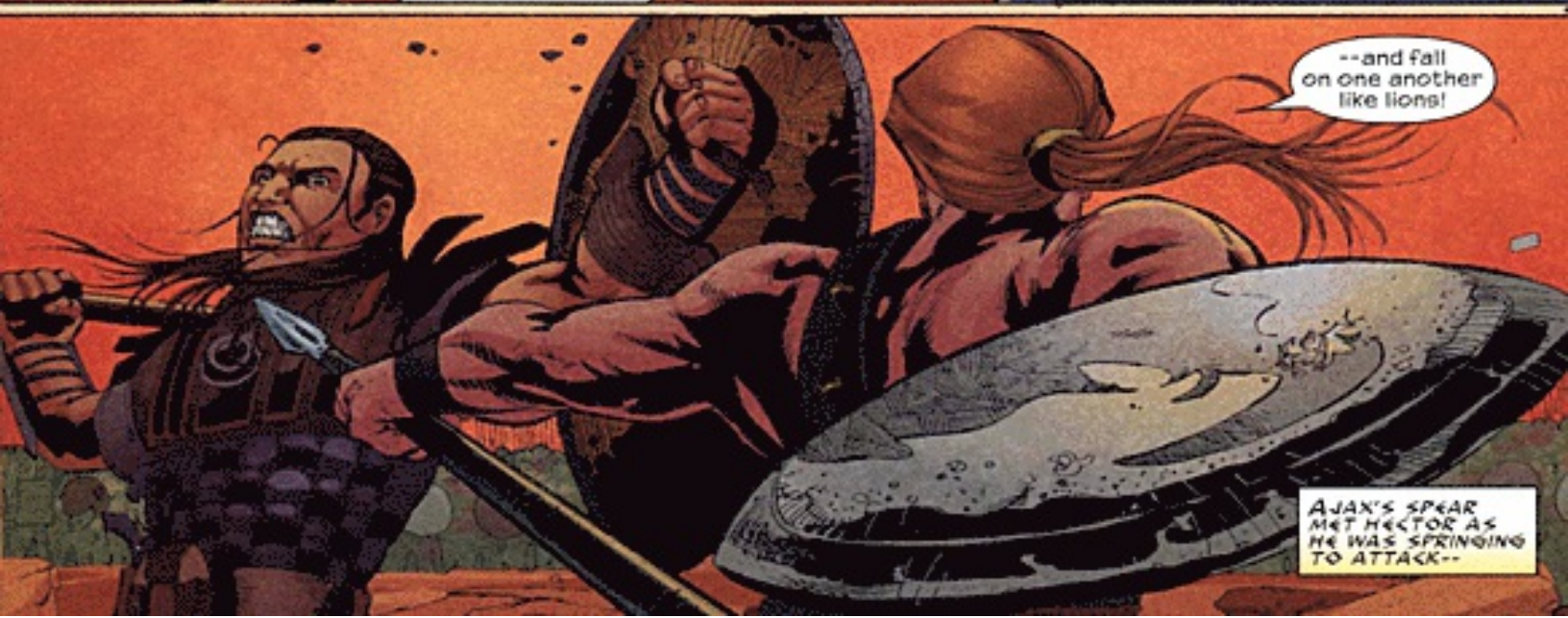


THAT TERRIBLE SPEAR
WENT THROUGH HECTOR'S
GLEAMING SHIELD,
PIERCING HIS CUIRASS
AND THE SHIRT AGAINST
HIS SIDE--

You
swerved--and
thus saved
your life!



Let us
each draw out
the other's spear
from his shield, then--



--and fall
on one another
like lions!

AJAX'S SPEAR
MET HECTOR AS
HE WAS SPRINGING
TO ATTACK--

--AND CUT A
BLOODY GASH
ACROSS HIS NECK.

Hnnnghh...

HECTOR GAVE
GROUND...

BUT THE RUGGED
AND HUGE STONE
HE THREW MADE
THE BRONZE
SHIELD OF AJAX
RING AGAIN.

Uhhnn...

AJAX, HOWEVER,
CAUGHT UP A FAR
LARGER STONE--

--AND HURLED
IT WITH PRODIGIOUS
FORCE.

ARRRRHH

YET APOLLO
RAISED HECTOR
AT ONCE...

Now let
us hack at one
another with our
swords!

No, brave
Hector!

HERALDS CAME FORWARD...
TALTHYBIUS AND IDAEUS,
ONE EACH FROM TROJANS
AND ACHAEANS...

My sons,
fight no longer.
You are both of you
valiant, and dear
to Zeus.

Night
is falling, and
it is well to
heed its
commands.

It was
Hector who
challenged our
princes. Let him
speak.

Ajax, let us for
this day cease
fighting.

Hereafter, we will fight
anew, till the gods
decide between us and give
victory to one or
the other.

Let it be
said, "They fought
with might and main,
but parted in
friendship."

It shall
be as you
say.

HECTOR GAVE AJAX
A SILVER-STUDDED
SWORD...AND THE
ACHAEAN GAVE HIM A
BELT DYED PURPLE...

...AND EACH ARMY
REJOICED TO SEE
ITS HERO RETURN
SAFE AND UNHARMED.

THAT SAME NIGHT, THE TROJANS HELD A COUNCIL
IN KING PRIAM'S PALACE...AND WISE ANTENOR SPOKE...

Trojans...
Pardaniens...
allies...

We fight in
violation of our
solemn covenants, and
shall not prosper till
we give up Argive Helen
and her wealth to
the Achaeans.

WHEN HE
SAT DOWN,
PARIS ROSE...

I will speak
plainly.

The wealth
I brought home
from Argos with
the woman, I will
restore...

...and I
will add yet
further of
my own...

...but
I will not
give up
Helen.


And if you
have spoken in
good earnest, Antenor,
then heaven has indeed
robbed you of
your reason!

THEN DID PRIAM
ADDRESS THE
ASSEMBLY...

At daybreak, let the herald
Idaeus relate to Agamemnon and
Menelaus the words of Paris,
through whom this quarrel
has come about.

Let him
propose, also,
that all fighting
cease till both sides
have burned
our dead.

Thereafter,
if we must, we will
fight anew...till heaven
decide between us and give
victory to one or to
the other.




NEXT DAWN, WHEN THE
HERALD HAD DELIVERED
HIS MESSAGE
BEFORE THE SHIPS...

Let there
be NO taking--
neither treasure
nor yet Helen--for
even a child may see
that the doom
of the Trojans
is at hand!


Idaeus, you
have heard from
Diomedes the
answer the
Achaean make
you--and I
with them.

But, as
concerning the
dead...I give you
leave to burn
them.



THE SUN WAS BEGINNING
TO BEAT WHEN THE TWO
ARMIES VENTURED UPON THE
FIELDS, HARDLY ABLE TO
RECOGNIZE THEIR DEAD.

TROJANS AND ACHAEANS
ALIKE HEAPED THEIR
CORPSES SADLY AND
SILENTLY UPON THEIR PYRES.



THE ACHAEANS ALSO
TOOK THIS DAY TO
BUILD A HIGH WALL TO
SHELTER THEMSELVES
AND THEIR SHIPS.

THEY GAVE IT STRONG
GATES, A WAY THROUGH
FOR THEIR CHARIOTS...

AND OUTSIDE IT THEY DUG A
TRENCH DEEP AND WIDE...PLANTED
WITHIN WITH SHARP STAKES.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, ZEUS CALLED A COUNCIL ON OLYMPUS...

Hear and heed me, gods and goddesses-- that I may bring this matter to an end!

If I see any helping either Trojan or Argive, I will hurl him down into dark Tartarus, in the deepest pit under the earth.

AND ALL THE IMMORTALS WERE FRIGHTENED AND HELD THEIR PEACE.

THEREAFTER, THE SOVEREIGN OF GODS SPED TO MANY-FOUNTAINED MOUNT IDA...

...FROM WHOSE TOPMOST CREST HE LOOKED DOWN WHILE SHIELD CLASHED WITH SHIELD, AND SPEAR WITH SPEAR, IN THE CONFLICT OF MAIL-CLAD MEN.

MIGHTY WAS THE DIN--DEATH-CRY OF SLAIN AND SLAYER'S SHOUT OF TRIUMPH-- AND THE EARTH RAN RED WITH BLOOD.


BUT WHEN THE SUN HAD REACHED MID-HEAVEN, ZEUS BALANCED HIS GOLDEN SCALES...

...AND PUT TWO FATES OF DEATH WITHIN THEM...

...ONE FOR THE TROJANS, THE OTHER FOR THE ACHAEANS.

AND THE DEATH-FRAUGHT SCALE OF THE ACHAEANS SETTLED DOWN UPON THE GROUND...

...WHILE THAT OF THE TROJANS ROSE HEAVENWARD.




THEN HE
THUNDERED
ALoud FROM
IDA--

--AND SENT THE
GLARE OF HIS
LIGHTNING UPON
THE ACHAEANS.

WHEN THEY
SAW THIS, PALE
FEAR FELL UPON
THEM ALL.


IDOMENEUS AND
AGAMEMNON--THE
TWO AJAXES--NONE
DARED HOLD THEIR
GROUND THEN
AGAINST THE TROJANS...




OLD NESTOR,
KNIGHT OF
GRIENE, ALONE
STOOD FIRM--

--NOT OF HIS OWN WILL,
BUT BECAUSE ONE OF
HIS HORSES HAD BEEN
STRUCK BY AN ARROW
LOOSED BY PARIS.


Shall
I abandon
my chariot--
and flee on
foot?



Even now,
Hector's chariot
bears down
upon me!



Will no one
defend me from
that man's
furious
onset?




BUT DIOMEDES HAD
BEEN QUICK TO MARK
NESTOR'S FLIGHT...

Mount my
chariot,
sir.

These young warriors press
you hard, knowing that age is
heavy upon you.

Hah! I
hoped to skewer
Hector--but struck
his charioteer
instead!



Still, I took these
steeds from the
Trojan hero
Aeneas.

Watch now how
swiftly they bear
us back to the
black ships!



Be off,
Diomedes--
girl and
coward that
you are!

You'll never
scale our walls--
or carry off
our wives in your
ships!

I would
turn and
fight him,
Nestor--

But Zeus'
bolts show
that he turns
the battle in
the Trojans'
favor!



Trojans--Lycians--
Pardanians! The Achaeans
are fools for building that
weak and worthless
wall.

My horses will
spring lightly
over their
trench.

Bring fire
to burn
their ships, while
I slaughter the
invaders!



AT AN ALTAR
BEFORE ODYSSEUS'
SHIP IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE LINE,
AGAMEMNON PRAYED
DESPERATELY TO
ZEUS...

Father, on my way here, I never
let my ship pass your altars
without offering
sacrifice.

So eager
was I to
sack the city
of Troy.



Suffer us, at least,
to escape with our lives,
and not be so utterly
vanquished!

AND ZEUS,
FITTING THE
KING'S TEARS,
GRANTED HIS
PRAYER THAT
HIS PEOPLE
SHOULD LIVE,
NOT DIE...



HE SENT THEM
AN EAGLE...MOST
UNFAILINGLY
PORTENTOUS
OF ALL BIRDS...

...WITH A YOUNG
FAWN IN ITS
TALONS...



...WHICH IT
DROPPED
BEFORE THE
ALTAR.

The king
of the gods
has sent us
an omen!



WITH THAT, THE ACHAEANS
SPRANG MORE FIERCELY
UPON THE TROJANS...
FOUGHT MORE BOLDLY.

WHEN MIGHTY
AJAX LIFTED HIS
SHIELD, HIS
BROTHER TEUCER
WOULD LOOSE HIS
ARROWS AT SOME
ENEMY WARRIOR...


...THEN DUCK DOWN
AGAIN UNDER THAT
SHELTERING SHIELD.

TEUCER'S
SHAFTS
KILLED MANY
A TROJAN...




BUT WHEN HE
AIMED AT HECTOR,
HE STRUCK ONLY HIS
NEW CHARIOTEER...


Archeptolemus...



EVEN AS TEUCER AIMED
YET ANOTHER ARROW
AT HECTOR--PRIAM'S
FOREMOST SON HURLED
A GREAT, JAGGED STONE--




--AND STRUCK
HIM SO THAT
THE BOW
DROPPED
FROM HIS
HAND.



Squires--
bear my
brother to
the ships!

AAAAAHHH...



ZEUS NOW AGAIN PUT HEART
INTO THE TROJANS, AND WITH
HECTOR AT THEIR HEAD THEY
PROVE THE ACHAEANS TO THEIR
DEEP, SHIP-GUARDING TRENCH...

IN OLYMPUS, HERA
GRIEVED TO SEE HER
BELOVED ACHAEANS
FLEEING AND DYING...

Come,
Athena! We
must help them
against the rage
of Hector--
though it be
the last time we
ever shall
do so!

Goddesses!
Are you
mad?

It is
Iris--sent
by Father
Zeus!

The king
of gods forbids
your assisting
the mortals.

He vows
he will lame your horses--
and hurl you from your
chariot, with lightning wounds
that will take ten years
to heal!

Athena...I am not
for fighting men's
battles further
in defiance
of Zeus.

Let him
mete out his
judgments upon Trojans
and Achaeans, letting
them live or die according
to his own pleasure.

SORRY WERE THE TROJANS
WHEN NIGHT FELL...

BUT, BEHIND THE
ARGIVES' SEA-WALL,
DARKNESS WAS
THRICE-PRAYED-FOR.

THEN HECTOR HELD A COUNCIL NOT FAR FROM WALL AND SHIPS...

I deemed that I would destroy the ships and all the Achaeans with them ere I went back to Ilium...

But darkness came on too soon!

It was this, and this alone, that saved them there upon the seashore!

Burn watchfires from dark till dawn, whose glare may reach to heaven--

For the Achaeans may try to fly beyond the sea by night!

At daybreak, let us rouse fierce war at the ships of the Achaeans!

Would that I were as sure of being immortal and never growing old--

--and of being worshipped like Athena and Apollo--

--as I am that the light of day will bring evil to the Argives!

NEXT:
DAWN...AND DOOM?

THE GLOSSARY OF THE ILIAD

Augur – one of a group of ancient Roman religious officials who foretold events by observing and interpreting signs and omens (*see page 2*)

Chide – to express disapproval of; scold (*see page 2*)

Covenant – a formal sealed agreement or contract (*see page 13*)

Crest – the highest part of a hill or mountain range; summit (*see page 15*)

Hades – the god of the dead and the name of the underworld inhabited by departed souls (*see page 5*)

Javelin – a light spear, usually thrown by hand (*see page 1*)

Mail-clad – wearing protective chain-mail (*see page 15*)

Omen – anything perceived or happening that is believed to portend a good or evil event or circumstance in the future (*see page 2*)

Phalanx – a group of heavily armed infantry formed in ranks and files close and deep with shields joined and long spears overlapping (*see page 1*)

Plume – a soft, fluffy feather (*see page 4*)

Prodigious – extraordinary in size, amount, extent, degree, force (*see page 11*)

Puny – of less than normal size and strength; weak (*see page 9*)

Rebuke – to express sharp, stern disapproval (*see page 2*)

Shaft – a projectile suggestive of a spear or arrow in appearance or configuration (*see page 19*)

Shirking – to avoid work or duty (*see page 2*)

Smite – to strike down, injure, or slay (*see page 9*)

Sovereign – a group or body of persons or a state having authority (*see page 15*)

Stay – to hold back, detain, or restrain, as from going further (*see page 6*)

Summit – the highest point or part; the top (*see page 6*)

Surge – a strong, wavelike, forward movement, rush, or sweep (*see page 1*)

Tartarus – a sunless abyss, below Hades, in which Zeus imprisoned the Titans, a place in Hades for the punishment of the wicked (*see page 15*)

Trench – a long, narrow excavation in the ground, the earth from which is thrown up in front to serve as a fortification from enemy fire or attack (*see page 14*)

Valiant – boldly courageous; brave (*see page 12*)



LOOK WHO'S TALKING!

AWARD-WINNING WRITER, & INTERVIEW PRO, ED BRUBAKER

MARVEL: Ballpark, how many interviews have you done regarding Cap since *Captain America* #25?

ED BRUBAKER: I would guess a few hundred, probably. The vast majority of them coming in that first week or two from the time the book hit. It was pretty intense, really, to be in the eye of the storm like that.

MARVEL: Since starting your run on the book, you've really put a focus on Captain America, garnering industry and mainstream attention for some incredibly controversial moves. Was that intended from the onset?

EB: All I ever intended was to just write a Captain America book that would be the kind of superhero/espionage comic that I'd personally like to read. I just wanted people to take the book seriously on its own terms and do some epic comic book action and drama. I was a bit nervous about how the reaction would be when the Winter Soldier was revealed to be Bucky, but I knew I had a good story, and hoped that would win over any controversy.

MARVEL: You've done the impossible so far in your Captain America run at every turn. Are there any ideas that you've pitched for Cap that have been shot down?

EB: Uhh... This is kind of scary, but no. Tom Brevoort's said yes to everything I've wanted to do.

MARVEL: Moving to *Daredevil*, you have your second year wrapping up. After putting Matt in jail, busting him out, and driving his wife crazy, what can you possibly do to top yourself?

EB: Wait, I have to top all that? I thought I'd just let Foggy take up the mantle for a while and see how he does while Matt cries in his coffee.



Or... maybe I'll bring in a few more villains and have a lot of murder and mayhem instead. I haven't decided yet.

MARVEL: *Daredevil* has existed in his own corner of the Marvel Universe (Hell's Kitchen) for a while now. If you could integrate him into any part of the rest of the Universe, where do you think he'd best fit?

EB: I think it might be time for Matt to branch out a bit and not just care about one "hood" as it were, actually. I think maybe he needs to move around in the city more, and maybe even go to Jersey now and then. Aren't all the mobsters in Jersey now? The one coolest thing about *Daredevil* is that he fits in any urban environment, the grittier the better, generally. I enjoy that aspect of the book a lot, and I like that in many ways *Daredevil* is its own little world.

MARVEL: Along with Matt Fraction, you also brought a "cool" factor to a character many thought was a joke for a while — Iron Fist. What is it about your take that seems to have really finally clicked with audiences?

EB: I think it must be all the crazy over-the-top pulp era kung fu. It's mostly on Matt Fraction and David Aja, really. I started out as a co-writer and plot-master on *Iron Fist*, and have slowly moved back more and more and let those guys just go nuts. I do work on every issue, still, and sometimes there's a line of dialogue that people think is from Matt that is actually from me, but Matt and David really deserve most of the credit. I co-plotted and sort of script-doctored or edited the second arc here and there, at most. All the new Immortal Weapons were invented by Matt. I just said there should be six other cities with their own heroes and we should have a big tournament.

MARVEL: After 2 years on *Uncanny X-Men*, you now have the door wide open to take the team in your direction. Anything you can tease us on?

EB: Let's just say, I don't think we'll be seeing them in class anytime soon, or rebuilding Xavier's Institute. I've probably said too much, haven't I?

MARVEL: Finally, you have an Eisner-winning book, *Criminal*, under the Icon line. For those who know your work from the Marvel U but are not familiar with *Criminal*, can you give us a few words on the premise?

EB: *Criminal* is me and Sean Phillips (the award-winning artist of *Marvel Zombies*) just tapping into our love of noir and crime fiction and bringing it to comics in our own way. We've created a huge cast of characters, most of them thieves and murderers, but sometimes just people forced into bad situations out of desperation and a need to survive. It's a bit like *Sin City*, in that you can read any of the stories and not know anything about the previous ones, but in *Criminal*, when people fall off rooftops and land on cars, they die a horrible death. I'd really urge readers who are fans of my or Sean's work to check it out, since we both think it's the best stuff we've ever done, and we won a bunch of awards for it last summer, including Best New Series.



'Nuff Said!

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