
HERA
Book IV · Queen of Heaven

# PROLOGUE — THE CUCKOO IN THE STORM











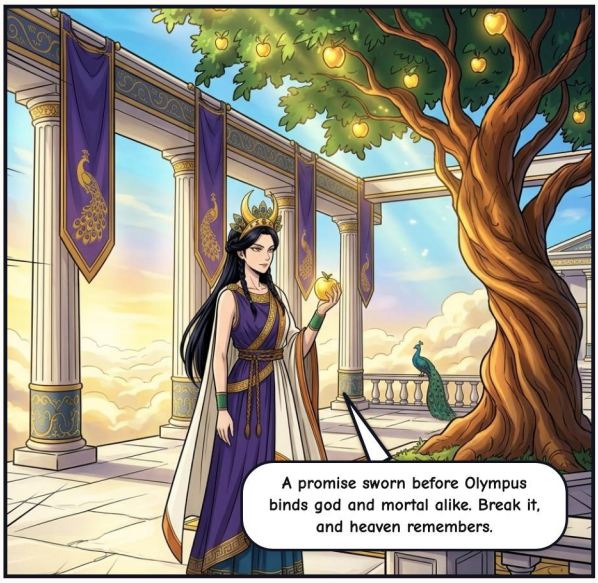


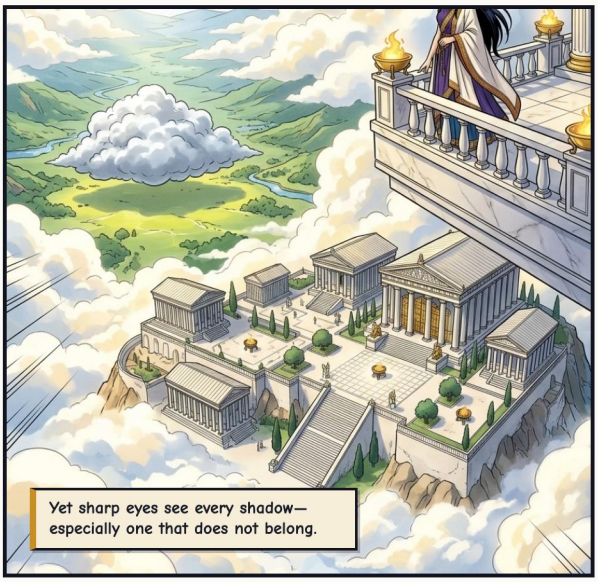

# ACT I — THE CROWN OF OLYMPUS







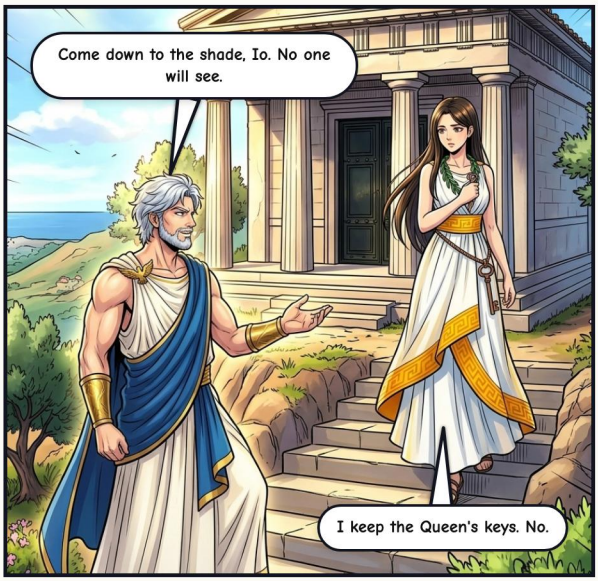


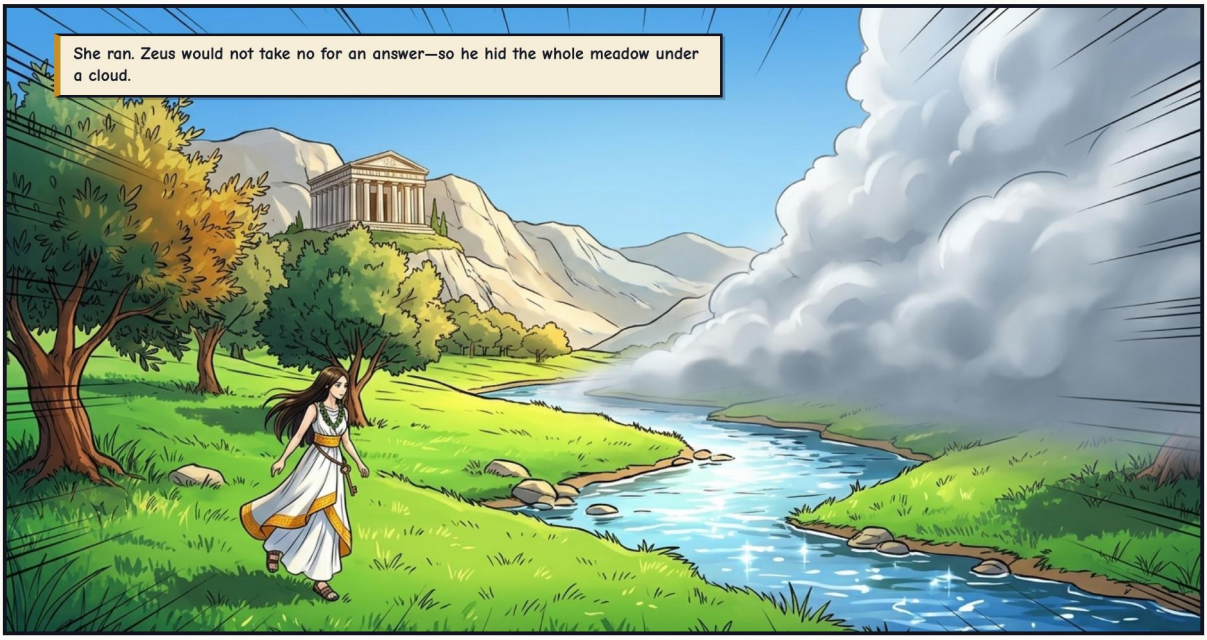






# ACT II — THE CLOUD OVER ARGOS

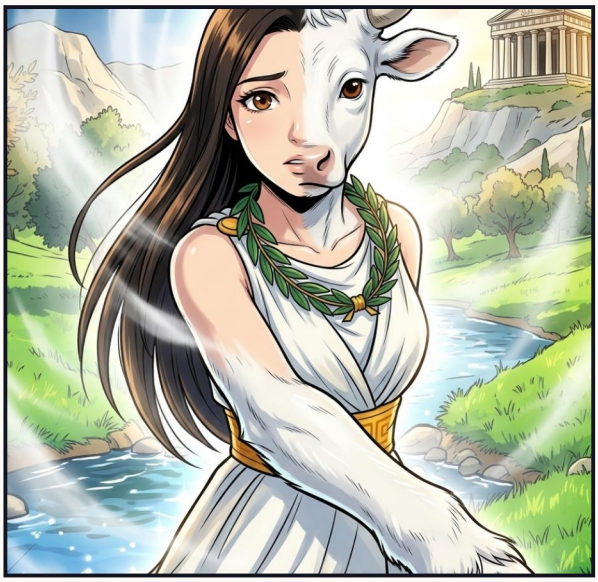


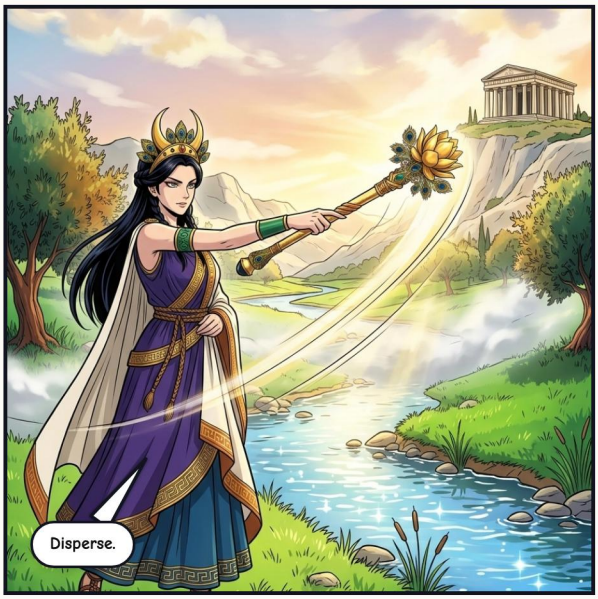





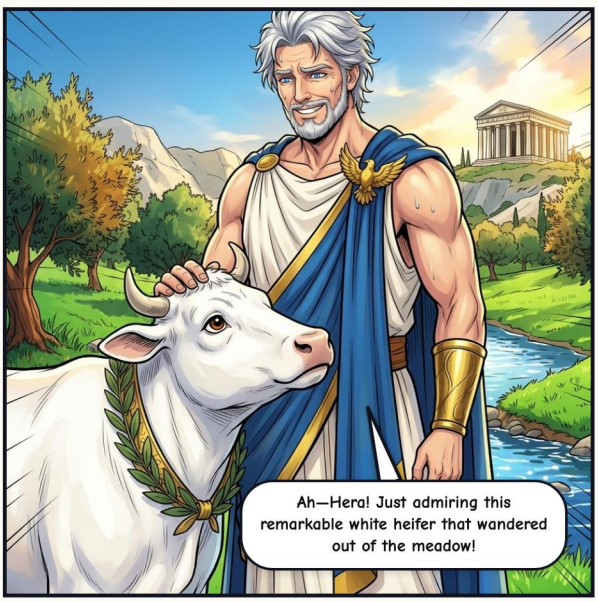





FWOOOSH!

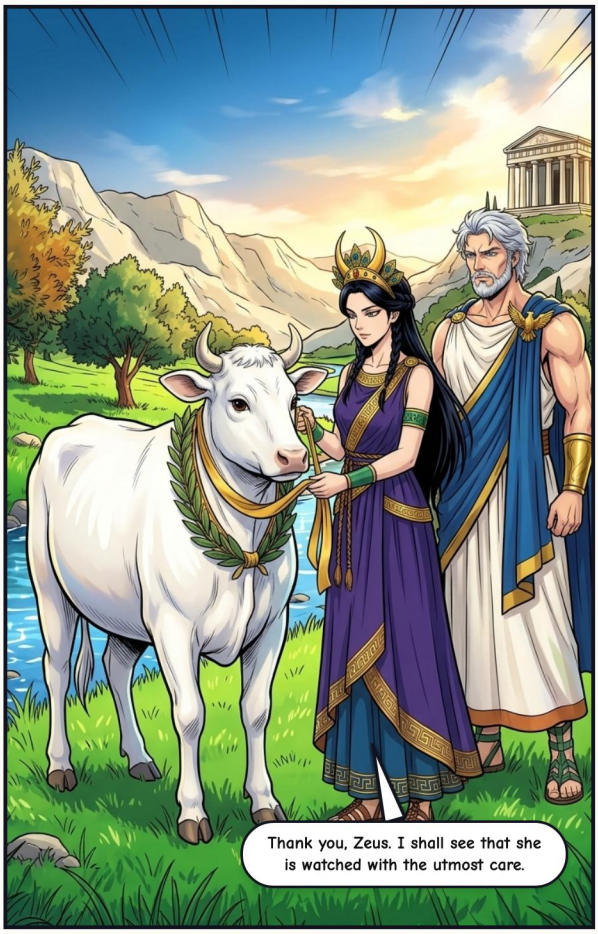

Disperse.


When the mist vanished, Zeus stood beside a gleaming white heifer—far too radiant to be ordinary.


Ah—Hera! Just admiring this remarkable white heifer that wandered out of the meadow!


How lovely, husband. Since she is merely a stray beast—gift her to me.

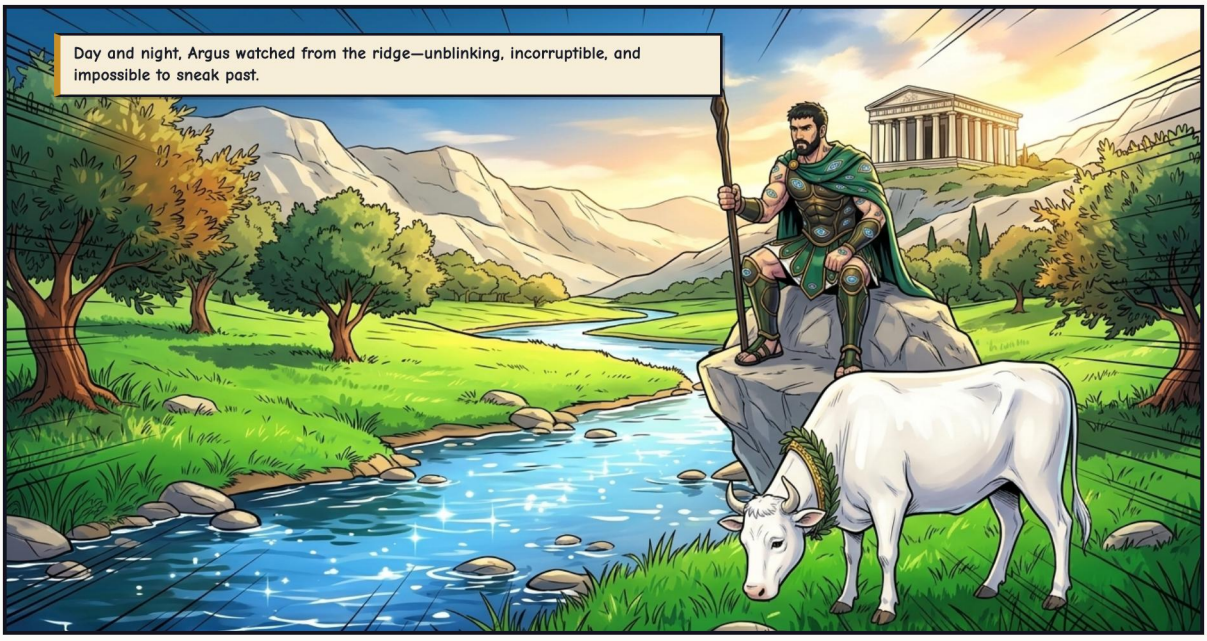

*Refuse a harmless cow and I confess everything. Give her away and I trap poor Io…*


Thank you, Zeus. I shall see that she is watched with the utmost care.


Hera summoned her most faithful watchman: Argus Panoptes—the Giant of a Hundred Eyes.


Only two of my eyes ever sleep at once, my Queen. The rest keep watch.

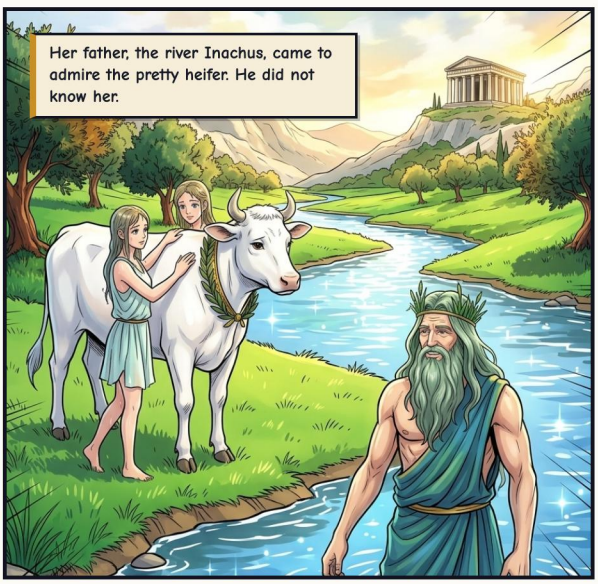
# ACT III — THE WATCH ON THE HILL



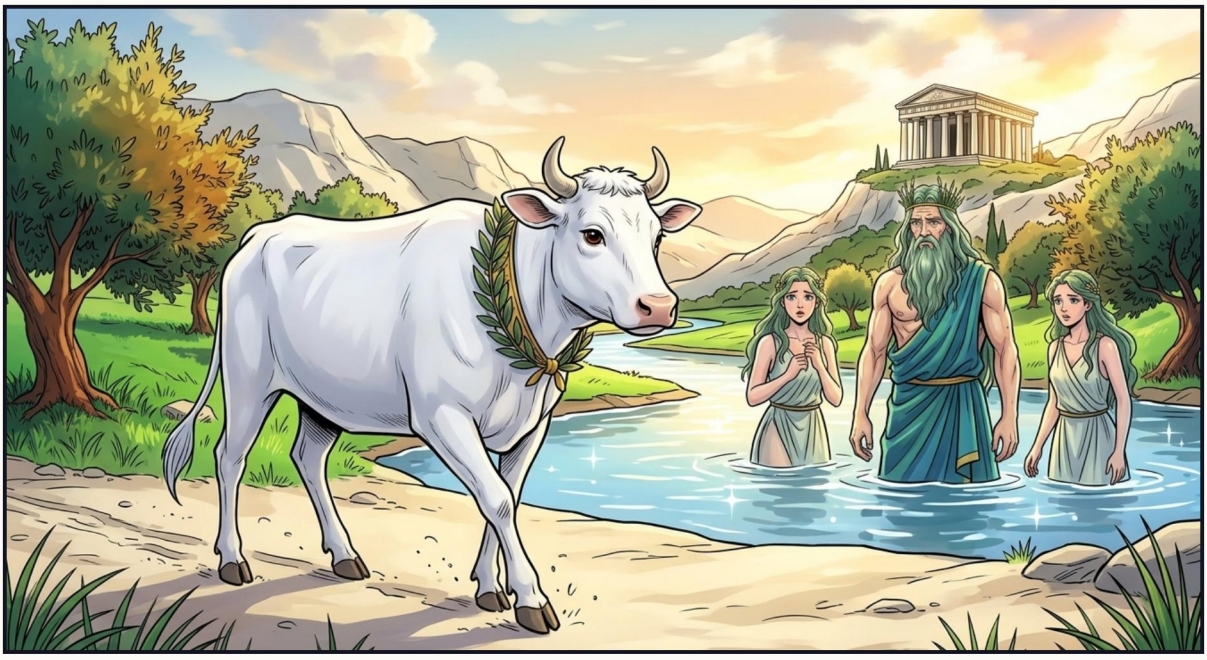









IO







# ACT IV — THE SONG OF THE REEDS





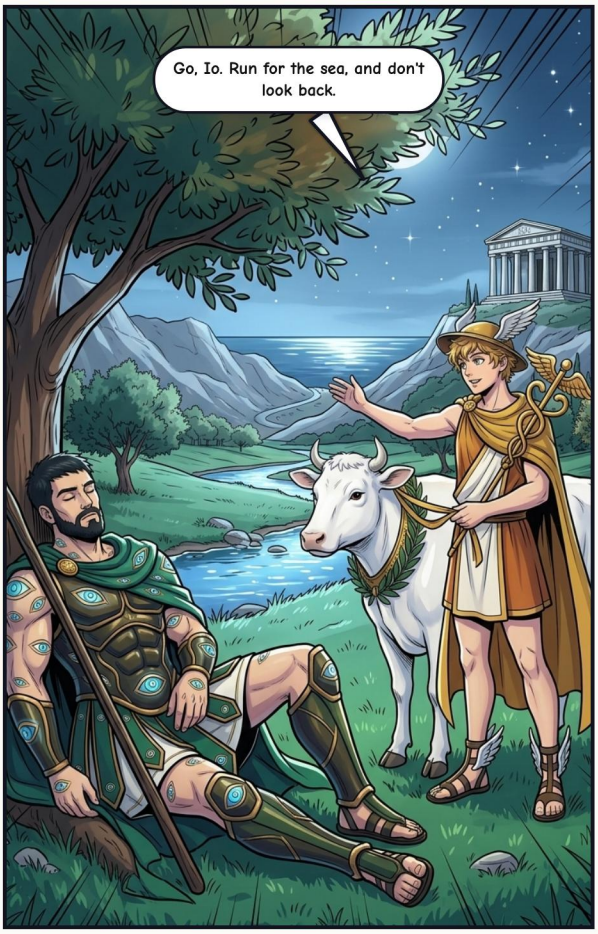






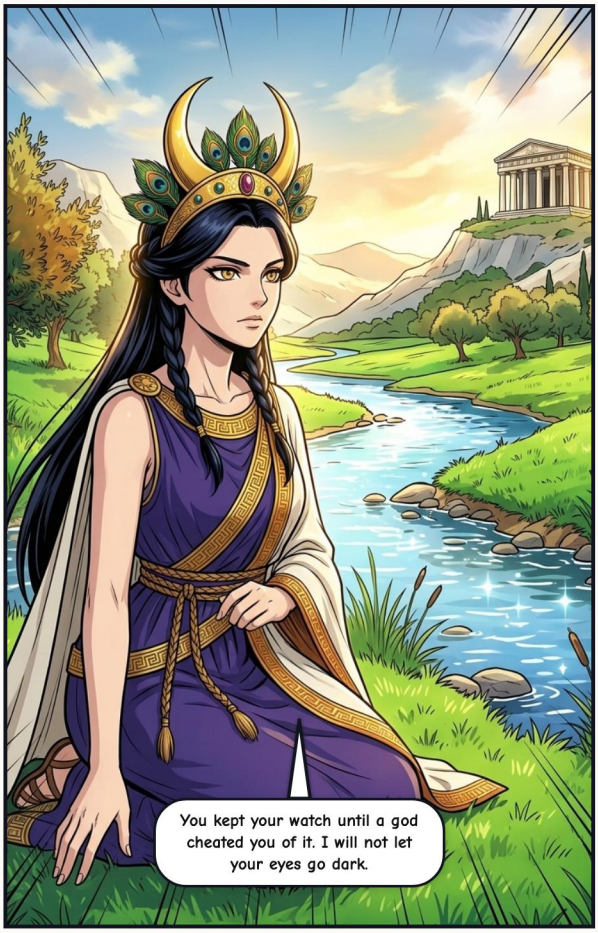


Fine evening, friend! Care to share a bit of shade—and hear a brand-new tune?
The watch is long, traveler. Play—so long as you stay clear of the Queen's heifer.
Hermes played the softest lullaby ever heard—weaving wind, river water, and starlight into one quiet song.
Ever heard how these reeds were born by a quiet river in Arcadia? Let me tell you slowly…
*Such a… quiet melody… just for a moment…*


Go, Io. Run for the sea, and don't look back.




Hermes left nothing to chance: one stroke, and Argus never woke. Men named him Argus-Slayer.


You kept your watch until a god cheated you of it. I will not let your eyes go dark.


Thus Hera set Argus's hundred eyes into the plumage of her sacred peacock—a living monument to loyalty.
Now heaven itself will never look away.

# ACT V — THE GADFLY



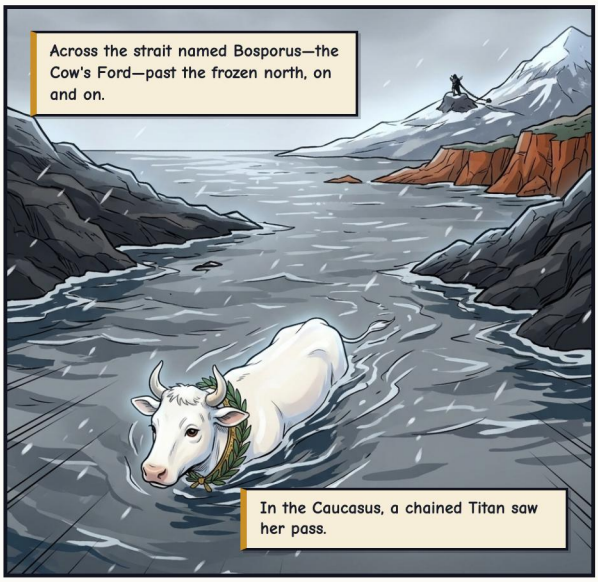


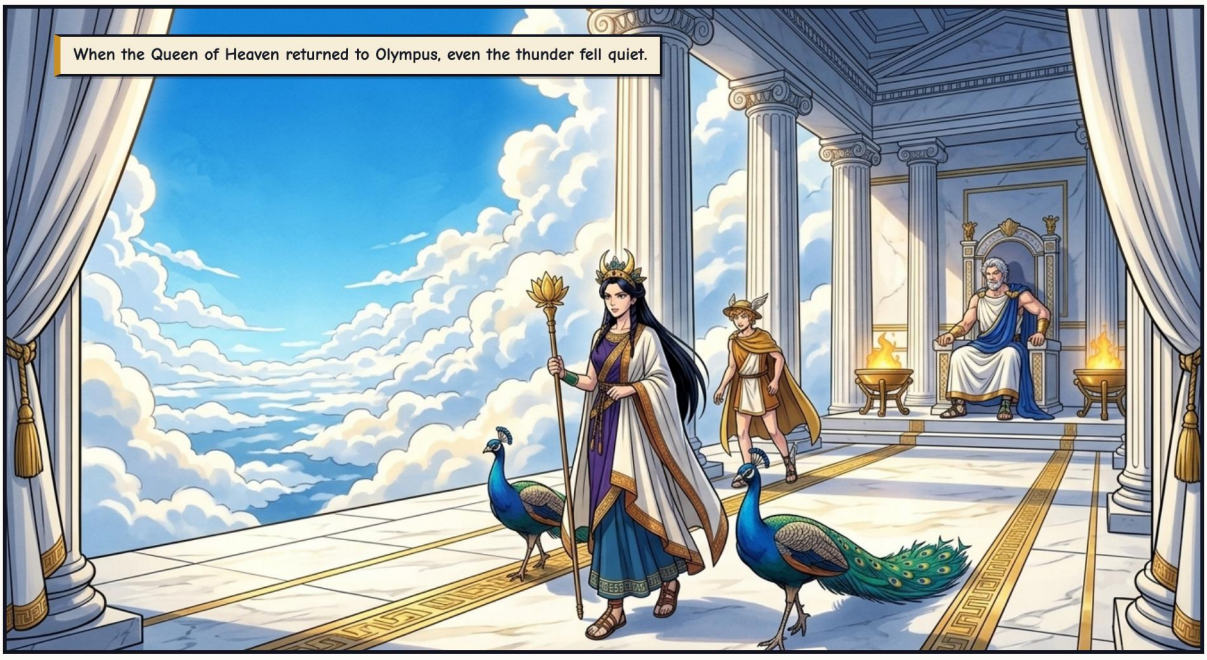






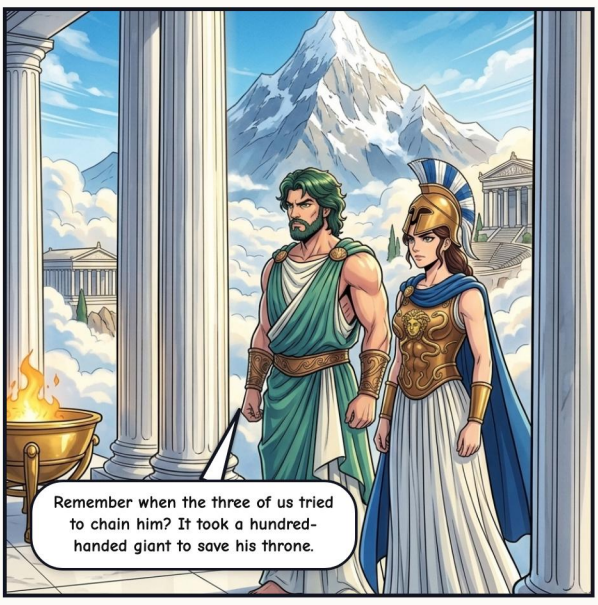





When the Queen of Heaven returned to Olympus, even the thunder fell quiet.


Er—lovely feathers, Aunt Hera! I think I hear someone calling me in Arcadia...


Run along, nephew. You were only the blade. My quarrel is with the hand that sent you.

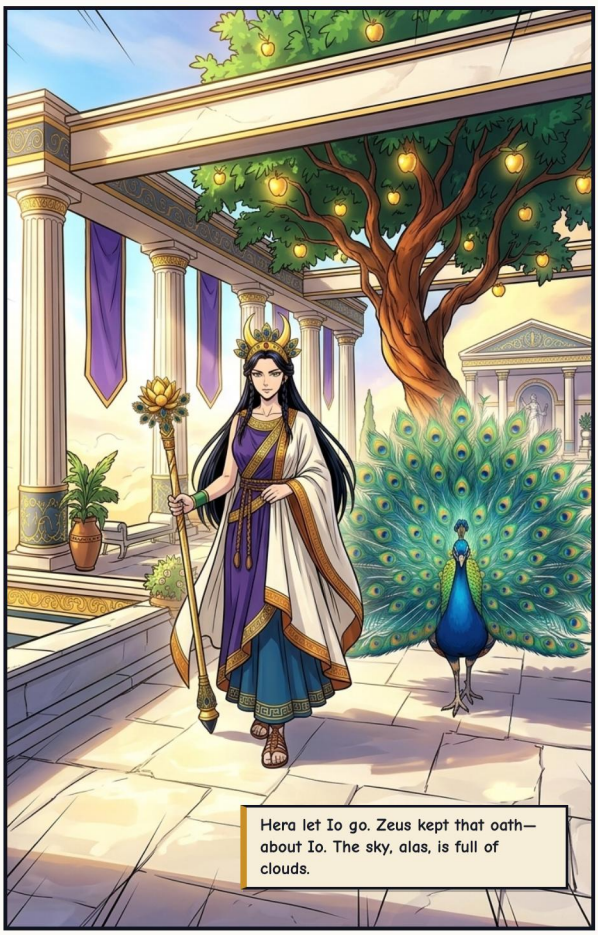

Remember when the three of us tried to chain him? It took a hundred-handed giant to save his throne.


Chains failed. A vow may not. He swore one to her at their wedding, before us all.


Hera—enough. She has suffered for my fault, not hers. Call off your fly.

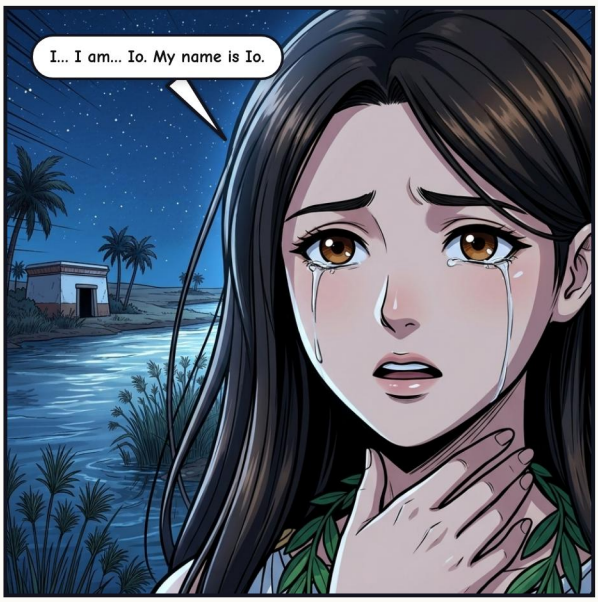

Then swear it—not to me. Swear by the Styx, where even a king cannot lie.

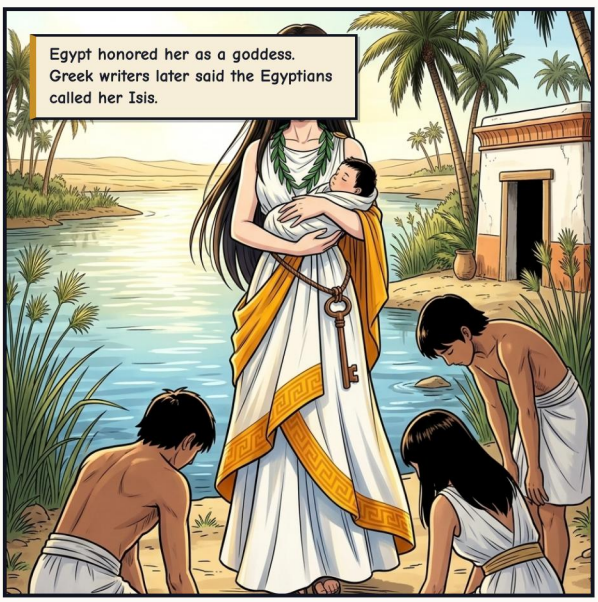

By the water of Styx: Io will never again give you cause for grief.


Hera let Io go. Zeus kept that oath—about Io. The sky, alas, is full of clouds.


Far away, on the bank of the Nile, the stinging stopped.

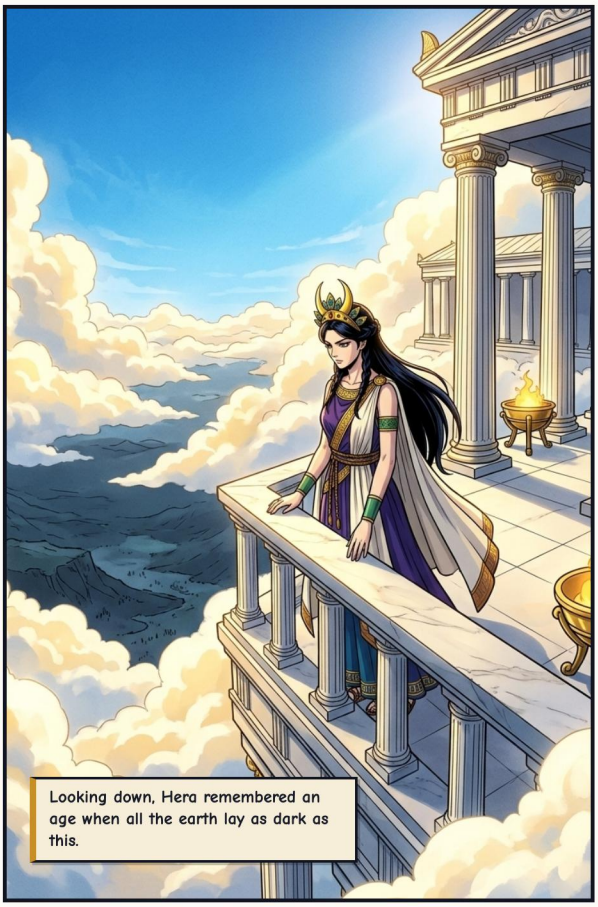


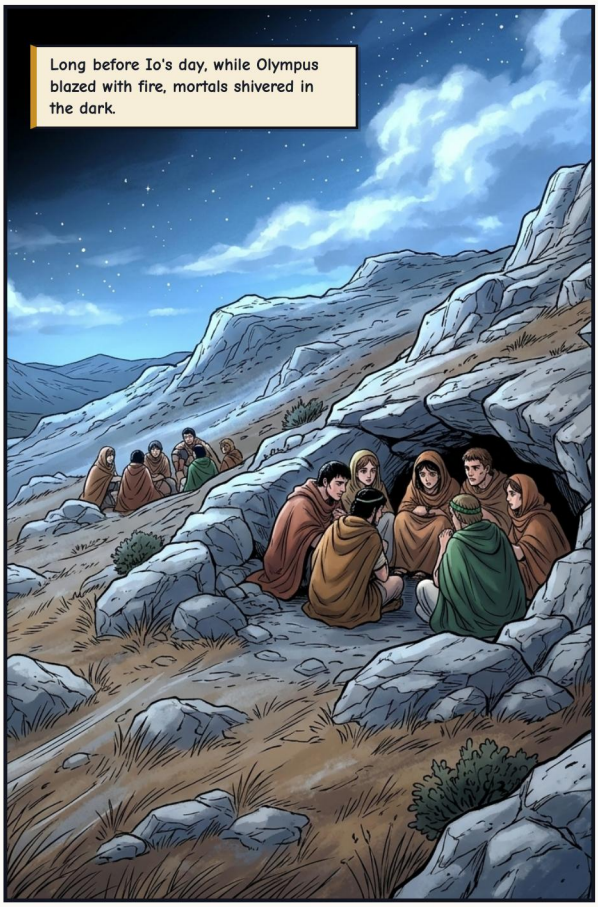

I... I am... Io. My name is Io.


Egypt honored her as a goddess. Greek writers later said the Egyptians called her Isis.


They took my voice once. You will hear it every day.
Zeus kept his oath. He never came.

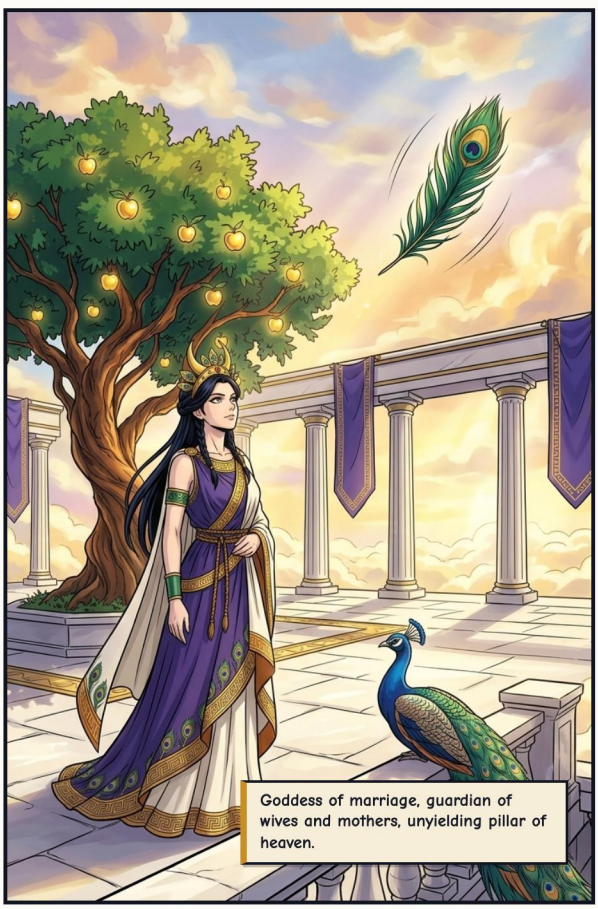
# EPILOGUE — BEFORE THE FIRST FIRE










Above every storm and every mortal dream, the Queen of Heaven keeps her watch.
End of Book IV · Next: Prometheus, The Theft of Fire

COLOPHON

# Hera: Queen of Heaven

*Gods of Olympus: Greek Mythology*

## CLASSICAL SOURCES

*Ovid (Metamorphoses 1), Apollodorus (Library 2.1.3), Aeschylus (Prometheus Bound; Suppliants), Pausanias (Description of Greece 2.17, 2.36), Hesiod (Theogony), with an allusion to Homer (Iliad 1)*

Freely adapted from classical Greek and Roman mythological sources in the public domain.

## EDITION & ARTWORK

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This comic is part of a work-in-progress collection. If you spot a mistake or want to share feedback, please mention the version stamp below.

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