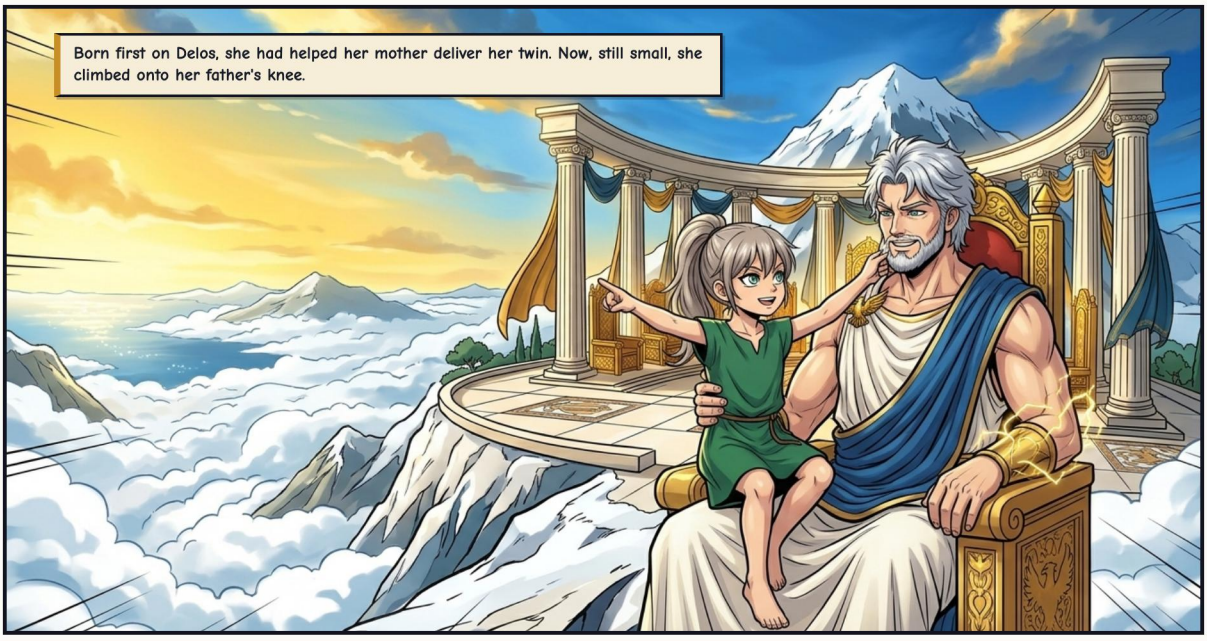

ARTEMIS
Book XI · Huntress of the Silver Moon

ACT I — THE OATH OF THE WILD









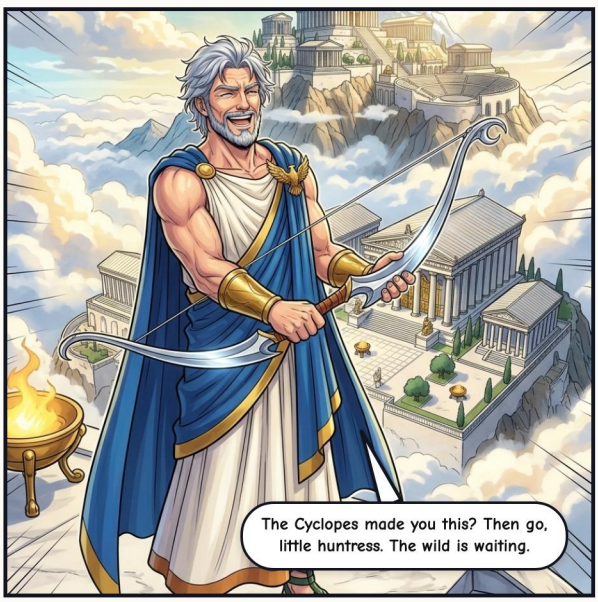



On Lipara, the Cyclopes were forging a horse-trough for Poseidon. The nymphs could not even look at them.


Cyclopes! Leave the trough. I need a bow, arrows and a quiver.


At three, she had sat on Brontes's knee and yanked out a fistful of chest hair. The bald patch remains.


The first beast I bring down is yours.


The Cyclopes made you this? Then go, little huntress. The wild is waiting.


Two pied, three red, one spotted. They'll drag a lion home alive.

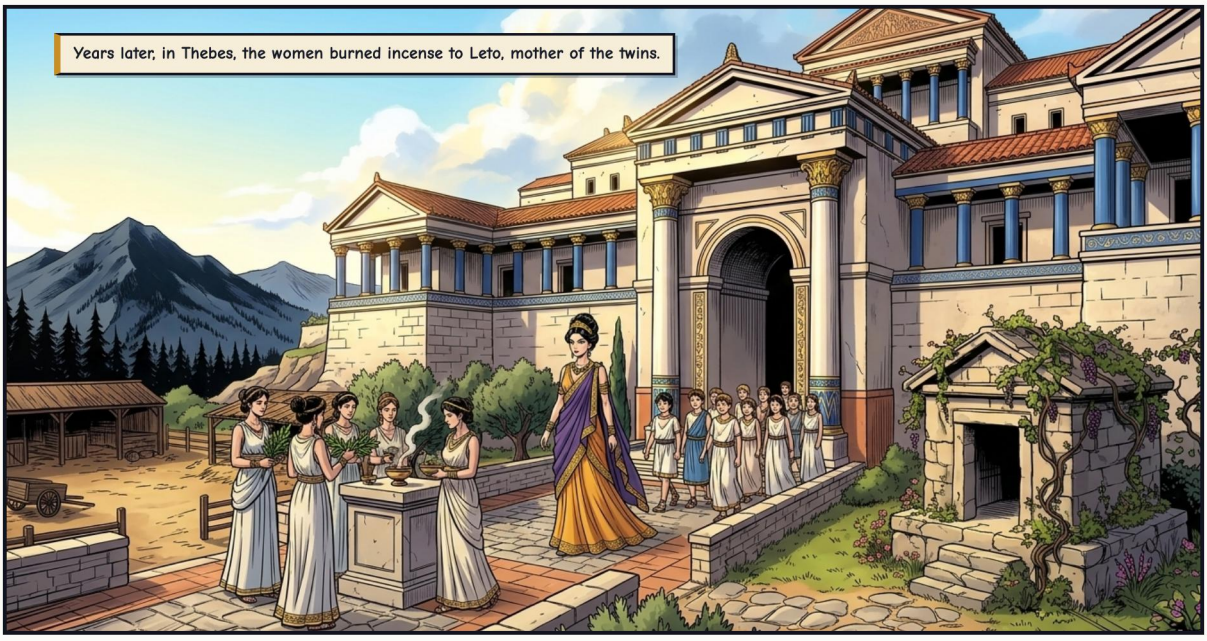

Five golden-horned hinds grazed by the Anaurus. She caught four. The fifth was left for Heracles.




Her first arrow struck an elm. The second, an oak. The third, a beast. The fourth, a city of unjust men.


Years in the wild made her its keeper: gentle with the respectful, merciless to the proud.

ACT II — THE PRICE OF PRIDE

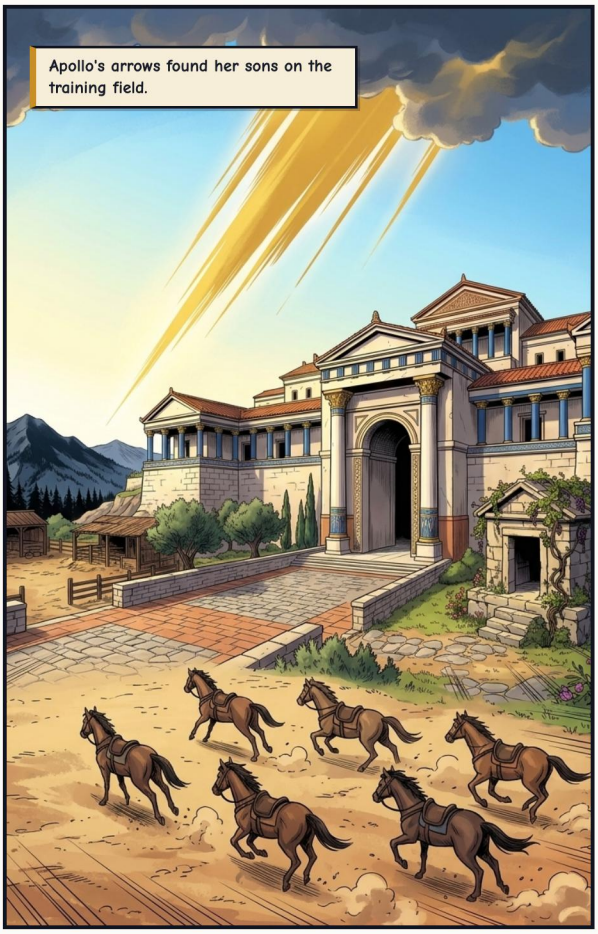











Apollo's arrows found her sons on the training field.




Leave me one! Only the smallest!


Grief turned her to stone. A wind carried it to Mount Sipylus, where the rock still weeps.

ACT III — THE STAG OF CITHAERON







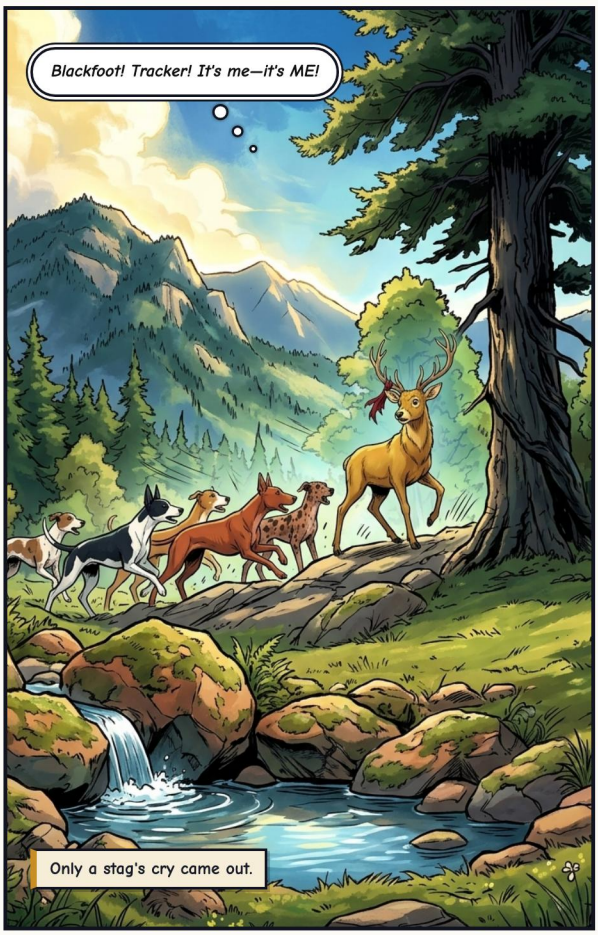





BOAST TO YOUR FRIENDS THAT YOU SAW ARTEMIS—IF YOU CAN STILL SPEAK!!

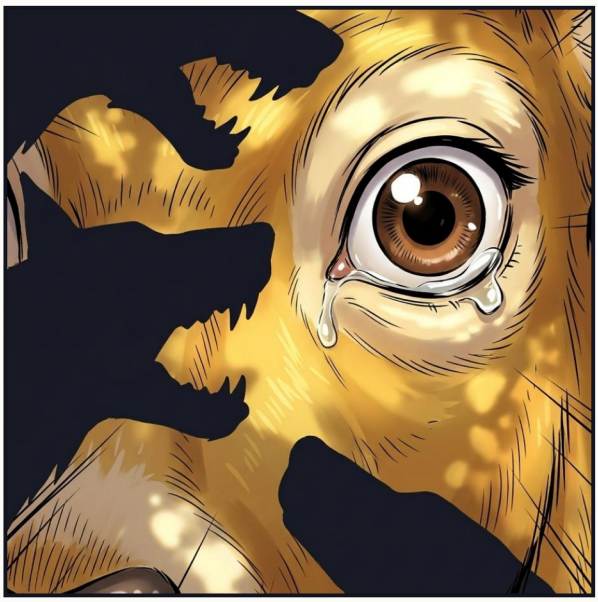

SHIMMM!!


That's... me?


Blackfoot! Tracker! It's me—it's ME!
Only a stag's cry came out.



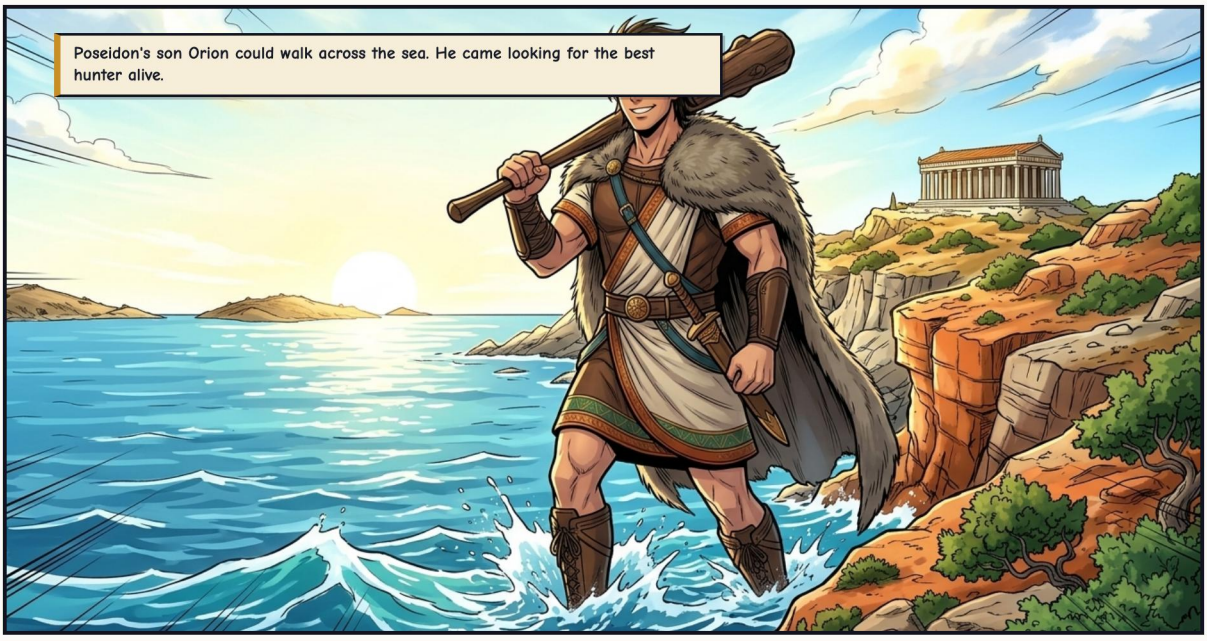

"Actaeon! Where are you? You're missing the kill!"




He had trained all fifty hounds himself. None of them knew him.


Some said the goddess was too cruel. Others, that she guarded her vow. People still argue.

ACT IV — THE ARROW IN THE WAVES





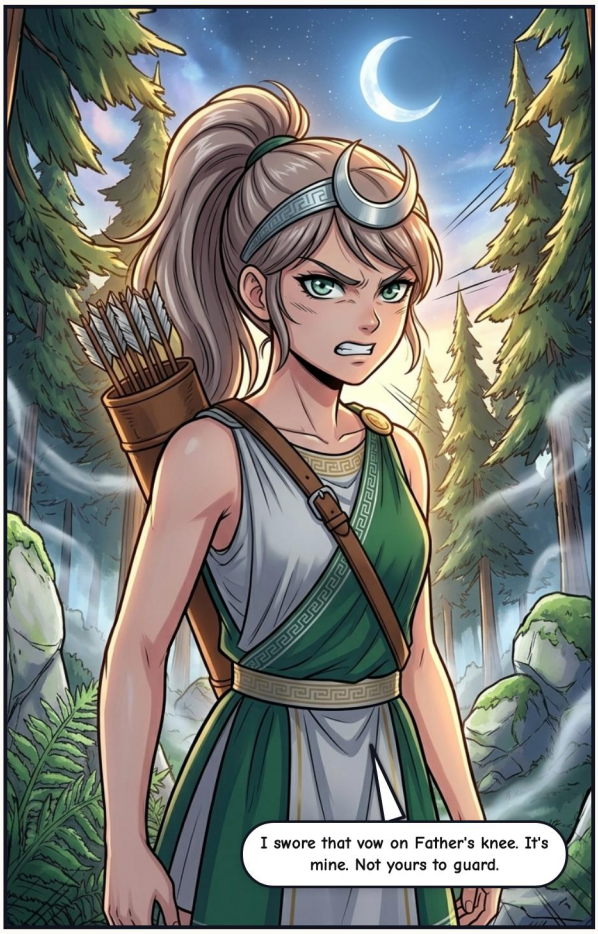







He hunted only what they needed, and freed what got caught by mistake.
Running beneath your moon, Artemis, is the only kingdom I ever wanted.
Doesn't it ever get lonely, the vow?
I chose it before I could hold a bow. Lonely is being chosen for.

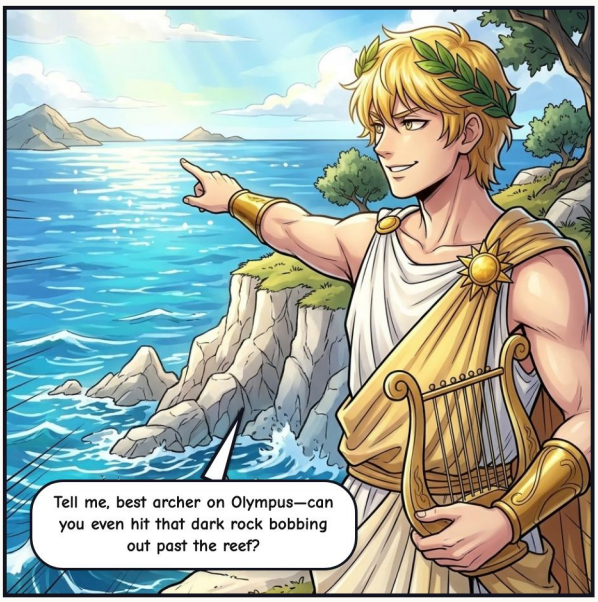

People are saying you'll marry the giant.


I swore that vow on Father's knee. It's mine. Not yours to guard.


Then send him away.




One old story says Apollo waited until Orion swam far out in the bay.

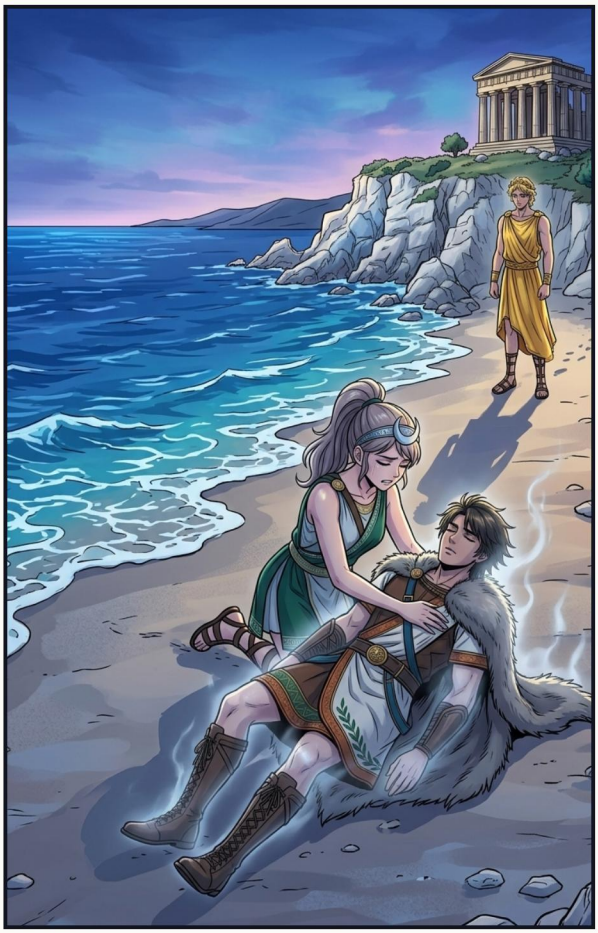

Tell me, best archer on Olympus—can you even hit that dark rock bobbing out past the reef?


TWANG!!

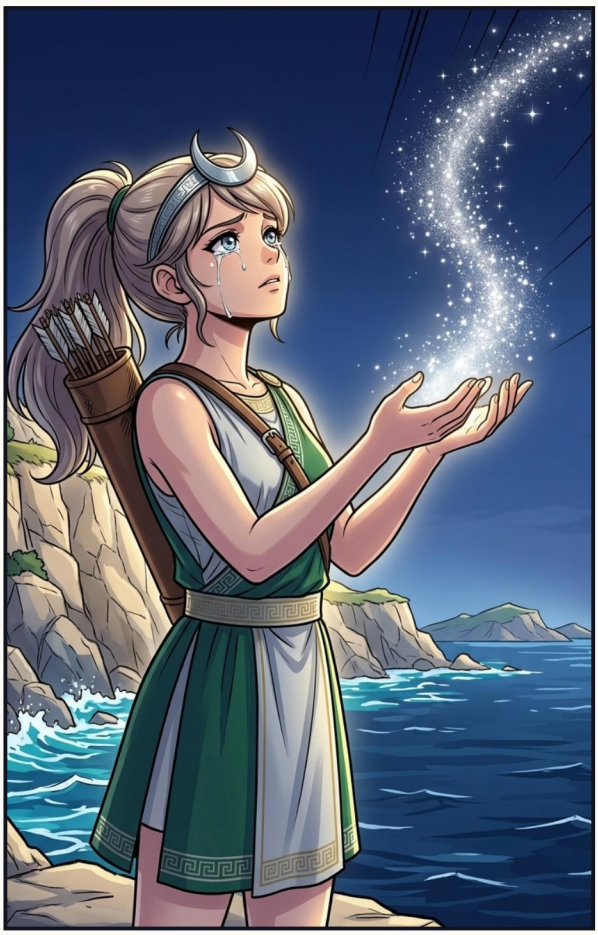








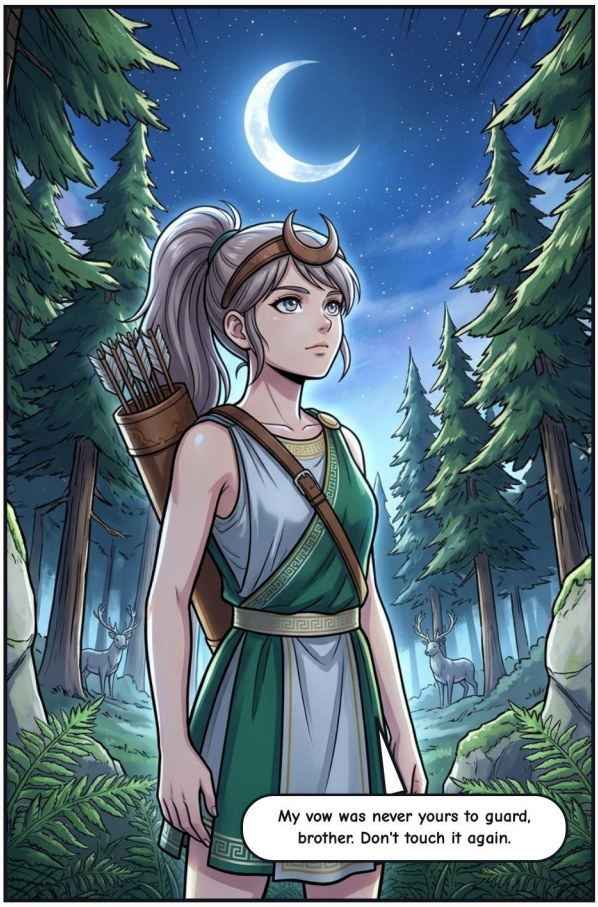





She set Orion among the stars. His three belt stars still cross the winter sky.
Forgive me, my friend. If the earth can't keep you, then hunt forever among the stars.

EPILOGUE — SILENCE OF THE PINES









COLOPHON

Artemis: Huntress of the Silver Moon

Gods of Olympus: Greek Mythology

CLASSICAL SOURCES

Callimachus (Hymn to Artemis), Ovid (Metamorphoses 3 and 6), Homer (Iliad 24), Apollodorus (Library 1.4, 3.4–3.5), Hyginus (Astronomica 2.34, after Istrus). In Callimachus, Orion is her enemy; we follow Istrus.

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

EDITION & ARTWORK

Adaptation, curation, and edition by Guillem Cantallops Ramis. The comic adaptation and illustrations were created with artificial intelligence; no copyright is claimed over raw AI-generated imagery.

LICENSE

The editorial adaptation, translations, and edition are shared under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 (Attribution – NonCommercial – ShareAlike).

https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/deed.en

WORK IN PROGRESS & FEEDBACK

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.

https://olimp.talaiot.net · olimp@talaiot.net

Version 1 · 2026-11-26

11-artemis_en.pdf