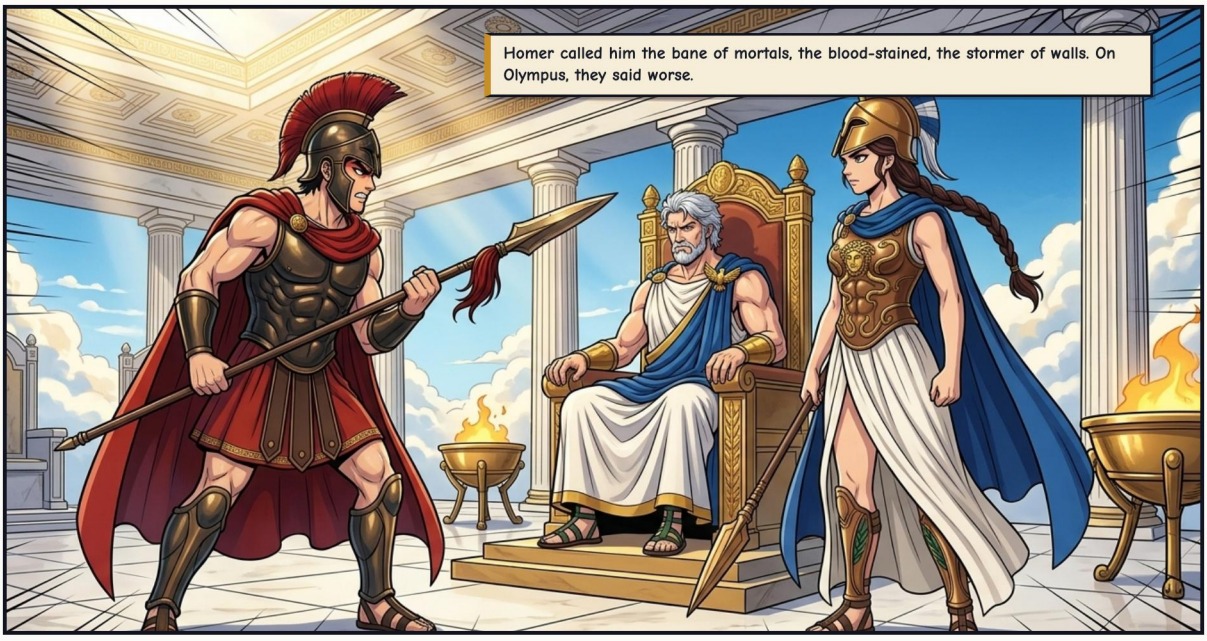

ARES
Book XV · The Fury of War

PROLOGUE – THE MOST HATED GOD







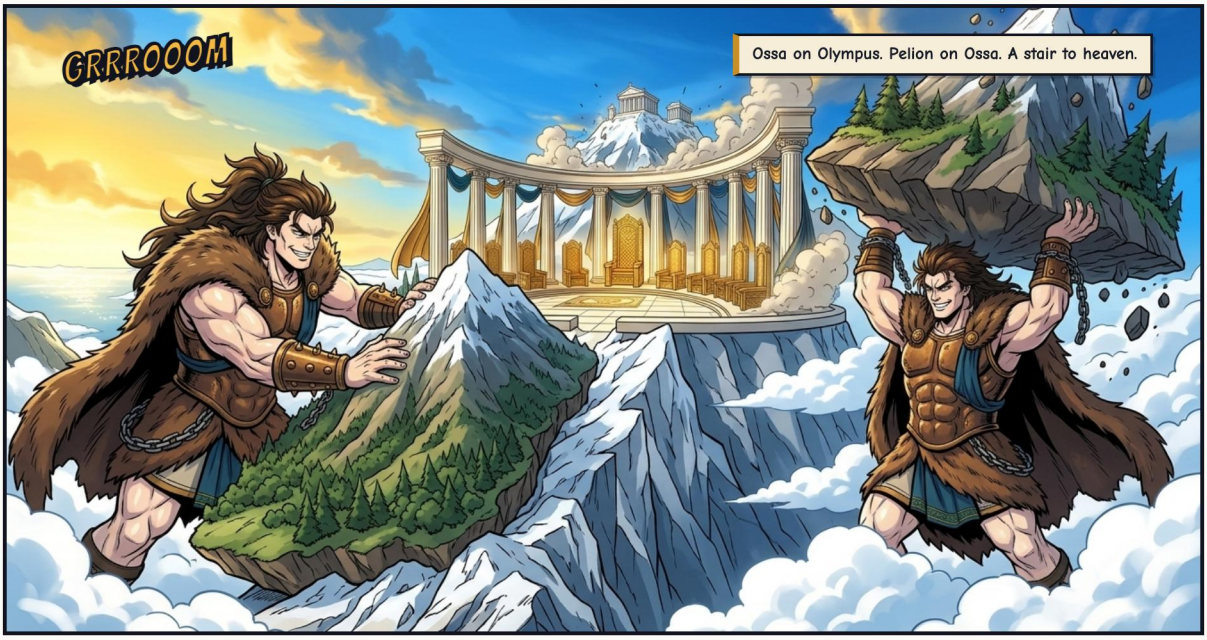




ACT I — THE BRONZE JAR












Thirteen months in bronze. Let's hear the War God shout now!


Thirteen months. Ares, who never has enough of war, was wasting away in the dark.


Their stepmother, Eeriboea, heard him.


My sons keep a god in a jar. He is dying.
They sleep after the feast. Go tonight, and never say who sent you.




Hermes stole him away, more dead than alive.
...Took you long enough.


Their end came on Naxos. Artemis took the shape of a deer and leapt between them.




Each spear found the other brother.

ACT II – THE WALLS OF TROY






















Father, you let her do this? You fathered that mad girl, and you never stop her!


Don't sit by me and whine, turncoat.
Of all the gods on Olympus, you are the most hateful to me. You love only strife and war.


Still... you are my son. Paeon, heal him.


He healed as fast as fig juice curdles milk. Then Ares sat down by Zeus, as proud as ever.

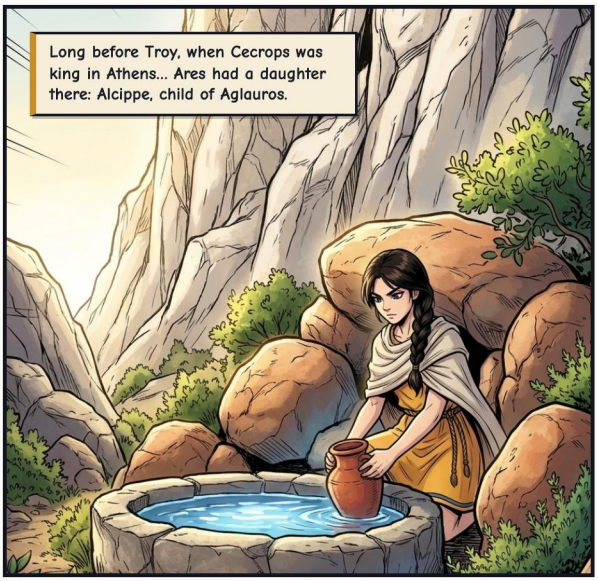

KRA-CLANG!!
At Troy, the gods themselves took the field. Ares struck the aegis, which not even Zeus's thunderbolt can pierce.




KRASSH
Fool. Still haven't learned how much stronger I am? That's for breaking your word to our mother.


Only Aphrodite helped him from the field.
Everyone sees only your shield, Ares. I know how fiercely you love those who belong to you.

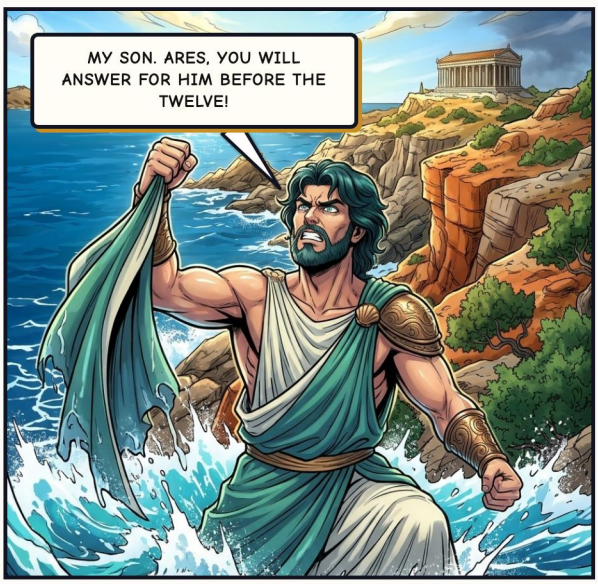
ACT III – THE HILL OF ARES












He could have gone back to Thrace. He laid down his spear and shield, and climbed the hill to answer.


They'll hear it from me, Father. Not just from you.


On the rock beside the Acropolis, the gods sat in judgment on a killing.
He killed my son, Halirrhothius! Blood demands blood. Let the Twelve judge him!


I won't deny it. I killed him. Ask her why.


He attacked me at the spring. I fought him. My father came. That is the whole of it.

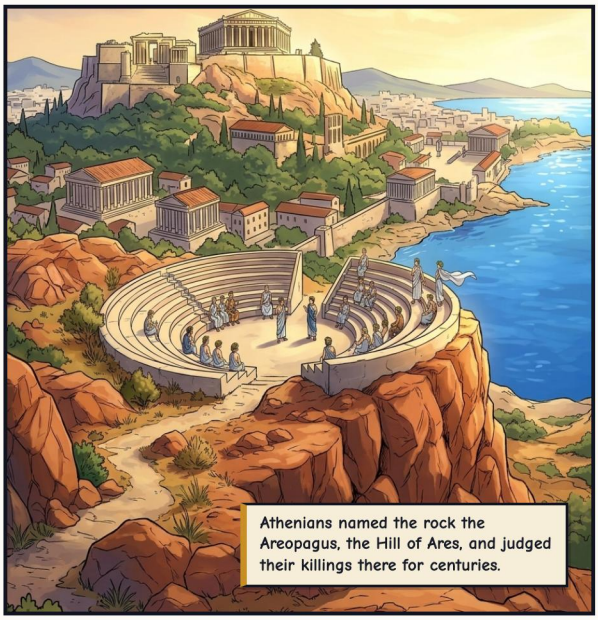

White. The girl told the truth.


The Twelve have judged. Ares is acquitted.






Don't expect me to thank you every time, Owl-Eyes.
I voted for justice, not for you.


Athenians named the rock the Areopagus, the Hill of Ares, and judged their killings there for centuries.


Mortals feared him, and still prayed to him.
One late hymn calls him "helper of Justice" and asks only for the courage to keep the peace.
Call on me if you must. Count the cost first.

EPILOGUE — VINES ON THE HORIZON









COLOPHON

Ares: The Fury of War

Gods of Olympus: Greek Mythology

CLASSICAL SOURCES

Homer (Iliad 5, 21; Odyssey 11), Apollodorus (Library 1.7, 3.14), Pausanias (1.21, 1.28), Demosthenes (Against Aristocrates), Euripides (Electra), Homeric Hymn 8. In Homer it is Apollo who kills the Aloadae; here we follow Apollodorus. Eeriboea's and Alcippe's words are the series' own.

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EDITION & ARTWORK

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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

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