The Story So Far:

When Helen, queen of Sparta, fled across the sea to the city of Troy with her husband Paris, her husband Menelaus raised a large Achaeian (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 Chryseis, a priest of Apollo, by refusing to return 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 Briseis, 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 Achaeian Warrior

Odysseus
King of Ithaca

Ajax the Greater
Foremost Achaeian Warrior after Achilles

Diomedes
Youngest Achaeian 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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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, Perie, CHALLENGE THE BRAVEST OF THE ACHAENESE 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!

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

Let Paris and Menelaus fight in the midst of you.

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

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 strike, pierce of aspect, into the open area between the two armies...

And first the prince of Ilion hurled his far-shadowing spear.

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!

Hah! My shield turns its point!
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 despicable! 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 CHIN-STRAP CHOKING PARIS, MENELEUS 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.
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!

And I will hate you as much as I have loved you.

At this, Helen was frightened... and followed the Goddess in silence.

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 get 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 belt.

Huhnnn...

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

...as AGAMEMNON UPRIGHTED 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 Achaеa—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 aboard 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 bear the other's corpse, but took to flight...

Seeing the fate of the two sons of Dares, the Trojans were affrighted...
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 Achaean 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 cheiftains killed his man.

Agamemnon slew mighty Oenop, captain of the Halizon...

...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 cuirass was covered in blood.

ARRRGGG

Come, Trojans— the bravest of the Achaeanis wounded!

"If Apollo is with me, he'll not hold out much longer!"
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.
Aeneas, son of Aphrodite, saw Diomede's wrecking havoc...

Pandarus, send an arrow at that man who does such deadly work!

I wounded him already—but he will not die.

Then we two will go against him with my chariot.

Ay—but you take the reins, for the horses will go better for their own driver.

I will be ready for the son of Tydeus with my spear!

Diomedes—Pandarus and Aeneas speed toward you!

Athena bids me be afraid of no man—
--and I am of a race that knows neither flight nor fear.
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 REST OF LIFE AND STRENGTH.
You slew him, Achaeans—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!
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!

Cave heed, son of Lyceus, 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 embolden 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 Ilion, now bear the brunt of the battle.

I will rouse my people, Sarpedon...
SMARTING UNDER THE LYSIUS' 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 Illium 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 DESIGNED MIGHTY DIOMEDES, HERA RAISED A CRY LIKE THAT OF FIFTY MEN...

SHAME ON YOU, COWARDLY ARGIVES—
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 Merc 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 nemesis 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 SALLY FAR FROM THE CITY AND FIGHT EVEN AT YOUR SHIPS!

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

...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.
Ares! I come for you!

Dioneses!

Your life is a prize fit for a war god to take!

Now, Athena--

Guide my spear!

Ares roared as loudly as ten thousand men in the thick of a fight--

--and the Achaeans and Trojans were struck with panic, so terrible was his cry!
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!!!!