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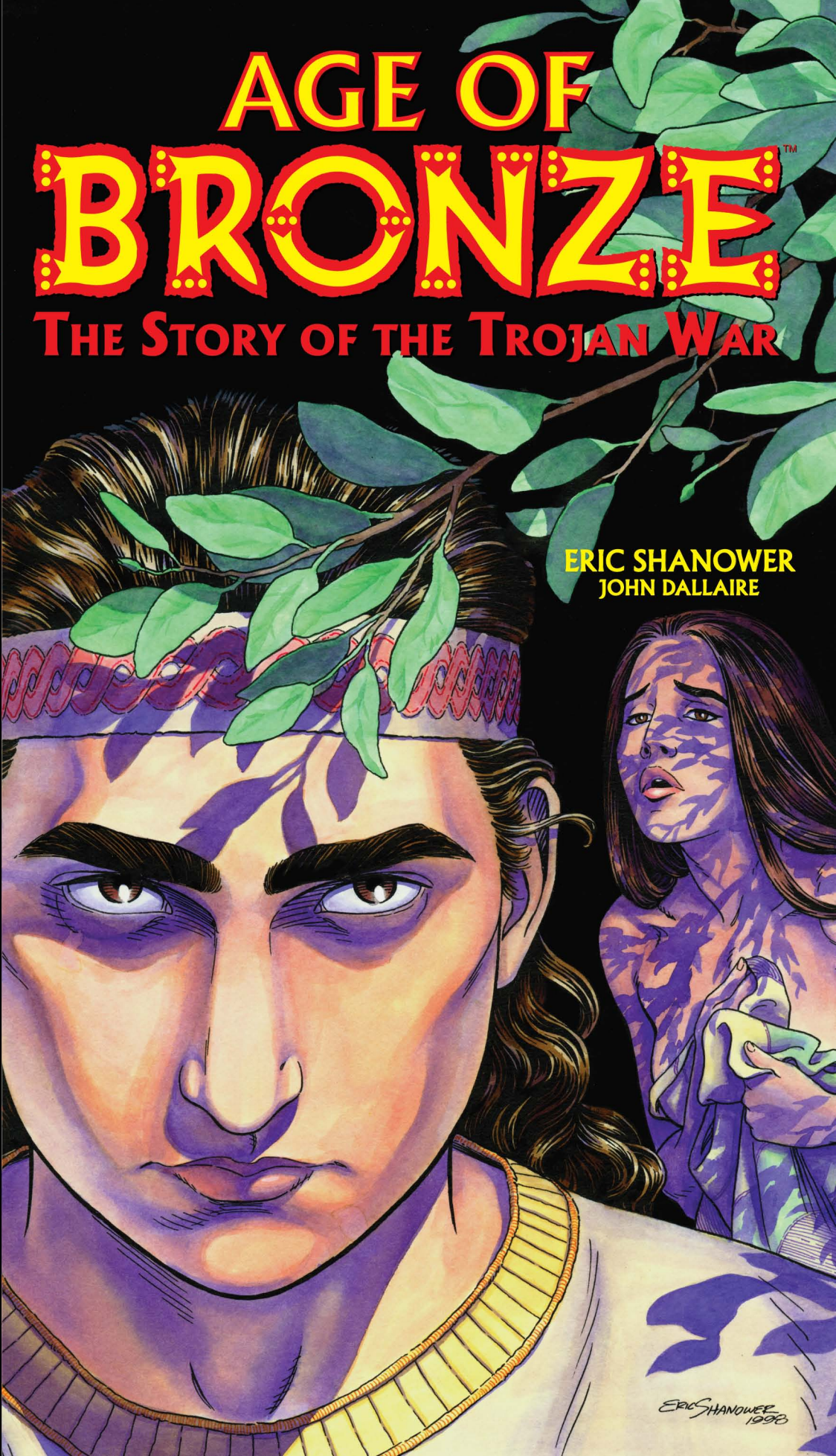
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# AGE OF BRONZE

THE STORY OF THE TROJAN WAR

ERIC SHANOWER  
JOHN DALLAIRE



ERIC SHANOWER 1998

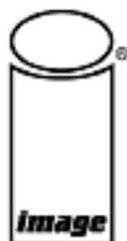
# AGE OF BRONZE™ THE STORY OF THE TROJAN WAR

by ERIC SHANOWER  
Color by JOHN DALLAIRE

Our story opens during the last days of the Late Bronze Age. On the slopes of Mount Ida, near the northwestern corner of the Anatolian Peninsula, a young cowherd dreams . . . unaware of the dire events he'll soon help set into motion.

"Th'unbridled rage of your too blinde affection,  
Will cause ten hundred thousand mourning widowes,  
Then cleave sweete Paris, to thy first election,  
Kisse, and imbrace me in these verdaunt meddowes."

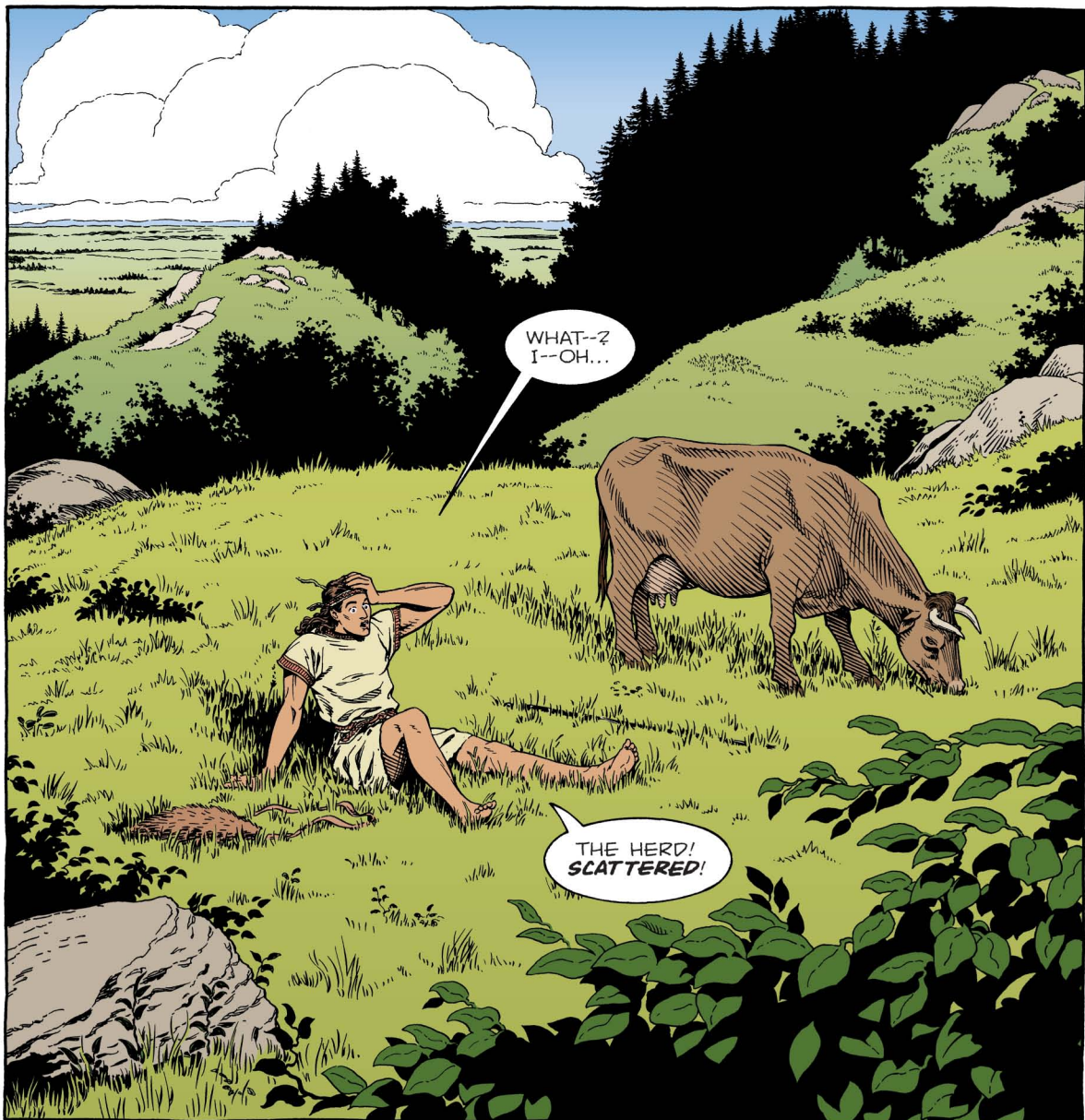
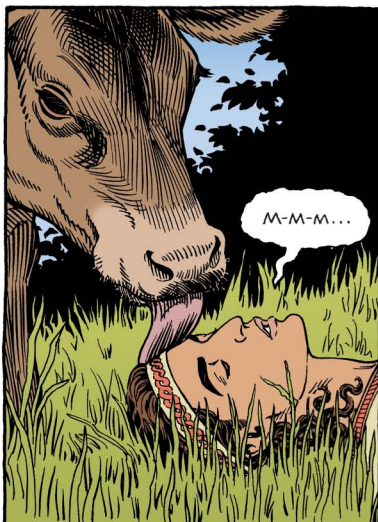
— *Oenone and Paris, Verse 17*  
Thomas Heywood, 1594



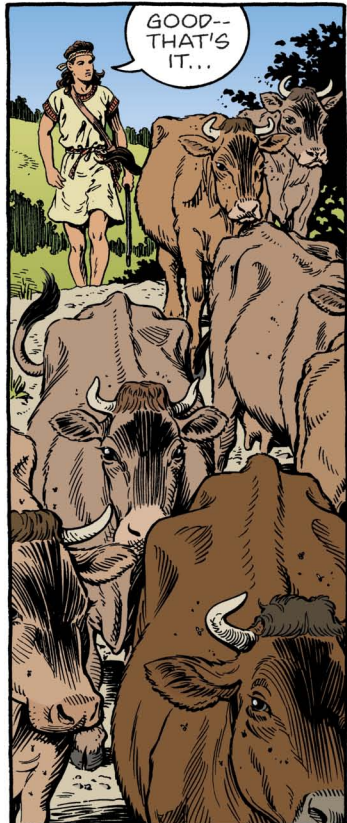
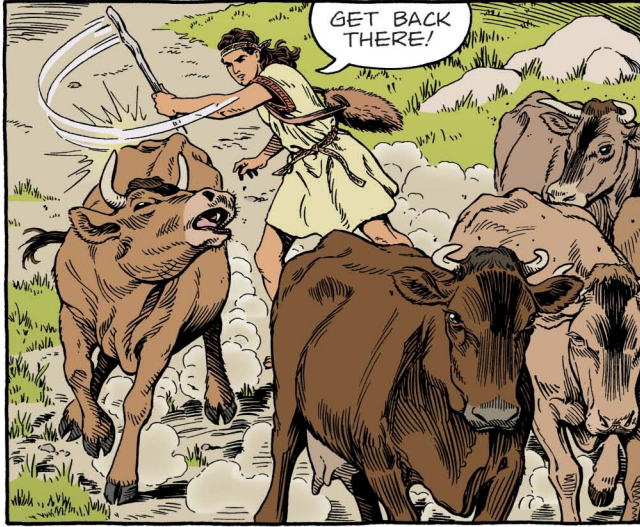
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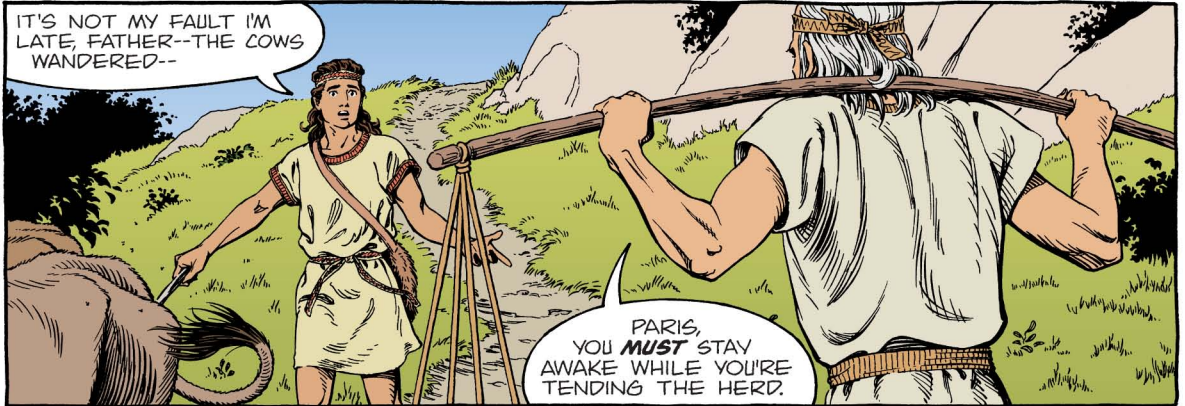




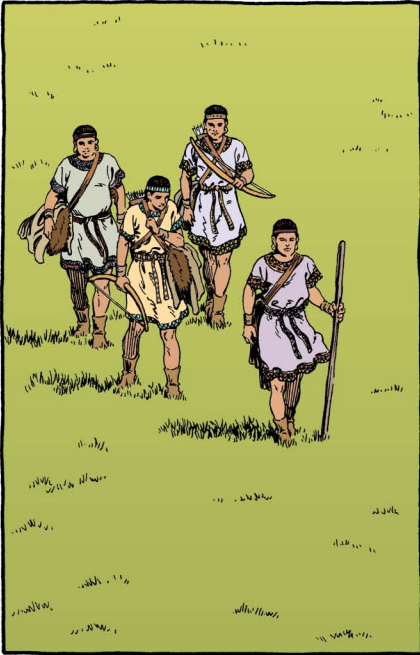
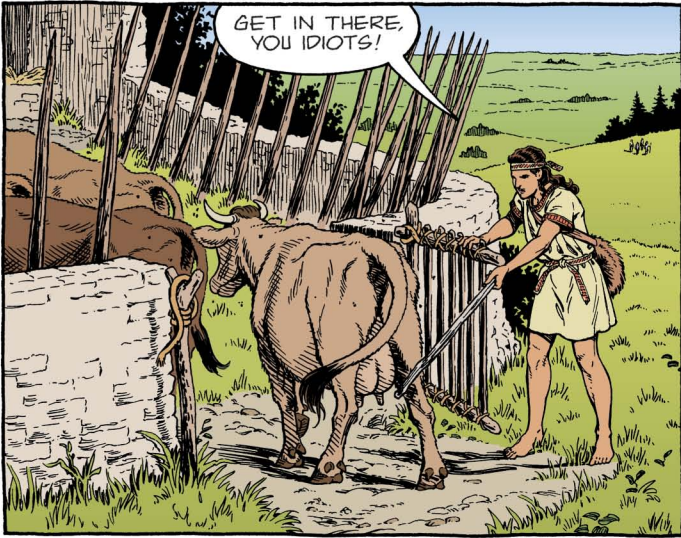




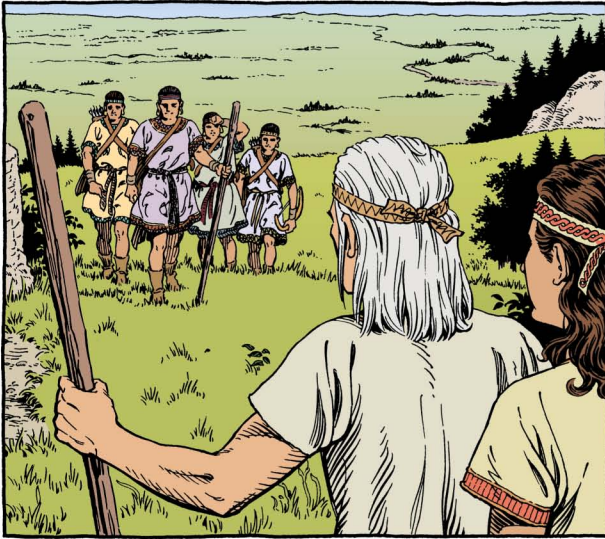






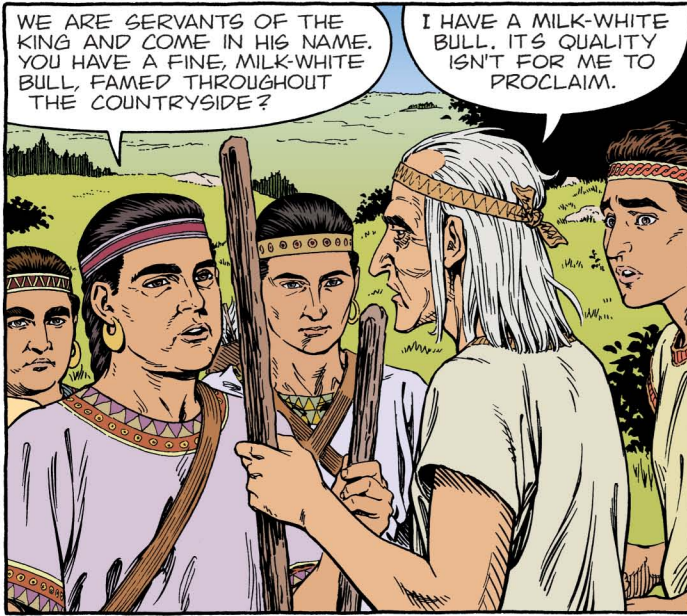






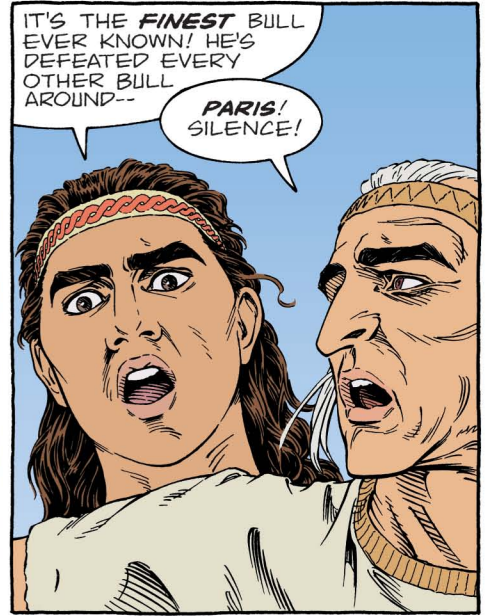
YOU ARE AGELAUS, HERDSMAN OF MOUNT IDA?

I AM AGELAUS.



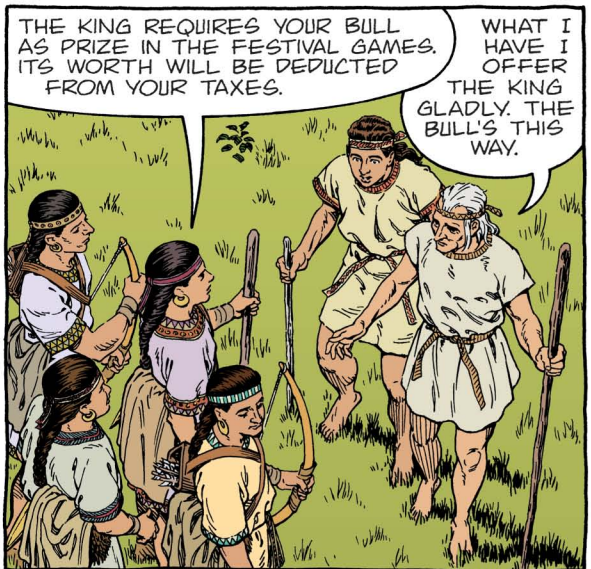
WE ARE SERVANTS OF THE KING AND COME IN HIS NAME. YOU HAVE A FINE, MILK-WHITE BULL, FAMED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRYSIDE?

I HAVE A MILK-WHITE BULL. ITS QUALITY ISN'T FOR ME TO PROCLAIM.



IT'S THE **FINEST** BULL EVER KNOWN! HE'S DEFEATED EVERY OTHER BULL AROUND--

**PARIS!**  
SILENCE!



THE KING REQUIRES YOUR BULL AS PRIZE IN THE FESTIVAL GAMES. ITS WORTH WILL BE DEDUCTED FROM YOUR TAXES.

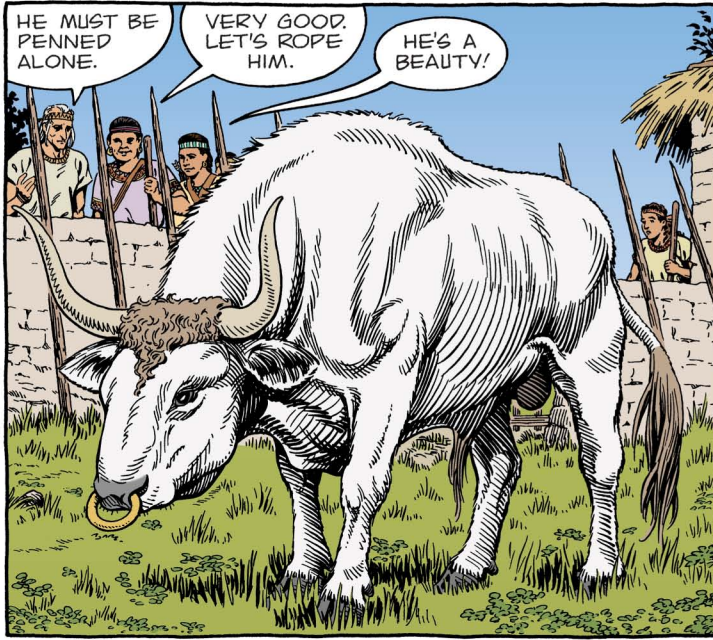
WHAT I HAVE I OFFER THE KING GLADLY. THE BULL'S THIS WAY.



FATHER! NO!

PARIS, TAKE HIS INSIDE TO YOUR MOTHER.





HE MUST BE PENNED ALONE.

VERY GOOD LET'S ROPE HIM.

HE'S A BEAUTY!



NO!



STOP!

UNGH!



WHACK



NO! YOU'LL KILL HIM!

uuhh...



HE'S-- HE'S... MY SON...