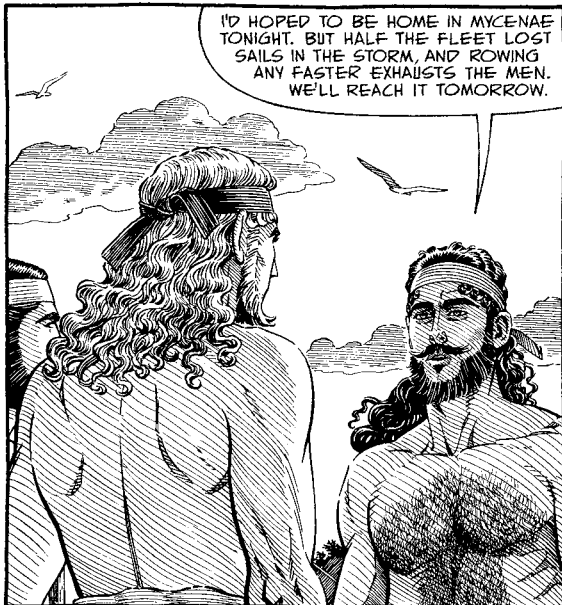




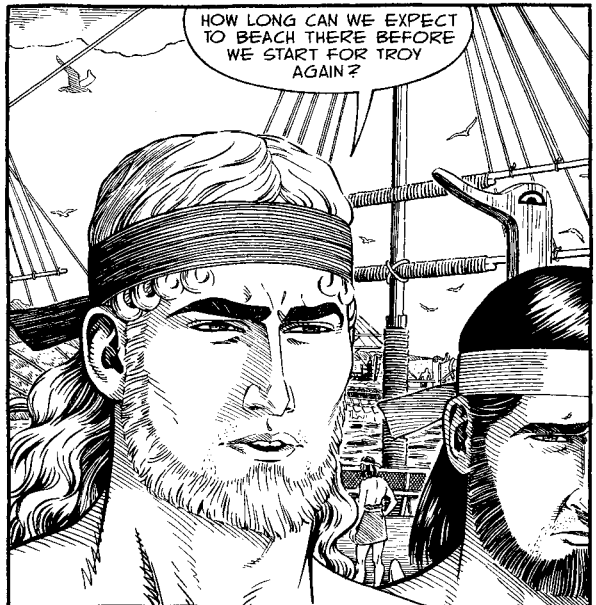
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO REACH MYCENAE BEFORE WE STOPPED FOR TODAY, BUT IT'S NEARLY SUNSET.

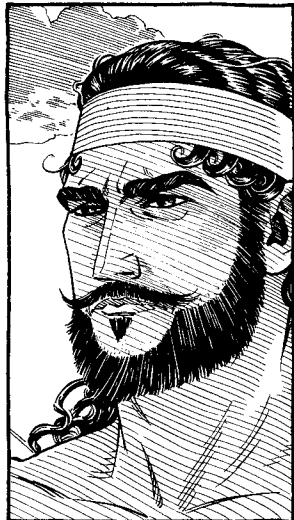


I'D HOPED TO BE HOME IN MYCENAE TONIGHT, BUT HALF THE FLEET LOST SAILED IN THE STORM, AND ROWING ANY FASTER EXHAUSTS THE MEN. WE'LL REACH IT TOMORROW.



HOW LONG CAN WE EXPECT TO BEACH THERE BEFORE WE START FOR TROY AGAIN?





GO HOME TO SPARTA, MENELAUS. WE'LL SET OUT AGAIN IN THE SPRING.



SPRING! WHY?

MENELAUS BE PATIENT. THE GODS HAVE PROMISED US VICTORY.

IN **TEN YEARS!** MEANWHILE MY WIFE AND SON ARE **GONE**. MY DAUGHTER IS MOTHERLESS. MY WIFE'S PARENTS ARE AGING--

SINCE THAT STORM, WE'RE IN NO SHAPE TO ATTACK TROY. WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO'S DROWNED OR BLOWN OFF COURSE OR JUST HEADED HOME LIKE US BECAUSE WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO?

I KNOW YOU'D BRAVELY SAIL FOR TROY THIS MOMENT, BUT WHO WOULD JOIN YOU?



THE SUITORS' VOW IS STILL--

LOOK AT THEM. EXHAUSTED, DEMORALIZED. THEY WANT TO GO **HOME**. THEY WANT TO WALK THROUGH THEIR OWN FIELDS AND SLEEP WITH THEIR OWN WIVES--NOT LIE ON SOME STONY BEACH, PASSING AROUND THE CAMP SLUT.

WHAT ABOUT MY WIFE?



