



THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BEST-SELLING GRAPHIC NOVEL ADAPTATION

THE ODYSSEY

DELUXE EDITION

GARETH HINDS





Praise for

THE ODYSSEY

The *New York Times* best-selling
graphic novel adaptation by Gareth Hinds

An American Library Association Great Graphic Novel for Teens

A *Kirkus Reviews* Best Young Adult Book of the Year

A *Booklist* Top 10 Graphic Novel for Youth

A *Bulletin of the Center for Children's Books* Blue Ribbon Winner

An Indie Next List Selection

A Texas Library Association Maverick Graphic Novels Reading List Title

A Junior Library Guild Selection



"Gareth Hinds brings *The Odyssey* to life in a masterful blend of art and storytelling. Vivid and exciting." —Rick Riordan, author of the Percy Jackson and the Olympians series

"Does genuine justice to Homer's epic poem. . . . A violent and thrilling Bronze Age journey." —*The Wall Street Journal*

"Honors the epic's long tradition and helps readers see these characters in a new light." —*Publishers Weekly*

★ "Big, bold, beautiful." —*Kirkus Reviews* (starred review)

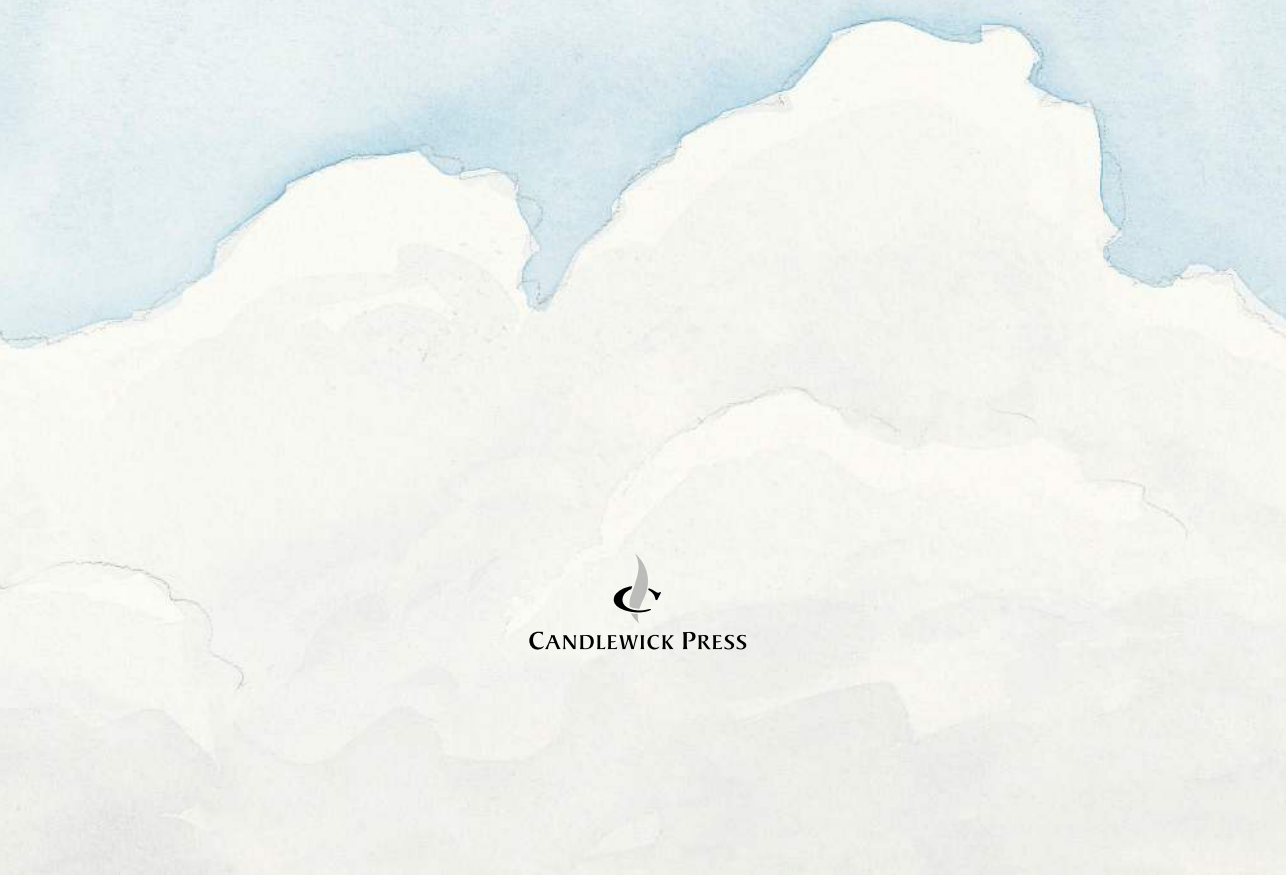
★ "A lavish retelling." —*Booklist* (starred review)

★ "A timeless long-ago past comes alive." —*The Horn Book* (starred review)



THE ODYSSEY

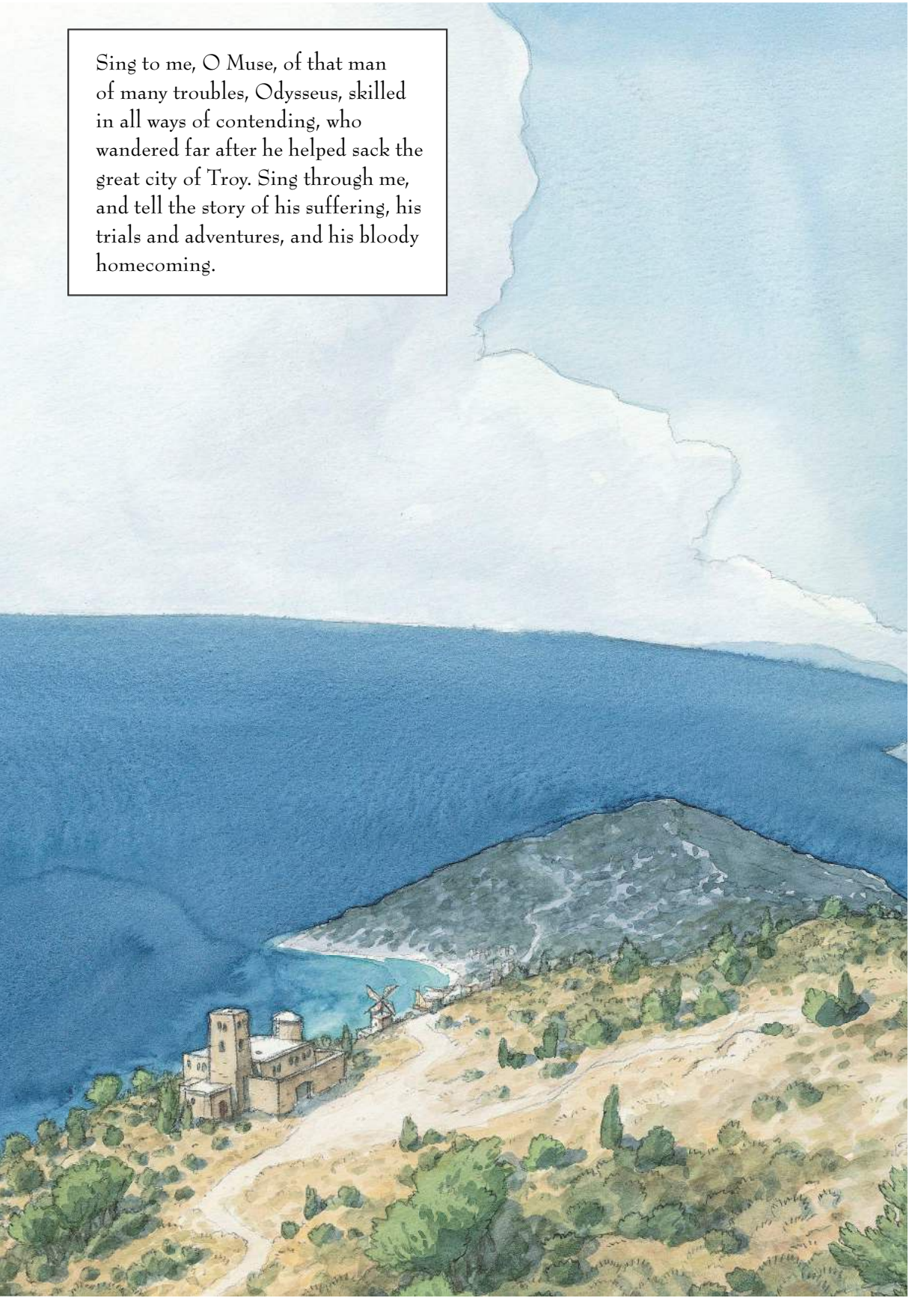
A GRAPHIC NOVEL BY GARETH HINDS

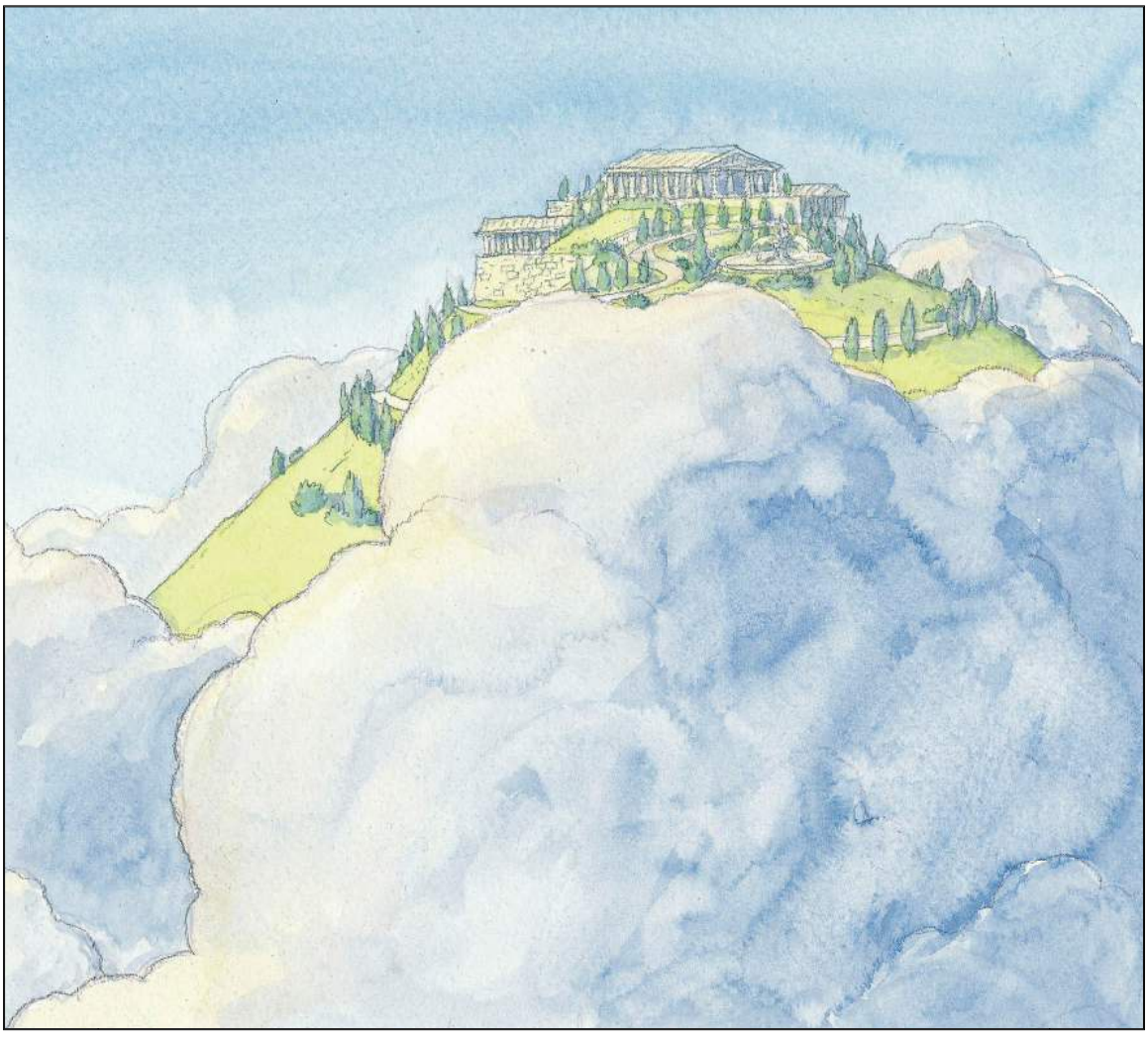


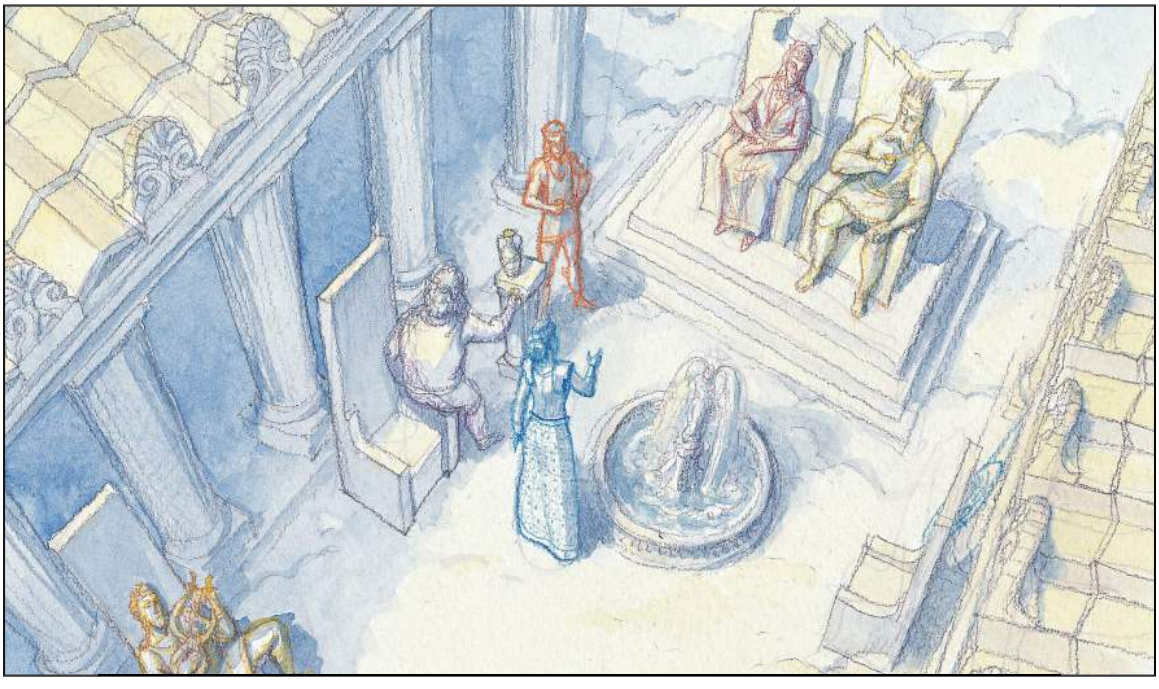
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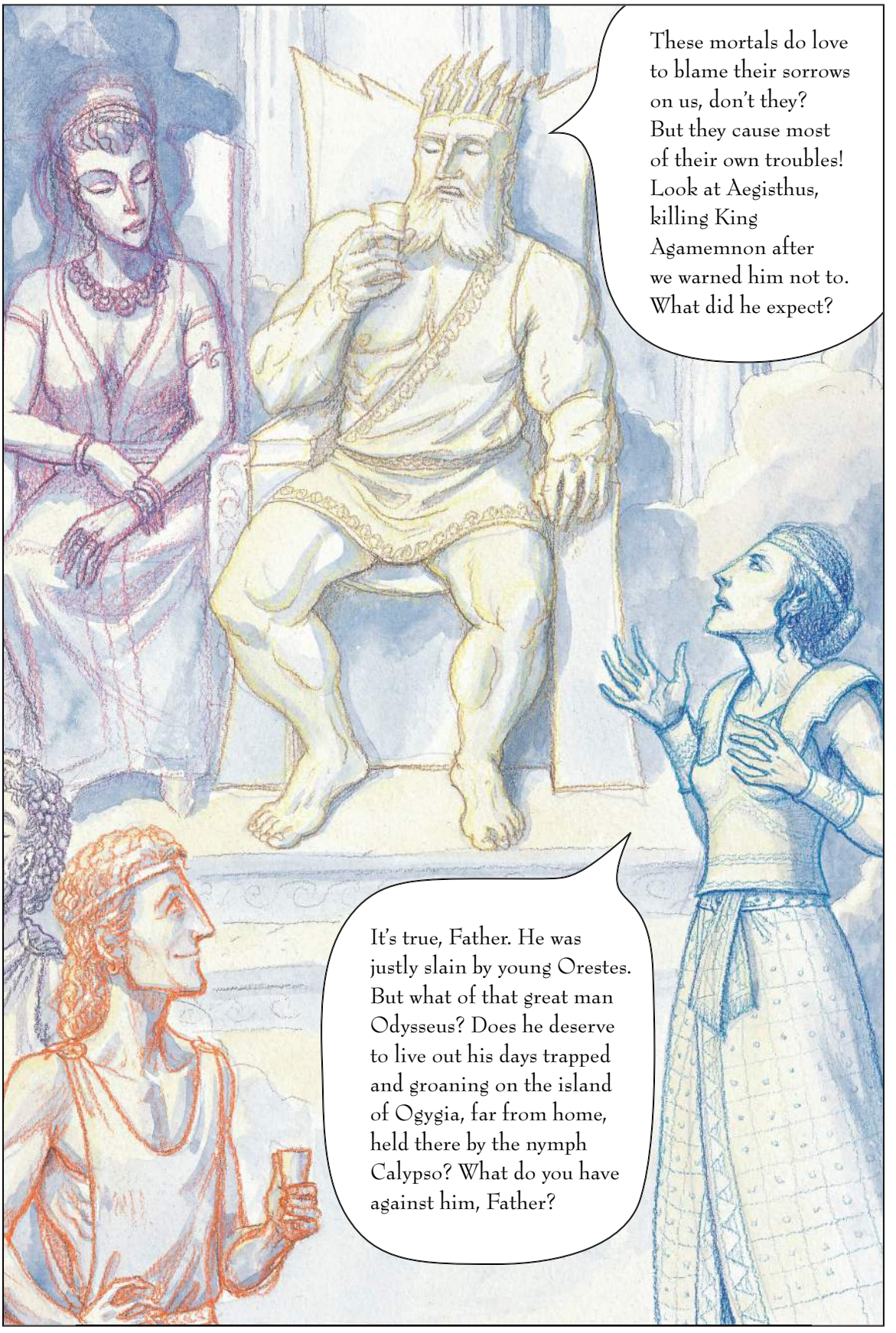


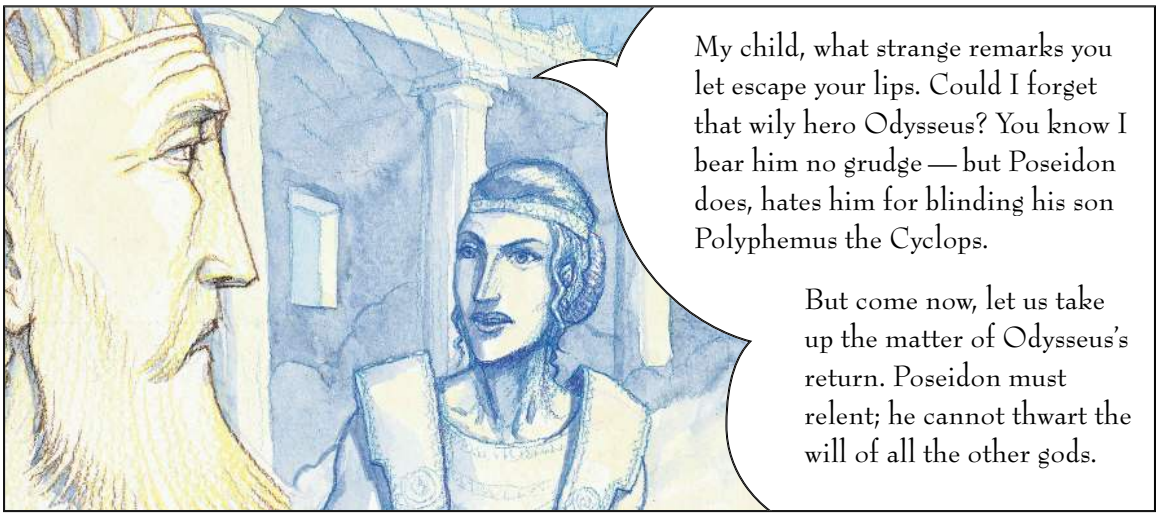
Sing to me, O Muse, of that man
of many troubles, Odysseus, skilled
in all ways of contending, who
wandered far after he helped sack the
great city of Troy. Sing through me,
and tell the story of his suffering, his
trials and adventures, and his bloody
homecoming.

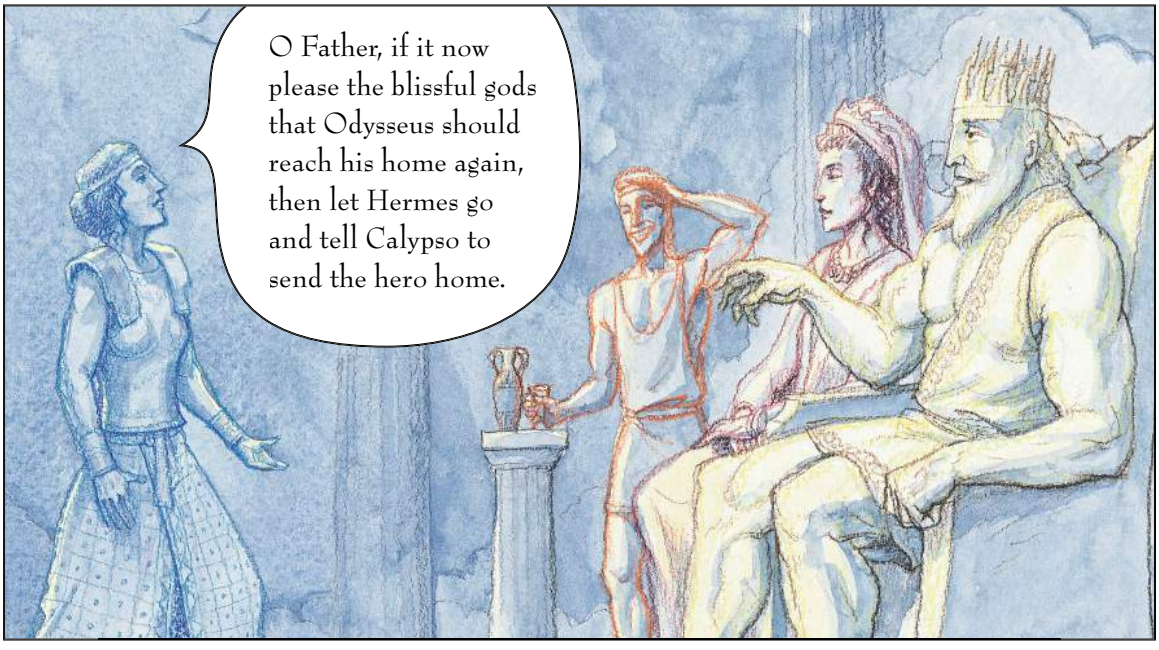


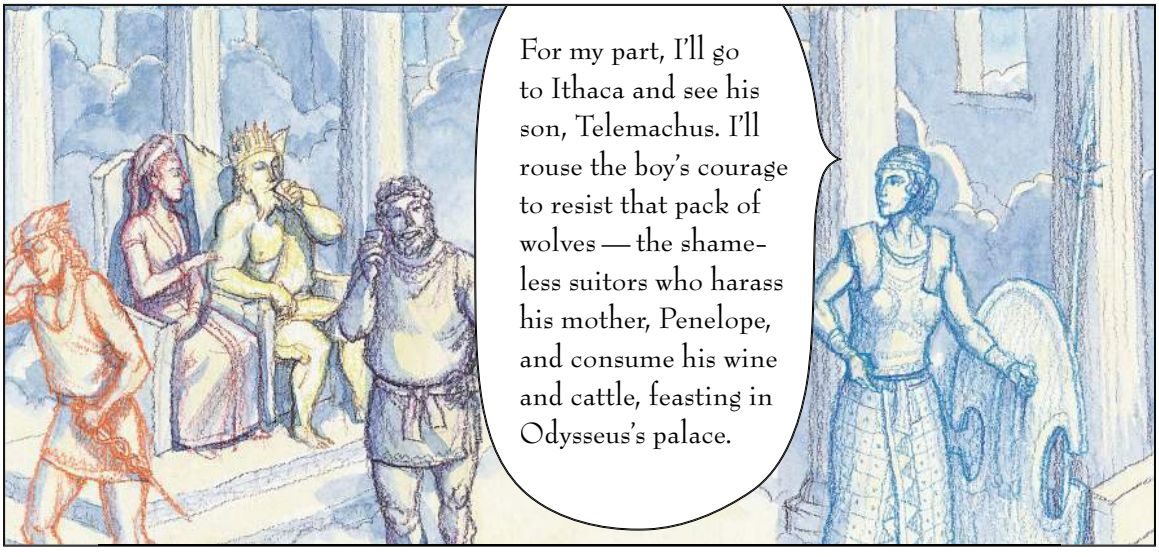


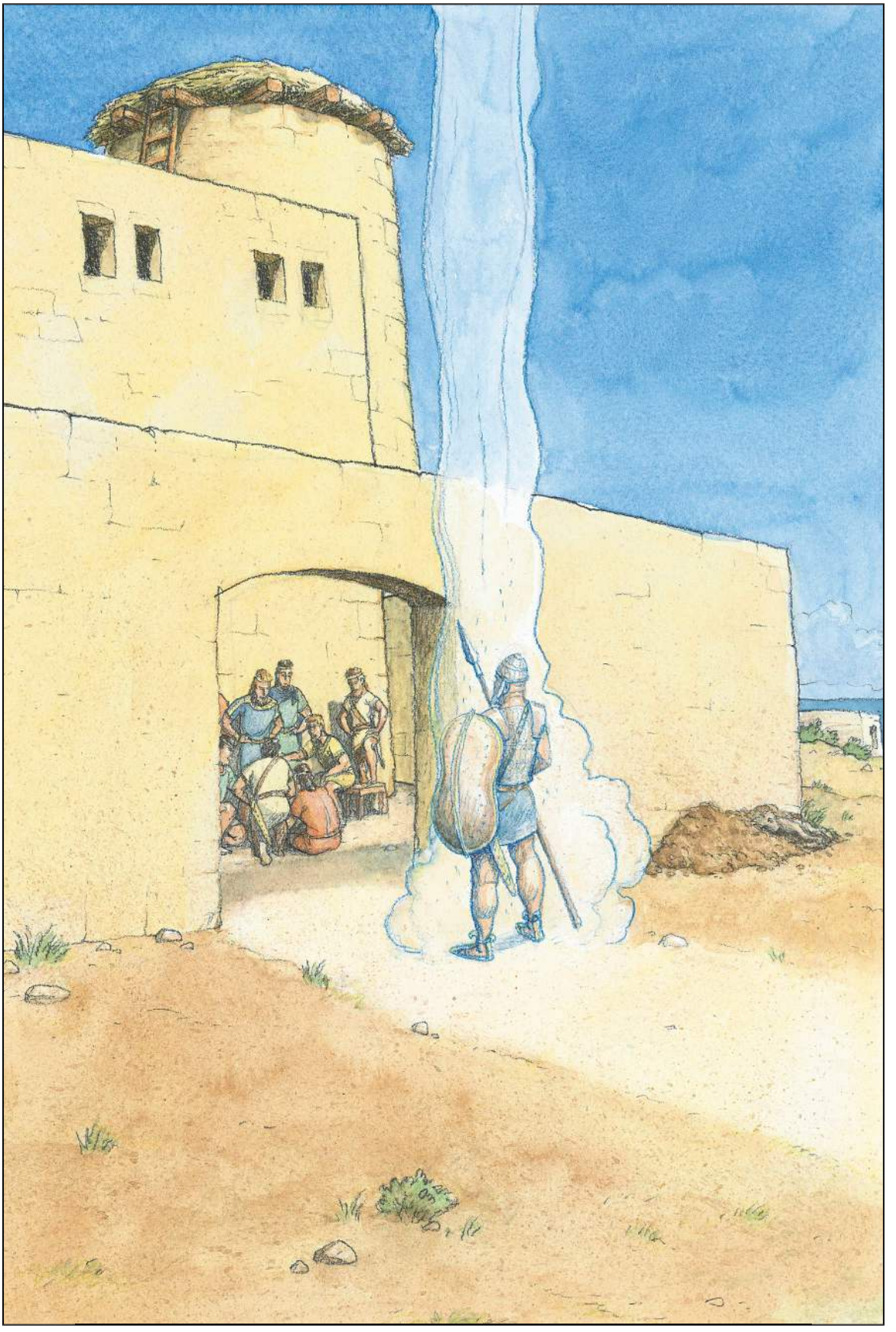


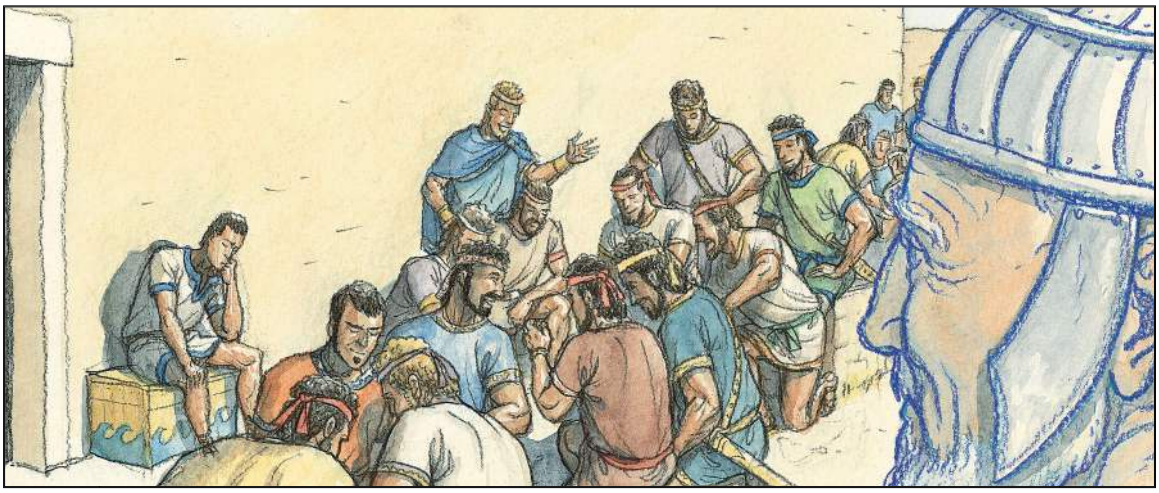

These mortals do love to blame their sorrows on us, don't they? But they cause most of their own troubles! Look at Aegisthus, killing King Agamemnon after we warned him not to. What did he expect?
It's true, Father. He was justly slain by young Orestes. But what of that great man Odysseus? Does he deserve to live out his days trapped and groaning on the island of Ogygia, far from home, held there by the nymph Calypso? What do you have against him, Father?

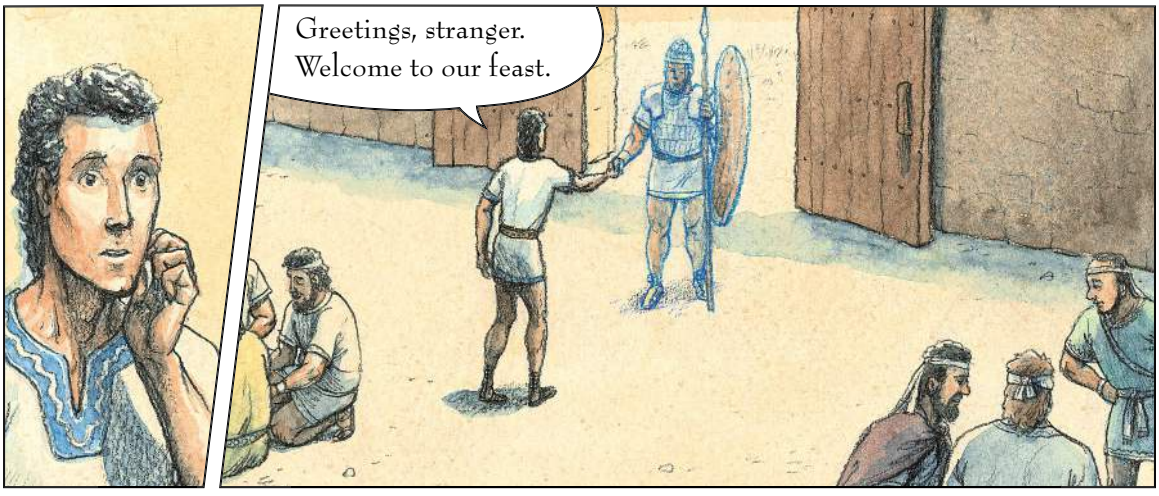

My child, what strange remarks you let escape your lips. Could I forget that wily hero Odysseus? You know I bear him no grudge — but Poseidon does, hates him for blinding his son Polyphemus the Cyclops.
But come now, let us take up the matter of Odysseus's return. Poseidon must relent; he cannot thwart the will of all the other gods.


O Father, if it now please the blissful gods that Odysseus should reach his home again, then let Hermes go and tell Calypso to send the hero home.

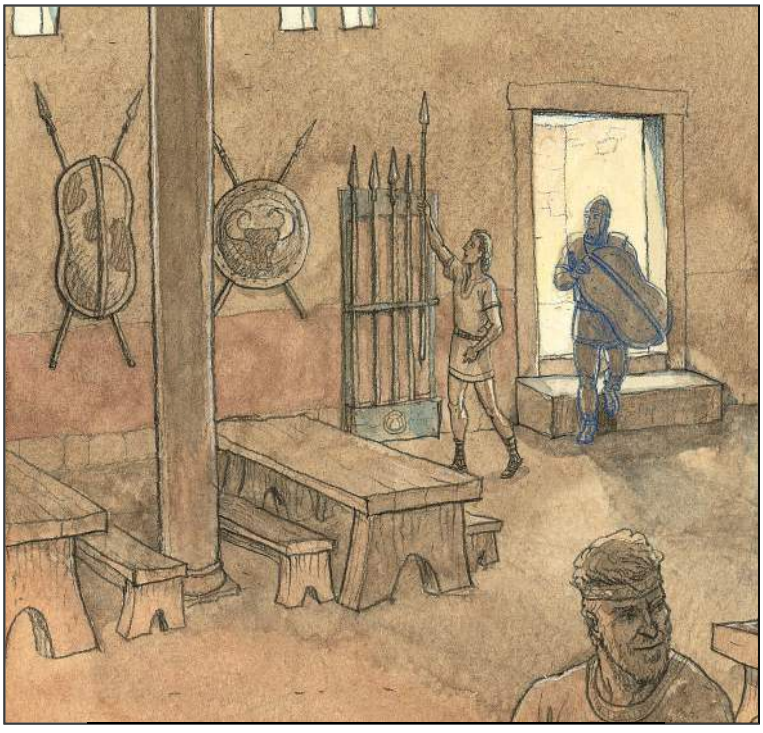

For my part, I'll go to Ithaca and see his son, Telemachus. I'll rouse the boy's courage to resist that pack of wolves — the shameless suitors who harass his mother, Penelope, and consume his wine and cattle, feasting in Odysseus's palace.

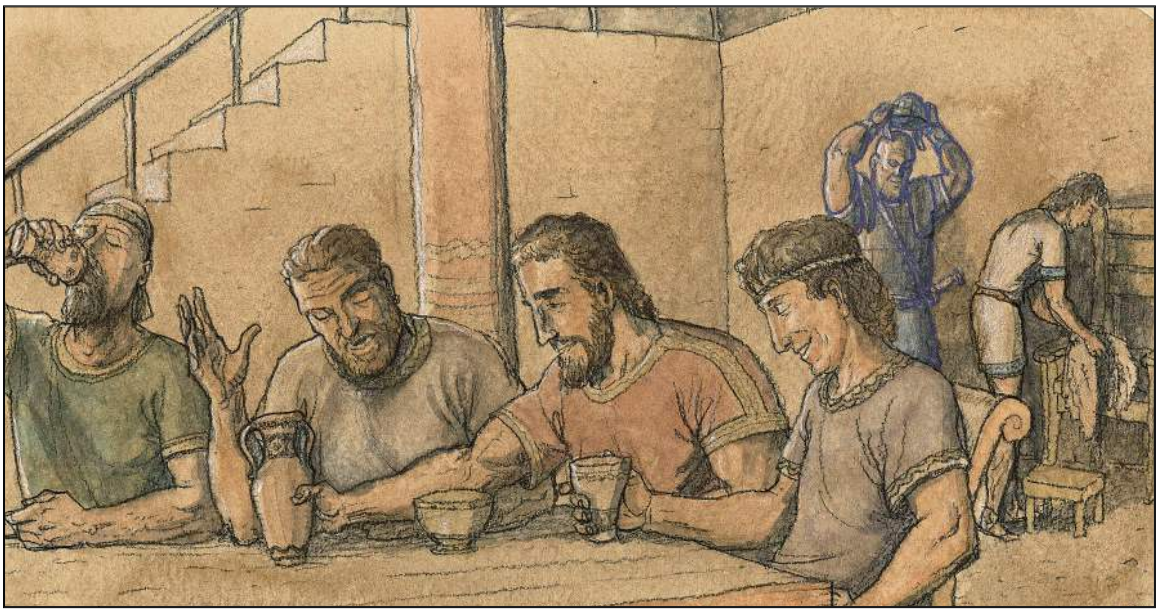


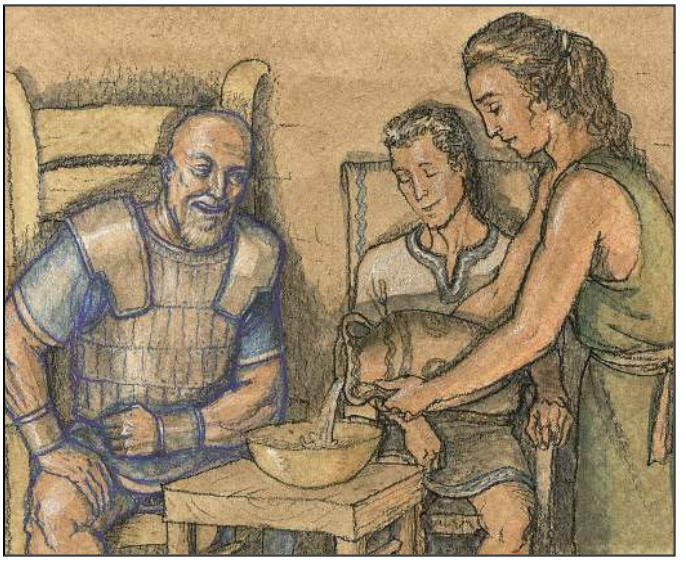


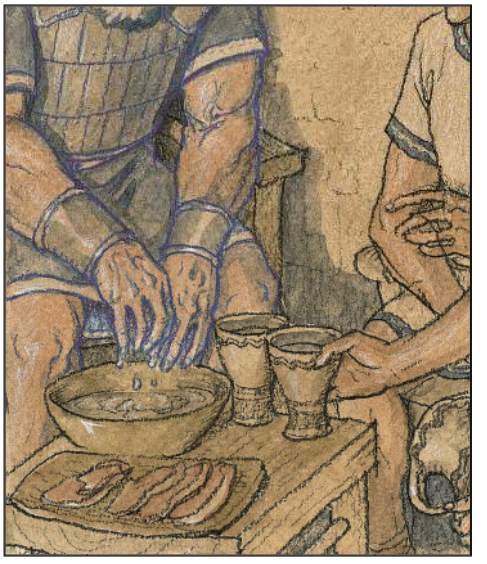

Greetings, stranger.
Welcome to our feast.

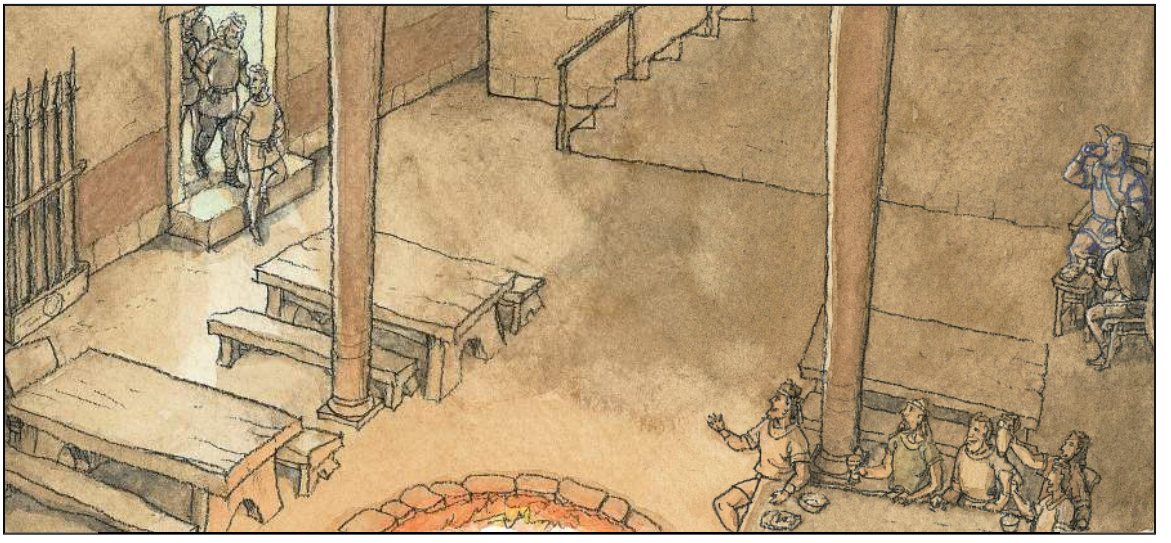

Come in; eat with me.
There will be time to
tell your errand later.

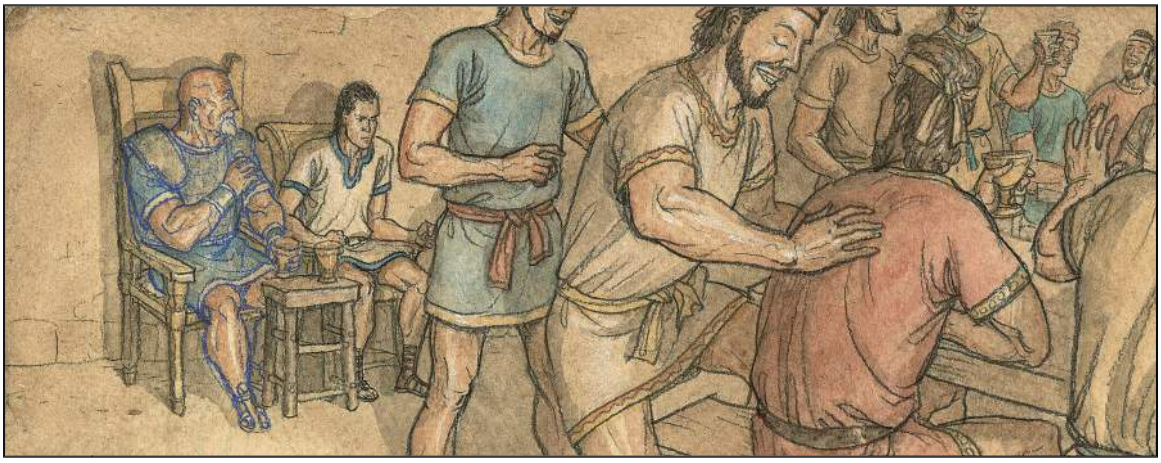


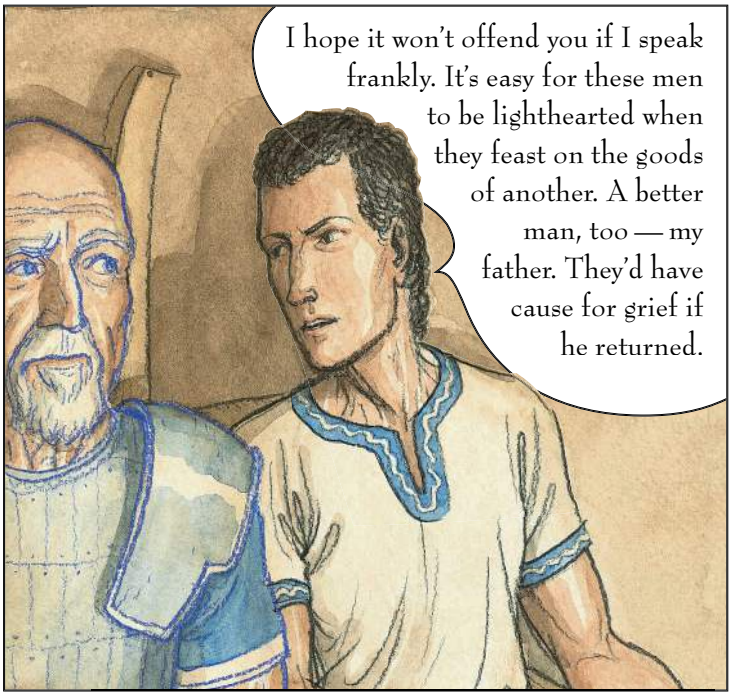


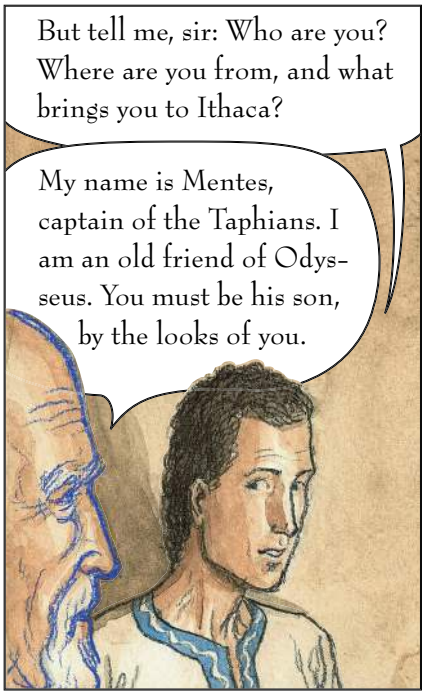


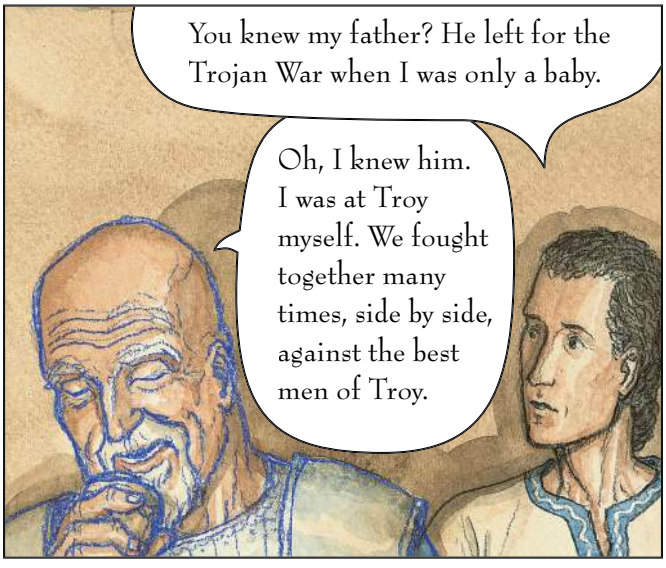


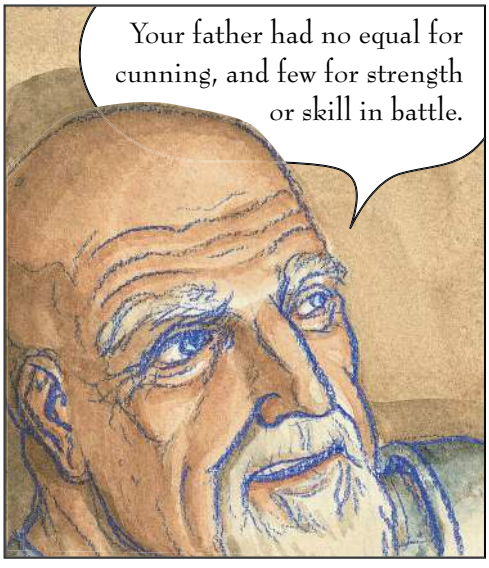


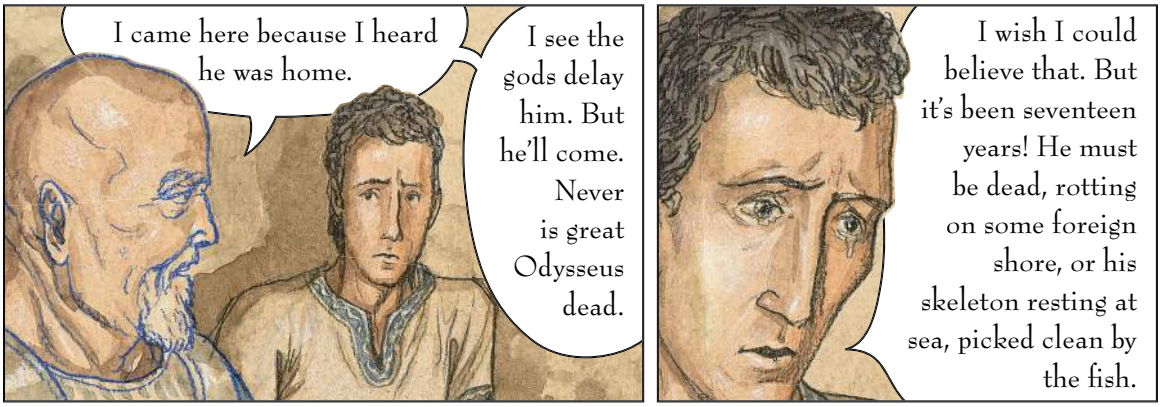


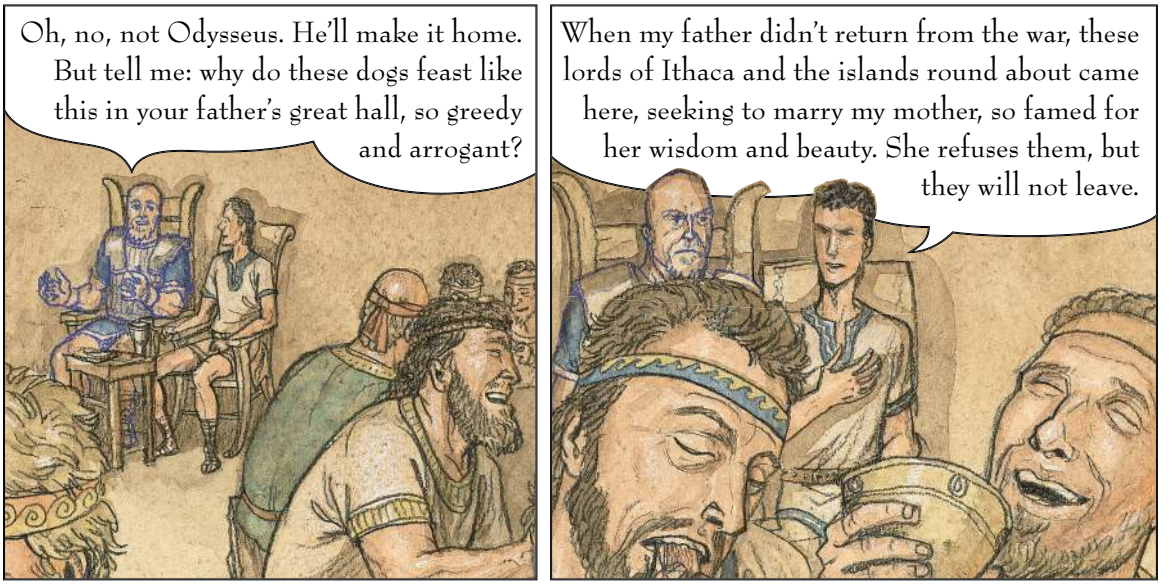

I hope it won't offend you if I speak frankly. It's easy for these men to be lighthearted when they feast on the goods of another. A better man, too — my father. They'd have cause for grief if he returned.

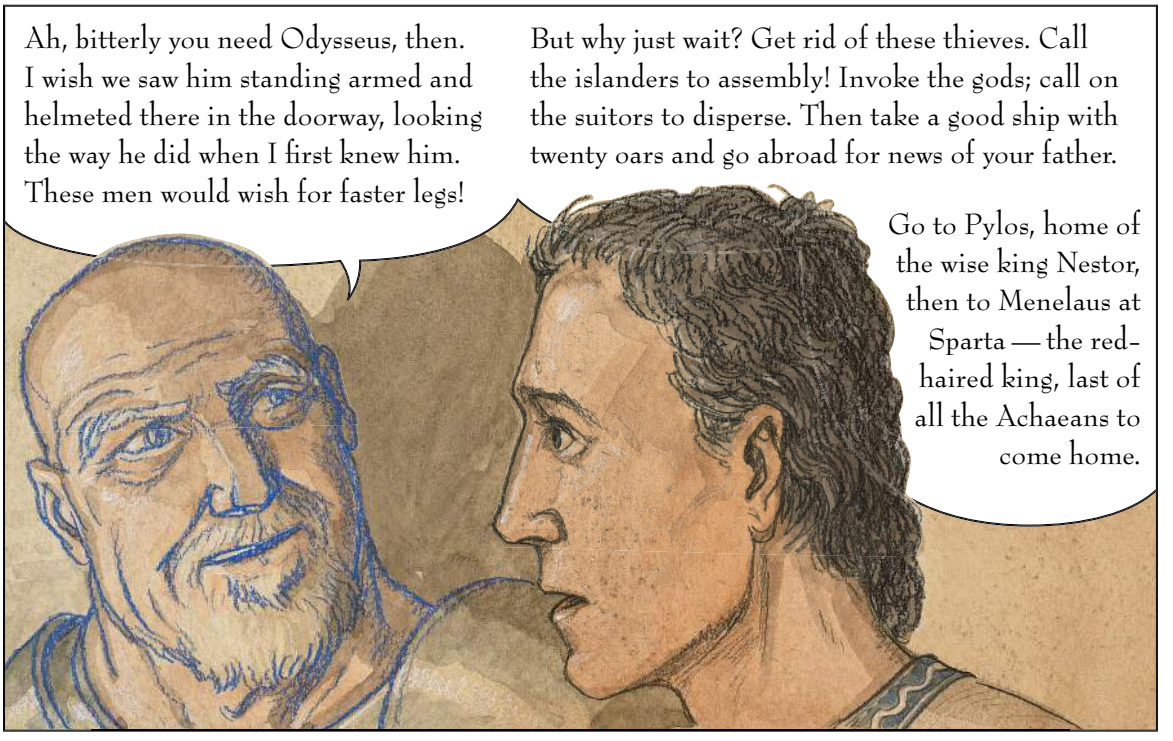

But tell me, sir: Who are you? Where are you from, and what brings you to Ithaca?
My name is Mentes, captain of the Taphians. I am an old friend of Odysseus. You must be his son, by the looks of you.

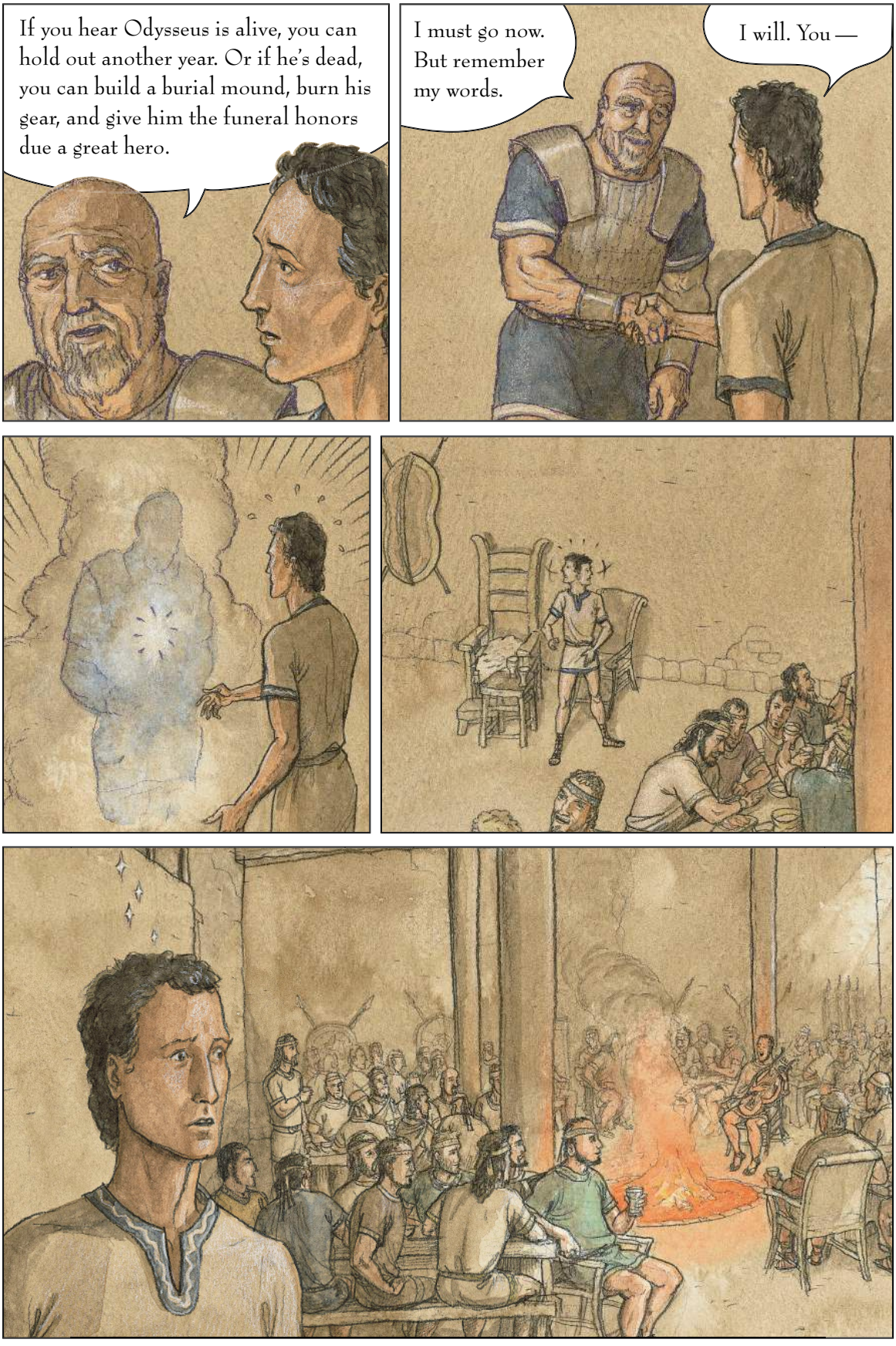

You knew my father? He left for the Trojan War when I was only a baby.
Oh, I knew him. I was at Troy myself. We fought together many times, side by side, against the best men of Troy.

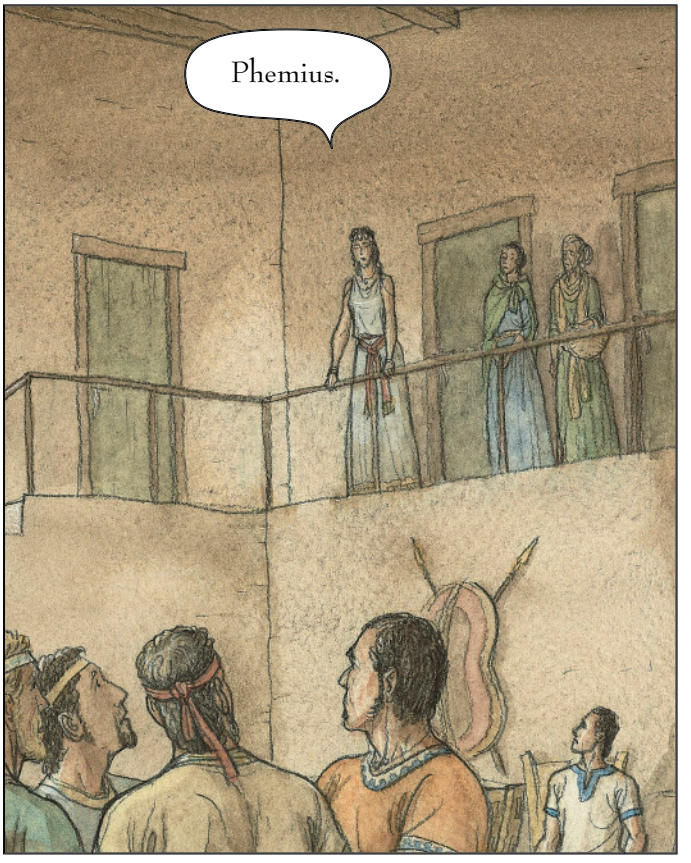

Your father had no equal for cunning, and few for strength or skill in battle.

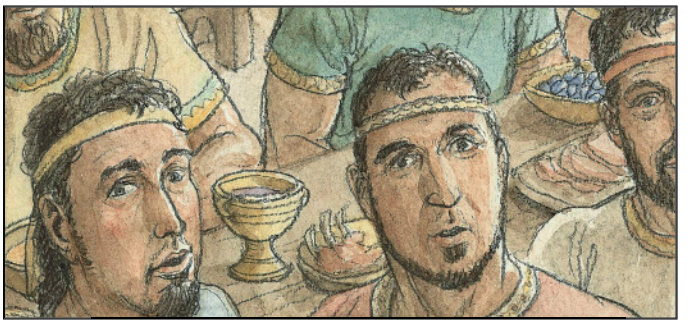

I came here because I heard he was home.
I see the gods delay him. But he'll come. Never is great Odysseus dead.
I wish I could believe that. But it's been seventeen years! He must be dead, rotting on some foreign shore, or his skeleton resting at sea, picked clean by the fish.


Oh, no, not Odysseus. He'll make it home. But tell me: why do these dogs feast like this in your father's great hall, so greedy and arrogant?
When my father didn't return from the war, these lords of Ithaca and the islands round about came here, seeking to marry my mother, so famed for her wisdom and beauty. She refuses them, but they will not leave.

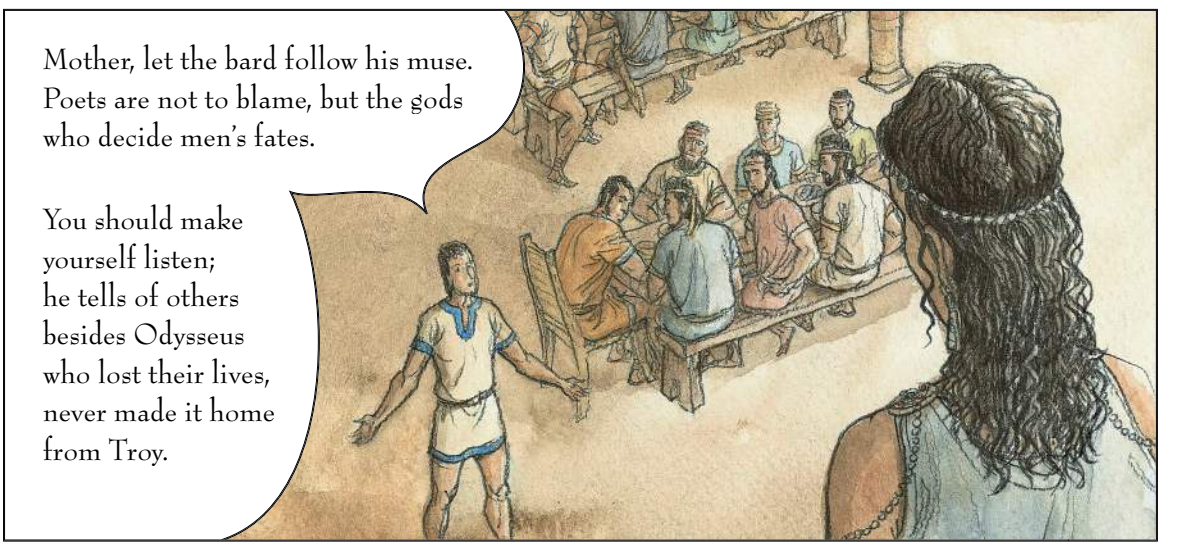

Ah, bitterly you need Odysseus, then. I wish we saw him standing armed and helmeted there in the doorway, looking the way he did when I first knew him. These men would wish for faster legs!
But why just wait? Get rid of these thieves. Call the islanders to assembly! Invoke the gods; call on the suitors to disperse. Then take a good ship with twenty oars and go abroad for news of your father.
Go to Pylos, home of the wise king Nestor, then to Menelaus at Sparta — the red-haired king, last of all the Achaeans to come home.


If you hear Odysseus is alive, you can hold out another year. Or if he's dead, you can build a burial mound, burn his gear, and give him the funeral honors due a great hero.
I must go now. But remember my words.
I will. You —

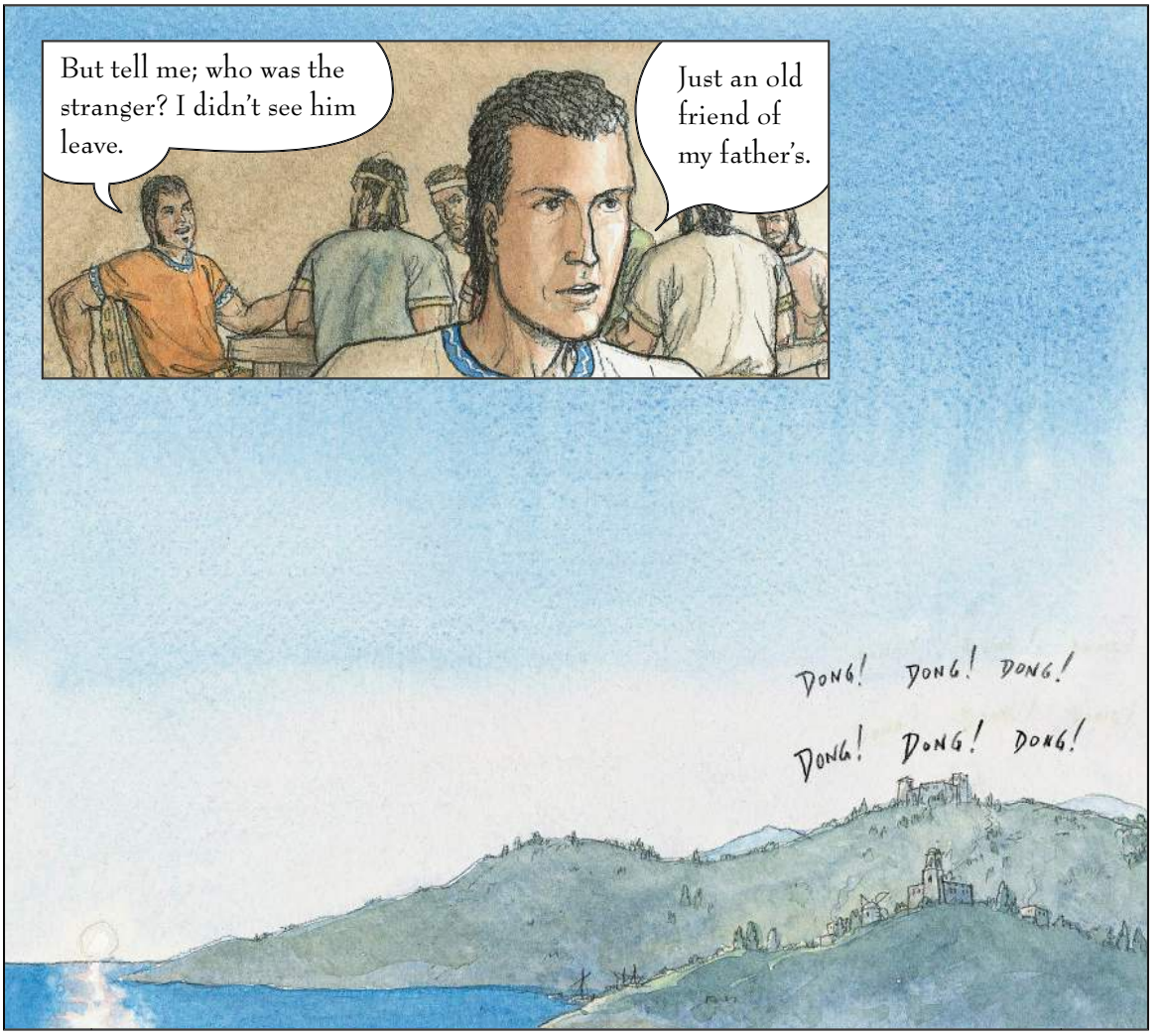

Phemius.




Phemius, sing some other song. This one reopens the wound in my heart, makes me long for that matchless man, my husband.

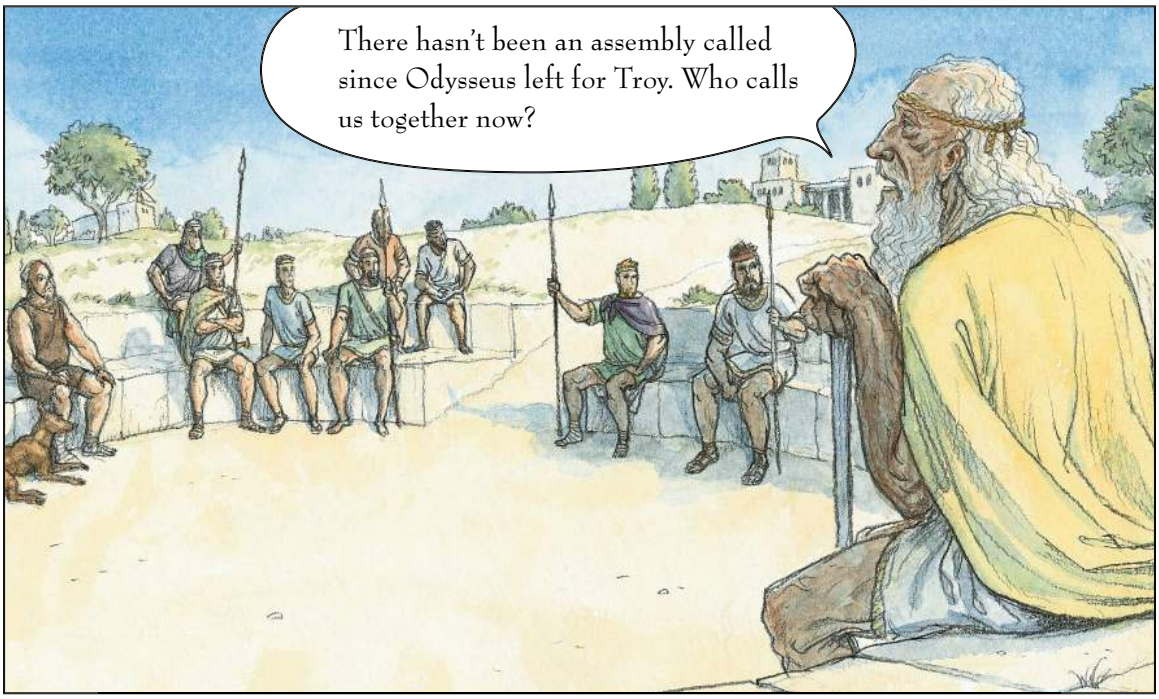

Mother, let the bard follow his muse. Poets are not to blame, but the gods who decide men's fates.
You should make yourself listen; he tells of others besides Odysseus who lost their lives, never made it home from Troy.

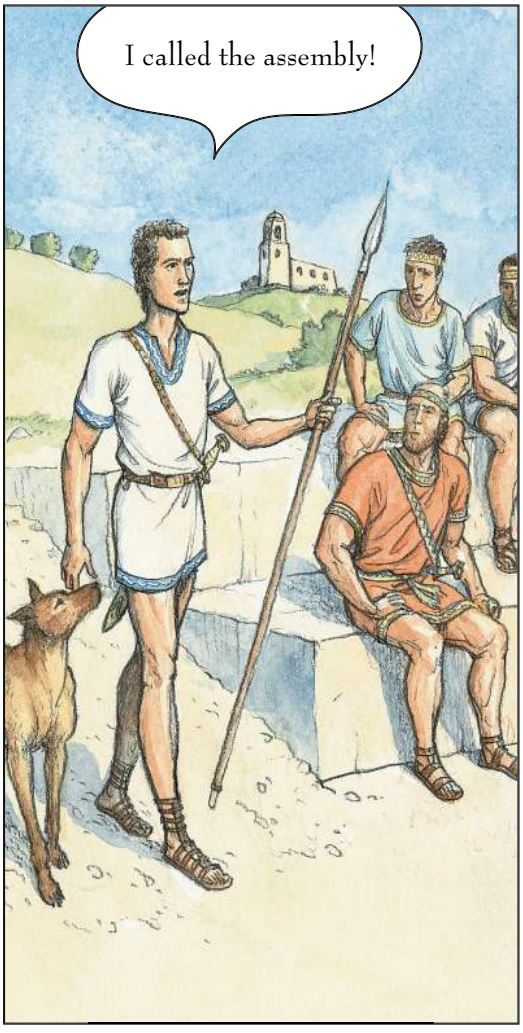

Be quiet, you insolent suitors. Let the bard sing, and when he is done, drain your cups and go home.
The gods themselves must be teaching you this high and mighty manner, Telemachus!

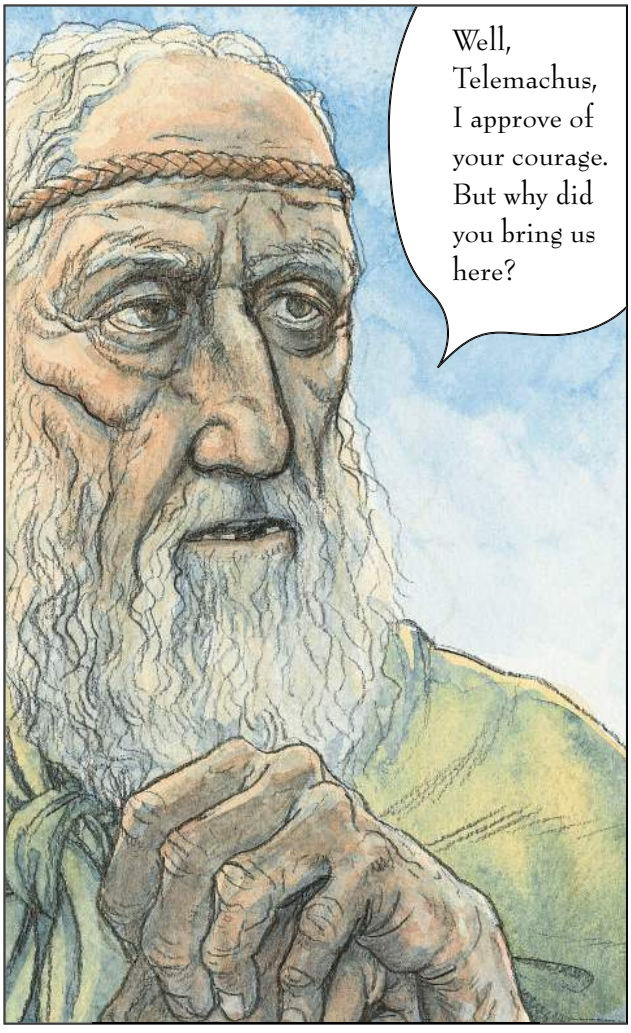

But tell me; who was the stranger? I didn't see him leave.
Just an old friend of my father's.
DONG! DONG! DONG!
DONG! DONG! DONG!

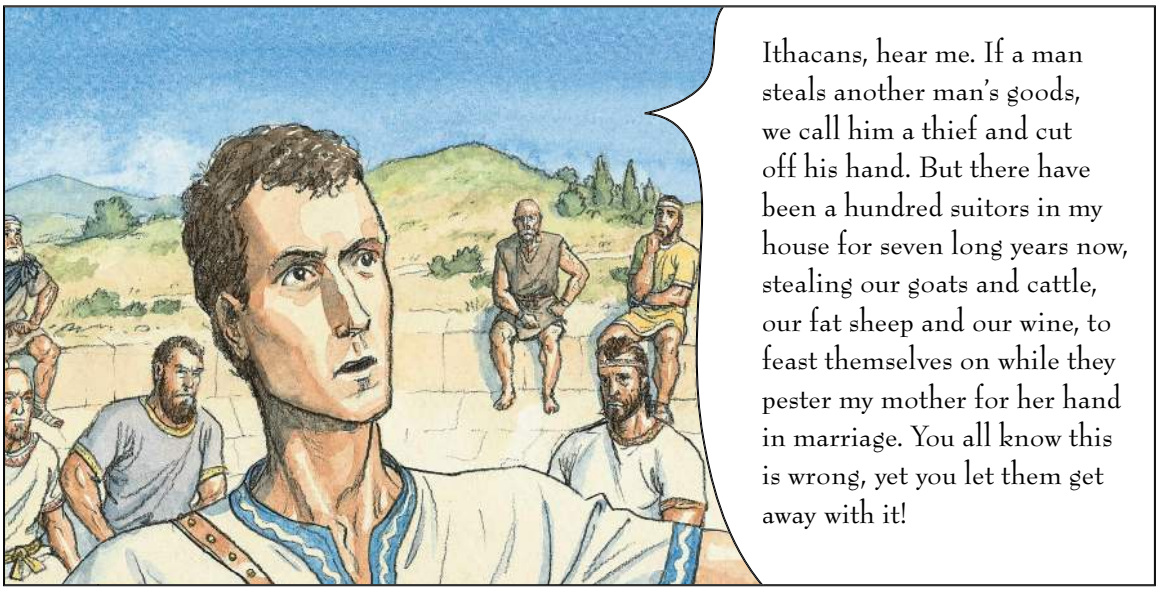

DONG!

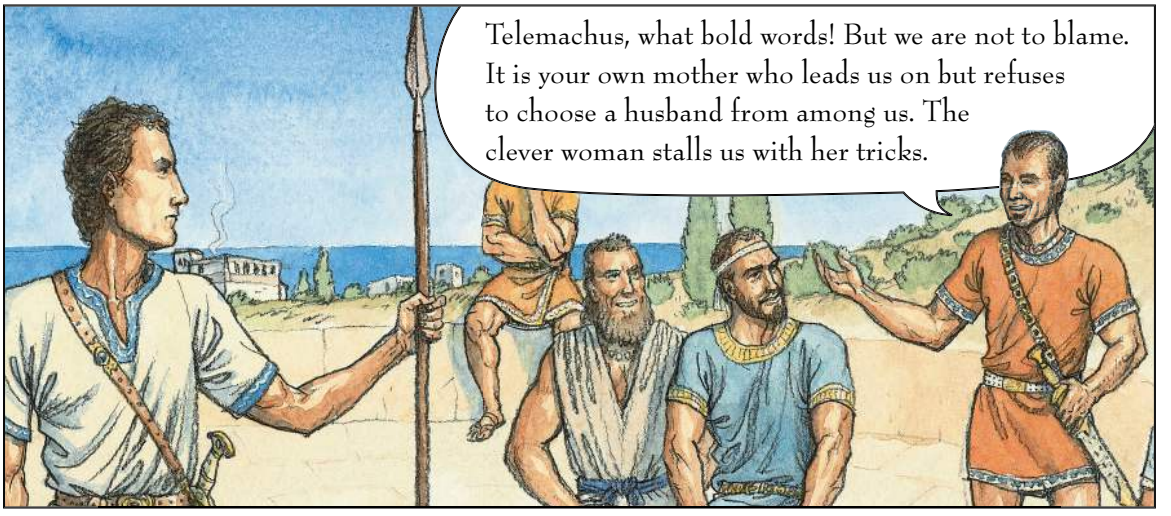


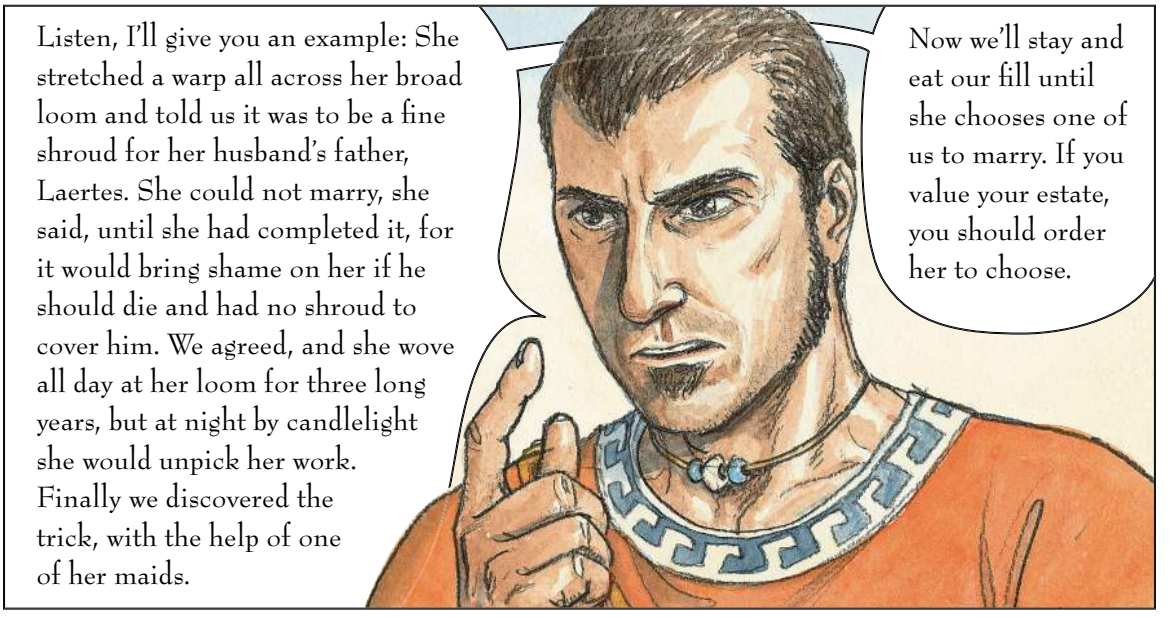

There hasn't been an assembly called since Odysseus left for Troy. Who calls us together now?


I called the assembly!

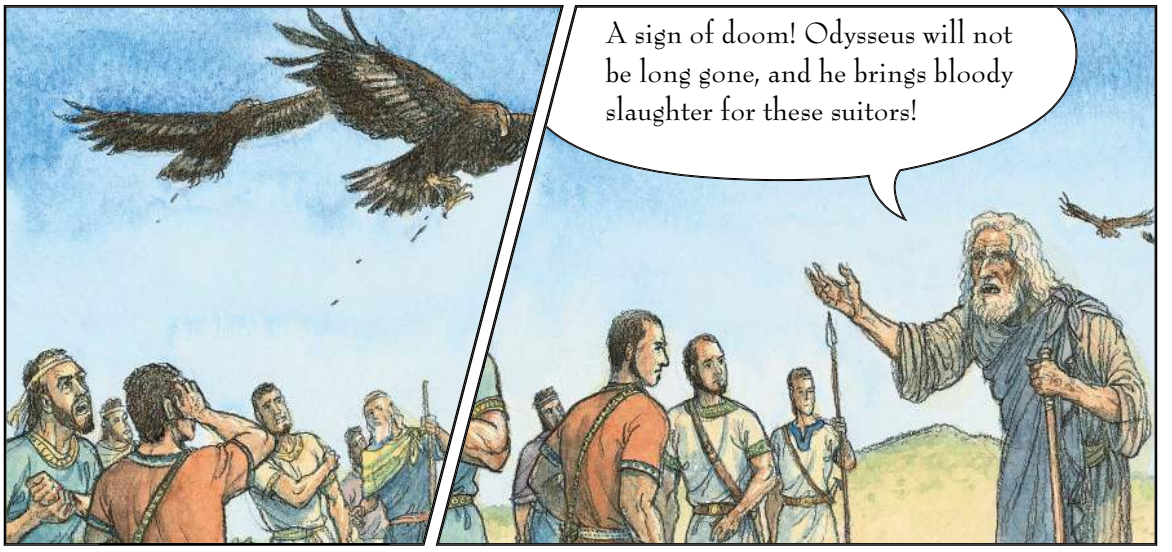

Well, Telemachus, I approve of your courage. But why did you bring us here?

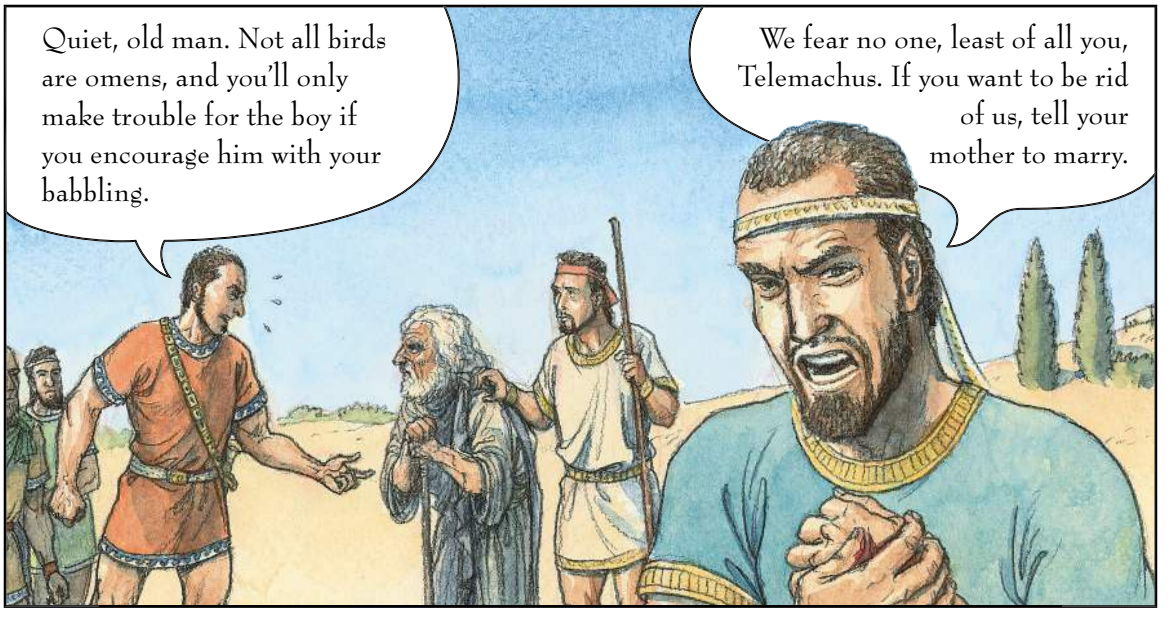

Ithacans, hear me. If a man steals another man's goods, we call him a thief and cut off his hand. But there have been a hundred suitors in my house for seven long years now, stealing our goats and cattle, our fat sheep and our wine, to feast themselves on while they pester my mother for her hand in marriage. You all know this is wrong, yet you let them get away with it!

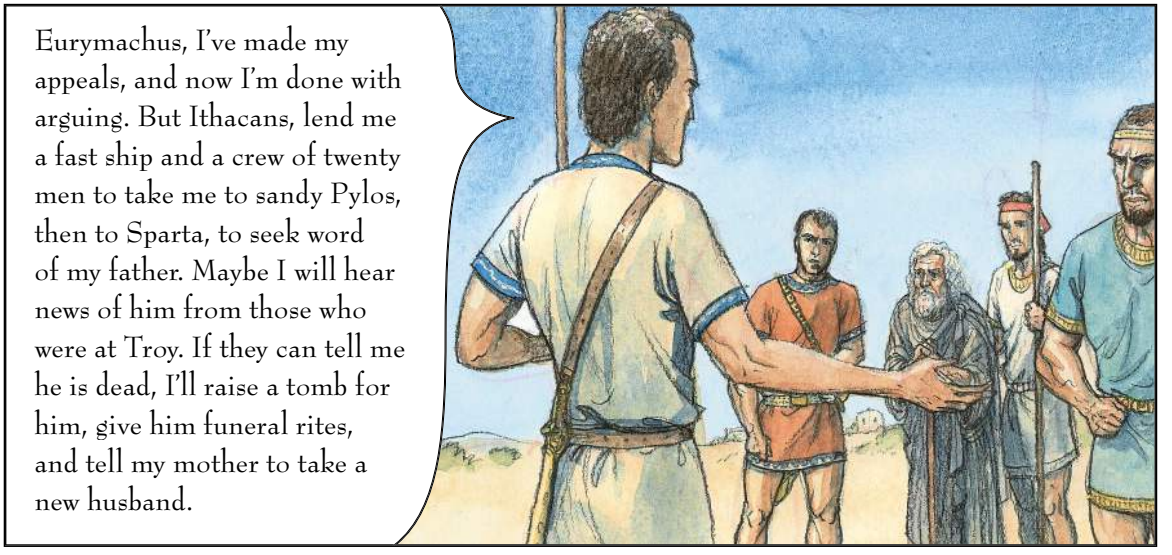

Telemachus, what bold words! But we are not to blame. It is your own mother who leads us on but refuses to choose a husband from among us. The clever woman stalls us with her tricks.

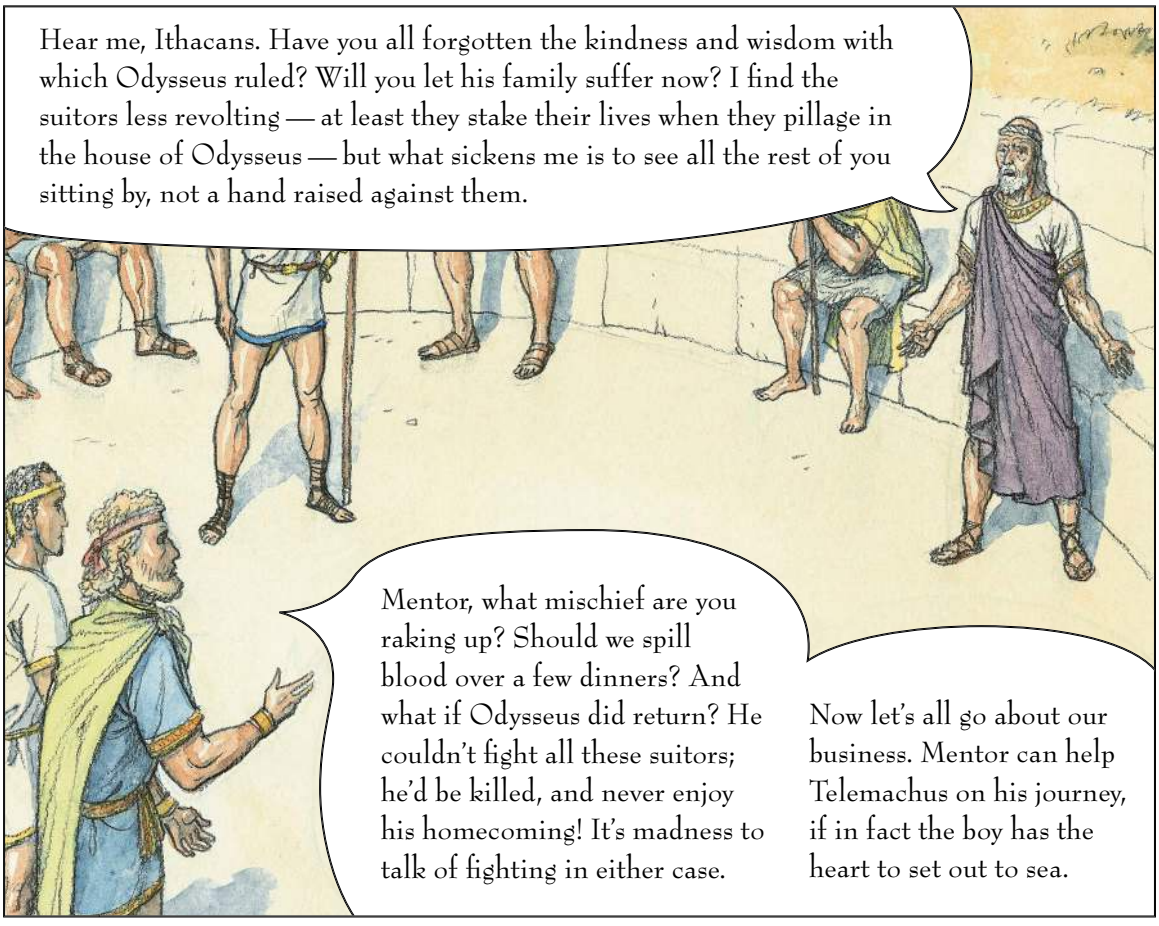

Listen, I'll give you an example: She stretched a warp all across her broad loom and told us it was to be a fine shroud for her husband's father, Laertes. She could not marry, she said, until she had completed it, for it would bring shame on her if he should die and had no shroud to cover him. We agreed, and she wove all day at her loom for three long years, but at night by candlelight she would unpick her work. Finally we discovered the trick, with the help of one of her maids.
Now we'll stay and eat our fill until she chooses one of us to marry. If you value your estate, you should order her to choose.

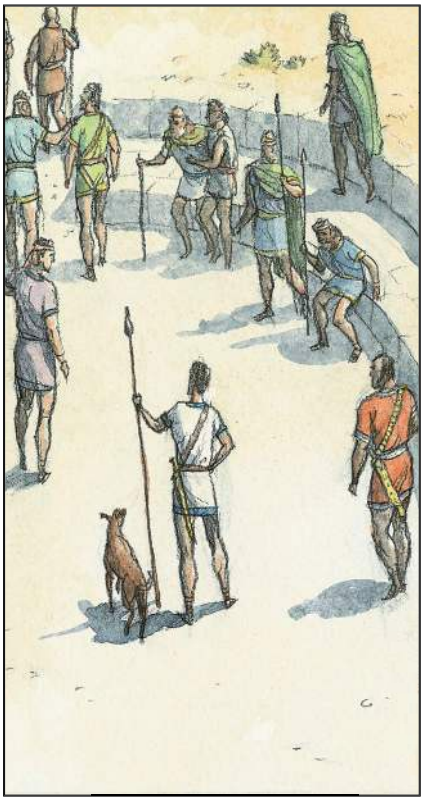

Antinoos, can I banish against her will the mother who bore me and took care of me? Make an enemy of her father, and bring the Furies down on my head? Never.
But if you are capable of shame, you should leave my hall and take your dinners elsewhere. Consume your own flocks, or you may face the wrath of Zeus.

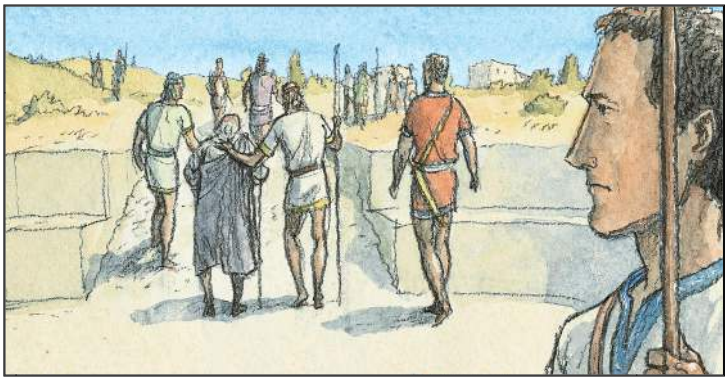

A sign of doom! Odysseus will not be long gone, and he brings bloody slaughter for these suitors!


Quiet, old man. Not all birds are omens, and you'll only make trouble for the boy if you encourage him with your babbling.
We fear no one, least of all you, Telemachus. If you want to be rid of us, tell your mother to marry.


Eurymachus, I've made my appeals, and now I'm done with arguing. But Ithacans, lend me a fast ship and a crew of twenty men to take me to sandy Pylos, then to Sparta, to seek word of my father. Maybe I will hear news of him from those who were at Troy. If they can tell me he is dead, I'll raise a tomb for him, give him funeral rites, and tell my mother to take a new husband.


Hear me, Ithacans. Have you all forgotten the kindness and wisdom with which Odysseus ruled? Will you let his family suffer now? I find the suitors less revolting — at least they stake their lives when they pillage in the house of Odysseus — but what sickens me is to see all the rest of you sitting by, not a hand raised against them.
Mentor, what mischief are you raking up? Should we spill blood over a few dinners? And what if Odysseus did return? He couldn't fight all these suitors; he'd be killed, and never enjoy his homecoming! It's madness to talk of fighting in either case.
Now let's all go about our business. Mentor can help Telemachus on his journey, if in fact the boy has the heart to set out to sea.



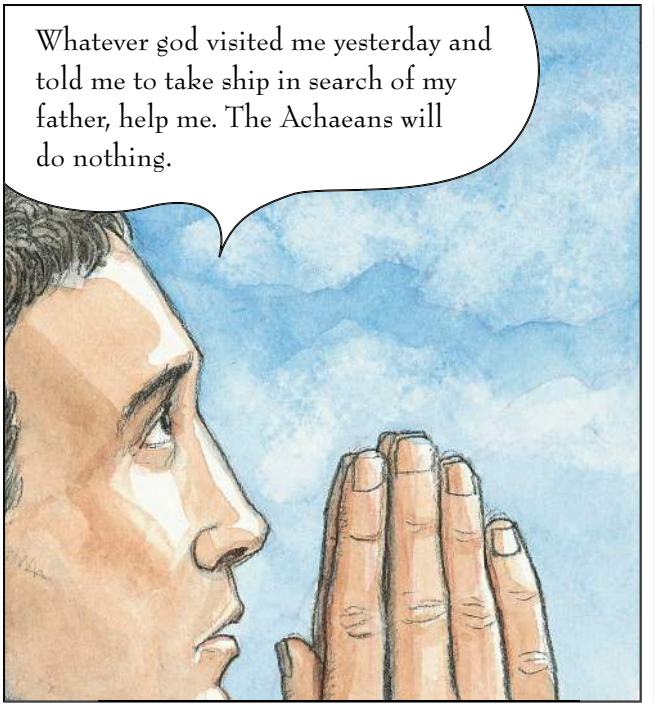




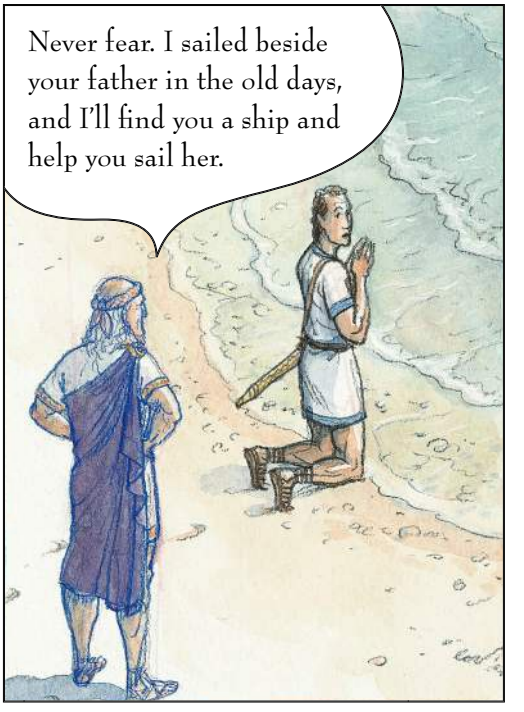




Whatever god visited me yesterday and told me to take ship in search of my father, help me. The Achaeans will do nothing.



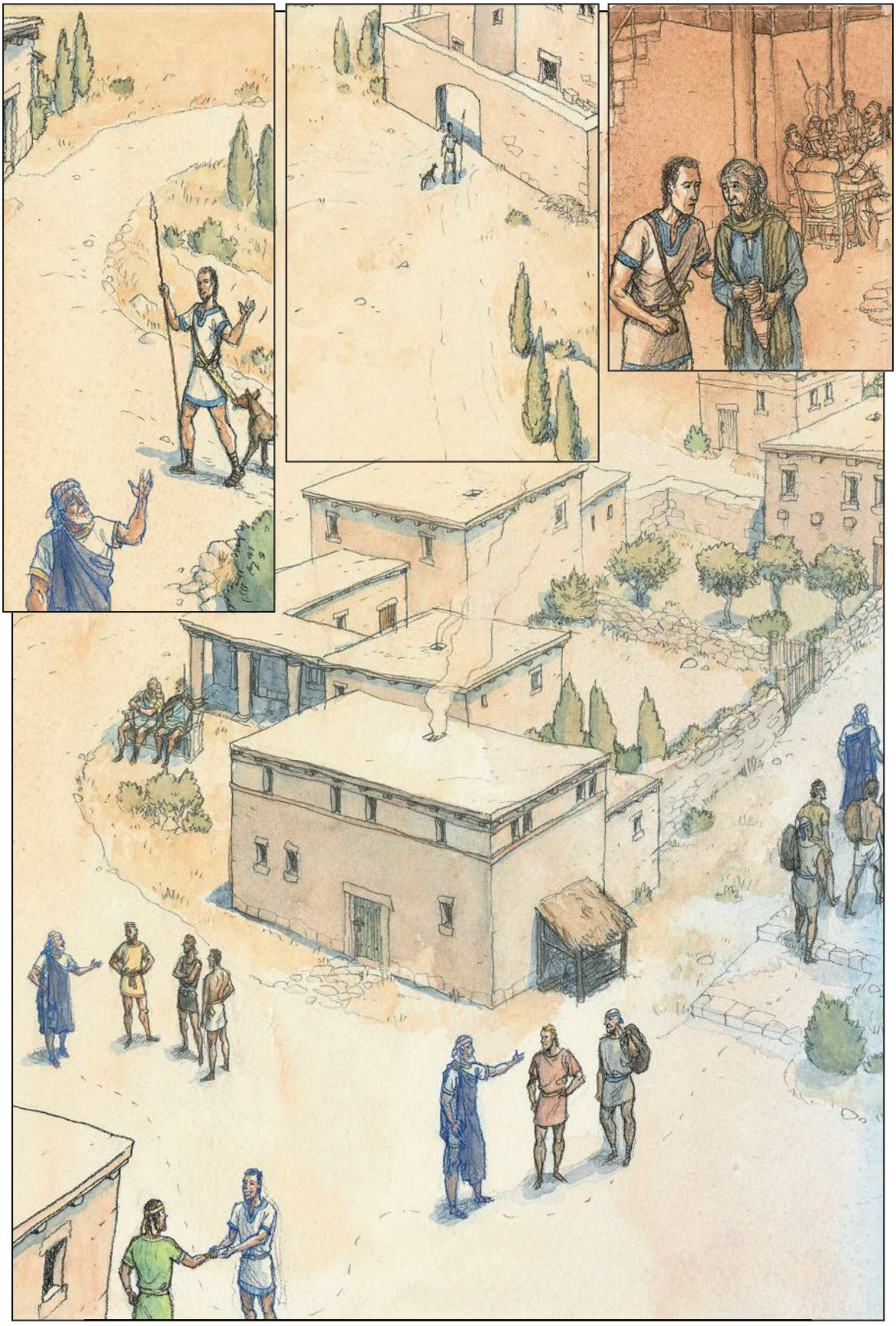
Never fear. I sailed beside your father in the old days, and I'll find you a ship and help you sail her.



Go on home and join the suitors, but gather up provisions, wine in jars and barley meal — the staying power of oarsmen — in watertight bags. I'll find sailors to man the oars.

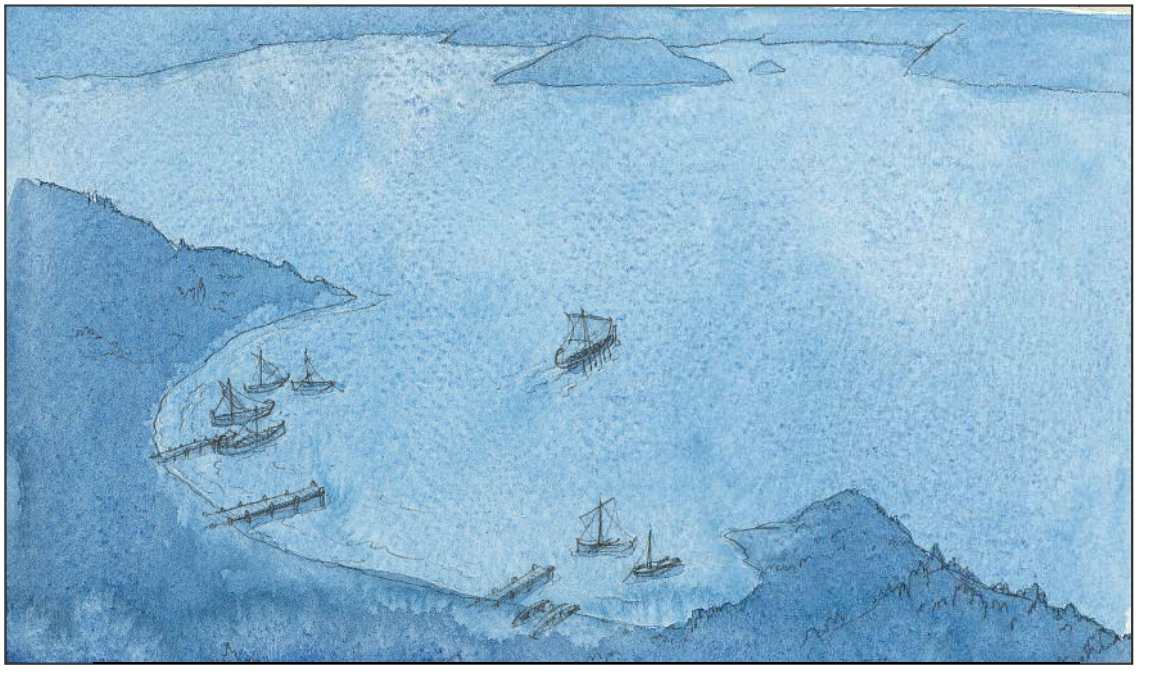
It's a rare son who measures up to his father, and only one in a thousand is a better man — but you have the heart and wit to win through.

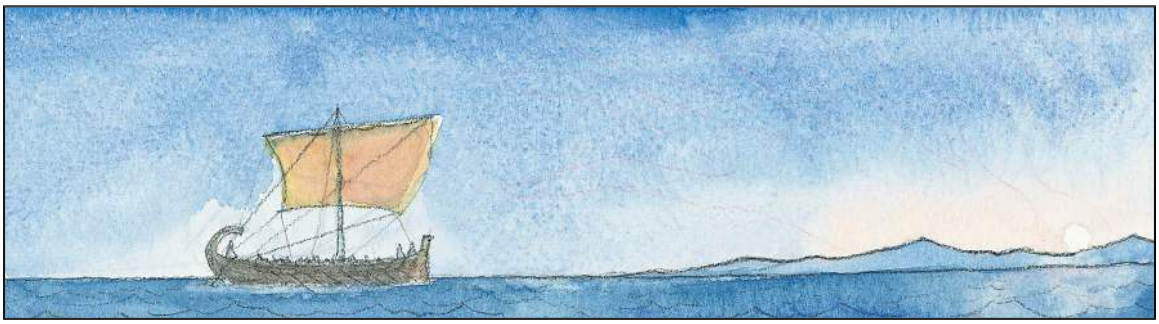




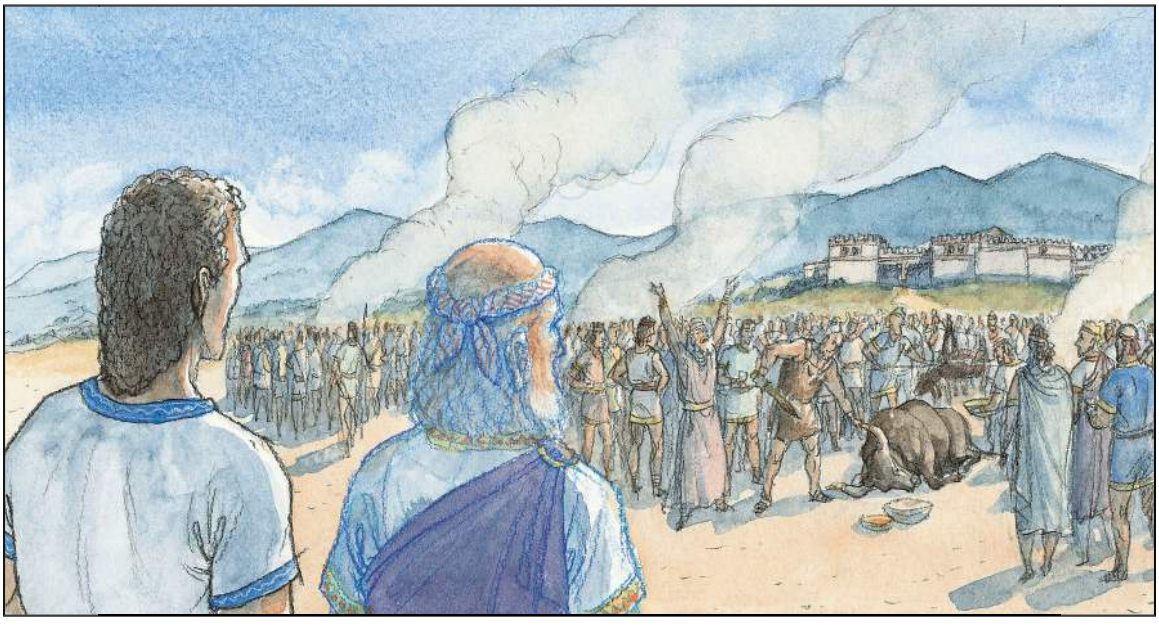


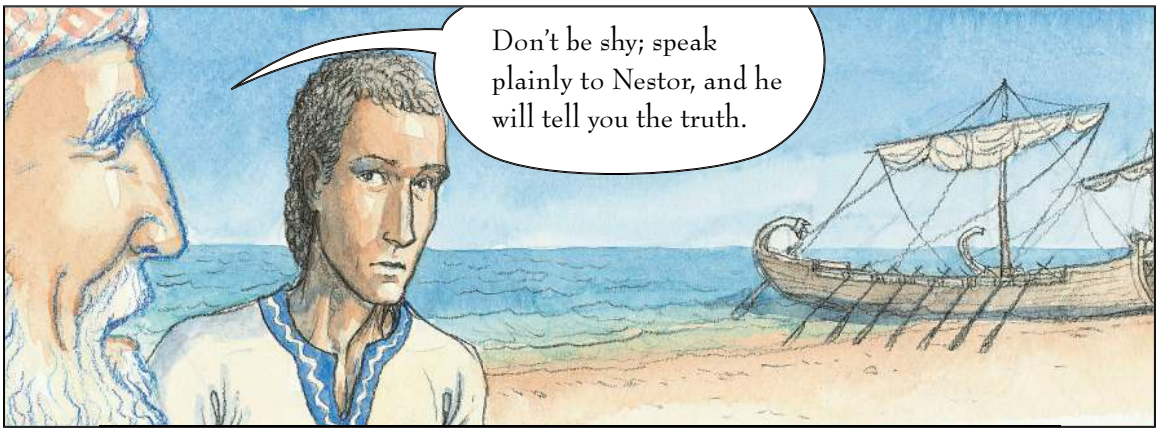


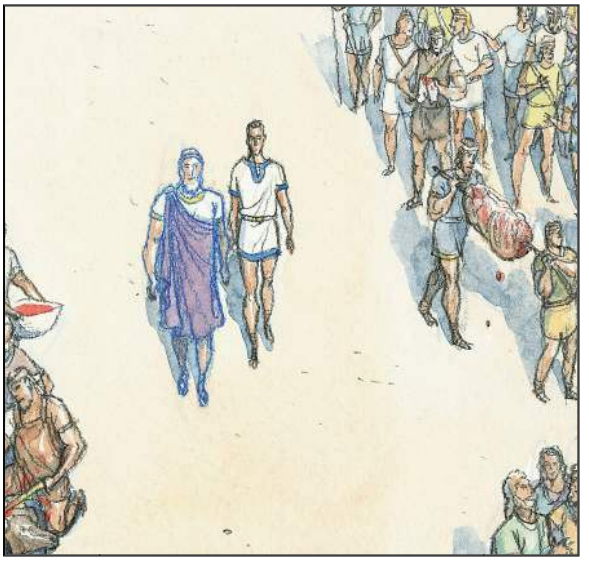


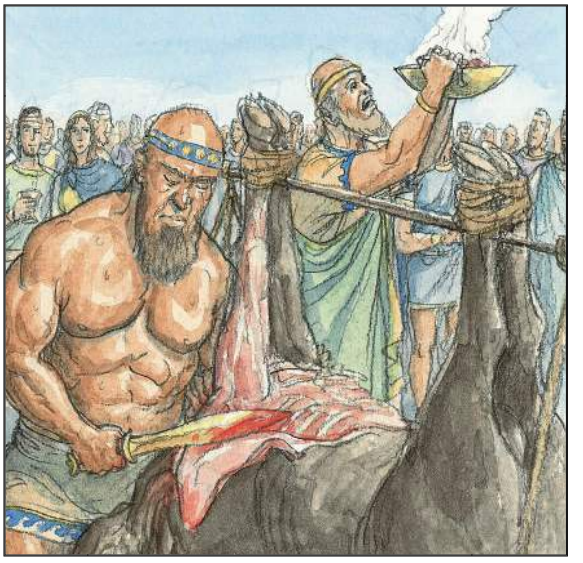


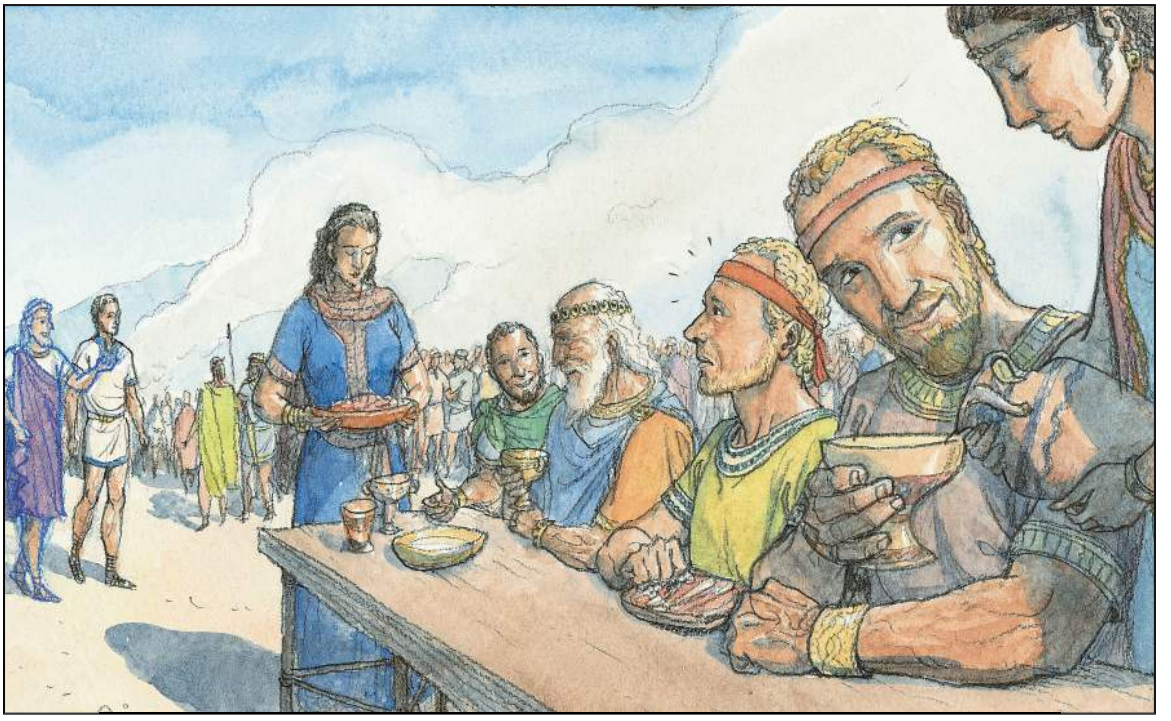


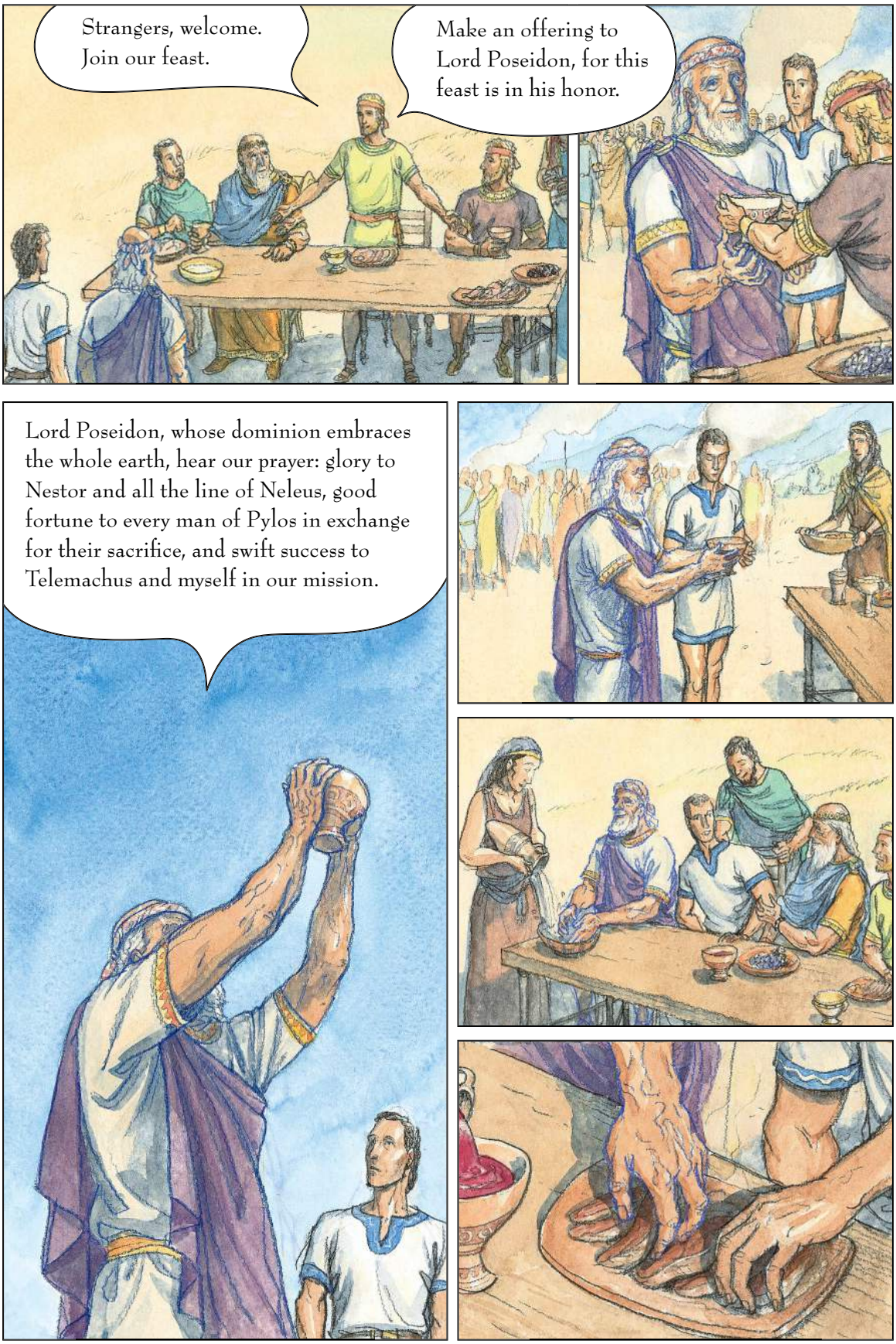


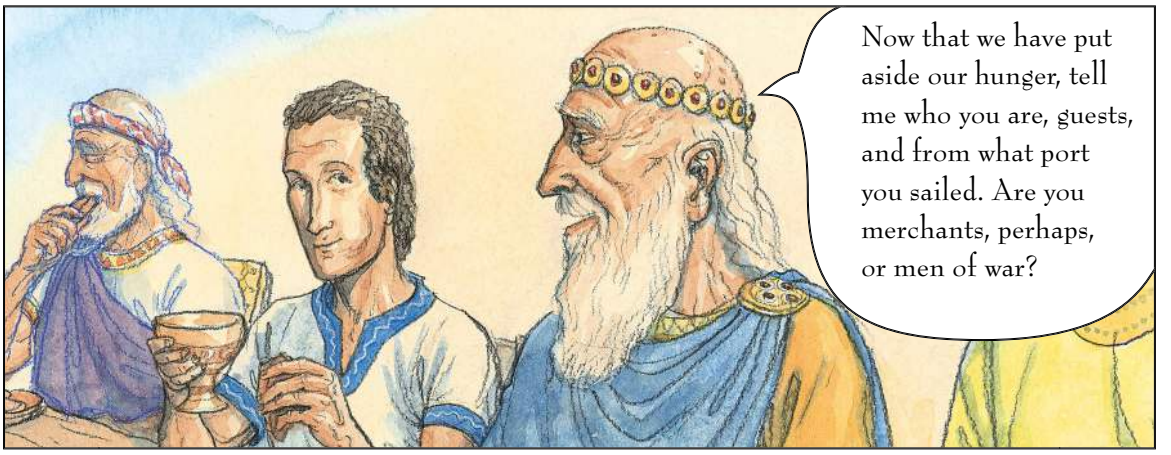

Don't be shy; speak plainly to Nestor, and he will tell you the truth.

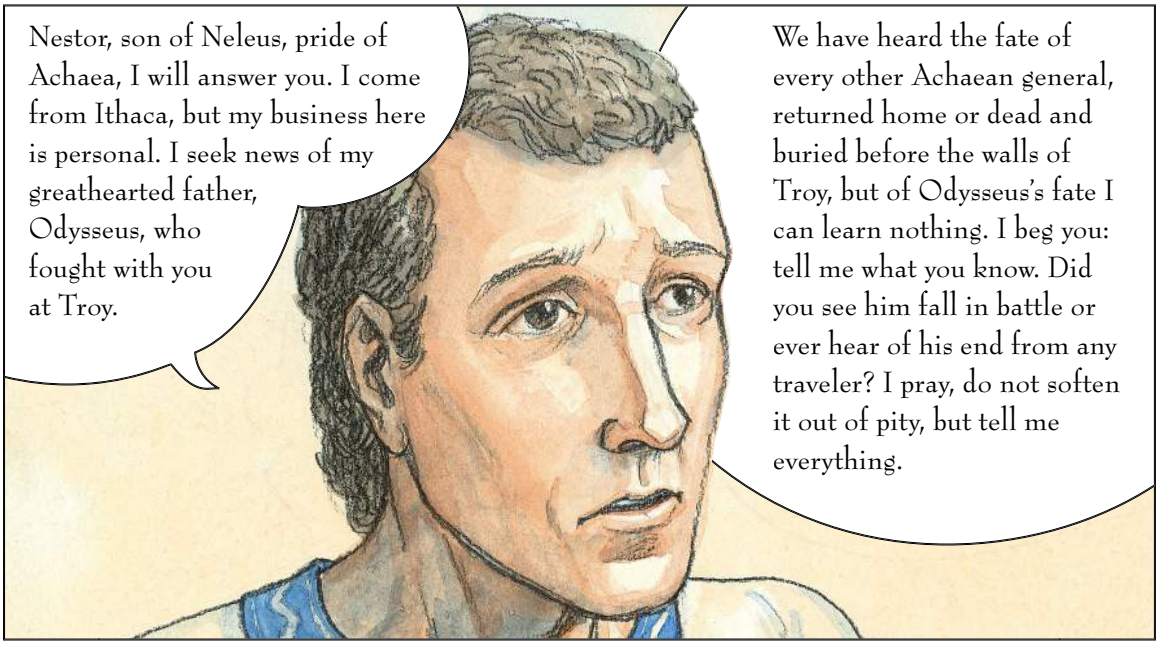


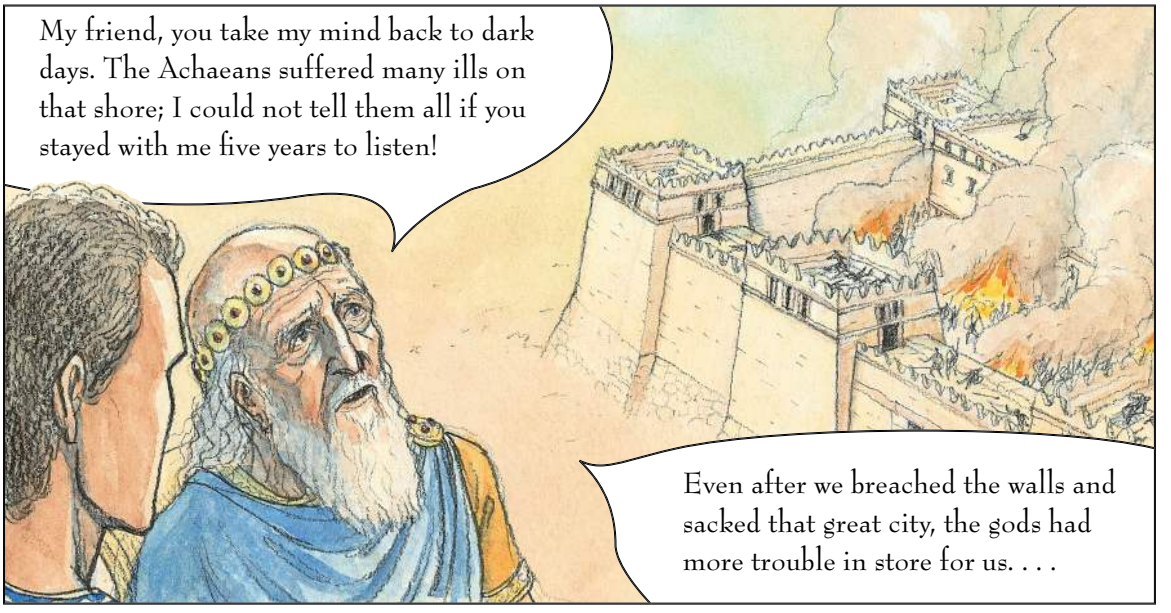


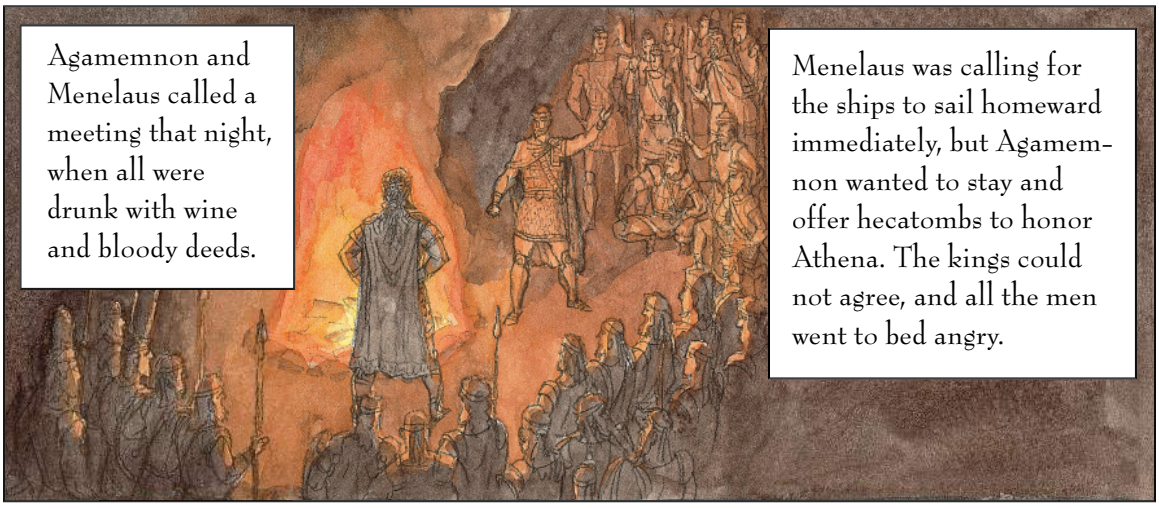


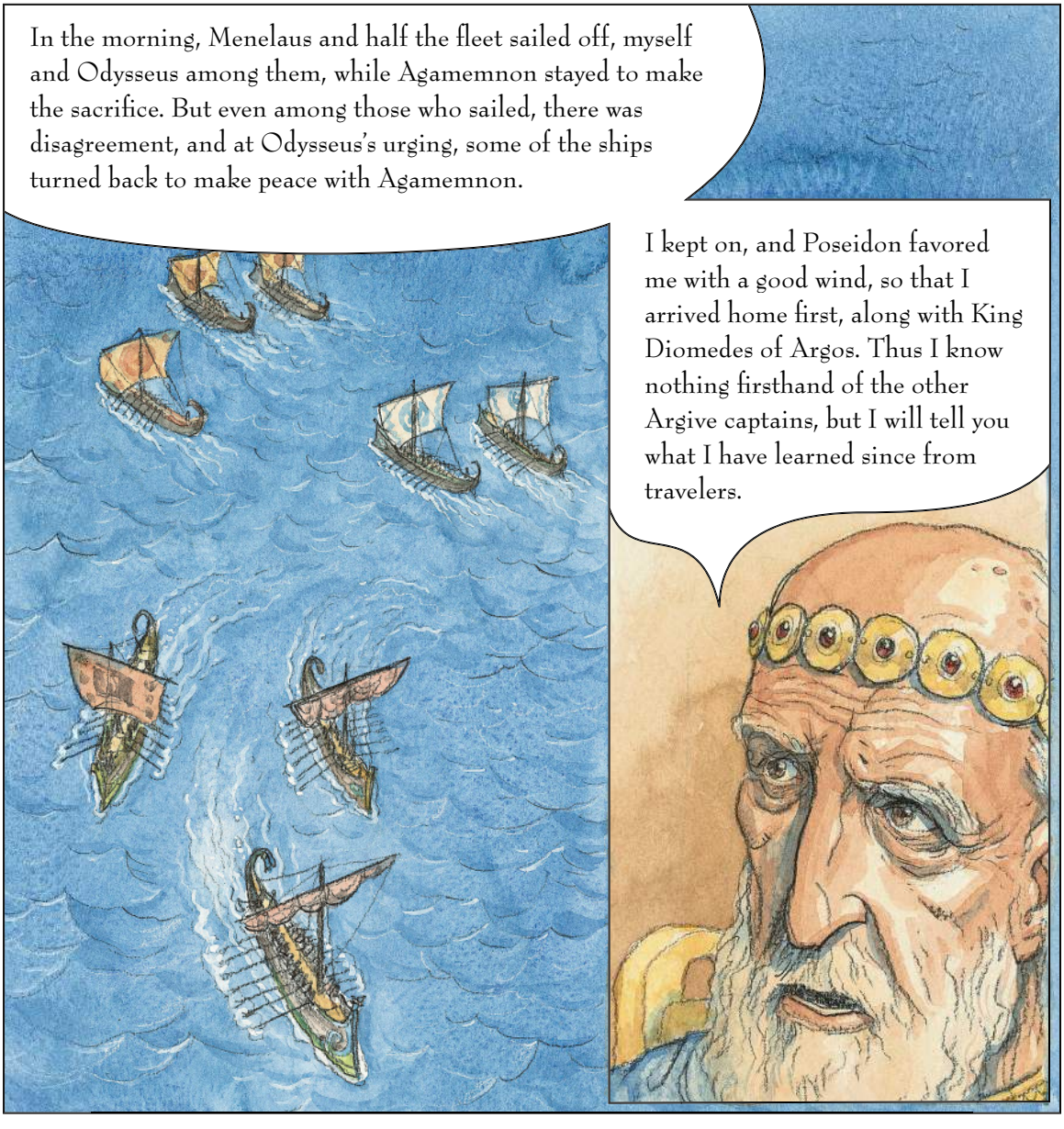

Strangers, welcome. Join our feast.
Make an offering to Lord Poseidon, for this feast is in his honor.
Lord Poseidon, whose dominion embraces the whole earth, hear our prayer: glory to Nestor and all the line of Neleus, good fortune to every man of Pylos in exchange for their sacrifice, and swift success to Telemachus and myself in our mission.


Now that we have put aside our hunger, tell me who you are, guests, and from what port you sailed. Are you merchants, perhaps, or men of war?

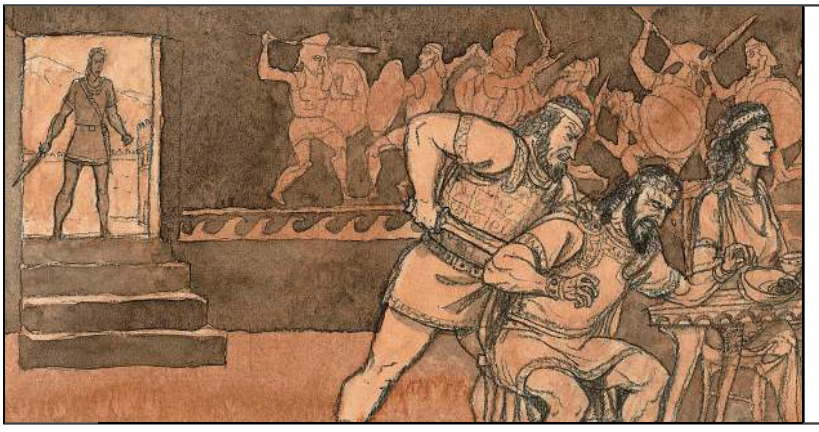

Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Achaea, I will answer you. I come from Ithaca, but my business here is personal. I seek news of my greathearted father, Odysseus, who fought with you at Troy.
We have heard the fate of every other Achaean general, returned home or dead and buried before the walls of Troy, but of Odysseus's fate I can learn nothing. I beg you: tell me what you know. Did you see him fall in battle or ever hear of his end from any traveler? I pray, do not soften it out of pity, but tell me everything.


My friend, you take my mind back to dark days. The Achaeans suffered many ills on that shore; I could not tell them all if you stayed with me five years to listen!
Even after we breached the walls and sacked that great city, the gods had more trouble in store for us. . . .


Agamemnon and Menelaus called a meeting that night, when all were drunk with wine and bloody deeds.
Menelaus was calling for the ships to sail homeward immediately, but Agamemnon wanted to stay and offer hecatombs to honor Athena. The kings could not agree, and all the men went to bed angry.


In the morning, Menelaus and half the fleet sailed off, myself and Odysseus among them, while Agamemnon stayed to make the sacrifice. But even among those who sailed, there was disagreement, and at Odysseus's urging, some of the ships turned back to make peace with Agamemnon.
I kept on, and Poseidon favored me with a good wind, so that I arrived home first, along with King Diomedes of Argos. Thus I know nothing firsthand of the other Argive captains, but I will tell you what I have learned since from travelers.

They say Achilles' fierce Myrmidons returned safely with his son, Neoptolemus; so too did Philoctetes, Idomenaus, and all their followers.

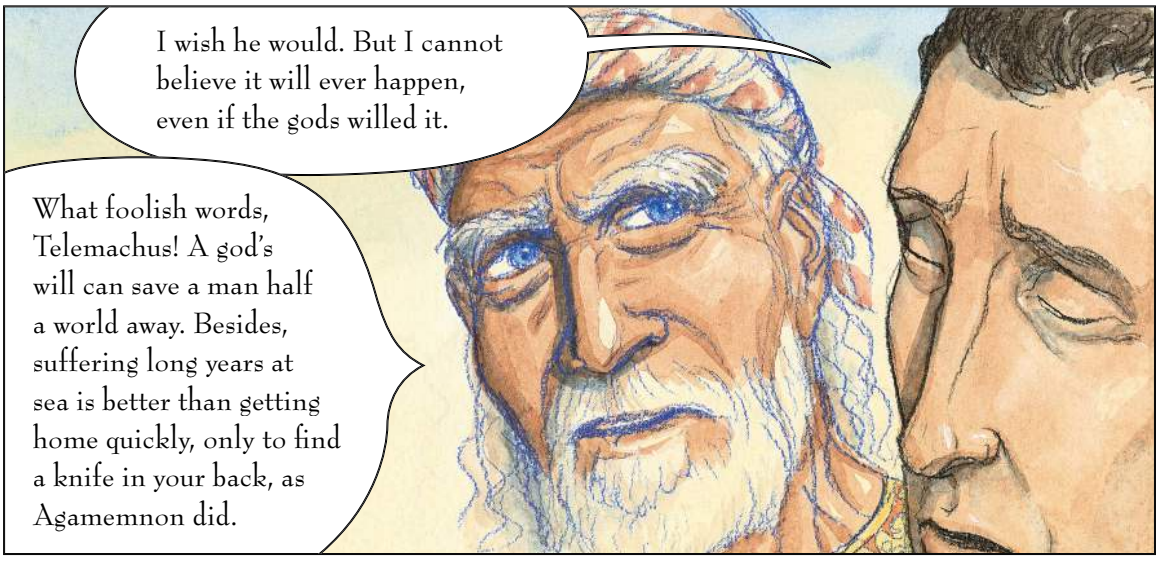


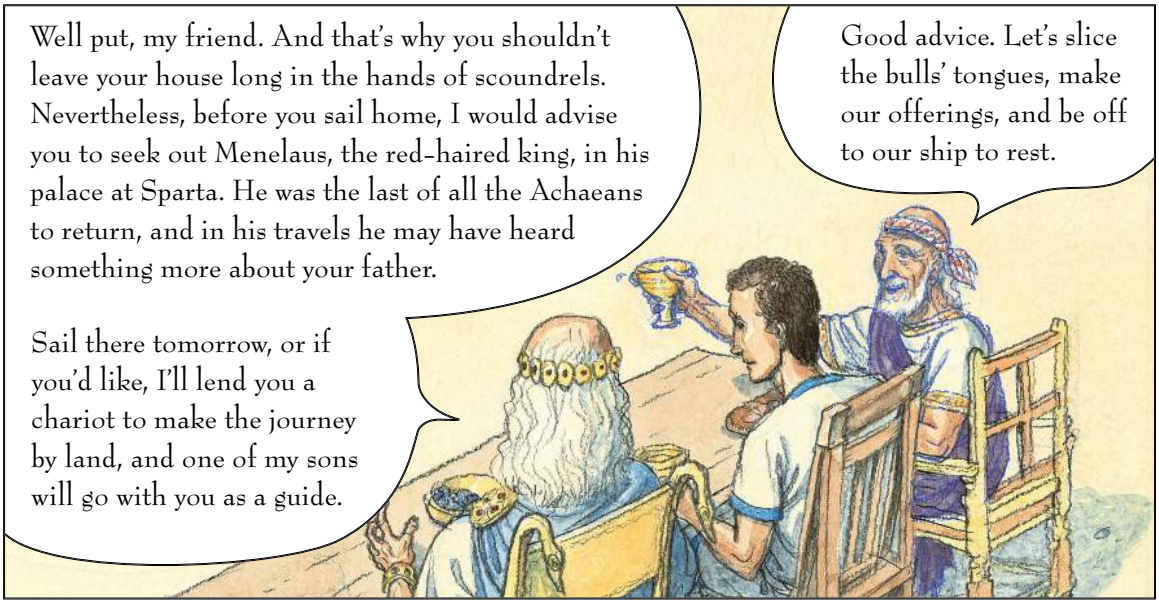
No matter how far away you live, you will have heard the songs about Agamemnon and his gruesome death at the hands of Aegisthus. But his son, Orestes, avenged the murder, and proved that the line of Atreus is still strong.

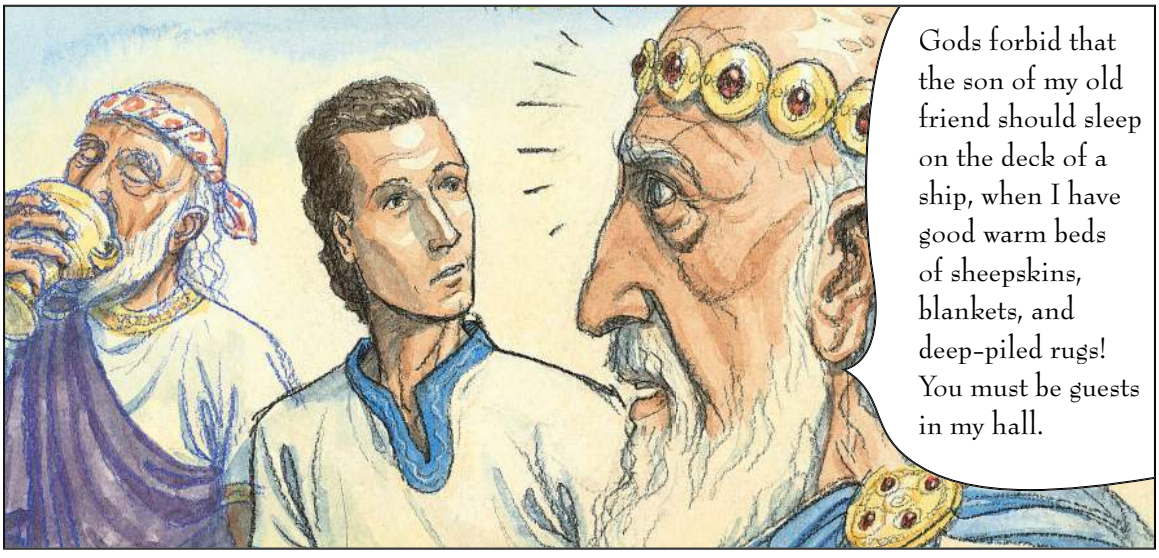
The Achaeans applaud Orestes, and his name will live through all time, for he has avenged his father nobly. I wish that heaven might grant me such vengeance on the insolent suitors of my mother, who plot my ruin, but the gods have no such happiness in store for me.

Now that you remind me, I have heard that your mother has many suitors, who are ill disposed toward you and are making havoc of your estate. Do you submit to this tamely, or are the gods and islanders all against you?

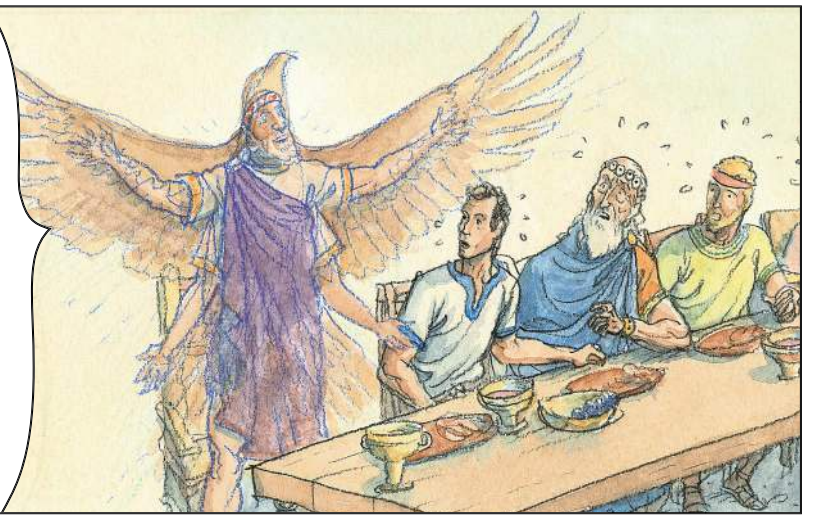
Who knows — Odysseus may come back after all and repay these scoundrels in full, either single-handedly or with a force of Achaeans behind him.


I wish he would. But I cannot believe it will ever happen, even if the gods willed it.
What foolish words, Telemachus! A god's will can save a man half a world away. Besides, suffering long years at sea is better than getting home quickly, only to find a knife in your back, as Agamemnon did.


Well put, my friend. And that's why you shouldn't leave your house long in the hands of scoundrels. Nevertheless, before you sail home, I would advise you to seek out Menelaus, the red-haired king, in his palace at Sparta. He was the last of all the Achaeans to return, and in his travels he may have heard something more about your father.
Sail there tomorrow, or if you'd like, I'll lend you a chariot to make the journey by land, and one of my sons will go with you as a guide.
Good advice. Let's slice the bulls' tongues, make our offerings, and be off to our ship to rest.


Gods forbid that the son of my old friend should sleep on the deck of a ship, when I have good warm beds of sheepskins, blankets, and deep-piled rugs! You must be guests in my hall.

Well said, sir. Telemachus should do as you ask. But I must go back to give orders and reassure the crew. They're all as young as Telemachus here, unused to the hardships of sailing. Send Telemachus on his way in a chariot with swift horses, and one of your sons for company.

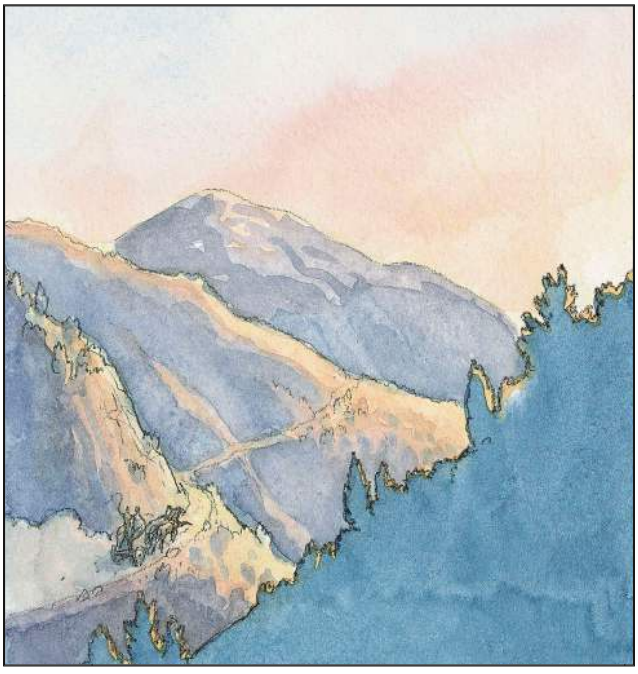


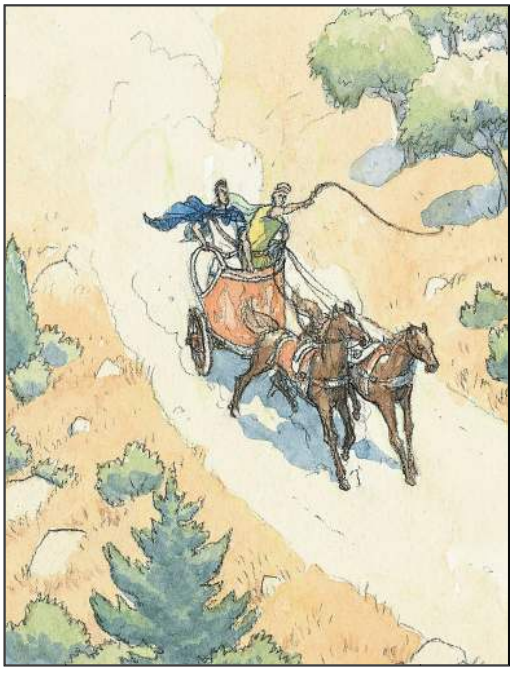


My friend, I have no fears for you, if at such a young age you're so favored by the gods. Why, that can only have been Athena, Zeus's gray-eyed daughter, who always favored your father in battle!

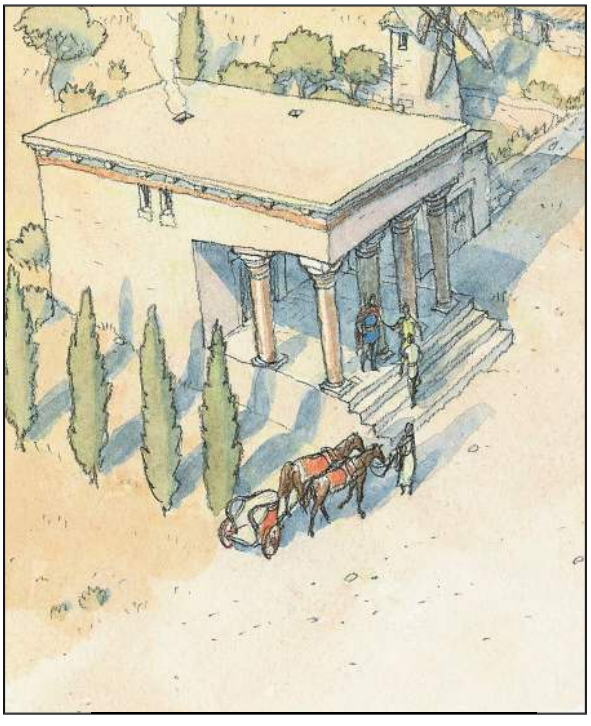
O Lady, hear me: Grant fame and good fortune to my wife and sons. A noble heifer, one year old, that no man has ever yoked or driven, will be yours in sacrifice. I'll sheath her horns in gold and offer her up to you.

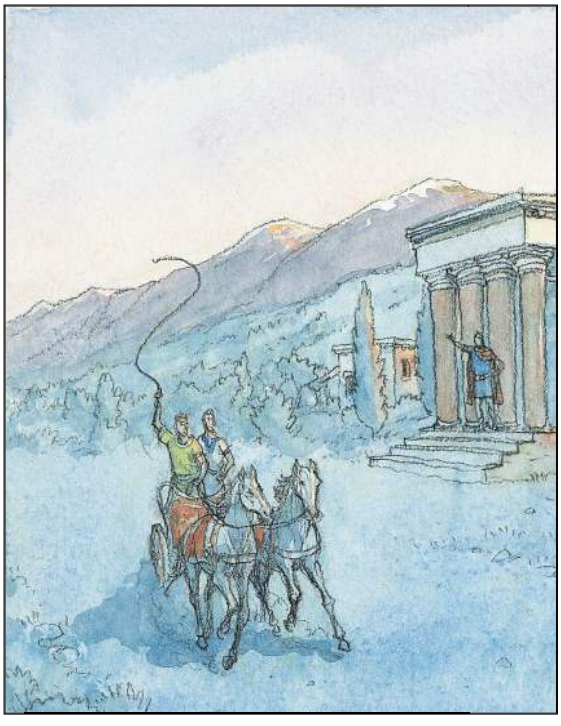


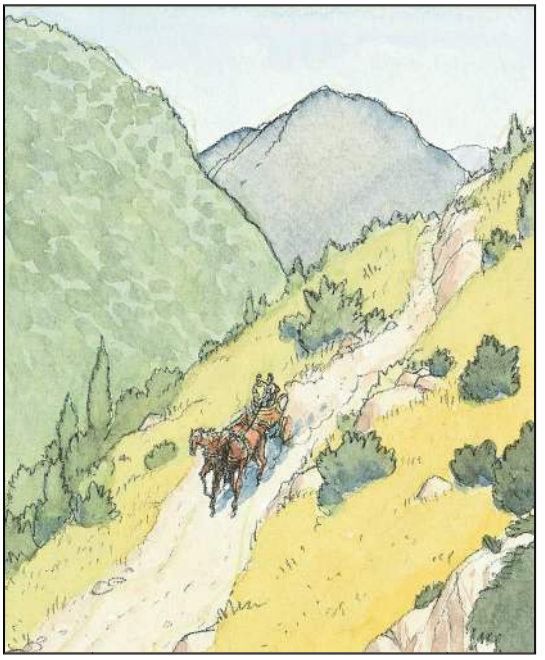


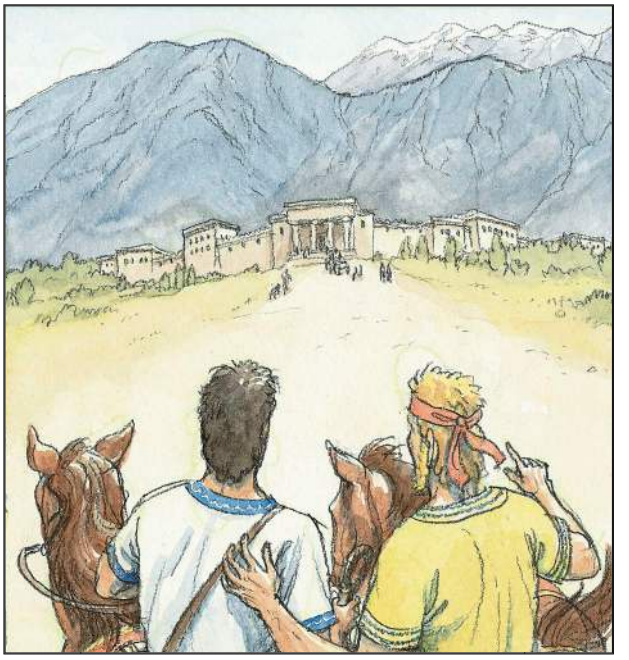


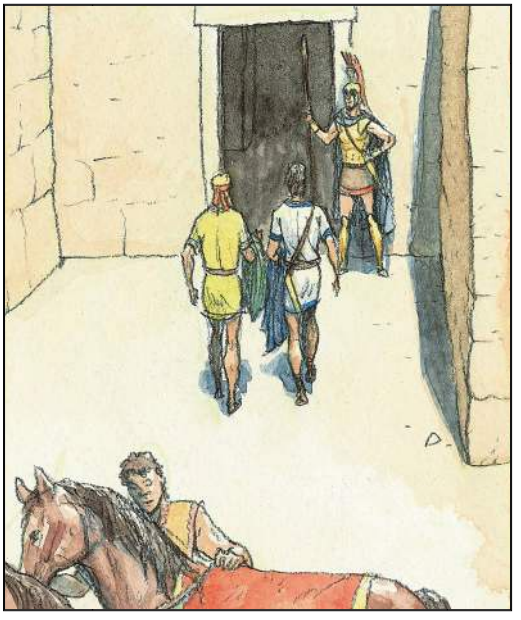






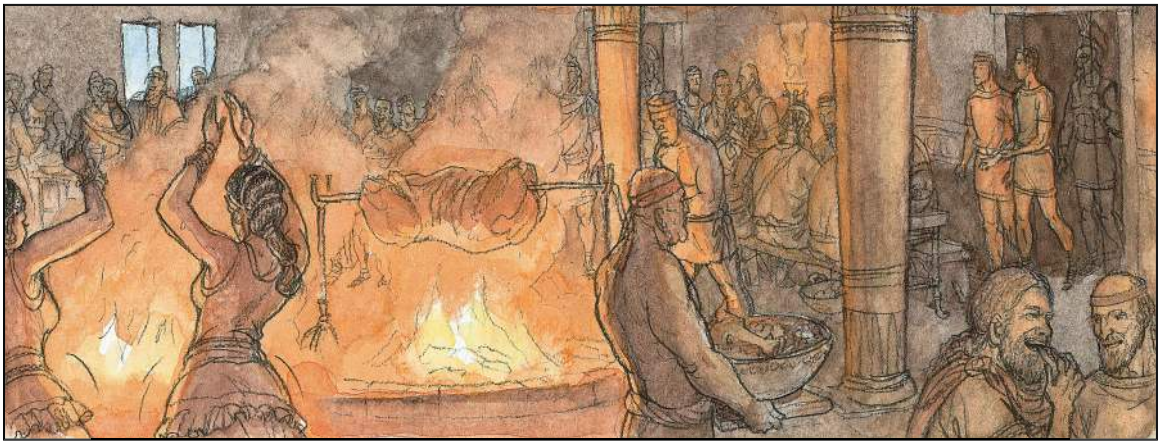






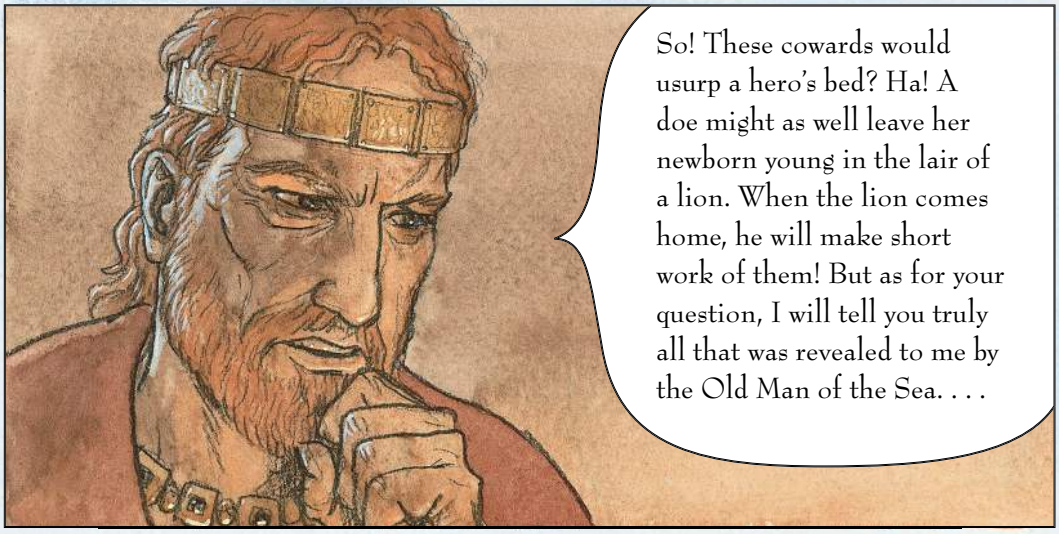




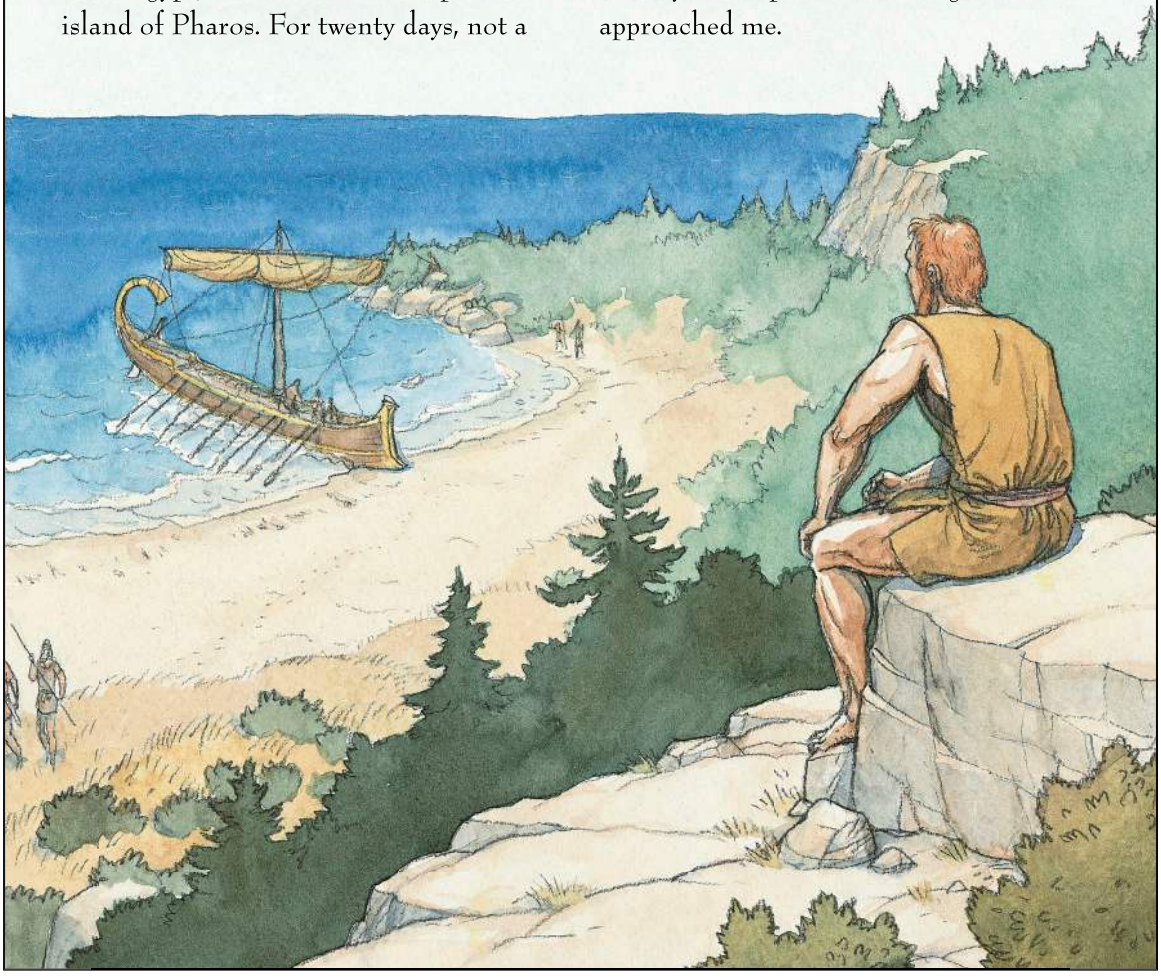



Welcome! Sit, eat your fill, and then you may tell me who you are — though I can already tell by your looks and manners that you are the sons of kings.
Look, Pisistratus — the gold, silver, and precious stones, everything so richly wrought in bright-polished metal. Surely this is what the palace of Zeus is like!
No man can rival Zeus, for his palace and treasures are immortal. But among mortal men, few, if any, can boast of more wealth than I.
Still, I take little pleasure in it, for while I was out at sea gathering these treasures, my brother was slain in his own palace — struck down by his wicked wife and her lover.
I wish I had come home with one tenth the riches, but with my brother and the other fallen Achaeans still alive.
One man I miss above all others. He did more for our cause, suffered more on the sea than any other, and we know not whether he is alive or dead. He left only sorrow for his wife, Penelope, and his young son, Telemachus.

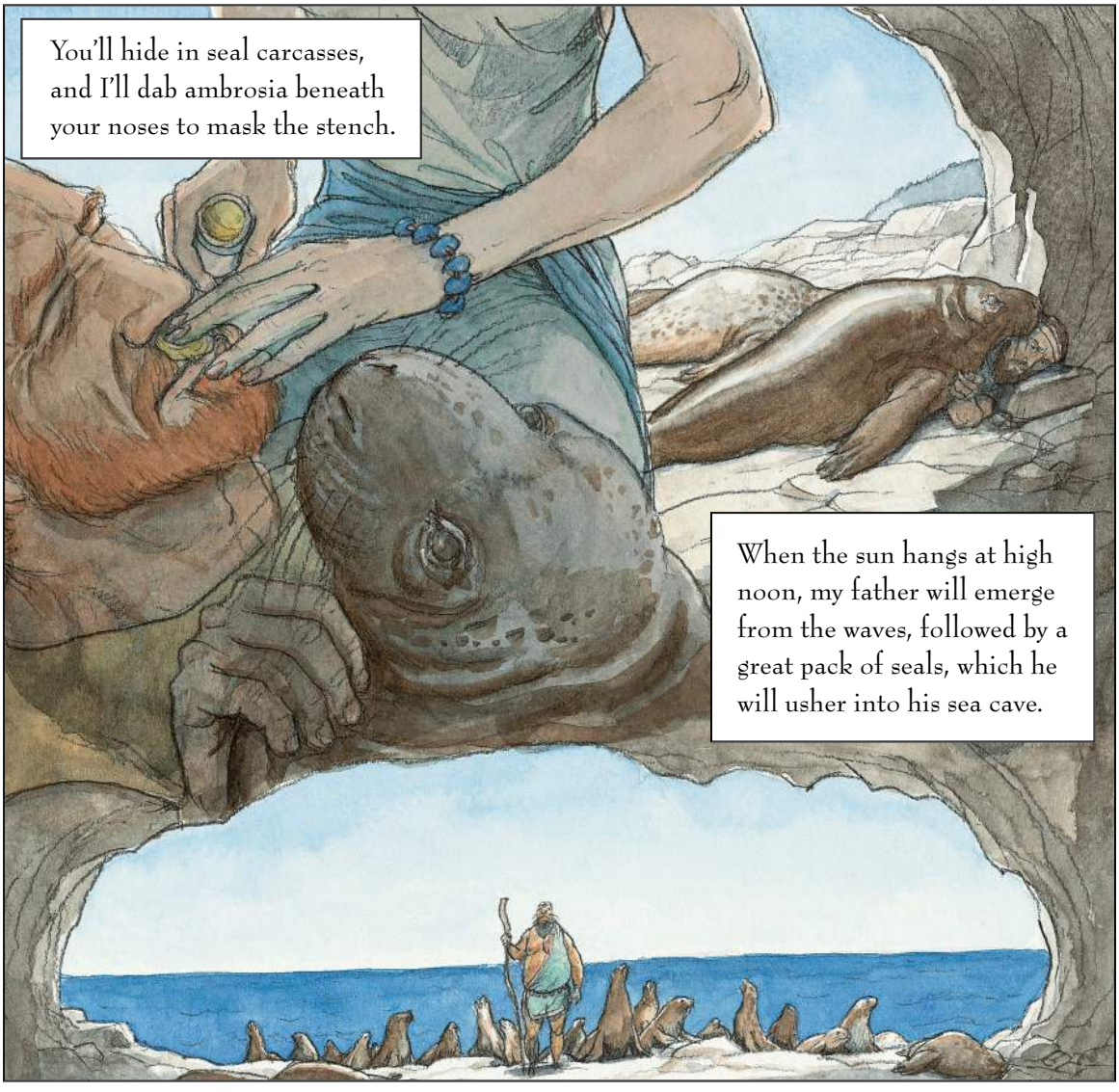

Do we know, Menelaus, the names of these guests? Shall I guess? I may be wrong, but I must say I've never seen such a resemblance as this lad has to noble Odysseus.
I think so too, and just now when I mentioned that great man, I saw tears spring to the lad's eyes.
Sir, you are right. I am Odysseus's son. Wise King Nestor advised me to come here in hopes that you might know something of my father's fate.
I have great trouble at home, for a pack of greedy suitors pays court to my mother, and they are eating us out of house and home. If only I knew for sure whether my father is ever coming home or if he is dead and buried somewhere abroad. . . .

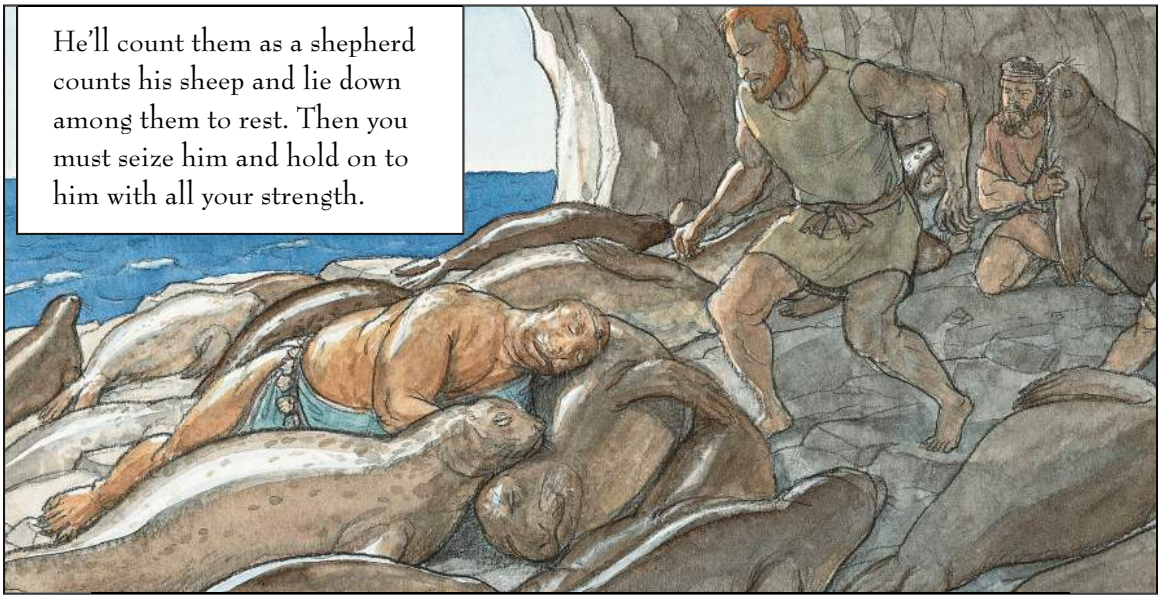


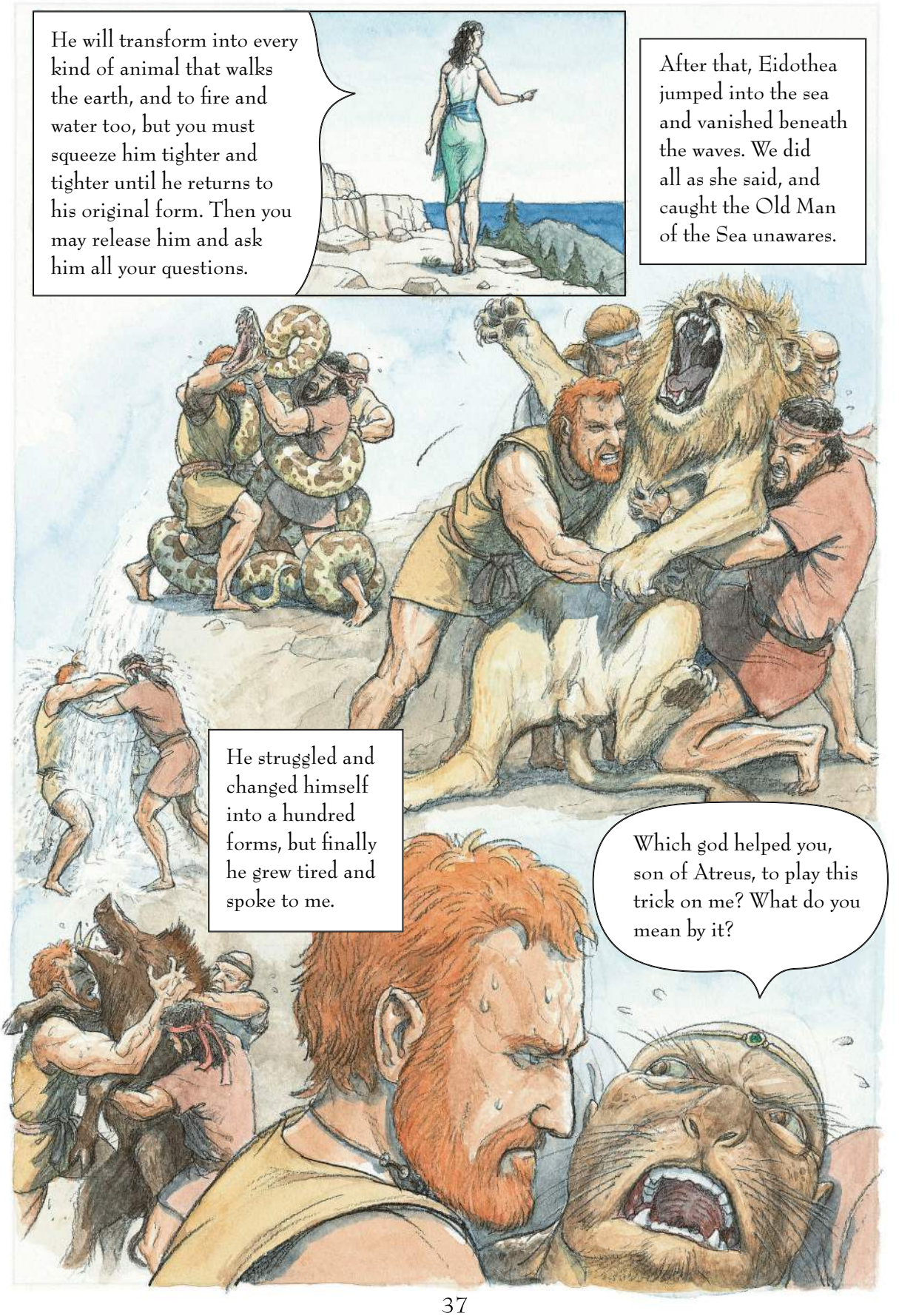
I was returning from Troy by way of Egypt, and I stopped to make a sacrifice to the gods. But my hecatombs must not have satisfied them, for one day out from Egypt, we were becalmed upon the island of Pharos. For twenty days, not a breeze stirred, and our provisions were soon exhausted. The men would take hooks and spread out on the shore in hope of catching fish, while I sat alone on a rocky outcrop. Then a strange woman approached me.



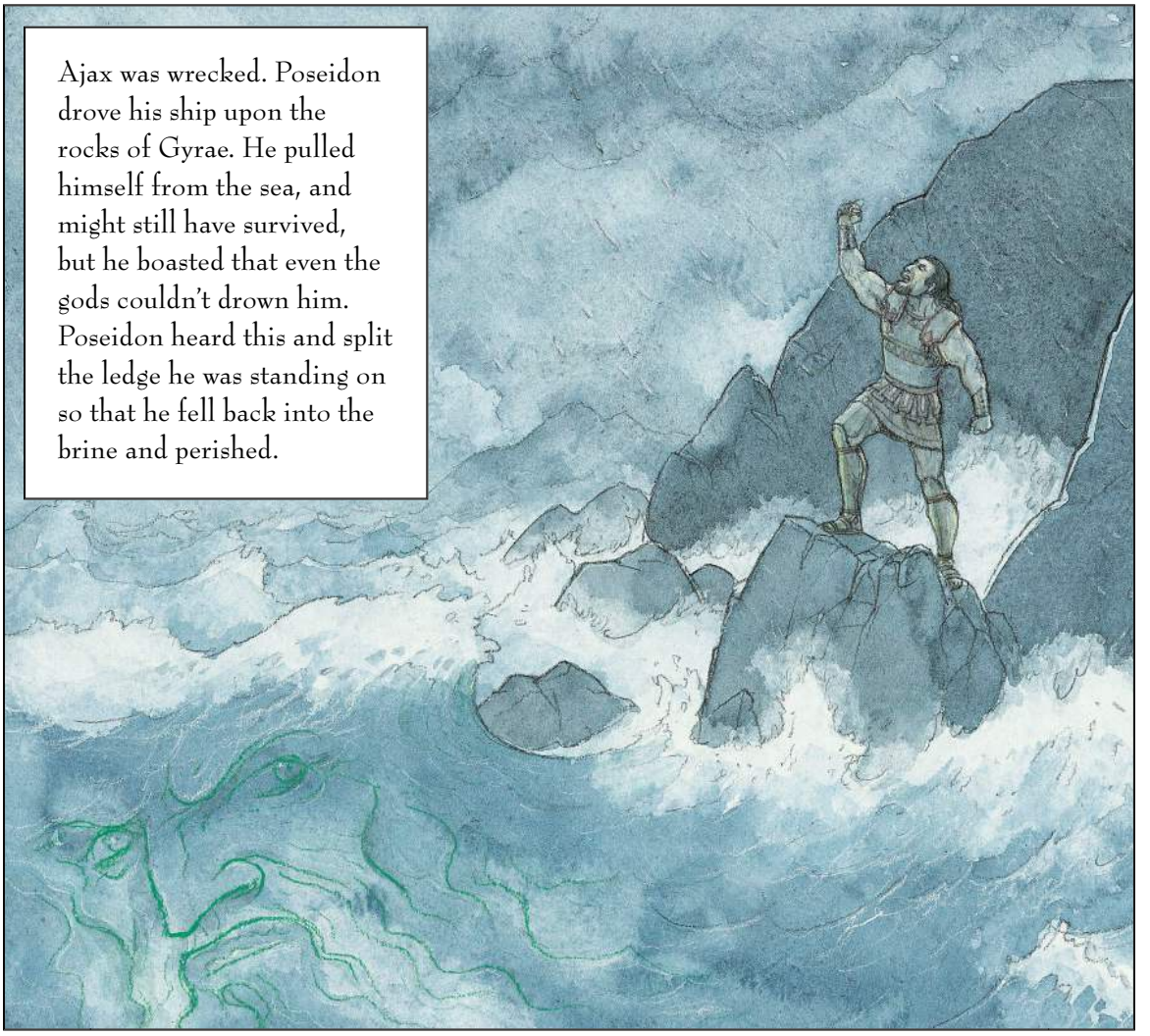

Stranger, do you like to starve? Why do you sit here without food, instead of sailing away?
You think I choose this? Some god has becalmed my ships here, and I cannot leave. I wish I knew which of the immortals I have offended, and how I might escape.
Ah, then I can help you. I am Eidothea — the daughter of Proteus, whom they call the Old Man of the Sea because he is Poseidon's right-hand man.
He knows every inch of the seabed and sees all that happens on the water or on shore. If you can snare him and hold him tight, he'll tell you how to complete your voyage, and tell you too what has passed in your homeland since you left.
But tell me, how can mortal men snare a god? That's not so easily done.
Listen, and do all as I tell you: Pick out three of your best men, stout of heart and limb. I will lead you to a certain cavern on the rocky shore and place you in ambush there.

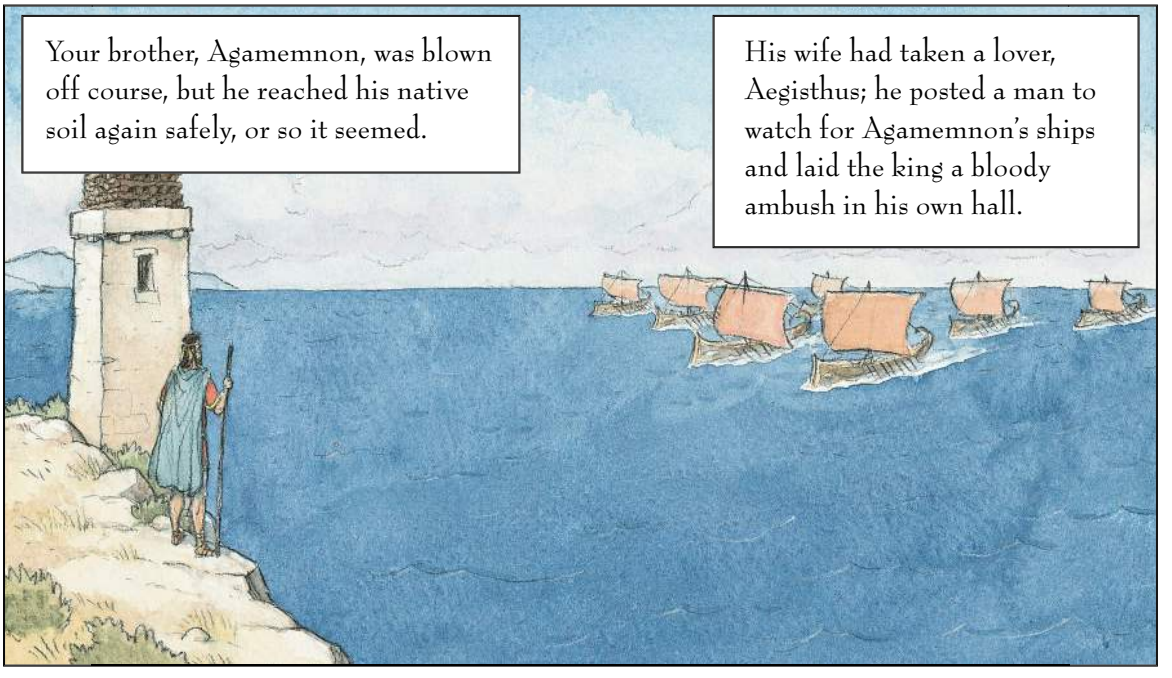

You'll hide in seal carcasses, and I'll dab ambrosia beneath your noses to mask the stench.
When the sun hangs at high noon, my father will emerge from the waves, followed by a great pack of seals, which he will usher into his sea cave.

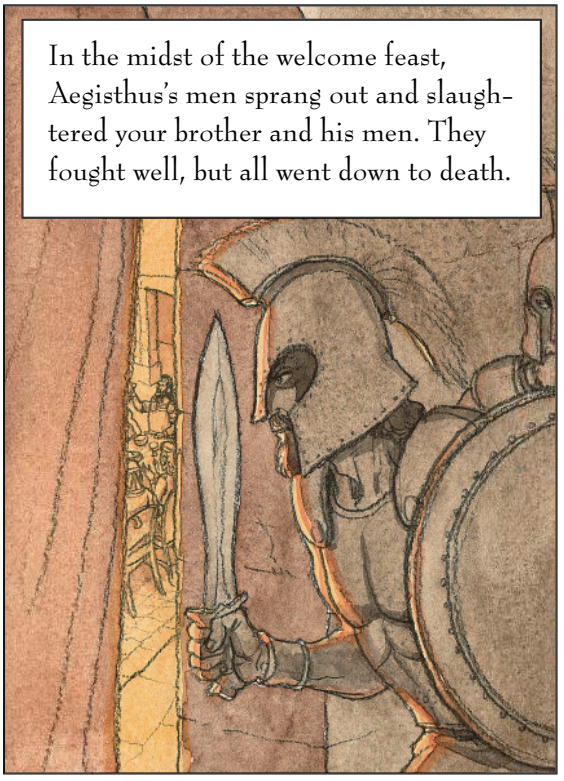

He'll count them as a shepherd counts his sheep and lie down among them to rest. Then you must seize him and hold on to him with all your strength.

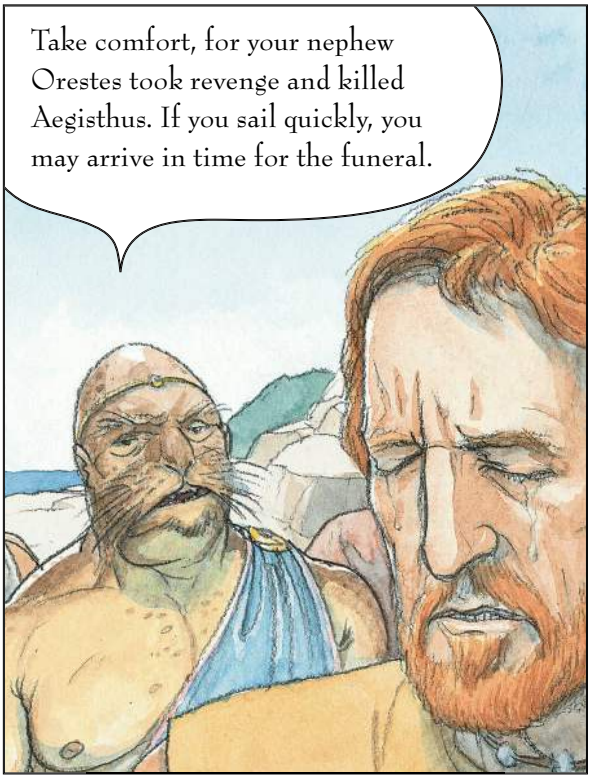

He will transform into every kind of animal that walks the earth, and to fire and water too, but you must squeeze him tighter and tighter until he returns to his original form. Then you may release him and ask him all your questions.
After that, Eidothea jumped into the sea and vanished beneath the waves. We did all as she said, and caught the Old Man of the Sea unawares.
He struggled and changed himself into a hundred forms, but finally he grew tired and spoke to me.
Which god helped you, son of Atreus, to play this trick on me? What do you mean by it?

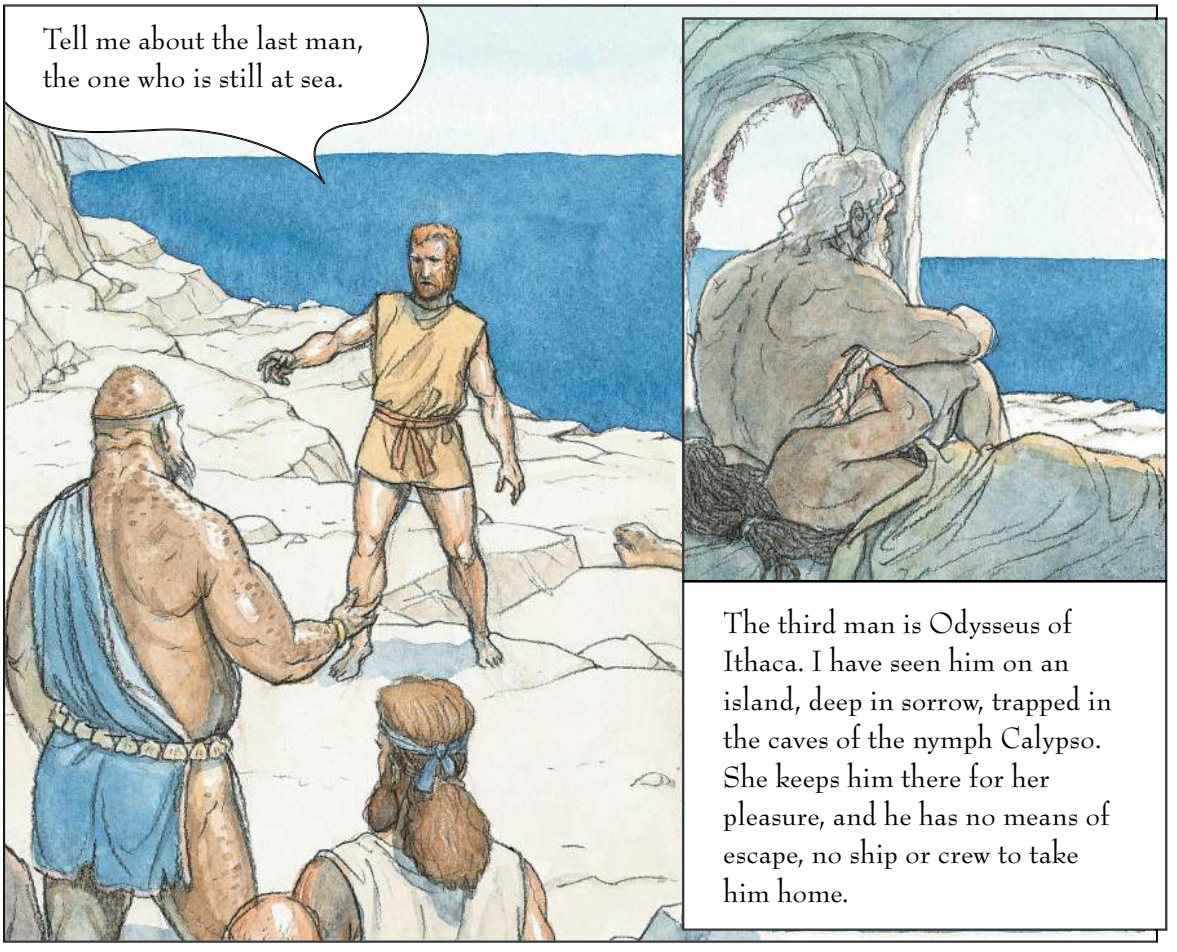

You know that well enough yourself, old man. Tell me which of the gods holds me here, and how I may be set free to return to my home.
It has been decreed, son of Atreus, that you may not return home until you go back to Egypt and offer hecatombs to all the gods upon the banks of the Nile. Then you may sail swiftly back to your land.
Back to Egypt?!
Very well, old man, I'll do as you say. But tell me now: have all the Achaean heroes returned safely to their homes from Troy, or did any come to a bad end upon the seaways?
Son of Atreus, why ask me this? It can only cause you sorrow.
Very well. You know how many fell on the field at Troy. Of those who sailed away, only two perished. A third still lives, but is hindered from returning.


Ajax was wrecked. Poseidon drove his ship upon the rocks of Gyrae. He pulled himself from the sea, and might still have survived, but he boasted that even the gods couldn't drown him. Poseidon heard this and split the ledge he was standing on so that he fell back into the brine and perished.


Your brother, Agamemnon, was blown off course, but he reached his native soil again safely, or so it seemed.
His wife had taken a lover, Aegisthus; he posted a man to watch for Agamemnon's ships and laid the king a bloody ambush in his own hall.

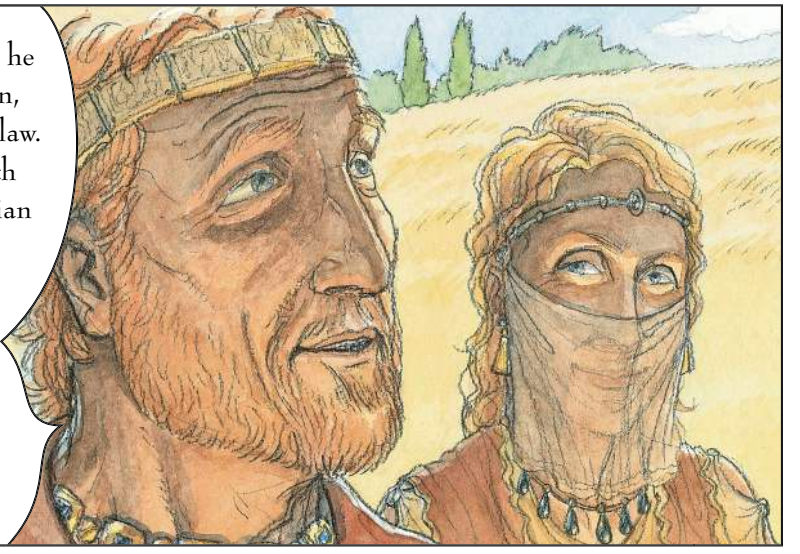

In the midst of the welcome feast, Aegisthus's men sprang out and slaughtered your brother and his men. They fought well, but all went down to death.


Take comfort, for your nephew Orestes took revenge and killed Aegisthus. If you sail quickly, you may arrive in time for the funeral.


Tell me about the last man, the one who is still at sea.
The third man is Odysseus of Ithaca. I have seen him on an island, deep in sorrow, trapped in the caves of the nymph Calypso. She keeps him there for her pleasure, and he has no means of escape, no ship or crew to take him home.

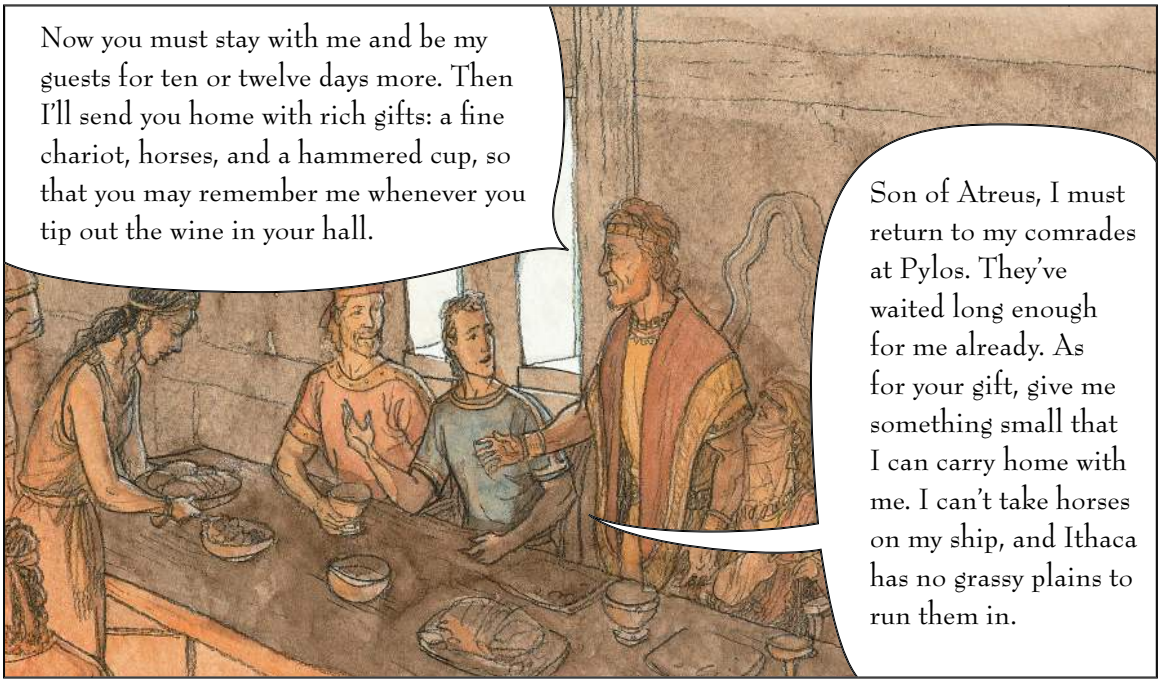
"But no such fate awaits you," he said. "As the husband of Helen, Zeus holds you as his son-in-law. You will not die upon the earth but find your ease in the Elysian Fields, where eternal summer breezes waft all cares away."

So said the Old Man of the Sea. I did all that he instructed, and the winds brought me swiftly home.



Now you must stay with me and be my guests for ten or twelve days more. Then I'll send you home with rich gifts: a fine chariot, horses, and a hammered cup, so that you may remember me whenever you tip out the wine in your hall.

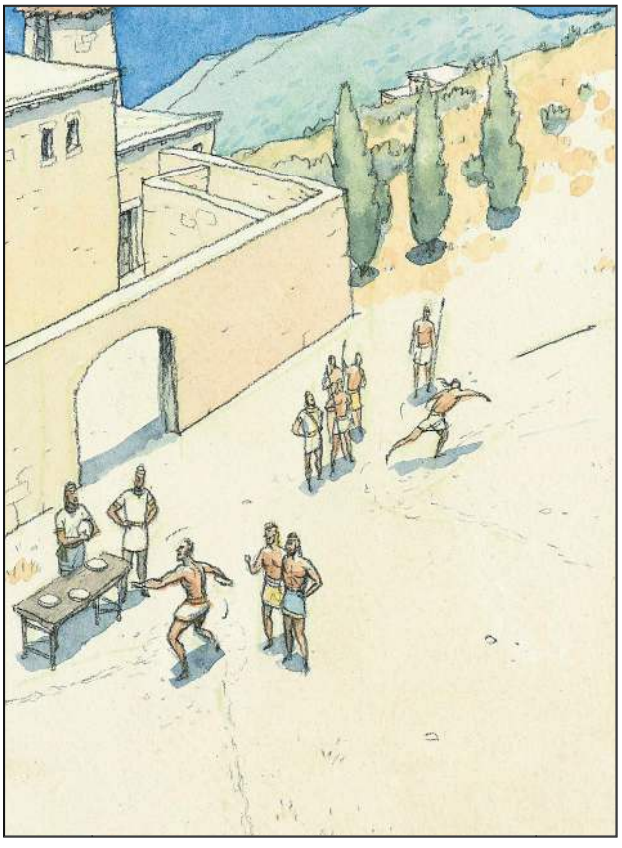
Son of Atreus, I must return to my comrades at Pylos. They've waited long enough for me already. As for your gift, give me something small that I can carry home with me. I can't take horses on my ship, and Ithaca has no grassy plains to run them in.

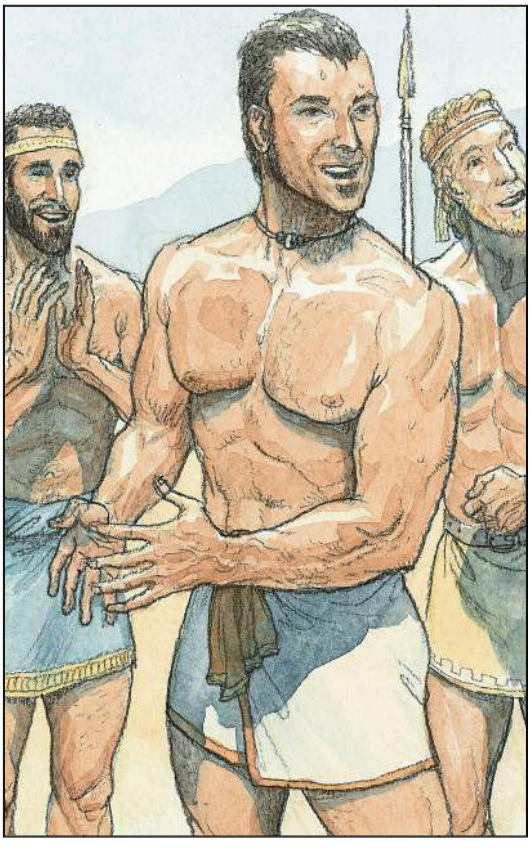


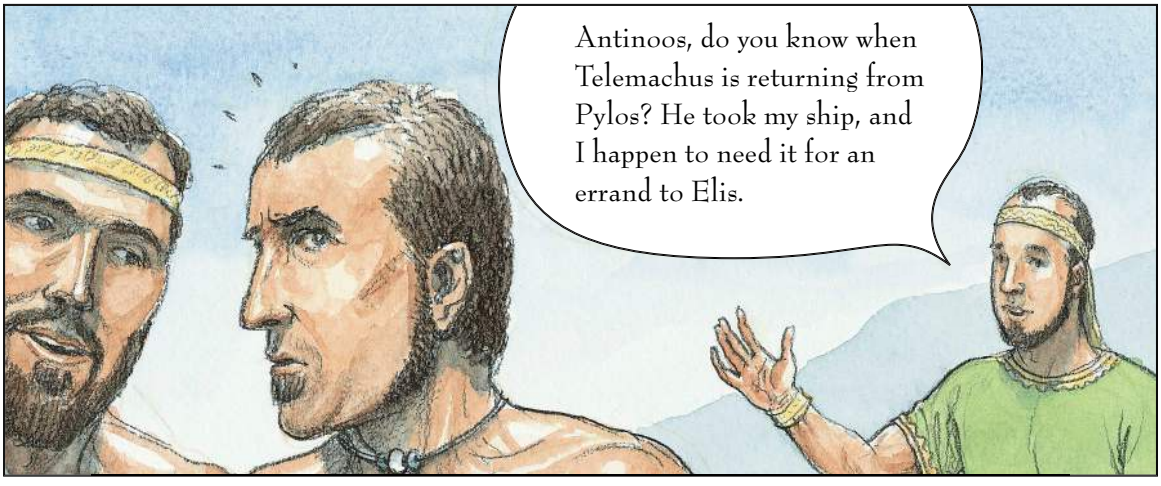
Very well, then, you shall have the loveliest and most precious treasure in my storerooms: a mixing bowl wrought in silver and gold by Hephaestus himself. It was given to me by the king of Sidon during my journey back from Troy. This shall be my gift to you, that you may remember me whenever you feast in your hall at home.

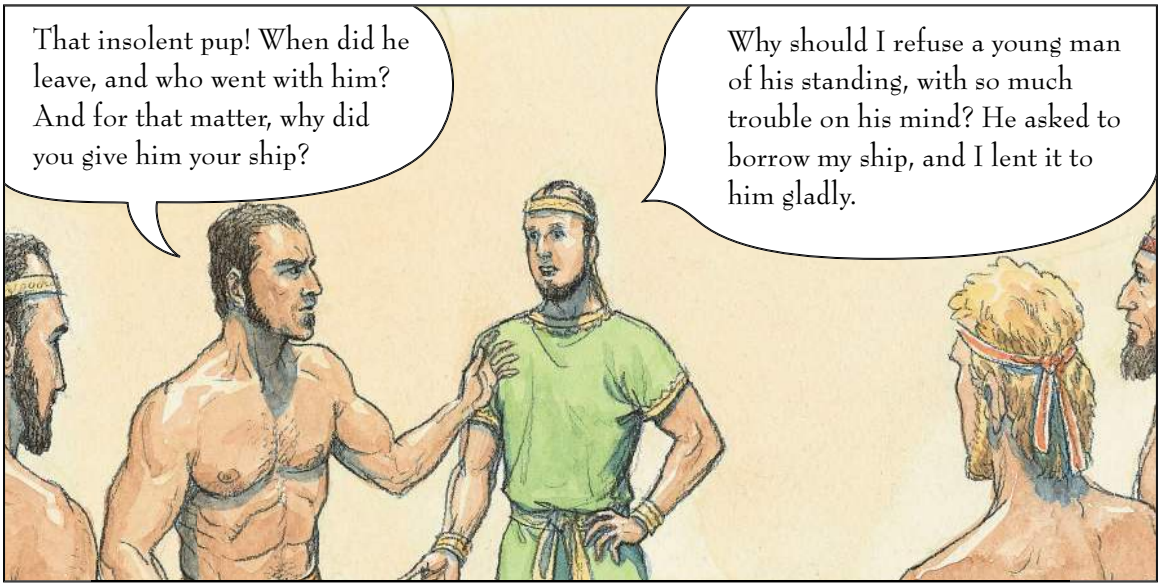


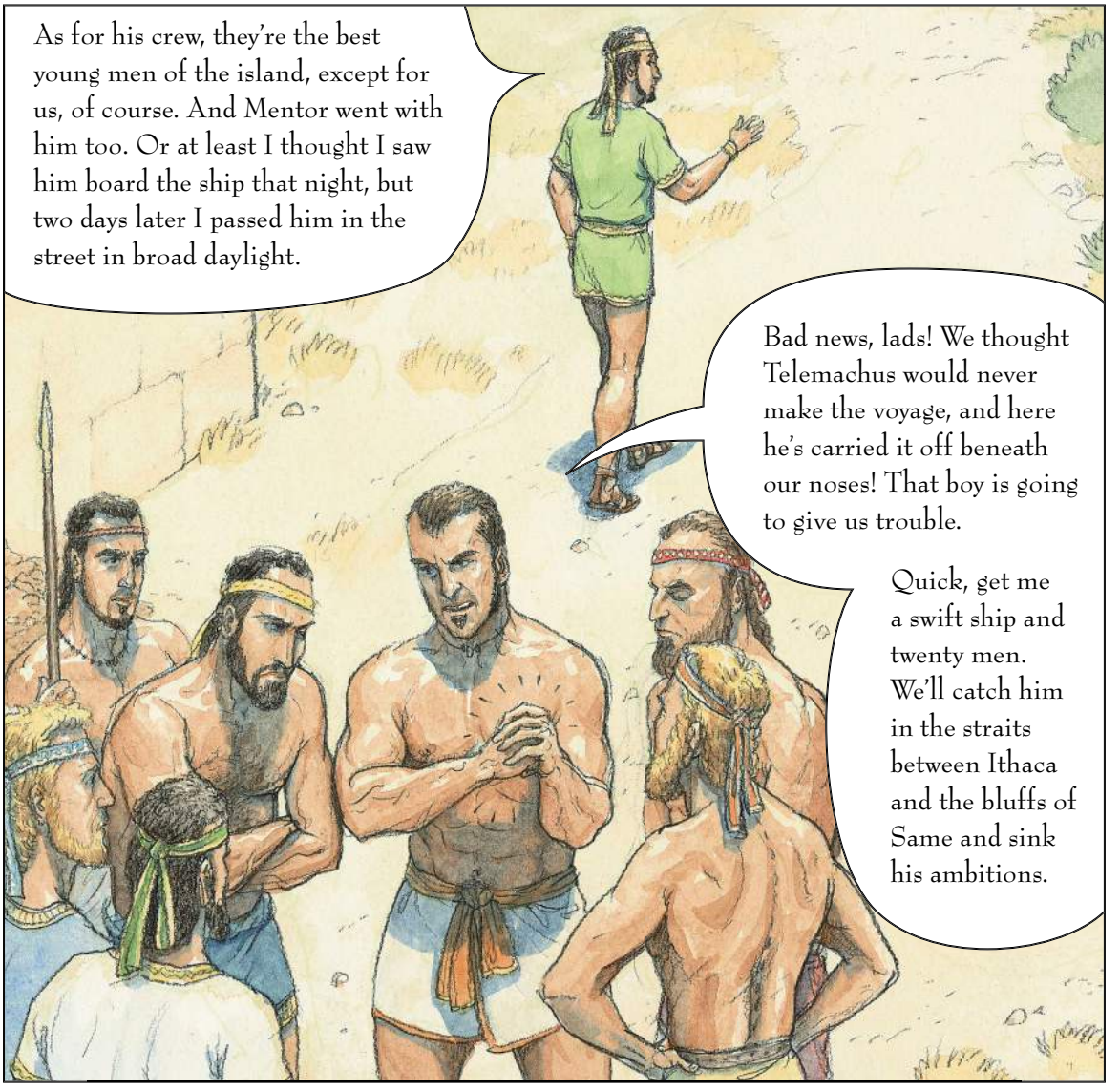


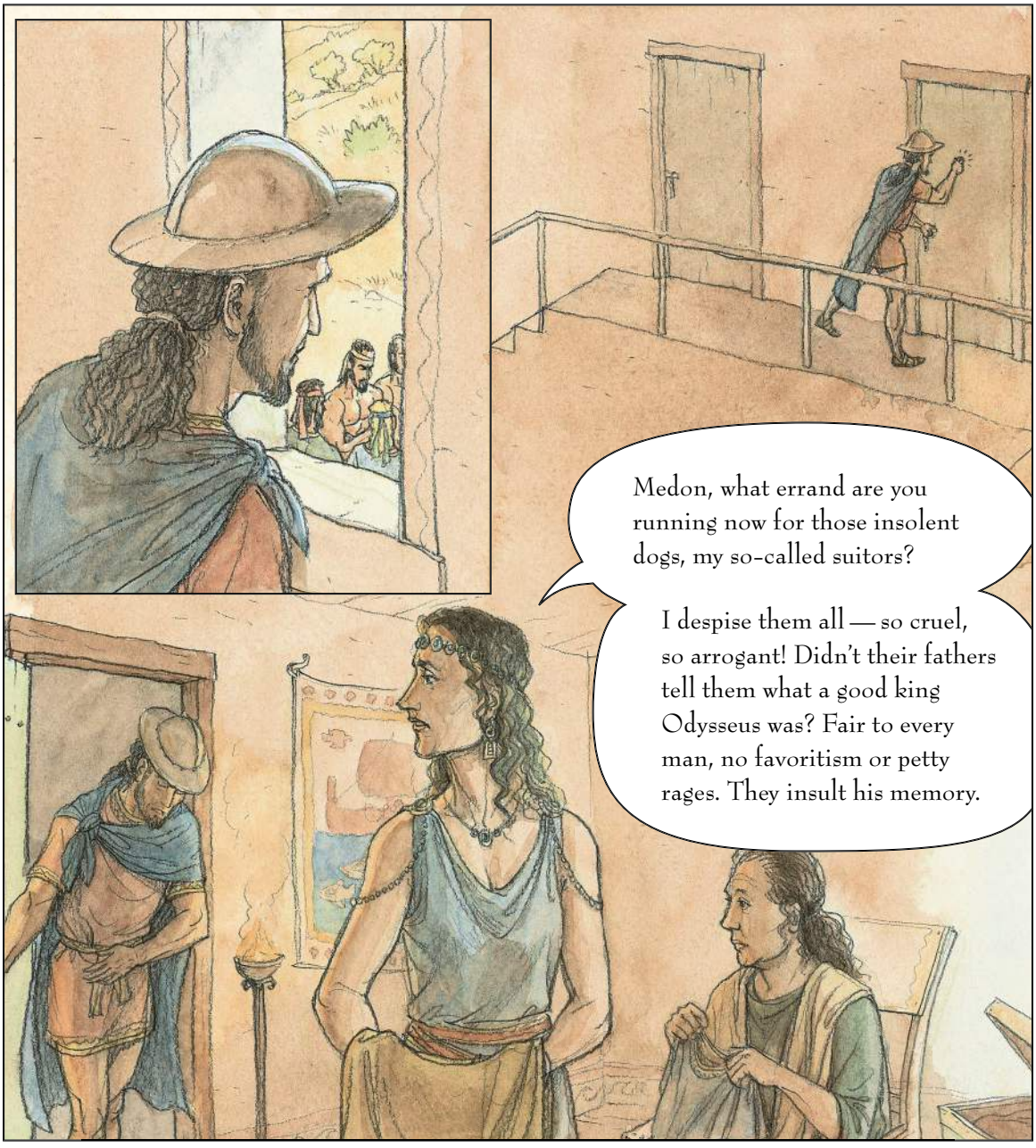





Antinoos, do you know when Telemachus is returning from Pylos? He took my ship, and I happen to need it for an errand to Elis.


That insolent pup! When did he leave, and who went with him? And for that matter, why did you give him your ship?
Why should I refuse a young man of his standing, with so much trouble on his mind? He asked to borrow my ship, and I lent it to him gladly.


As for his crew, they're the best young men of the island, except for us, of course. And Mentor went with him too. Or at least I thought I saw him board the ship that night, but two days later I passed him in the street in broad daylight.
Bad news, lads! We thought Telemachus would never make the voyage, and here he's carried it off beneath our noses! That boy is going to give us trouble.
Quick, get me a swift ship and twenty men. We'll catch him in the straits between Ithaca and the bluffs of Same and sink his ambitions.


Medon, what errand are you running now for those insolent dogs, my so-called suitors?
I despise them all — so cruel, so arrogant! Didn't their fathers tell them what a good king Odysseus was? Fair to every man, no favoritism or petty rages. They insult his memory.


They are worse than you know. I think they are planning to kill your son on his way back from Pylos.


Pylos! What? Herald, why has my child sailed to Pylos? He's so young, out on the pitiless ocean. . . .
I do not know if it was his own thought or if a god inspired him, but he went to find news of his father.
Leave me.
Athena, child of Zeus, whose shield is thunder, if ever my husband burned rich thighbones of oxen to you, please protect my son.

