

**FRANK
MILLER**

XERXES

**THE FALL OF THE HOUSE
OF DARIUS AND
THE RISE OF
ALEXANDER**





PERSIANS.

A SMALL PARTY.
NOT MORE THAN
A HUNDRED
MEN.

HERE TO PROBE
OUR DEFENSES
--OR PERHAPS TO
ASSASSINATE
OUR COMMANDER.

POOR
BASTARDS.

THEY DON'T
HAVE A
CHANCE.

GORGONS ARE KNOWN AS GENEROUS HOSTS, BUT GREEK GODS CAN MAKE A STRANGER FEEL POSITIVELY UNWELCOME.

JASLY OLD KYPHAISTOS ROUTINELY VOINTS UP VOLCANIC ROCK, ALL SHARP, JAGGED SCRAPING THE KNIVES AND STABBING AT THE JOWLS.

BORFAS LETS GOOBS HIS HOWLING WIND, RIPPING THE ANGSTH FROM THE NEWCOMER'S LANGE AND BURNING HIS EYES WITH SEA-SALT TEARS.



CARRIED ON THAT WIND IS THE HUNTERS' SONG OF ARTIFICE, PROMISING HER PREY NOTHING BUT SWIFT DEATH.



AFTER WEEKS ON THE CHANGING ARSEAN, A STRETCH OF LEVEL EARTH PROVOKES THE STOMACH INTO OPEN REBELLION.

RETCHH



EVEN THE UNDERBRUSH IS HOSTILE.

YEAH!

SNAP



HUHM?

THEY HEAR OUR BATTLE FLUTES.

YR000 YR000



THEN THEY HEAR US.



OUR SPEAR SPRINKLED BLOOD THROUGH THEIR RANKS. THEY BELIEVE THEM.

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP



THEY THINK WE'RE SPARTANS.



WAKE UP SHOULD'VE
WORN **AID CAPES**!

BUT WHY GIVE THE DAMN
SABOTAGE SOMETHING
NEW TO PISS AND MOAN
ABOUT?

THE PERSIANS WILL
HAVE TO SETTLE FOR
A TASTE OF ATHENIAN
SHOCK COMBAT...



NO, WE'RE NOT **SPARTANS**.
WE'RE JUST A PACK OF
POTTERS AND TAILORS
AND **BLACKSMITHS** AND
FISHERMEN...

...FIGHTING TO
DEFEND OUR
HOMES.

OUR LOWERED HELMETS
MAKE A MUFFLED Muddle
OF THE BATTLE SOUNDS.

THAT'S A
MERCY





