





1. TROIJA,
IMPREGNABLE,
FELL.

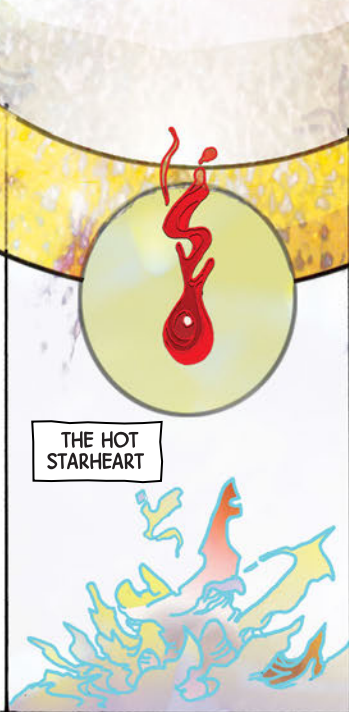
THEN ACHAEA
TRIUMPHANTLY RENT
IT ASUNDER.



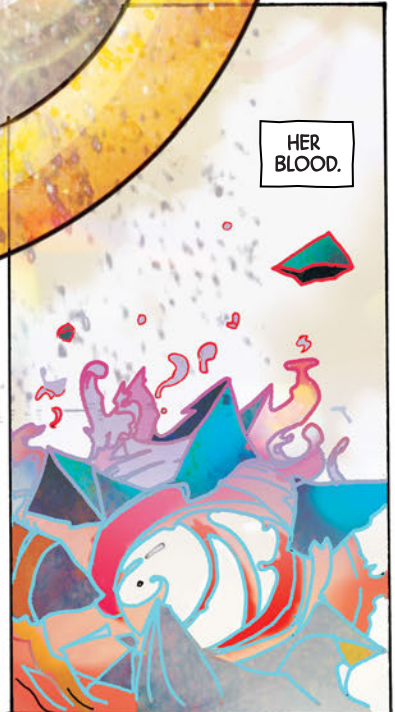
CUNNING
ODYSSIA
PRAYS.



THEN SHE
FEEDS



THE HOT
STARHEART




HER
BLOOD.

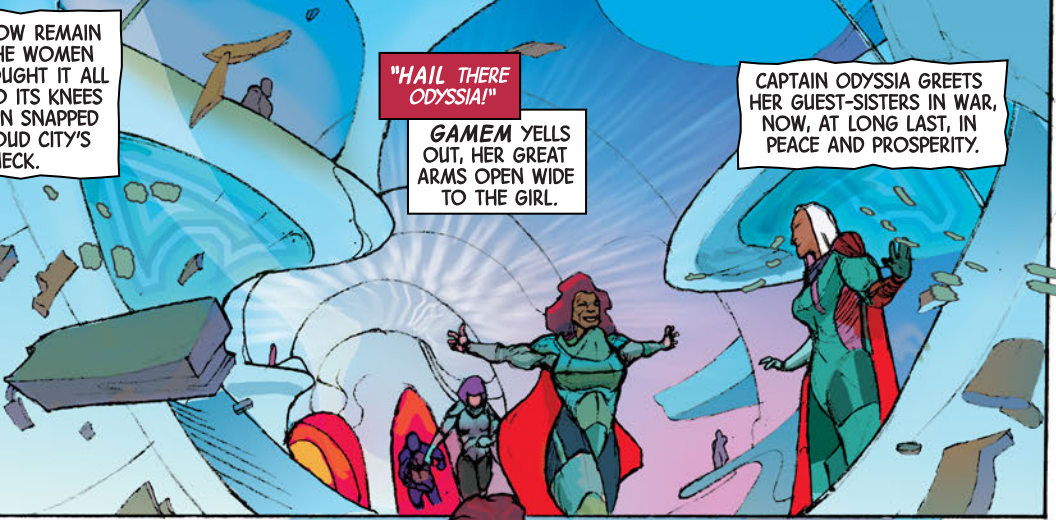


"AMPHITRITE."

"PLEASE GUIDE
ME HOME."



SACKING A SIEGEWORLD LIKE TROIJA TAKES TIME FOR ACHAEA'S GREAT CONQUEROR-QUEENS.



THREE NOW REMAIN HERE, THE WOMEN THAT BROUGHT IT ALL DOWN TO ITS KNEES AND THEN SNAPPED THE PROUD CITY'S NECK.

"HAIL THERE ODYSZIA!"

GAMEM YELLS OUT, HER GREAT ARMS OPEN WIDE TO THE GIRL.

CAPTAIN ODYSZIA GREETES HER GUEST-SISTERS IN WAR, NOW, AT LONG LAST, IN PEACE AND PROSPERITY.



ENE YANKS HE BY HIS DIGNITY.

THOUSANDS OF SWIFTSIPS ONCE LAUNCHED IN HIS NAME.

"HAIL NOW, HEROICA. HAIL AND FAREWELL!"

SHE SAYS.

"FINALLY TIME NOW TO GO."


2. TROIJA'S PROUD MAN NOW REDUCED TO A PET AT THE HEELS OF THE QUEEN OF ACHAEA-PRIME.



SHOULDN'T RELIEF BE WHAT TRICKSTER ODYSZIA FEELS AT THAT THOUGHT?

YES.

YET.



ITHICAA WEIGHS ON ODYSZIA'S THOUGHTS THESE DAYS.

HOME WHERE HER FAMILY WAITS FOR HER STILL.

HE, BORED, SIGHS.

"YOU,"
O SAYS.