

Issue 1: June 2016

**Reception in action:
Student Projects about
the ancient world**

CLASURON

**The Swansea University
Classics, Ancient History, and Egyptology
Student Online Research Journal**

This journal is published by students and staff of
the Department of Classics, Ancient History, and Egyptology at Swansea University.

The online version of this journal
can be found at https://projects.swan.ac.uk/ancient-world/?page_id=8.

The journal features first-class work by Swansea University students.

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Clasuron

Issue 1

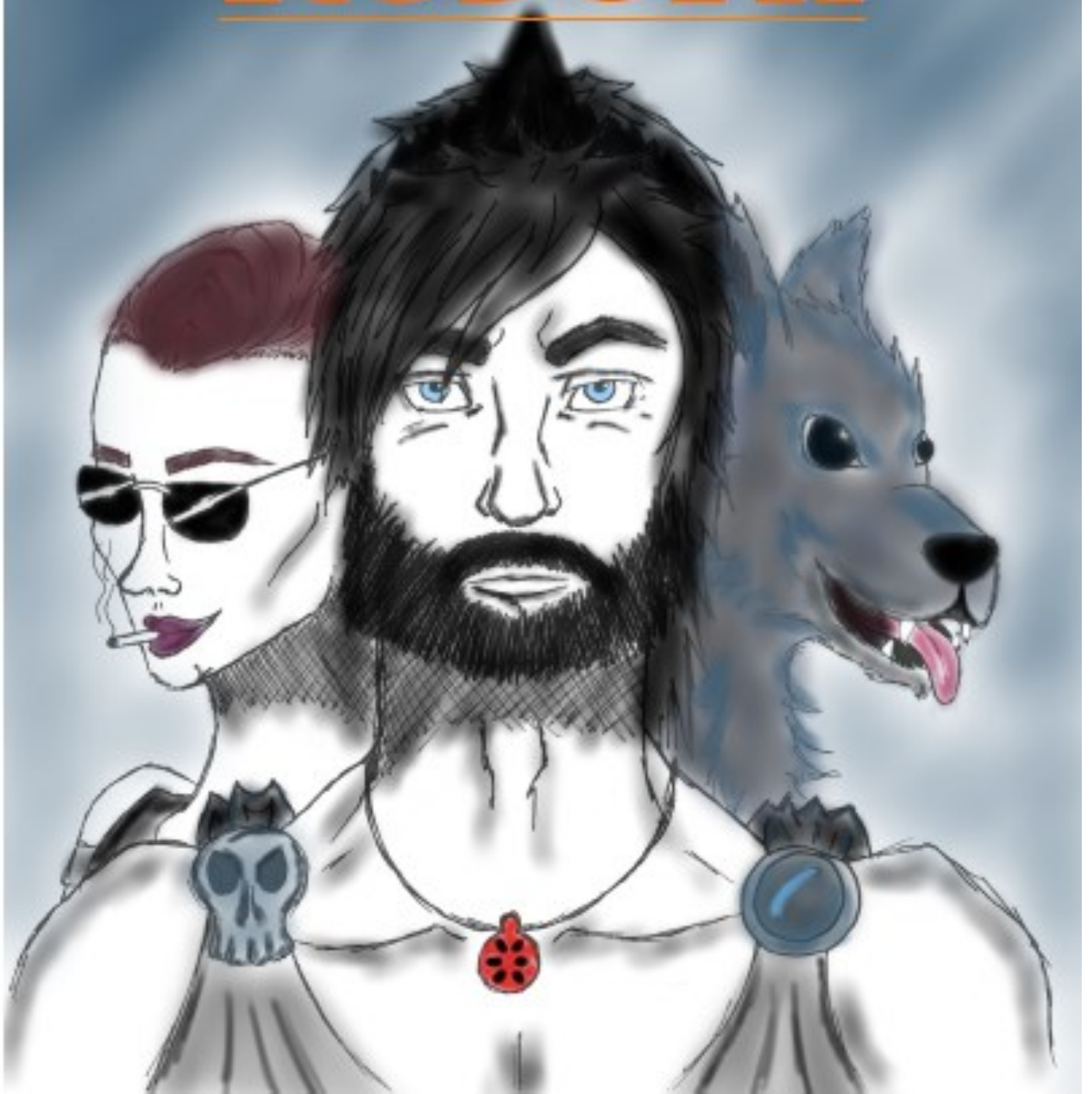
Reception in action: Student narratives about the ancient world

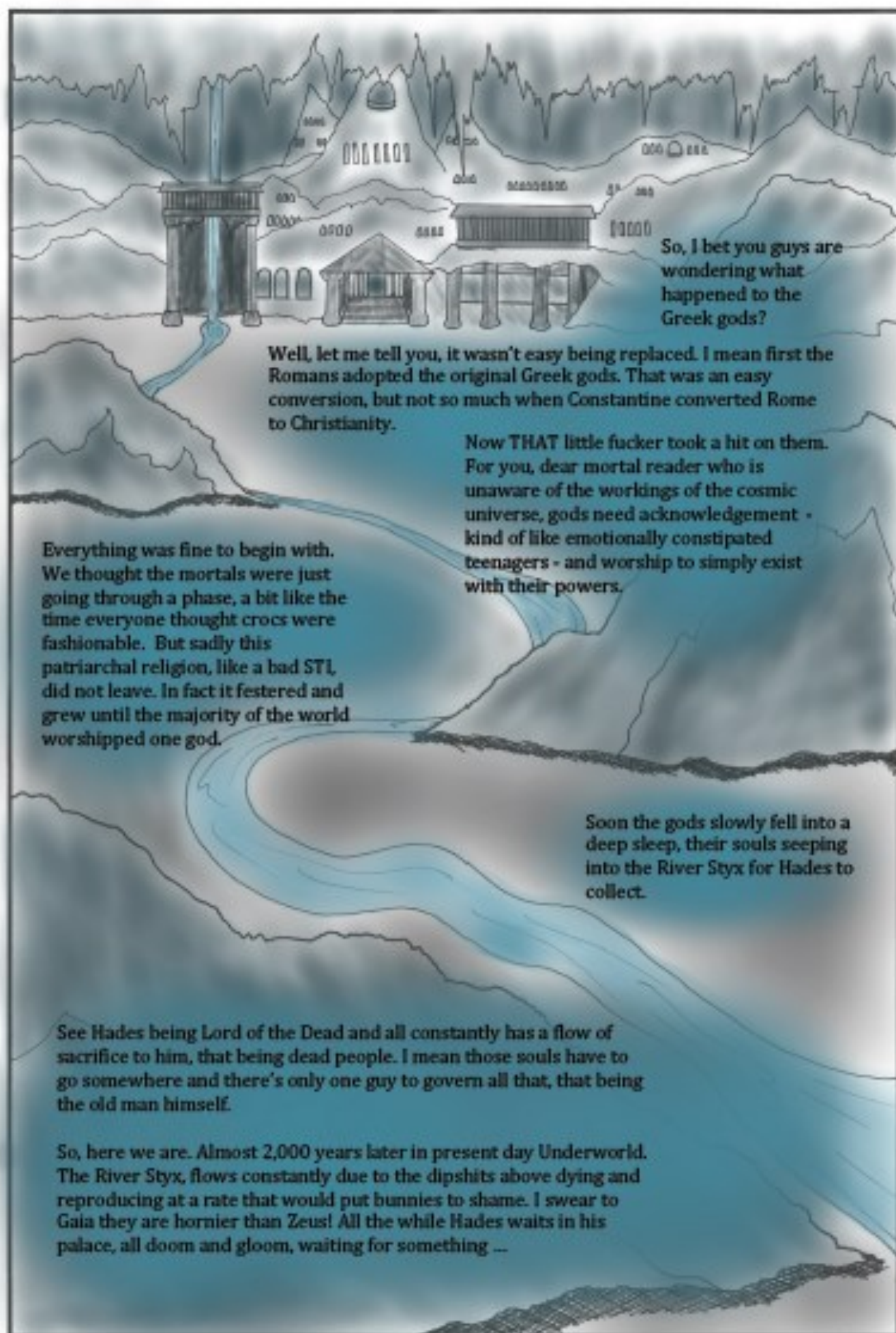
This issue is based on CLP200, the Year 2 Creative Project Module. In this module, students create their own piece of work based on the ancient world. This can be anything from a graphic novel or a short story to an online database or a model. Students are assessed on the project itself (70%), a presentation in which they explore how their project engages with antiquity (15%), and a self-reflective piece (15%) in which they reflect on their experience. The module is coordinated by Dr Ian Repath (i.repath@swansea.ac.uk).

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Olympus Reborn





So, I bet you guys are wondering what happened to the Greek gods?

Well, let me tell you, it wasn't easy being replaced. I mean first the Romans adopted the original Greek gods. That was an easy conversion, but not so much when Constantine converted Rome to Christianity.

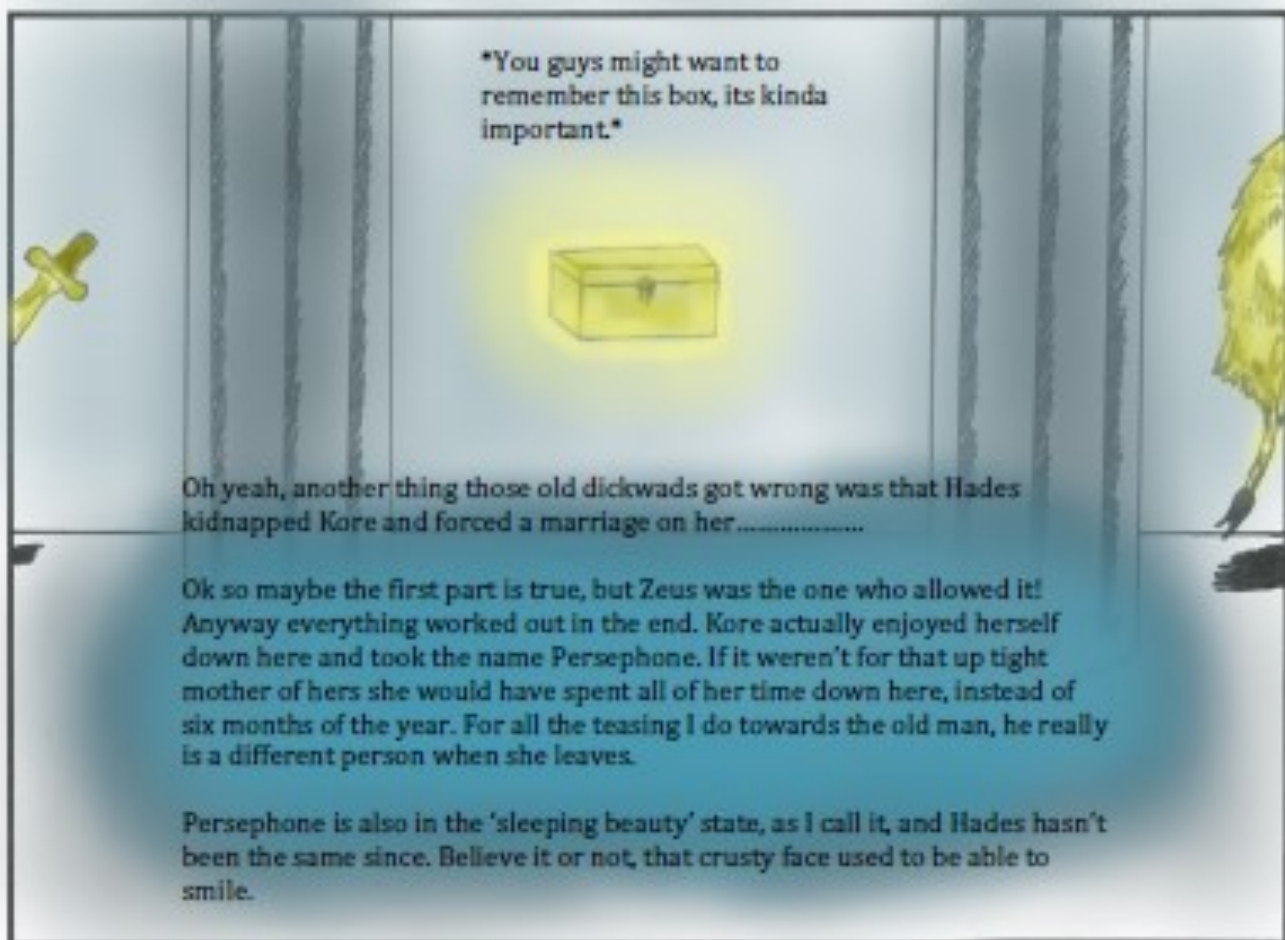
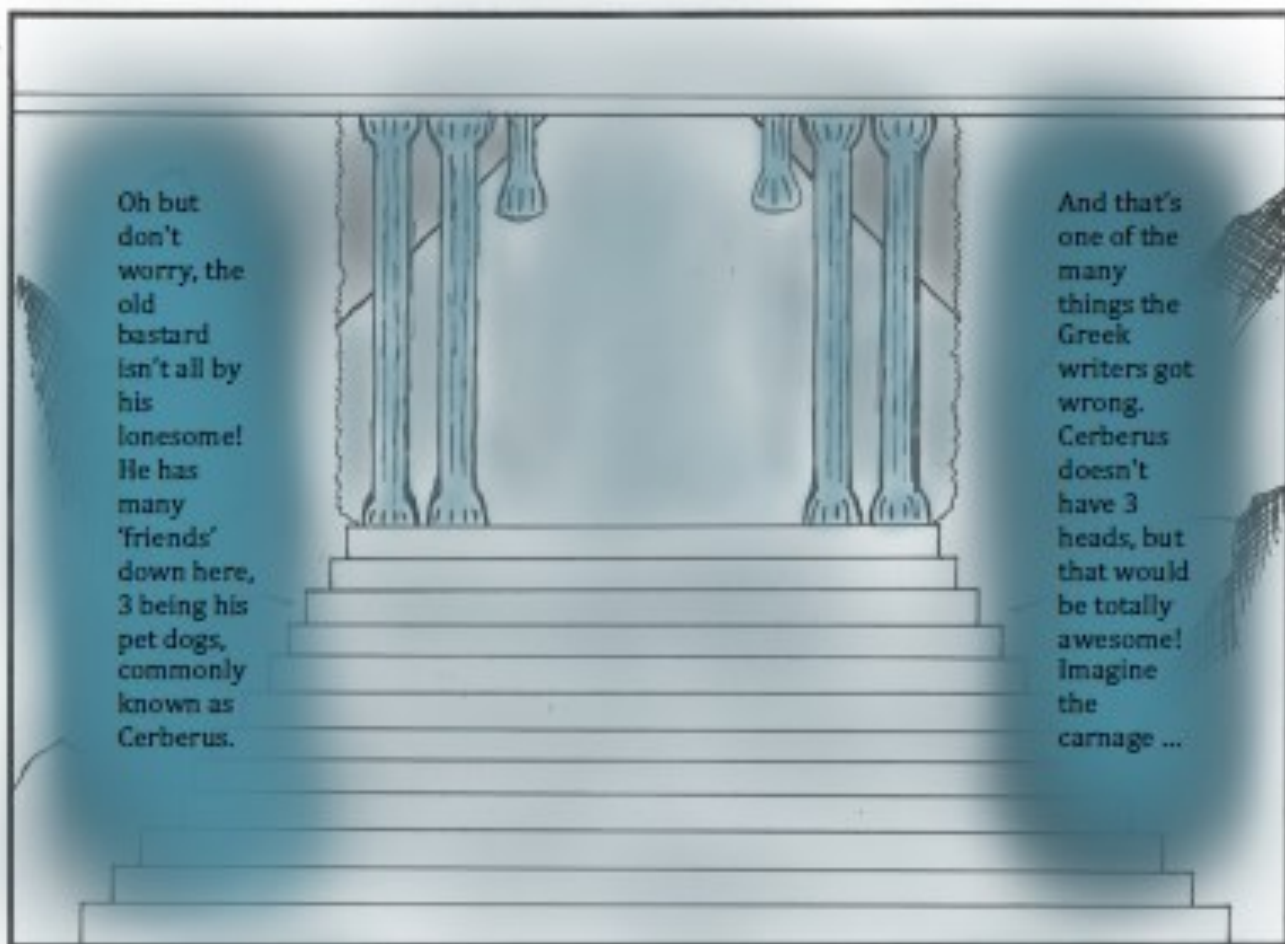
Now THAT little fucker took a hit on them. For you, dear mortal reader who is unaware of the workings of the cosmic universe, gods need acknowledgement - kind of like emotionally constipated teenagers - and worship to simply exist with their powers.

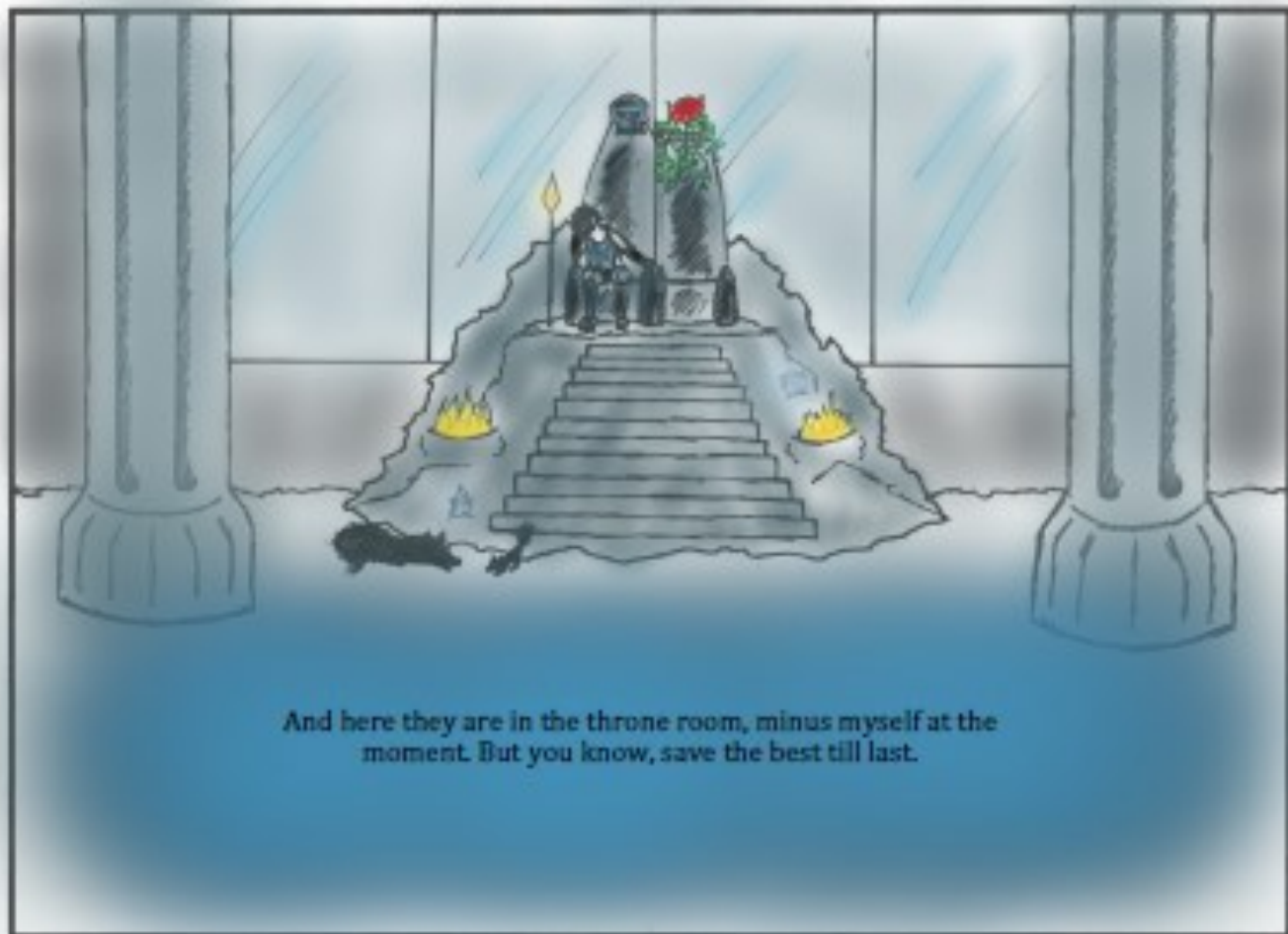
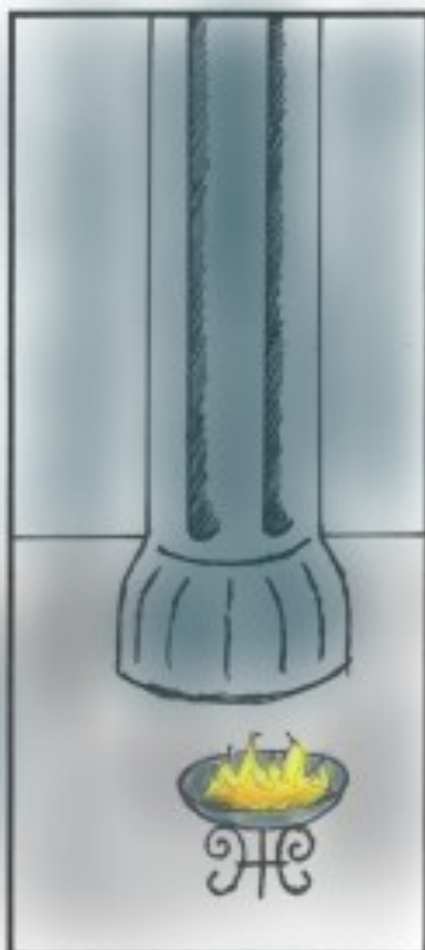
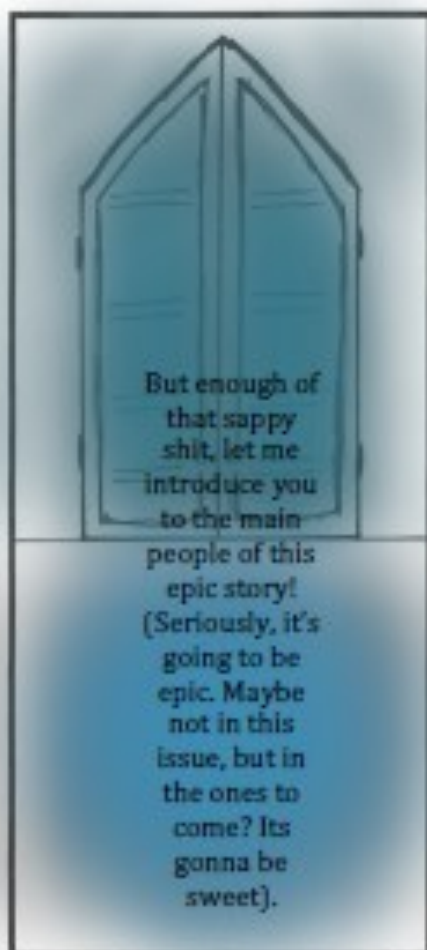
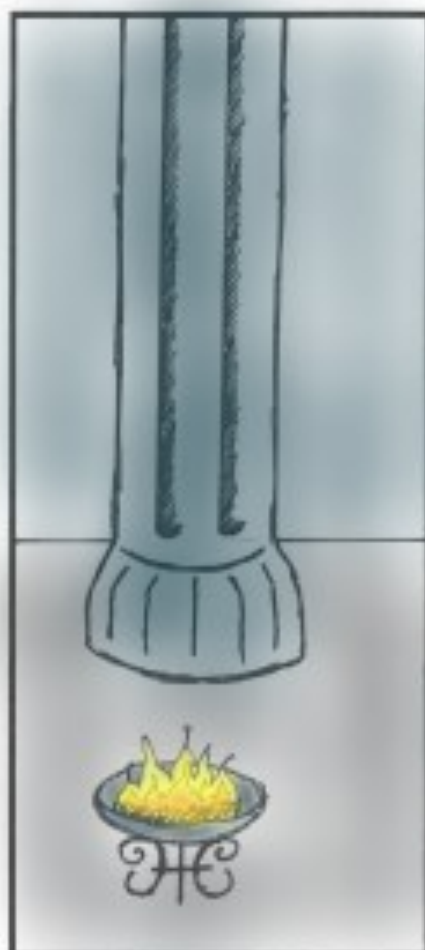
Everything was fine to begin with. We thought the mortals were just going through a phase, a bit like the time everyone thought crocs were fashionable. But sadly this patriarchal religion, like a bad STL, did not leave. In fact it festered and grew until the majority of the world worshipped one god.

Soon the gods slowly fell into a deep sleep, their souls seeping into the River Styx for Hades to collect.

See Hades being Lord of the Dead and all constantly has a flow of sacrifice to him, that being dead people. I mean those souls have to go somewhere and there's only one guy to govern all that, that being the old man himself.

So, here we are. Almost 2,000 years later in present day Underworld. The River Styx, flows constantly due to the dipshits above dying and reproducing at a rate that would put bunnies to shame. I swear to Gaia they are hornier than Zeus! All the while Hades waits in his palace, all doom and gloom, waiting for something ...





Here is papa
Cerberus,
father to the
little guy
you'll see next
...



... and here is
puppy
Cerberus, but
we'll call him
'Pooch'.



And finally,
gloom and
doom himse- I
mean look at
him, he's
looking right
sad git now -
Hades!



And finally, myself! I'm
known as Alecto and I'm
one of the Furies.


Before you ask, yes it has
been me narrating this
whole time, well done.
Give yourself a round of
applause.



Now the introductions are
out of the way, lets begin the
actual story ...







All I know is of a rumour ...

And she's not the
only god who's gone
missing from
Olympus.

But why would someone take them from Mount Olympus?

I don't know, but even the Fates can't see what's happened

We have to find a way up there.



What about your helmet? Can't that get us up there?

It would have if Zeus hadn't borrowed it to spy on some nymphs. It's now on Mount Olympus in his throne room





Fine. Thanatos! Mount Olympus.

Oh by the way, this is gonna hurt.

Huh? What do you mean?

He has to transfer our souls and process is quite painful, even by my standard-

Hold on.

This is most definitely very painful Alecto!

I know, but suck it up old man!

HADES

Character Development

Swept back hair, Hades is portrayed young (and possibly stylish) here.

①



Slight Greek nose

Young eyes

First attempt at my Hades character, but will not use this as he is portrayed as a very young man here. In ancient references and modern ones - Percy Jackson - he is portrayed as older and harder looking

②



Longer nose, attempting Greek style. Did not work

Added a slight beard this time, make him appear older and indifferent

Slender neck

Eyes portrayed as older, harsher

longer hair this time, as ancient myths describe Hades with black hair, longer (shoulder length) with a slight fringe. No fringe here.

Second attempt at Hades. While this time he looks older and indifferent, he has a more Asian look rather than Greek. His hair in my opinion is far too long. Third attempt at Hades. Here I've created a handsome/heroic character look but he is too romantic in this. Although the Greek look is slowly developing

③



Hair more like first style but thicker

More bulbous nose. Ideal handsome rather than Greek

Fuller lips

Thicker nose shows strength

FURY ALECTO

Character Development

Snake hair to represent the Gorgon like appearance.

①



First attempt to draw Alecto as a young woman. Too young and looks too innocent. Childish

②

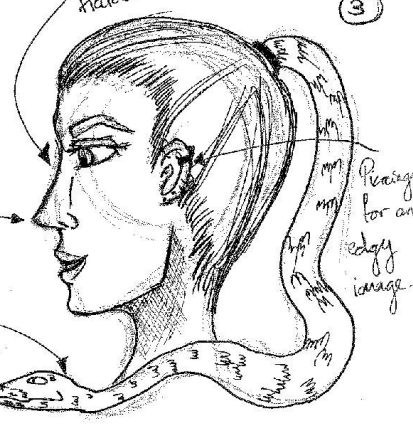


Long, slicked back hair with beads. This meant to represent a snake like appearance

This design also looks more lined. Deliberately done because the character has seen so much torture in her life.

Harder look this time

③

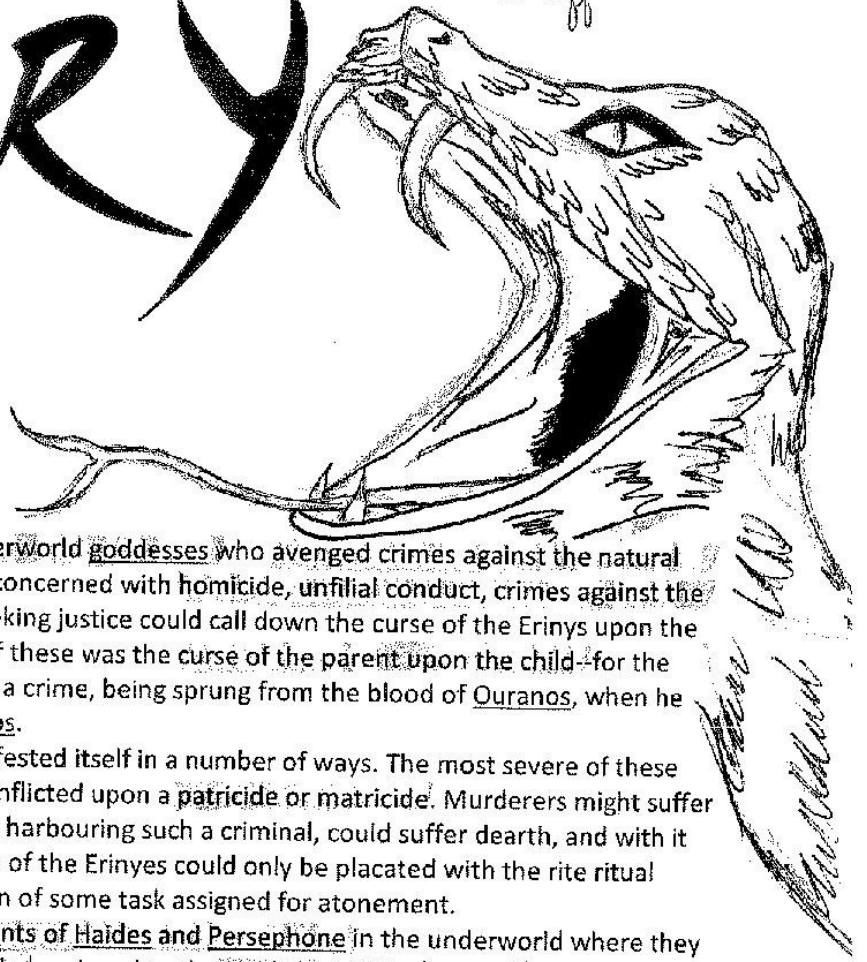
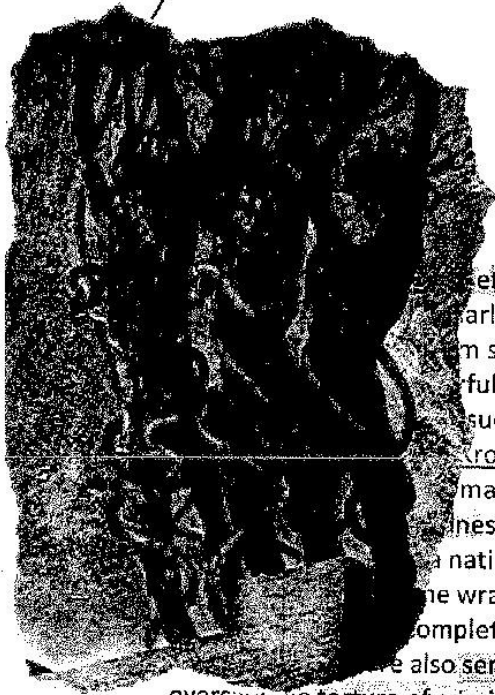


Young look. Single snake this time, this is also a weapon she uses to attack

Beings for an edgy image.

FURY

(Snake, as depicted as part of a Fury's hair or cuff.)



Underworld goddesses who avenged crimes against the natural order. They were particularly concerned with homicide, unfilial conduct, crimes against the gods. Anyone seeking justice could call down the curse of the Erinyes upon the offender. The most fearful of these was the curse of the parent upon the child—for the punishment of such a crime, being sprung from the blood of Ouranos, when he was overthrown by Kronos.

The curse manifested itself in a number of ways. The most severe of these was the curse inflicted upon a patricide or matricide. Murderers might suffer the same fate. A nation harbouring such a criminal, could suffer dearth, and with it the wrath of the Erinyes could only be placated with the rite ritual completion of some task assigned for atonement. They were also servants of Hades and Persephone in the underworld where they oversaw the torture of criminals consigned to the Dungeons of the Damned. The Erinyes were similar to if not the same as the Poinai (Retaliations), Arai (Curses), Praxidikai (Exacters of Justice) and Maniai (Madnesses). They were depicted as ugly, winged women with hair, arms and waists entwined with poisonous serpents. They wielded whips and were clothed either in the long black robes of mourners, or the short-length skirts and boots of huntress-maidens.



Winged Fury

Feathered but could change to scales or scales.

Thanatos

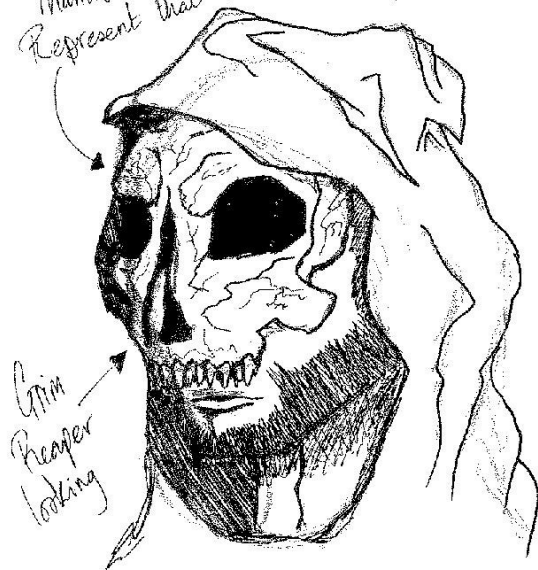
THANATOS (or Thanatus) was the god or *daimon* of non-violent death. His touch was gentle, likened to that of his twin brother *Hypnos* (Sleep). Violent death was the domain of Thanatos' blood-craving sisters, the *Keres*, spirits of slaughter and disease.

Thanatos plays a prominent role in two myths. Once when he was sent to fetch Alkestis to the underworld, he was driven off by Herakles in a fight. Another time he was captured by the criminal Sisyphos who trapped him in a sack so as to avoid death.

In Greek vase painting Thanatos was depicted as a winged, bearded older man, or more rarely as a beardless youth. He often appears in a scene from the *Iliad*, opposite his brother *Hypnos* (Sleep) carrying off the body of Sarpedon. In Roman sculptural reliefs he was portrayed as a youth holding a down-turned torch and wreath or butterfly (symbolising the soul of the dead).

THANATOS

Thanatos with a skull mask.
Represent that he is death personified



THA'NATOS (Thanatos), Latin *Mors*, a personification of Death. In the Homeric poems Death does not appear as a distinct divinity, though he is described as the brother of Sleep, together with whom he carries the body of Sarpedon from the field of battle to the country of the Lycians; (*Il.* xvi. 672, xiv. 231.) In Hesiod (*Theog.* 211, &c. 756) he is a son of Night and a brother of Ker and Sleep, and Death and Sleep reside in the lower world. (Comp. Virg. *Aen.* vi. 277.) In the *Alkestis* of Euripides, where Death comes upon the stage, he appears as an austere priest of Hades in a dark robe and with the sacrificial sword, with which he cuts off a lock of a dying person, and devotes it to the lower world. (*Alcest.* 75, 843, 845.) On the whole, later poets describe Death as a sad or terrific being (*Horat. Carm.* i. 4. 13, *Sat.* ii. 1. 58), but the best artists of the Greeks, avoiding any thing that might be displeasing, abandoned the ideas suggested to them by the poets, and represented Death under a more pleasing aspect. On the chest of Cypselus, Night was represented with two boys, one black and the other white (*Paus.* v. 18. § 1), and at Sparta there were statues of both Death and Sleep. (*iii.* 18. § 1.) Both were usually represented as slumbering youths; or as genii with torches turned upside down. There are traces of sacrifices having been offered to Death (*Serv. ad Aen.* xi. 197; *Stat. Theb.* iv. 528; *Lucan.* vi. 600; *Philostr. Vit. Apoll.* v. 4), but no temples are mentioned anywhere.

PAEAN (Paian, Paiëôn or Paiôn), that is, "the healing." The name was used in the more general sense of deliverer from any evil or calamity (*Pind. Pyth.* iv. 480), and was thus applied to Apollo and Thanatos, or Death, who are conceived as delivering men from the pains and sorrows of life. (*Soph. Oed. Tyr.* 154; *Paus.* i. 34. § 2; *Eurip. Hippol.* 1373.) With regard to Apollo and Thanatos however, the name may at the same time contain an allusion to *paiein*, to strike, since both are also regarded as destroyers. (*Eustath. ad Hom.* p. 137.)

ZEUS

hair back,
easy going, look

Slightly
scruffy look



Zeus

ZEUS was the king of the gods, and god of the sky and weather, law and order, destiny and fate. He was depicted as a regal, mature man with a sturdy figure and dark beard. His usual attributes were a lightning bolt, royal sceptre and eagle.

Some of the more famous myths featuring the god include:--

- His birth and upbringing in the Diktaion cave, where he was nursed by Amaltheia and guarded by the shield-clashing Kouretes;
- The Titan War in which he overthrew the Titans and imprisoned them in Tartaros;
- His battle with Typhoeus, a hundred headed, monstrous giant who attempted to capture heaven;
- The War of the Giants who attempted to storm Olympus but were slain by Zeus and the gods;
- The Great Deluge in which he flooded the earth to destroy mankind and begin the world anew;
- His conflict with Prometheus over the theft of benefactions for mankind;
- The punishment of Salmoneus, Tantalos and Ixion, men who offended the god with their impiety;
- The birth and life of Herakles, his favoured son, who he had transferred to Olympus at death;
- His extramarital affairs with women such as Leda, seduced in the form of a swan; Europa, as a bull; Danae, as a golden shower; Kallisto, as Artemis; and Antiope as a satyr;
- The Trojan War which he orchestrated from start to end, including the casting of the golden apple of discord.

CERBERUS

Character Development

Much older Cerberus

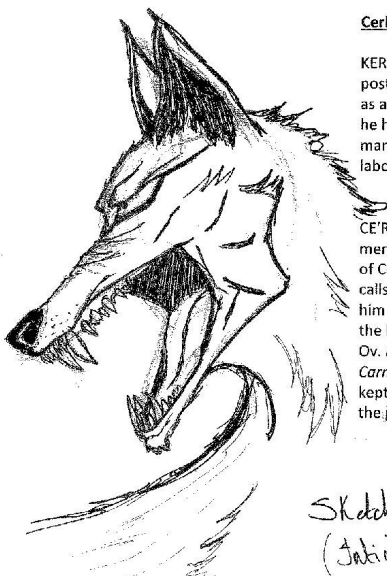
More: wolf like in appearance

Soft looking + cute
Puppy Cerberus.
Single headed dog, but with 3 different personalities

Fury is him to be a guard of the Shades.

Cerberus with 3 heads and viscous looking to intimidate the Shades.

CERBERUS

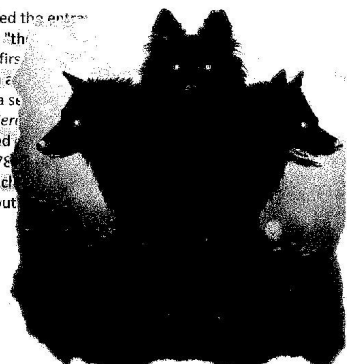


Sketchy Style
(Intimidating, mean, viscous.)

Cerberus

KERBEROS (or Cerberus) was the gigantic hound which guarded the gates of Hades. He was posted to prevent ghosts of the dead from leaving the underworld. Kerberos was described as a three-headed dog with a serpent's tail, a mane of snakes, and a lion's claws. Some say he had fifty heads, though this number might have included the heads of his serpentine mane. Herakles was sent to fetch Kerberos forth from the underworld as one of his twelve labours, a task which he accomplished through the grace of Persephone.

CERBERUS (Kerberos), the many-headed dog that guarded the entrance to the underworld, is mentioned as early as the Homeric poems, but simply as "the dog of Cerberus." (Il. viii. 368, Od. xi. 623.) Hesiod, who is the first to call him (Theog. 311) fifty-headed and a son of Typhon and Echidna, describes him as a monster with only three heads; with the tail of a serpent and the heads of various snakes. (Apollod. ii. 5. § 12; Eurip. Heracles, Ov. Met. iv. 449.) Some poets again call him many-headed. (Carm. ii. 13. 34; Tzetz. ad Lycoph. 678; Senec. Herc. fur. 78.) His duty of kept watch was according to some at the mouth of the Acheron, the gates of Hades, into which he admitted the shades, but





‘Conviction’ is a short story created by Eugenia Gower, inspired by Virgil’s *Aeneid*. It takes place after a rugby match between Wales and England.

Part 1.

She never meant for this to happen. This was never her plan.

'How does a god over the age of two thousand manage to make such a devastating mistake? Clearly, the seawater has affected his brain, the imbecile! Blood was never meant to have been spilt this day, only fear was supposed to be instilled into the minds of mortals. The days of gods interfering with the human world were supposed to be over. But that bitch needed to be put in her place! How dare the impotent fool speak ill of me!!! ME?! The great and beautiful Venus! She may have doubted our existence but she should have thought before she uttered the blasphemy through her thin pathetic lips. I am not to be insulted!'

This is what started the battle that shook Wales, the anger and pettiness of a goddess. One who had witnessed the rise and fall of countless cities over thousands of years. She had aided her chosen heroes, destroyed her enemies and retired from this mediocrity along with all the other gods of the ancient world. They all chose to distance themselves from humans, to enjoy their immortality without petty quarrels and ridiculous politicians. They could not take the stupidity any longer. Venus distanced herself from the humans for almost two thousand years. She did - occasionally- have a sneak at what the humans were doing (being immortal sometimes got boring). It was during one of her moments that she witnessed the actions of one individual, whose actions set in motion the wrath of Venus culminating in death and despair and a day the Welsh and English would never forget.

Part 2.

The pub in Mumbles, in Swansea, was at full capacity. The walls were ready to burst and the beer was freely flowing. Everyone in the room was supporting their team with all their heart; it was the D-day of rugby, Wales v England, a rivalry to beat all rivalries. The Welsh were dressed in red, matching their team on the pitch and the English were dressed in white. The last ten minutes of the game caused a tense atmosphere with battle cries from both sides. Wales was catching but England was leading.

In the final seconds of the game the English knew that they were about to win. Joy filled most of the English supporters, but dread filled Roni. She knew that the Welsh were not going to take this loss lightly and that they would start making up excuses that would anger the English. As the game ended and the Welsh stood shell shocked and, pissed, the English began their celebrations: more drinks were ordered and they began to sing in their triumph.

Roni was, unfortunately, stood closest to Myra, the patriotic Welsh girl who was a black belt in kickboxing and knew how to throw a punch better than anyone in that pub.

Myra's body began to tense with anger and hatred for her triumphant rivals. She couldn't take the defeat; she didn't want too. She allowed herself to be controlled by the blinding anger and picked out her victim. She knew everyone in the pub but that didn't matter; someone had to pay. Like an eagle seeking her prey she scanned the room for her victim.

She first looked towards Brady, the strong rival who was the captain of the rugby team. He had a beer in his hand and still could have easily taken her on and won; this just angered her more. In contrast to Brady she was weak, in both stature and the bloody rugby. Her anger grew and she felt a desperate need to hurt Brady, to defeat him in a way that a one to one combat couldn't.

This is when her eyes fell upon Roni. Her full name Petronia, she was best friends with Brady and everyone had the sneaking suspicion that the two would eventually end up dating. Myra had a perfect victim, had her revenge close at hand. She meant only to give her a black eye, mark her for the next few weeks to show that the Welsh weren't to be messed with. She began to tense her whole body, slowly drawing her right arm back ready to place the perfect punch onto Roni's left eye. This was going to hurt and this made Myra smile. The pain she was about to inflict made the loss of the rugby insignificant. She called to her victim 'Hey, bitch!'. Roni began to turn. The adrenaline began to surge through Myra's body. She felt like a god, every nerve surged in her body, she had never felt more alive. A brief thought crossed her mind, in that moment she thought herself more powerful than any goddess. She thought herself to be greater in strength and in beauty than Venus herself.

Unfortunately for her, Venus was watching from her place among the ancient gods, and she refused to let any human get away with having those thoughts. She swore to make her pay.

Throwing all her weight behind her clenched fist Myra began her life changing punch on her unsuspecting victim. As Roni turned to face the call, the punch connected with her face. She had no time to compute what was happening. She briefly felt the pain surge through her face and towards her neck, and then everything went black.

Myra had a surge of excitement when contact had been made with her fist; she saw the force of her punch ripple through Roni's face forcing her neck to turn. Roni's neck continued to turn, far past the point of what was possible, until the bones gave out ripping apart the spinal cord, and with it, any sign of life.

Roni's lifeless body fell to the ground covering Brady in a wave of beer as she went. He turned to catch her but missed. Her lifeless body lay on the ground, with her head looking like something out of a horror movie: completely turned on its axis, bones protruding from the skin in her neck, blood spilling and mixing with beer on the floor. It all happened so fast.

Myra just stared dumb founded at what she had just done while Brady, crazed from seeing the lifeless body fall, looked for the culprit of his best friend's murder. Silence slowly fell on the pub. No one breathed, no one moved; the atmosphere could have been split with a knife.

The pub split into sides. The Welsh and English, they stared at each other, seeing their friends now become their enemies. After the realisation of what she had just done struck Myra, she knew she had to run. Brady would kill her as soon as he was given the chance. She turned immediately on her heels and weaved her way through her allies, Brady attempting to chase her down but the throngs of the Welsh preventing him from chasing his target.

Part 3.

'You're going to pay for this!' He screamed through the crowds at Myra, 'by the fall of day you will be dead! Do you hear me, coward!? You're going to die!' He reached for his nearest enemy and grabbing their neck in his hands, snapped it like it was a twig, to add clarification to his statement. The Welsh turned and ran towards the nearest exits, including the windows. Terrified for their lives they retreated to the safety of the university.

She just signed her death warrant; from this point forward I will back Brady until the end. We will get our revenge together.

Brady knelt beside Roni's body, tears slowly falling down his face. Her beautiful long hair drenched in her spilt blood curdling with spilt beer from the celebrations of moments before. He cradled her body in his arms, wishing for her not to be dead. Only the English remained in the pub. They all knew collectively that they had to get their revenge for the death of their comrade. They began to plan their attack while Brady remained knelt with the body of the one he loved most dearly in his arms.

The English troops marched towards Singleton campus with a fury set deep into their hearts. They had had enough of the Welsh and the need to enact revenge ruled their every decision. They were no longer individuals but a synchronised body of resentment, moving perfectly in time with each other. The echo of their march could be heard throughout Swansea, a sound that struck fear into the awaiting Welsh within the university. *Thud. Thud. Thud.*

Panic. It struck the Welsh with such force that it took them a moment to know what was happening. *Thud. Thud. Thud.* The English were coming. Myra didn't know what to do; she knew they couldn't outmanoeuvre the English if they were to face off with them on campus. They needed to move: to get to the advancing enemy before they were swarmed and, promptly, mutilated by them all.

Thud. 'What should I do?' Myra asked herself. *Thud.* 'Shit.' *Thud.* 'Fuck it.' She addressed her awaiting allies: 'CHAAAARGE!!'

A roar emitted from the legions on Singleton campus: the *thud* could no longer be heard. They ran in every, and any, direction, disorganised and desperate. Myra ran amidst her fellow Welshmen, swarming through the park like bees under attack, arms and legs flailing in every direction, all ready and determined to defend their queen. There was no distinction between individuals: they all merged into a cloud of disembodied disdain. The English could be seen in the distance, standing their ground on the sands of Swansea bay, ready and waiting for the attack of the Welsh. Brady looked on from the pier. He wanted to separate Myra from her allies, get her alone where he could take the life that he was owed away from her.

Part 4.

As wounds were made, blood sent flying, bodies dropping to the ground faster than anyone could have thought, Myra looked around for her greatest enemy. She knew the only way to end this and protect her surviving countrymen was to face off one on one with Brady. She made her way through the death and destruction, casting blows, slicing throats as she went. There was a trail of death left in her wake. As she emerged onto the pier, she was covered in blood - the blood of her enemies and of her own comrades.

Venus watched on the edge of her seat with anticipation, desperate for the final battle, desperate to see the death of the one who chose to think herself as better than a goddess.

Brady saw his blood-soaked enemy and lunged after her. Myra turned in panic; she didn't know where to run. Right, back to the big battle? Only to be caught by an Englishman and handed over to Brady. Or go straight up the steep cliff where Brady would be able to easily outmanoeuvre her? Her only remaining option was to run towards the lighthouse, only accessible because the tide was out. The lighthouse stood on an isolated island surrounded by jarring rocks, the only exit the one she entered by: the one with Brady chasing, maniacally, after her.

This irritated Venus. She would not lose this battle because of a fellow god. Neptune still controlled the tides, even after all these years. If he had not sent the tide out, Myra would be dead already. This delay made her impatient. She went to her uncle to exchange a gift in place of his help.

Neptune sat upon a ragged chair, staring into the distance, looking like a mental patient in an asylum, his hair dreadlocked and grey. He wore what looked like rags but had once been the most beautiful white and elegant toga that everyone envied. The toga was now torn and frayed covered in stains and discoloured.

Venus, not realising Neptune's fragile state, marched in unannounced. 'Uncle! I need your help!' Neptune was startled; he had not had contact with another being for a few centuries. Venus ran reluctantly toward him; he began to rock back and forth slowly.

'Can you send a wave to kill that bitch Myra?' Venus asked her aged uncle. He stared at his niece wide eyed and panicked.

'You want me to intrude on a mortal affair? We all have sworn never to affect the humans again. It has been so long' he stared into the distance again, remembering a time long ago. 'So very long, my dear Venus. I miss their touch so dearly: it's like a drug, and I can never get enough. I have spent two thousand years withstanding their tempting pull. Desperate in my need to go to them, I have watched many beautiful women, and beautiful men, come and go. I have loved them and I have watched them die, never able to fulfil my need of them; they leave me heartbroken and empty. But I have kept my promise and never interfered with their lives. At every lost moment I have died a little inside, aging, aching, missing, breaking. I cannot do what you ask. It is too much. I am a broken god, Venus. Broken and dishevelled. Merely controlling the sea out of habit rather than choice. Don't make me change. Leave me in my eternal misery.'

She starred dumbfounded at her broken uncle, feeling a slight pang of sympathy, followed by a strong wave of anger. She wasn't going to let a fool stop her from getting her revenge. 'Oh shut up you impotent fool!' He widened his eyes and turned to look at his angered niece. 'I'm bored and we cannot let this go unpunished! We promised to stop interfering as long as they never interfered with us! Well they have, they have insulted me and it cannot be left unpunished!'

'Child. Leave me be. Leave my misery and me alone. Go and have your tantrum elsewhere.'

She realised a change of tactic was needed. 'I can get you a girl. And not just any girl: a human girl. Anyone you want. You just have to choose.' She cooed seductively to him.

Neptune sat up, filled with life at this possibility, tempted beyond words, so close to feeling the human touch again, the breath on his skin, their heat against his cold body, their heartbeat racing at his every touch. He was tempted beyond words, but he had made a vow, one he intended to keep for eternity.

'No. We cannot do this. What if your father found out? He would use his lightning to strike us down. Jupiter is not one to forgive. His sister is especially bad, my sister: Juno. She is almost worse than him. Leave me be, child. You'd be best to forget the mortal you hate. I have tried to forget the mortals I have loved.'

'No! This is not good enough!' She knelt before her uncle, staring deep into his ocean eyes. 'Any girl; Neptune. Or any boy. You can feel them again. Touch them. Have them. You only need to do one thing. Then you can have what you desire so much. I can give you what you long for. You know you want it. You need it.'

She had stirred his long ignored desire. The pull of the mortal drug was too much. He needed it and he needed it now. He shot up from his chair, rejuvenated: proud, strong and handsome. 'What do you need me to do?' An evil victory smile spread across the lips of Venus. She was the snake about to bite her victim and they were not going to survive the spread of her poison.

Part 5.

Meanwhile, the chase between Myra and Brady had circled the lighthouse three times. With every circle Brady gained ground. He was closing in and there was nothing Myra could do. She turned to face him, standing her ground. She wasn't going to let the bastard Brady beat her without a fight.

'Finally. The coward stops.' Brady slowly moves closer to his prey. She frantically looked for a route of escape, realising too late that while they had been running the tide had come in. (Neptune didn't take long to get to work.) They were marooned on the island. There was nowhere to go, only to face the force she knew was going to kill her.

Venus looked toward her uncle with love in her heart. He was doing what she wanted. She was going to win. Myra was going to die.

Brady approached his prey; she tried to back up but collided with the lighthouse. Panic infested every nerve in her body it surged through her body. Brady could see it in her eyes.

'A wave! Send a wave to drown the bitch!' Venus screeched to Neptune. He lifted his hand to the water he had managed for thousands of years. It listened intently to its master's orders; eager to please it began to form the death wave. It built in height slowly at first. Gradually it built height and speed, aimed directly to engulf the island and the inhabitants. Venus realised too late that the wave was going to wipe out anyone on the little island. She screamed at Neptune to stop. But he couldn't hear; he felt alive again. He had missed the rush of adrenaline that coursed through his body. The wave-like horses sped to their destination as the charioteer instructed. As the wave built so did Neptune, the power he once had sending him into a craze of determination to wipe out everyone on the island. To kill everything he could with the one opportunity he had.

'What's the matter Myra? You're looking awfully pale, scared you're about to die?' He asked her, taunting her. His right hand gripped around her neck, lifting her off the ground and restricting her breathing. She was not defeated; she was still fighting with all her strength, even with the world going fuzzy from lack of oxygen. She was flailing her legs in every direction in the hope to make contact with Brady's body. She was digging her fingernails into his hands, ripping into his flesh, desperate for him to loosen the grip around her throat. He smirked. He found her determination to survive commendable but futile. She didn't deserve life. He thought that she deserved eternity in hell for what she did to Roni. The memory of Roni made him tighten his grip. Myra fought, desperate for survival.

'You see that wave, you revolting Welsh scum? It's coming for you. It's going to take you and trample you in its violent torrent. It will spin you over and over, slamming you against the protruding rocks until your skull is cracked open and the sea can feast on your disgusting brain matter.'

Tears leaked from Myra's eyes. She didn't want to die; she wasn't ready.

It suddenly dawned on Brady that the wave was not only going to take Myra but him too. During his realisation Myra had stopped fighting. She had passed out from the lack of oxygen in her body and was consumed by the world of darkness. Brady raced for cover leaving Myra's lifeless body to be taken by the wave. Sprinting towards the old World War Two outpost on the far side of the island, Brady hoped it would be strong enough to withstand the force of the wave. It was his only hope: there was nowhere else to hide, nothing else to do.

The wave broke over the island like a stampede of wild horses: violent and unforgiving. Anything that wasn't strapped down was dragged along with the force of the breaking water. Taken up in the force of the wave they were flipped and dragged in every direction, smashed with inhuman force against the rocks.

This is perfect! The bitch is going to die! You badmouth a goddess, you kill Petronia and Petronia will kill you! You know why bitch?!? Because where I come from Petronia is rock! And rock beats pathetic Welsh imbecile!

Fighting against the strength of the water, determined not to let it win. An arm broken, from the force of the wave. Now torn off at the shoulder. Still spinning and making contact again with a boulder, only harder, this time it penetrated the mortal skin, inserting into the spleen slicing them open, dragging the intestines out of their beaten body.

The next hit was the skull coming in contact with unforgiving stone, again and again and again until bone gave way to the delicate flesh of brain; beaten and destroyed with every hit of the rocks, pieces of brain now mixing with the bodiless arm, all floating in the sea water moving with the current. The water surrounding the lighthouse was no longer the blue of the ocean but a deep red of blood and guts swirling in Neptune's storm.

Part 6.

Venus stared at the mortal world, not believing what she had just witnessed. Not knowing if anyone survived.

A hand reached out of the calming water, fingers pointing in inhuman directions, blood quickly covering the hand in red.

Who is it? Please let the bitch be dead.

Dark brown hair emerged from the surf.

Brady. Please be Brady.

A feminine body emerged from the now calm water. Dazed and confused. Dragging the air into their lungs in deep desperate breaths. A body floated to the surface, his empty eyes staring lifeless at the sky, as if searching for Venus asking her why this had happened. Strands of brain resting on his beaten face. His skull no longer in tact, revealing the empty shell where his brain used to sit.

A tear slowly ran down her face. 'Nooooo!' She screeched like a mother who had just lost her child, wrecked with devastation.

Myra stood on the rock that had taken the life of her enemy, looking out towards the bay where the English and Welsh had been fighting. Both sides now stood, one in shock, the other in awe. No one knew what had just happened. No one ever would.

In the distant a whisper of a voice could be heard. Along with her loss she had lost any interest in the mortal world. She went to rest in a corner, beaten and devastated by her loss. She replaced Neptune in his insanity, while he went feasting on the girls she had promised him.

END



Laura Igoe and Heather Momcilovic wrote a short Dr Who story 'A Wistful Time' set at the time of the Trojan War.

Prologue

The Last Great Time War. A war that wiped out two great species – the Time Lords and the Daleks. The Time Lords sacrificed their lives to stop that dreadful race from exterminating whole worlds. At least that's how they're remembered. But past the heroics... where the Time Lords don't want you to look...you will see the dark truth behind how this race became the Lords of Time.

In the beginning many races lived on the planet Gallifrey: Gaftlahn, Managahl, Mardhi and many others. The strongest, the Hieardorbra, had an ability to grant the heart's desire; from the chaos this created in time, they took time energy and extended their lives.

Never aging, never dying, the Hieardorbra *alone* held this power, and the Time Lords envied this. They were a dying race watching the Hieardorbra obtain virtual immortality. This crime against the law of nature – all things must die – became the pretext behind their conflict, but in actuality they wanted the power themselves.

So they sent in a man, a very clever man, to steal the power of time from the Hieardorbra. Instead he was caught and given a wish: "I wish that death was not the end." From this regeneration began and the tide of battle changed.

Some may call it Darwinism but in the end it was a massacre. The Time Lords, now no longer dying, focused on restoring order in time while the Hieardorbra struggled unable to feed on chaos. Still, whatever fight they did put up, it wasn't enough. Not one of this once proud race was thought to have survived. And this, this genocide, was known as The First Great Time War.

Chapter I - The Doctor, Saviour of Rome: Part I

146 BC – The Battle of Corinth:

“Just one more, just one more,” a dying Greek soldier made this mantra, “I can’t die... not yet, not until I make them pay. I’m sorry I couldn’t save y-y-you--” his voice broke. Hardened from life - he was orphaned, and plague stole his family - he never shed a tear. Today however, he held nothing back, he’d fought his final battle, and only the dead heard his cries for his lost homeland. “I’m so-rry...” he repeatedly sobbed.

“Tsk. Tsk. What’s this? A man like you crying, what a shameful thing to see.”

The man was taken aback by a hooded figure. “W-who?--”

She held up her hand stopping him from talking. “Don’t ask stupid questions. Who am I? Why am I here? That’s all meaningless. The only thing you need to know is that I can help a *dead man* like you.” The words seemed more of a death sentence than the open-wound in his chest.

That moment she pulled back her hood revealing honeyed curls, large hazel eyes and lips with a faint smile. He felt humbled assuming she was a goddess; often told stories of gods coming in disguise to mortals. She gazed at the Roman camp where the army celebrated its victory. “Do you hate them?” She asked grimacing. “Do you wish they never came here? Or better, they never had the power to do this?” Gesturing to his fallen comrades, “To hurt you and all these people.”

“Of c-course” He coughed up blood, body failing him.

“Do you wish it?” She locked his gaze indicating the seriousness of this question. She pressed him, “Say it! Say it and I’ll make it happen!”

The Greek soldier condemned the Romans, “I wish the Romans never gained such power.”

“Excellent.” She smirked at his response, “I’ll send you back to kill the Founder of Rome.”

The TARDIS shook violently. “Warning. Warning.” The automated voice rang throughout the TARDIS. “Influx in time energy detected. Warning. Warning.” The Doctor and Clara had spent the last five minutes clinging for dear life to the TARDIS console.

Clara looked around alarmed; lights, sparks and smoke everywhere. “Doctor what’s going on?” she shouted over the noise.

“Um...” The Doctor thought before saying anymore. A few seconds later, the Doctor gave Clara one of those smiles that worried her, the one that said ‘I have no idea what I’m doing.’ ‘Great’ she groaned internally. “Whatever it is,” the Doctor continued, she naively thought to comfort her, “it’s brilliant, and appears to be taking us on one heck of a ride.” The TARDIS began to speed up and the gravity suspended, “GERONIMOOOOO!”

“DOCTOR!” Clara yelled wondering why she was never smart enough to stay home.

brain, “he’s the Founder of Rome, and according to the TARDIS he was killed - is going to be, time is all very confusing like that. Anyway, we have to stop that, so come on.” The Doctor proudly stepped out from behind the blind in a brilliant white bed-sheet.

Clara was surprised by how little this actually shocked her. “You’re going outside in a *bed-sheet*?” she asked, already knowing the answer.

The Doctor raised his eyebrow, “Don’t be ridiculous, of course not. This is a toga, at least it is now, and yes I know togas are more Roman but--”

“Is that *my* bed-sheet?” Clara asked recognising an old coffee stain.

The Doctor raised his finger as if to say something, “Uh...let’s go.” He marched towards the door, knowing she wouldn’t resist for long and Clara realising arguing was useless, grabbed a bed-sheet with a smile and followed the Doctor out the door.

They were surrounded by Greek soldiers; bronze spears, iron swords and double-curved bows.

The Doctor stepped towards the Greeks putting out his arms, “Take me to your leader!”

The Doctor and Clara were brought before the Greek Leaders who were having a feast in honour of the fallen Achilles.

The bearded king of Argos, Agamemnon, shuffled in his make-shift throne and tore into a joint of beef whilst examining them. “What do we have here then? A couple of Trojan spies no less!” The Doctor and Clara were about to object. “I’ve been expecting something like this ever since we sent Odysseus undercover into the citadel. Looks like we’ve shown them who’s smarter, eh?” Agamemnon nudged his brother, Menelaus, who was looking off vacantly still enchanted by the beauty of Helen. “Well you,” Agamemnon pointed to the Doctor with one of his golden ringed fingers, “what’s your name? What is your family? Why have you come here? Come on now tell us and we *may* spare you.”

The Doctor did not hesitate with his reply. “To answer your questions great Lord, I am Epieus from Delphi. I was brought up by a man known as the Architect. My parentage though is not so easy to explain. You see my biological father was the god Iatromantis but no one believed me so I travelled to claim proof of my heritage. That’s why Phoebus gifted me with the art of song,” at that point the Doctor pulled a lyre out of his toga. “*Where did he get that from?*” Clara thought to herself. “And I became the greatest bard, after Orpheus of course.”

Clara was impressed by the elaborate story and the Greek Leaders seemed satisfied by the tale. Odysseus, a well-built man in his early thirties, though was not convinced and tried to catch the Doctor out. “If you are such a great bard, you must honour us with a song.” This started murmurs in the crowd and soon everyone wanted to hear him.

Agamemnon silenced them. “Don’t worry my friends, he will sing for us and--” he caught sight of Clara.

Agamemnon signalled to his guards then, “--this girl here will sit with me.” He turned to his brother adding, “I’ve been looking for a new slave-girl since the whole Chryseis incident.”

The soldiers brought Clara to him. “Doctor, doctor,” she called for him to do something.

“My Lord, please let her stay with me, you see this, this...” he looked between Clara and Agamemnon, “this is my slave girl, Aspasia. She is a wonderful dancer. I couldn’t possibly do a performance without her.” Clara sent the Doctor a sharp glare to show she disapproved, but she guessed she didn’t have a choice if she didn’t want to end up as Agamemnon’s concubine.

The Doctor struck the strings of the lyre and started his song...

Chapter II – A Wish Gone Wrong

*“On an island ruled by women;
Yes, it is true, there is such a place
You may feel repulsed and think there’s no taste
In having a land
In the **disgraceful** hands
Of a woman, a lady, a girl.”*

The Greek leaders gasped. This was ancient Greece and women were not equal to men. The Doctor, however, continued singing with a big smile on his face whenever he caught a glimpse of Clara. “Ooh, that girl sure can dance! Can’t she dance, my lovely little *slave* girl. Attagirl!” Still smiling he continued:

*“Now on this island,
Gender was no issue,
They were all taught together
Man, woman and child,
Although,
You all seem beguiled.”*

Murmurs could be heard from the crowd of Agamemnon’s followers as the Doctor sang this most recent verse. The Doctor saw this natural pause as a chance to describe the culture on the island of Lesbos – the place he was setting his story. He began by saying:

“So, there is this island to the south of here that does things differently from the rest of you Achaeans. They have all those who wish to learn gather in a building – which they call: school. Over there they allow girls to learn as much as boys do. In fact, they are encouraged to learn more than the boys are. Why, within a few hundred years a great and famous female poet will have come from there. I believe her name should begin with an ‘S’ if I’m not mistaken. Oh, did I forget to mention, I had been blessed by Apollo to see things far into the future, outside my life time – trust a god to do that, eh? What a great lad he is as well!”

Agamemnon and the other leaders protested, that women could never learn what men do and it would and should never happen. Agamemnon talked over them all: “I remember some women from Lesbos – good in bed they were – nothing too special, I’ve had better. I passed seven of them off on

Achilles. Though they did seem to be more knowledgeable than my other conquests.”

Through all this pontificating chauvinism, Odysseus stepped forward while raising his hand to show he wished to speak:

“Now gentlemen, I am sure you are most certainly aware that such cultures do exist, why, don’t you remember that Amazonian queen that gave us so much grief a while back? Um, I think her name was Penthesilea? She took a fair number of our men before meeting her own end at the hands of the greatest of the Greeks, the fallen Achilles. May he rest in peace.”

A few murmurs of reluctant acknowledgement were heard in the background and so Odysseus continued:

“Oh, wise and powerful leader of our men, Agamemnon, would it not then make sense that this island of Lesbos could also have a culture like this?”

With this everyone looked to Agamemnon, Clara had stopped dancing by this point and stood beside the Doctor, also looking expectantly at the middle-aged king. He gave each person there a look of scrutiny so as to determine what they wanted and eventually he gave in and allowed the Doctor to continue with his ‘singing’.

“Aspasia, keep dancing, girl. This is what I bought you for!” She looked maliciously towards the Doctor but he just gave a knowing smile.

*“Now at this school was a
Young woman.
A beauty some would have said
Could not be compared:
With flowing locks of hair,
The colour of –”*

“The sun?” Clara interjected as the Doctor had paused for thought on what colour to make the hair.

“Ha! The sun! Good one, my *dancing* slave girl!” The Doctor exclaimed.

*“Her eyes beyond compare,
Poseidon ruling the seas within.
With sun kissed skin
Giving a warm, radiant glow,
Her body all supple,
With runner’s long legs
She could go a distance
In as short a time as possible
Although, she never partook in games,
Never played with others or even interacted.*

A solitary creature, she was;

Preferring trees and animals

*Over **men** and gods.*

The name of such a maiden?

“HELEN!” all the leaders present cried out, laughing and jeering at one another whilst making not so subtle glances towards Menelaus who seemed to have been aroused from his mind’s slumber of intoxication. “Why’re ya talkin’ ‘bou’ mah womahn?! She’s mahn ya heahr!” The banquet guests laughed even harder at this drunken layabout’s pitiful attempts at masculinity. The Doctor perceived this as a good time to continue his ‘song’.

Why, it was Daphne of course!

And her father?

The inventor and philosopher, Ladon!

A tutor at this school was he,

As were Apollo and Cupid.

The one with darts was clever

The one with arrows, stupid

“Ha-ha! Ya ‘ear tha’ ev’ry’n’? Paris is stuuuupid!” Menelaus butted in. Agamemnon gave a disgusted look towards his poor excuse for a brother and gestured for the Doctor to carry on.

Chasing girls who caught his attention

Usually giving him massive erections.

Such was the foolish god of the sun

Oh, do pardon my pun

I was having a little too much fun

When talking about this dunce.

Menelaus once again shouted through the *singing*, “Damn righ’ ‘e is! The blaste’ boy stole mah womahn!” At this point, Clara was thinking, ‘*Can’t that drunken lout ever shut up, the more he talks over the Doctor, the longer I have to dance! Shut up you old man!*’ As if reading her thoughts, the Doctor looked to her, catching her attention and winked, before saying: “My lord, please, this is about –”

“Paris!” Burped Menelaus.

“Menelaus!” Guffawed Ajax.

“No, this is about a *man* called *Apollo*. If you keep listening the story will get much better, I can almost, probably, slightly guarantee it.”

Now, although, he was not known for his brains,

He was however, for his beauty:

With hair like the sun

Shining gold in the light

With bronze glowing skin

And a well-toned body,

All the girls fawned over him

Making him used to the folly

Of the idea of no female saying words of rejection

To the fair young man of Lesbos.

Now, a rivalry there was

Between the two tutors,

Due to the games they supervised

With their students,

The intellectual darts

And the girly bow and arrows.

There was one student who did both,

He originally came from Sparta.

I say 'he' because that was what he was born as,

Although, due to Sparta's traditions

And his body being frail,

His mother raised him as a girl

Instead of him as a male.

Ajax, a burly bearded, brawny man, clearly drunk, gave a loud cough which strangely sounded like:
"Menelaus!" Agamemnon glared at him for this.

Leucippus was his name

And to become a man was his aim.

And who else could he do this with

But the fair Daphne?

Now his story is short, but not sweet.

*He confessed to said girl
But did not get acknowledged
And so his fleeting romance
Was cut short
And he met his life's end
When an arrow was caught
From the shaft of Apollo
Inside the young man's rear.*

“There something you're not telling us Menelaus?” Ajax came out with, receiving many cheers and jeers from the leaders, and a leer from the Argive king seemingly piercing him with his eyes. Clara gave an inward giggle which seemed to catch Agamemnon's attention, ‘*Just keep dancing, Clara, just keep dancing*’.

*With this, the main story begins
No more descriptions,
No more menial things.
The story starts with an argument,
A row between Cupid and Apollo.
You all seem to want to know
So let us all find out.*

*Their argument was trivial
But also important.
Apollo mocked Cupid
In his brash and crude way
He said: ‘My little Cupid!
My arrows are longer than your darts,
The shaft wider too.
How can you teach children to throw darts
When you yourself don't have a clue
On how to arouse interest
In our little women,
And have them feel said arrows
And experience the pleasure
Of releasing the pressure
After holding the power back*

*Before thrusting it
Into the target. '*

*Offended by his words
Cupid thought of Daphne
The chaste girl who loved no man
But the plants and animals
She reared herself.
Now this, thought he
Would be a challenge,
Something that would end in tragedy
For the musical man, Apollo.*

*He suggested to the lyre-playing one
To teach the class of biology
In his place,
As he was not going to be there
For he was attending the yearly race
That would give the winner a great prize.*

“Win a great prize?! Ha! I need a drink!” The intoxicated Ajax exclaimed, seemingly depressed over his loss of Achilles’ armour to Odysseus, although the Doctor seemed to have forgotten this.

*And so, with a look of unenthusiasm,
Apollo accepted although he seemed to despise
The very thought of filling up the chasm
Of no lessons for the students.
The first day of teaching,
Cupid was still there,
He spoke to Apollo before leaving,
Trying to look like he cared.
But as he got up close to him
He gave him a little prick
From his little dart
Covered in his love*

Something that would affect Apollo's...

... Body.

At first, nothing was happening,

At least not for a few minutes.

Apollo began the lesson

And he was starting to feel the heat

Rising within his body.

As the young man looked at his students for the first time

He saw Daphne in all her bedazzling beauty --

“Haah, Helen.” Menelaus sighed to himself, oblivious to the look of embarrassment on his brother's face as well as disappointment that he was still bewitched by her godly beauty.

And felt his heart go beating.

And below a deep thrumming

Getting bigger and bigger.

His next target had been made,

The girl Daphne was her name,

And, as we know, it was a shame,

Because there was no way she would play his game.

Throughout the lesson told

By the young man, Apollo,

He went up to her all bold,

And asked her to follow

His teachings in his techniques

In which arrow was thrust in target.

But being the recluse that she was,

She paid no attention, being cruel and cold.

Like all the others before the man

He had no chance.

The only thing he succeeded in

Was catching a glimpse, a glance

*At her features, oh so perfect,
Such was the predicament for this chap.*

*After school had finished,
The girl rushed out in joy,
For she could go nurture nature,
Although Apollo saw this as a ploy
To meet in some secret place,
Away from prying eyes,
And so gave chase to dear Daphne
The dilemma of Cupid's price
To pay for mocking his skill and ability.*

*Upon catching up to his maiden so fair
He found himself upon her lair
Of fauna and flora and flowers and weeds.
He continued on, though
With ill intent and misdeeds
Towards the young girl's whole-some heart.*

“She won’t fall for him, she’s mine!” Menelaus exclaimed, with a look of pure rage on his besotted face. “So Helen’s at home is she?” Ajax countered, as if to add fuel to the fire within the foolish king’s hearth. One of the other Greek leaders then joked: “No, she’s on holiday in Egypt, soaking in the sun with Apollo.” Tears could be seen rolling down his face into his beard as he grew quiet and slowly lapped at his beverage.

*The young man wished to impress her
So started playing his lyre,
Unfortunately she was in her own world
Caring for the plants and trees and grass
And so his music was unheard,
Such was the ignorance of the dear lass.*

*Next, he tried to show his skills in archery,
However, upon seeing his massive arrow,
With its big head and long length,*

*She used her legs to run away,
Using all of her strength.*

*And from Apollo's sight
She was gone,
And Apollo sprinted behind her
Going after his perfect prey.
In her mind she thought of her father,
The eccentric known as Ladon.*

Ajax then interjected: "That reminds me of Electra, eh Agamemnon?"
"She's just a devoted daughter, that's all." Agamemnon replied in a put out voice.

*In the school down a corridor she went,
Her energy almost completely spent.
Her father was a man of science,
He worked on a potion of guidance,
That would grant the user a gift,
Saying what, would make a very long list
And so I'll leave it at that.*

*Now as I was saying,
Daphne tried to find the eccentric,
But was sadly failing.
Isn't this story quite epic?*

At this Odysseus asked: "What's an epic?" The Doctor explained that epic poetry was an extended narrative in verse, mentioning Homer and Virgil. Odysseus didn't recognise the names, then the Doctor realised he'd muddled his times again. "Oh, in the future they'll be really famous, they'll even base their stories on you lot." Odysseus seemed appeased by this answer and so let the 'bard' finish his 'epic':

*The story's final stage arrived,
And the potion was now complete.
Daphne, after seeing Ladon cried,
And thought within her mind:
'Father! I wish to become discrete!*

*I wish to be free from beastly men!
I wish I could just be with nature,
Forever until I die.'*

*As she thought these words
She reached her father
And knocked the potion
Out of his hands.*

*This potion granted gifts, you see,
And Daphne's was for freedom,
So when she turned into a tree
She could no longer be eaten
By the man who was like a beast
His love for her could never cease
As his stupidity and folly
Meant he thought with his body.
Thus the characters in this story
Met a tragic end."*

“And so it was that Daphne got her heart’s desire,” the Doctor’s eyes met each of the Greeks, attempting to flush out the soldier who wished for Aeneas’ death, “but it didn’t turn out the way she expected.” He ended on this ominous note. Clara, realising the Doctor’s plan, tried to identify anyone who looked uncomfortable but no one there batted an eye.

Chapter III – The Doctor, Saviour of Rome: Part II

‘It doesn’t look like they’re here--’ Clara’s train of thought was interrupted by Agamemnon’s hearty laugh, “Very well young bard, you must join us.” The King turned to the thick-bearded brute to his left who was solemnly drinking his fill of wine, “Ajax move over a bit. You’re no fun these days *always* pining after that armour, you’re worse than my brother.”

All eyes turned to Menelaus, yet he was oblivious to the comment, his mind off walking the streets of Troy. “But at least he’s like this over a *woman...*” Agamemnon seemed to rethink that statement not wanting to ally his own brother with Apollo from the bard’s song, “Heck even Achilles’ mind could be warped by a good pair of breasts, eh?” Agamemnon gave a light nudge trying to wake his brother from his daze. “It was a shame I had to give up Briseis, now *that* was a fine looking woman,” he looked at Clara lasciviously contemplating taking her as his own, “but I guess that’s the sacrifice a *King* has to make.” Agamemnon heaved a great sigh when his brother didn’t get the implicit message: *‘Stop acting like a complete fool, you’re a Greek King.’*

Realising Menelaus was a hopeless case, he turned expecting to find a vacant seat but his brow creased in irritation when he realised Ajax hadn’t moved. “Ajax. Did you not hear me? Are your ears filled with wax?”

‘Wax blocking sound? Good idea’ Odysseus noted.

Agamemnon began to shoo Ajax away as if he were some lowly dog and this served only to further his discontent at the slights to his honour as the best of the Greeks, “what are you waiting for? Move!”

Ajax pouted but finally moved. Grumbling under his breath, “I bet he wouldn’t say that if I were *Odysseus.*”

As soon as everyone had settled into place, the Greek leaders resumed the topic of discussion before the Doctor and Clara’s arrival. Clara was beginning to see a pattern when, as per usual, Agamemnon was the one speaking. “Believe me, my good friends, I don’t want to have to be here any longer than you do. It’s been ten years, *ten years* since I left my fair Argos.”

‘Yes,’ Clara thought, *‘this man definitely likes the sound of his own voice.’*

“But unfortunately duty binds us here. The gods demand I punish those Trojans who violated the laws of *xenia*, those who flouted the hospitality of the Atreidae. And even if this wasn’t the case, all of us are bound by the oath we made to protect my brother’s marriage. Ugh,” Agamemnon groaned in frustration, “if only there were some way to get past those pesky walls. Then, I tell you then, this war would be over in a single day.” All the Greek leaders looked deep in thought before finally giving a nod of ascent to Agamemnon. A wry grin appeared on Agamemnon’s face at his next words, “Especially now that the Trojans have lost their *beloved* Hector.” The Greek leaders all seemed to smirk at the thought of the best of the Greeks having bested the best of the Trojans.

The Doctor, tracing the horse engraving on his golden lyre, interrupted the sudden silence. “Inside the walls of Troy you say? That’s easy. All Greeks ever need to get inside Troy is a giant wooden horse filled-”

“Filled with soldiers” Clara finished, feeling like a prophet herself except her knowledge was the myths told to her at school.

“Preposterous, the fables of a bard no less--” Agamemnon began to object.

“-- what a genius idea.” Odysseus interjected, his mind already spilling over with a thousand different stratagems. “We will pretend we’ve gone home and hide somewhere... near Tenedos perhaps. The Trojans will no doubt take the horse inside if they think it’s an offering to a god. A payment for fair winds... or better yet, we should leave a soldier behind, get him to pretend he’s a sacrifice like Iphigenia,” a morose expression appeared on Agamemnon’s face at the mention of his daughter yet Odysseus was too carried away with his plans to realise, “and we’ll get him to *betray* us by regaling them with a fictitious tale which will make the Trojans take it inside. He’ll tell them it’s to appease Athena... after Diomedes and I stole the Palladium... and if the Trojans were to take it inside...” Odysseus stroked his beard trying to finish off his cunning ploy.

“The Greeks would lose favour with the gods and never win the war?” the Doctor offered causing a mischievous smile to appear on Odysseus’ face.

The King of Argos quickly changed his mind. “Uh...yes, very good. Odysseus have it commissioned right away. And you, bard,” he gestured to the Doctor, “go with him. You said your biological father was an architect, right? That should come in handy. Help with all the preparations and...such. Odysseus after you’re finished send word to Helen,” he thought the traitorous woman could be of help since she always chose the path most profitable for herself, “we attack Troy tomorrow night.” The Doctor and Clara followed Odysseus outside and began preparations for the infiltration of Troy.

It was all going according to plan...

The Trojans rejoiced seeing the Greek camp deserted. Citadel gates opened, they reached the shore and marvelled at the enormous structure. They deliberated over what to do; take it inside? Burn it? Drown it? Bore holes in its belly? Adamant, Laocoon threw a spear at the horse’s belly, just missing Clara’s foot. “Do-mrmph-mrmph-tor!” Her muffled voice came out through the Doctor’s hand.

Fortunately, Laocoon’s shouts stifled her cry. “Fools, fools, all of you, fools. Are you all mad?! Has some god – Hera or Athena – deluded your mind in their efforts to ruin Troy? That must be it, because that wooden monstrosity will surely destroy us! This is a trick! They have a clever man on their side to devise this scheme. This is just a plot to get inside the citadel, can’t you see that?!” Laocoon groaned in anguish, hands reaching towards the sea, “Lord Poseidon, have mercy on us...”

Laocoon was so convincing the Greeks feared he would foil their plan. However, the Doctor knew it was fated – a fixed point in time. He just had to convince them of that. And quickly. They were already grabbing their weapons. The Doctor gave an impish smirk, abruptly collapsing on the floor and pretending to wrestle with the power of the gods. “Father, no...don’t...punish...Greeks...don’t!”

Clara, not having a clue what was going on, cradled the Doctor in her arms. “Doctor, Doctor, are you alright? What’s going on? What’s happening? DOCTOR!”

“Lord Iatromantis...don’t punish the Greeks...they will follow your divine will...they won’t leave the horse and face the Trojans yet...they’re just worried we’ll be discovered...” The Doctor opened one eye trying to gauge their reaction, but seeing their scepticism, he continued. “I understand. It has been decided... Troy’s fate has been weighed against the Greeks’ by Zeus... the Greeks will be victorious. We must...” The Doctor peeked again, this time seeing reassured looks and so he decided it was about time to end his little performance. “We must...we must wait--” The Doctor pretended to fall unconscious.

“—Doctor, DOCTOR!” Clara yelled, shaking him around.

Odysseus did his best to silence her, fearing Laocoon’s disturbance would end and the Trojans

would hear her. “Quiet! He’s fine--”

Abandoning his act, the Doctor jumped up as if nothing happened. “No need to fear *Aspasia*,” he tapped her on the nose, “your *Lord and Master*, Epieus, is fine.” Clara could feel her concern dissipate and be replaced by irritation. He turned to the Greeks then who looked confused. “Alright then, you heard my Father – we wait!”

Most of the Greeks were satisfied and returned to listening to the Trojans’ debate. Odysseus however, once again saw through the Doctor’s ruse and voiced his suspicions. “That, just now. You lied, didn’t you?” The Doctor didn’t answer him but gave him a wry smile that said: *‘It’s true what they say. You are a smart one.’*

Two events followed the Doctor’s performance. Firstly, Sinon – the sacrifice chosen to deceive – persuaded the Trojans with the agreed tall tale; secondly, whilst praying for an answer, Laocoon and one of his two sons were poisoned by snakes, wrongly interpreted by the Trojans as a sign from the gods that he lied.

Finally, the Trojans hauled the horse to the gates, tearing down their walls and ensuring ‘victory’ over the Greeks.

It all went according to plan...thereabouts.

“Doctor, I really think we should hurry.” Clara was looking down through the trap door; seeing the Greeks making light work of the Trojans in their slumber. “Come on, if we don’t hurry, there is a good chance Aeneas might be killed.”

The Doctor, barely paying attention, looked everywhere for the blue bag he had when they entered. “No, there’s no need to worry, he’s not here.” Clara looked confused by the Doctor’s statement, *‘How could he possibly know that?’* The Doctor, seeing Clara’s face, answered her. “There is a way of telling exactly where Aeneas is at all times. Here,” the Doctor threw a book over to her after finally locating his bag, “it’s one of the epic poems I was telling the Greek leaders about.”

“Virgil’s *Ae-ne-id*” Clara read the title aloud. Her eyebrows furrowed, perplexed, “I don’t understand. How will this help us?”

“Well after I mentioned them, it gave me an idea so I went back to the TARDIS...” Clara saw a long-winded soliloquy approaching. “I was planning on reading the book in order to re-acquaint myself with the story... I’m always confusing it... the Daleks once launched an attack on Gallifrey by hiding in a Time Lord ship that looked a bit like a squid. Anyway, back to what I was saying, I found this book inside and a note from River.” Clara seemed more puzzled by this explanation and he realised that *this* Clara was yet to meet her. “She’s sorta, kinda, my *wife*.” Clara instantly had a million questions like *‘Why am I only hearing this now?!’*

“She left me this message:

‘Hello sweetie,

Just dropped by to give you a present.

You’re going to need this. Don’t ask why – spoilers.

Try not to get into too much trouble without me.

Kisses,

River.'

"It's a hunch but I reckon River or I influenced writing these, unfortunately River's messages aren't easy, but I'm guessing they're our best bet in locating Aeneas."

"*A hunch... I'm guessing...*" these didn't sound like the words that accompanied a well thought out plan. But the Doctor's plans hadn't gotten them into trouble... that much. So Clara told herself to have a little faith. "You know what, I'm not even going to ask... at least not now. We have a Founder of Rome to save," Clara grabbed hold of the rope and began her descent to the ground, "Getta move on *Epieus!*"

The Doctor saluted her, "Yes Ma'am!"

The Doctor and Clara used Virgil's *Aeneid* to navigate through the turmoil locating different episodes in the text. "Doctor, doctor, look over there." Clara had spotted the brutish Ajax carrying a struggling girl through the streets. "That's Ajax, right? So that girl he's carrying must be Cassandra." Clara scanned the page looking for the part she wanted, "Look. It says...right here," she pointed to the passage showing the Doctor, "Aeneas and his companions encounter Ajax whilst he's carrying Cassandra. Let's go ask him if it's happened yet. This is easier than I thought." Clara suddenly felt very optimistic, hurrying over to Ajax and asked whether he had encountered Aeneas.

"Aeneas you say? Um..." Ajax scanned them over, "you're Odysseus' friends right?" They nodded hoping he'd acquiesce to their request. It 'appeared' to work. "Then *yeah...*" he said slyly smirking, "I've seen Aeneas but I'm afraid you just missed him." Ajax hadn't however yet encountered Aeneas but in his mind friends of Odysseus were certainly no friends of his. "Guess you will have to try your luck elsewhere." The Doctor and Clara hurried away and Ajax flung Cassandra into his comrades' arms before going off in search of Aeneas himself... an entirely new *agenda* in mind.

They heard a few rumours: Ajax confronted Aeneas, but he managed to escape; how Aeneas and his companions disguised themselves as Greek soldiers, but their plan backfired. The Doctor and Clara used the information to try and get ahead of Aeneas. Hastily, they headed towards the Trojan palace. When they got there, Neoptolemus – son of Achilles – was standing over Priam's body and was stripping it of its riches.

"This is the wrong place." Clara took in the surroundings looking for similarities between what she was reading and seeing, "Virgil says that Priam was killed at Zeus' altar within the palace courtyard. I don't understand, we've followed it all this time, but it's wrong. Doctor, what are we going to do?"

Clara didn't expect the reaction she got. The Doctor paced back and forth, "Don't panic, don't panic, there's no need to panic," he grabbed her shoulders, "DON'T PANIC!!"

Clara slapped him clean across the face.

The Doctor stretched his jaw. "Thanks. I needed that." He shook his head from side to side, "Needed to get the brain cells going. Well," he began, looking more serious this time, "Aeneas is present for Priam's death, isn't he?" Clara nodded. "Then we should still look around for him. The book wasn't *that* far off... chances are he's still here."

It was no use, they couldn't find him anywhere and their only hope by this point was to meet Aeneas on his route out of Troy. But, unlike the Trojan palace that stood out like a sore thumb, they did not know the route to the sanctuary of Ceres. In the end Clara convinced the Doctor that they should ask for

directions. "Excuse me, excuse me," Clara asked a Greek soldier who recognised her as an ally, "do you happen to know where Ceres' sanctuary is, or the whereabouts of Aeneas the Trojan?"

The Greek soldier thought for a second. "Oh, Aeneas, I remember him, he's one lucky man. He met both Diomedes, gifted for the time with invincibility, and Achilles, in *mênis* over Patroclus' death, and lived. Correction, he is a very, very lucky man." Clara hoped his luck wouldn't run out before they got there. "Though," the soldier looked around trying to catch sight of him in his eagerness to help them, "I haven't seen him around anywhere, sorry."

As fate should have it, when she'd lost heart, Clara caught sight of the famous image of Aeneas carrying his aged father, holding his son's hand, his wife behind. "DOCTOR, I SEE HIM!" The Doctor spun around to see where she was pointing, "IT'S HIM, IT'S AENEAS, HE'S OVER THERE!" The Doctor responded by running towards him.

In the corner of Clara's eye, Ajax pointed a fellow soldier in Aeneas' direction. "This doesn't look good" she commented.

The Doctor followed her line of sight. "Nothing to worry about. We know Ajax doesn't kill Aeneas. He's from this time so--"

"Yeah, but what about his friend?" Clara inquired.

She needed no answer seeing him race towards Aeneas. '*Just a little faster, just a little faster...*' both sides were praying they got there first, yet only one could succeed. The Doctor and Clara watched in horror as the man's sword pierced through Aeneas' heart. He proclaimed in his victory: "YOUR DEATH IS JUST! YOUR DEATH WILL SAVE GREECE!" He ripped his bloody sword from the wound watching with pride as Aeneas' limp body fell to the ground.

The Doctor and Clara rushed to his side and tried to get past Aeneas' family who gathered in mourning. "Excuse me, excuse me, I'm a doctor." They parted immediately hoping something could be done to save the man they cherished but the Doctor didn't need to check the man's vitals to see it was futile. The Greek soldier had sliced right through his heart and his life's blood was congealing all around him. "This... I can't..." It was times like this that the Doctor hated most; reminding him of the fragility of humans; reminding him of when his people were plagued by death. The Doctor felt responsible for the man dying before him. He knew he couldn't wallow in self-regret because if he didn't do something many lives would be lost today. In hope of being mistaken, he asked the man's name.

"Ae...ne...as" he whispered with his final breath.

The Doctor backed away looking uneasy. "This is bad. This is very, very bad. You can't mess with fixed points in time, not like this... TAKE COVER!" He yelled, placing his hands over his head.

Clara followed suit ducking her head; believing some kind of apocalypse was to occur. She stayed like this for a good few minutes before opening one eye. "Nothing's... happening..." she stated, puzzled, everything was as before. "NOTHING HAPPENED!" She joyously declared.

The Doctor searched for some clue to what happened. "I don't understand. This, this is *impossible*! We should all be... dead." The Doctor looked over at Aeneas rushing to check he had in fact passed on. "This is impossible!" The Doctor shook his head it was like his mind was a black-hole, unable to fathom what was going on, "Impossible. Impossible. Impossible. What the heck is going on? Troy, the Greek soldier, Aeneas..." The Doctor hit his head trying to force it to work for him, "Think brain think...unless it isn't."

The Doctor spun round on one foot to face a seemingly ordinary old woman who was curiously

overlooking the whole incident. “What’s all this about then? You hoped to send a Greek soldier back in time to kill Aeneas, stop the foundation of Rome, cause a huge amount of time energy, and all back in time for tea. The energy this would have given you is immeasurable, especially considering it’s a fixed point in time.” The Doctor felt the need to comment on that, “Bit reckless though, if I do say so... but it didn’t work. Why didn’t it work? You’ve got the right time, someone else to cause the chaos, and the victim. So then, what went wrong? Unless... unless this isn’t the *right* Aeneas.”

He spun around beaming a smile. “Oh... brilliant. River, wherever you are, you are a genius!” He kissed the copy of Virgil in his hand and turned back to the old woman. “You were too weak to see it – who the Roman founder was. You’ve been unable to feed on chaos in time for a long while with the Time Lords always restoring order. That’s why you’re here... you thought with them gone, you would succeed. You didn’t expect me to turn up.” The old woman looked impassive at most of his words, but this remark put a smile back on her face. “No. You were there, weren’t you? When I made the wish. The wish that changed everything. You thought I was the same fool who would make *another mistake* and lead you straight to Aeneas. And you were right,” the Doctor said with a smile, “I led you right to *him*. You saw me using Virgil’s *Aeneid* and sent him to kill *this* Aeneas. You heard what I said, didn’t you? You thought because I told the author what to write that they would have to listen.” The Doctor gave Clara a playful smile then, “Don’t you just love artistic license?!”

The Doctor could see that everyone was baffled so he went on to explain: “This,” he pointed to the body on the ground, “is not Aeneas, the Founder of Rome.” He turned to a young boy sobbing in his mother’s arms, “Now then, why don’t you tell us all your name?” Reluctantly, the little boy stepped out of his mother’s arms and wiped the tears from his eyes. “I-I-I’m Aeneas.”

“Named after your father, I guess.” The Doctor smiled and Clara couldn’t help but smile too.

The Hieardorbra was stunned to silence for a moment. “Fool.” A smirk crept on her lips, “You’re an idiot after all. You just showed me the real Founder of Rome.”

She turned shivering with energy – her skin shedding off – returning to her original form. She commanded the soldier, “Now, kill him.” He hesitated, seeing the boy clutching his mother’s dress in fear. “What are you waiting for? Evissssssscerate him!” She hissed. The Greek soldier gulped, hardened his heart, and stepped forward to accomplish the impious act.

Clara couldn’t bear to watch. “YOU CAN’T!” She screamed, shielding him from harm.

“Get out of my way, wench!” The soldier barked, heart wavering.

The Doctor tried to placate him: “Stop...think about what you’re doing...don’t be hasty. You’re Corinthian, right?” Everyone wondered how he knew this. “You’re helmet’s nose-guard is of Corinthian style” he explained. “Now... before you do this... you should know something. The reason you’re doing this, you believe the Romans will destroy your culture, right?” The Doctor didn’t wait for him to reply before he launched into a huge tirade, “But I can assure you that’s not true. The Romans may have won the war but your culture will endure: your literature, Sappho and Alcaeus’ lyric poetry, Sophocles’ and Euripides’ drama, and of course, Homer’s epics; their rhetoric based on Demosthenes and Isocrates; Plato’s and Aristotle’s philosophy; architecture, their temples with Ionic and Doric style and your gods anthropomorphise with theirs. Your culture lives on through them and revolutionises the Western World. Clara here, is also from the future, *two thousand* years into the future, tell him how it effects you...”

Clara felt put on the spot. “Err...” *‘Kebabs? Yoghurt? Tzatziki? Wait, this is all food! Come to think of it, I am quite hungry now. Haven’t eaten since yesterday when they offered me a “womb”? Focus Clara, focus, that little boy’s life is on the line!’* Clara then found the words she needed to convince the sol-

dier: "...He's right. Your culture marks the very beginning for us; of sport, the Olympics where the whole world takes part; medicine, the Hippocratic Oath; science, planets... stars... ASTRONOMY; maths, trigonometry like Pythagoras; literature... oh, the Doctor covered that... and so, so much more. Even your food is in our culture, except for wombs." The Doctor gave her a look as if to say, in a sing-song voice, '*You're waffling.*' "Honestly, if you kill this little boy, you will be destroying not just Rome but your own culture's effects on time itself. NO WAIT! IT'S LIKE THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT!" Clara turned to the Doctor at her own revelation, "HE'S GOING TO DESTROY MY TIME AS WELL!" The Doctor just nodded. Clara shook him frantically, "STOP HIM! PLEASE! MAKE HIM SEE SENSE!"

It suddenly dawned on him, he was no better than the despicable Romans, and by committing this ungodly sacrifice he was murdering his own culture. The soldier's sword fell. "What are doing you fool? Get up! KILL HIM!" The Hiardobra shouted orders in the background, but he listened no more. Falling to his knees, he cried fresh tears for Greece.

"GET OUT OF HERE!" The Greek soldier barked to Aeneas' family.

Frustrated with her unravelled plan, she needed to *persuade* with a deathly ultimatum. Snapping her fingers, their chests tore open causing them to breathe blood, she thought this would convince him. "If you don't k-kill him then we'll both d-die here!" She rasped, coughing up putrid green blood.

Despite his approaching death, he smiled. "Then at least you'll finally fulfil a dying man's wish."

The Hiardobra broke down, crying in despair: "...Th-this is the end for me..." Blood evaporating, green mist surrounding her, she started to dry out.

The Doctor rushed to her. "Wait, don't go, there is so much I need to ask you. How did you survive? How were you able to feed? How many of you are there?" She was losing consciousness. "TELL MEEEE!"

She barely registered his words. Eyes rolling back, she gargled: "Guess I w-win a-at l-least i-i-in thi-is...F-Foolish One..."

Clara knelt beside the soldier, rubbing his hands in comfort. "H-Ho-me... I'll ne-v-ver go home... I'll never meet my f-f-family again... I'll never se-e-e them in Hades" he sputtered, a single tear rolling down his cheek.

Hearing his words, the Doctor inquired, "Where's your family buried?"

"J-Just o-outs-sid-de the w-walls of C-Corin-th" the Doctor nodded, it was the least he could do for such an unfortunate soul.

"Aspasia, carry this man for me!" Clara glared but complied. The Doctor and Clara lifted the soldier's body up into the air carrying him in the direction of the TARDIS. "To me, to you, to me, to you," the Doctor chanted, keeping rhythm as they went.

Knowing she was about to die, the Hiardobra croaked these parting words. "You better run, Foolish One. This is only the beginning...I-I'm not the only one." With this she fully desiccated, turning to ash.

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