

## Her

### 1194 BC

We landed in Troy today.

After years of sailing, crammed in a boat with hundreds of other soldiers (all men I might add), we finally reached the city.

This better be worth it.

I mean, who starts a war over their wife leaving them? Paris and Menelaus should've settled this with a duel.

Before I was recruited, Lady Artemis visited me and explained what happened. I can't believe this all started with a beauty competition.

What's so special about Paris anyways? He's a coward. It just seems so silly.

They're setting up the camp right now, I was sent off by Agamemnon to help set up the infirmary but the men there took one look at me and decided I was "too weak" to help set up one tent. I wanted to scream.

It's almost night now, the first raiding parties will be sent off at dawn to the villages surrounding Troy. The men will bring back women from these villages as prizes of war, it makes me sick. There's nothing I can do of course, being a girl and all, they'll never listen to me.

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### 1191 BC

Three years.

It's been Three years since the war began.

And it's been hell.

We stopped raiding the villages about 5 months ago, there's nothing left to take now.

The men are preparing to lead a direct attack on the city walls at dawn. I've been told to stay behind as my archery skills "won't be needed". It's all lies of course; they just want me out the way.

I complained to Odysseus, telling him how I'm just as useful with a sword as I am with a bow. But he just shook his head, said there was nothing he could do.

The only perk of being left behind is that I've gotten to know Patroclus. He also stays behind while the others go to battle. He's an excellent doctor, he can even do proper surgery! It's incredible!

I grew up in Achilles' father's kingdom, Phthia, but far from the capital where Patroclus grew up. It's nice to have someone to talk about home with.

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## 1188 BC

Another three years have passed, six years since I left Phthia.

The first two years were utter hell (again). I often wondered if I was already dead and in the underworld.

But I met her in the third year.

We met when they sent me, and a hunting party, to the woods near one of the raided villages. She was hiding in the branches of a tree, covered in dirt. Her first move was to jump on me and press a knife to my throat.

I was very impressed.

After realising I wasn't your typical Greek soldier (wow I wonder what gave it away), she helped me up and demanded to know where our camp was.

Well, I say demanded, she actually fainted from dehydration.

So, I smuggled her into camp.

It wasn't that hard actually. The hunting party I was with had already left by the time I exited the forest (jerks), and when I finally made it back to camp it was laughably easy to sneak her into my tent.

It's been 8 months now since we met. I've started teaching her archery.

No one in the camp has realised yet, and they're still leaving me behind for most battles so I doubt they'll notice her existence anytime soon.

Oh, I forgot to mention I'm now allowed to participate in some battles! So much fun!

She stays in my tent most of the time, if the men found out she was here she would be taken from me as a spoil of war.

She refused to tell me her name, something about not trusting me yet.

But whatever happens now, I feel it may be bearable with her here.

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## 1187 BC

Lady Artemis visited me this year.

In the last battle, I was horribly wounded and almost died (thank the gods for Patroclus) so she offered me immortality if I joined her hunters.

I turned it down.

Immortality would mean leaving her.

I don't think I could stand that.

She told me her name last week, it's Irene. In return I told her mine, Aristomache.

Achilles has refused to fight after Agamemnon took Briseis away from him. He keeps preaching about his honour when we all know what Briseis really was to him.

I think Patroclus might do something stupid, he's been begging Achilles to fight all week. If this keeps up, I fear he might go into battle himself.

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### 1186 BC

They took her from me.

They stormed into my tent and took her.

She died in the struggle to keep her restrained.

In my fury after her death, I tried to kill Achilles.

He was one of the few who knew she existed after all.

Patroclus found out a few weeks before his death, and when Patroclus knows, Achilles knows too.

Who else could've told them she was here? Achilles has always been proud and probably hated seeing someone happy when he wasn't.

I suppose I shouldn't be too hard on him, considering Patroclus just died. But it was his fault Patroclus went into battle. He refused to fight yet again, so, like I feared, Patroclus went to fight in his place.

Now we both have nothing to live for.

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### 1185 BC

Achilles is dead.

It's been nine years since the war began, and we're finally close to winning.

All this death, all this hurt, for what? For Menelaus to get his wife back? For me to have the one thing that made life bearable taken from me?

What is the point?

What will I have left when all is said and done?

Honour? Glory? Fame?

All these things pale in comparison to what I once had.

Her.

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### 1184 BC

I died a week before the war ended.

One of Paris' arrows took my life, just like Achilles.

Lord Hades allowed me to write this final entry as I await my judgement. Then I'll either stay here in the fields of asphodel or rot in Tartarus. If I'm lucky I'll go to Elysium.

I hope to find her again no matter where I end up.

Before dying, I had the pleasure of meeting Achilles' son, and it's safe to say he's worse than his father. If I ever meet him again, I will be sure to teach him a lesson.

My time of judgement is near now, I guess this is goodbye.

If anyone finds this, don't remember my story. It's nothing special.

Just please, remember her.