

1194 B.C.E

**Tuesday 22nd November**

Paris. Even just writing his name makes me sick. A couple weeks ago he set off. He said he was going to rescue Aunt Hesione from Salamis. He said he would free her by negotiating with King Telamon. He lied. Whilst we were cheering for him and praising his courage and compassion, he was plotting and planning. Planning to kidnap the Queen of Sparta. The beloved wife of Menelaus himself. Menelaus, one of the strongest and most influential Greek kings. Menelaus, his power only rivaled by that of his older brother Agammemnon, who has become one of the most terrifyingly ruthless warrior kings this world has ever known. Oh, why couldn't he just free Aunt Hesione like he promised? Now he's gone and brought war down on us, for the sake of a woman. There are hundreds of beautiful and talented women that would love to marry him, but he just had to go for the one thing he couldn't have.

**Wednesday 30th November**

The Greeks have arrived, with the largest fleet this world has ever seen. It blocks out the sun itself. Over a thousand ships. At least a hundred thousand men. Our doom approaches, and no one seems to care.

**Friday 2nd December**

An embassy arrived today. It was led by Menelaus and Odysseus. The guilewiles of Odysseus "The Cunning" are legendary. Some even say

favourite of Athena herself. When Troy falls, I have no doubt it will be because of one of his devious plots. The embassy promised to leave in return for Helen, and access to our treasury for "compensation". My father denied the deal. We cannot possibly beat them

## 1193 B.C.E

### Monday 6th August

One year. We have been fighting for an entire year, and it shows no sign of stopping. Countless loyal soldiers, husbands, fathers, brothers, sons have died for nothing. Many skirmishes have happened. Paris fought Menelaus (but got saved by Aphrodite moments before his death), The Greek hero Diomedes fought the Gods themselves, My brother Hector the mightiest of all Trojan heroes fought Ajax the Great, but the one that will likely be known by any in the distant future was Hector versus Achilles. The greatest Trojan against the greatest Greek. The battle was bloody and brutal and beautiful. But Achilles was determined, driven by the anger that had controlled him since Hector had killed Patroclus' best friend and quite possible lover. Hector was so kind, and generous. He was a good husband, good father, a good brother. He didn't deserve to die. No one who has fought this pointless war deserved to die. Except Paris, he deserves to die and painfully.

1189 B.C.E

**Wednesday 17th June**

Achilles is dead. Paris shot him with an arrow from atop the walls. Not only did he shoot him like a coward, it wasn't even his accuracy that killed the great warrior. Apollo aimed for him, ~~and he~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~let~~ ~~go~~. Ajax and Odysseus fought off every Trojan who tried to come close. They eventually managed to get the body back to their camp. We were informed by our spies that some sort of competition took place between Ajax and Odysseus over ~~it~~ ~~the~~ ~~would~~ ~~get~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~armour~~. Odysseus won, Ajax impaled himself on his own sword. It's a shame such an incredible hero met such a pitiful end.

**Sunday 13th August**

Paris was shot by Philoctetes. Philoctetes was given arrows dipped in Hydra venom by Heracles himself. ~~He~~ ~~refused~~ ~~those~~ ~~very~~ ~~arrows~~ ~~against~~ ~~Paris~~. Is it a bad thing that I'm happy? He died slowly and painfully, exactly the way I've wished upon him ever since he caused this cursed crusade. It's ridiculous to think that all this bloodshed, all this terror ~~and~~ ~~madness~~, was caused by him being too greedy for his own good. That greed may very well be our downfall.

1185 BCE

**Saturday 24th December**

We're winning! We're actually winning! Zeus, who before now was refusing to interfere in the conflict, decided to help us! Perhaps we may win after all...

1184 B.C.E

**Thursday 21st February**

They're gone. The Greeks are gone. I woke up this morning and looked out my window to see... nothing. I had grown so accustomed to the sight of the sprawling plague of Greeks that waking up without them just seemed... wrong. All that remains is a massive wooden horse, presumably a gift to Poseidon in return for a safe passage home. It was so beautiful, I didn't even complain when my father ordered it be brought into the city. The atmosphere was electric, humming with energy and singing with laughter, it was incredible seeing everyone so happy and joyful. After all these years, we had finally won.

**Friday 22nd February**

I woke up to the sound of screaming. The smell of smoke enveloped me, suffocated me. I panicked, I couldn't breathe. I couldn't see anything beyond the thick blanket of nothingness, aside from the raging fire advancing slowly, confidently, like a hunter stalking its prey. I ran, or at least I tried to. The moment I got up I collapsed to the ground in a heap. So I crawled. After a while I became accustomed to the screams of children and the stench of death that hovered in the air. I crawled until I could no more, the effects of the smoke and exhaustion catching up to me. The last thing I saw was Aeneas rushing towards me, his face contorted into a feral snarl.

## **Tuesday 7th March**

I opened my eyes to the sight of Aeneas leaning over me, his head wreathed by glowing sunlight. He laughed with relief when he saw I was awake. Slowly the rest of my senses returned to me, cautiously creeping back, perhaps scared they might once again be assaulted by terror and doom. I could hear the river gurgling in the distance, like a newborn baby. Birds chirped and soared across the sapphire sky. It was all very picturesque, a stark contrast to the destruction of my home. Aeneas helped me up, and kept hold of my hand for far longer than was necessary. Something fluttered deep in my chest. Then we walked west, towards the setting sun. Not once did I look over my shoulder to see the burning ruins of my city. Troy had fallen, but it would be avenged.

We will raise the greatest empire the world has ever seen, and it shall be called Rome.

