



Сергей Соловьев

**Son of the Star,
born of the
Mountain
Alexander the
Great**

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Аннотация

Книга об Александре Македонском. Рассказывает о его свершениях, о том, на что намекал Арриан в своих “Деяниях”, но побоялся написать.

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*We are changing the world, and we are changing
with the world*

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Prologue

Kuret was standing on the prow of the ship, and the vessel's thorn cut the waves that hit the side of the ship, and the pitching is not so strong here. The Cretan looked at the high banks that followed his gaze, looked at the sky, it was more transparent, and now with almost no clouds, although there were a storm here, though not dangerous. Again he was in the north, Nearh sailed on a thirty-ship boat along the great river Ra, to the temple of Latona and her children, Apollo-Ulla and Elisia. Health began to fail, he felt that something was wrong with him, his heart ached. Kuret walked by ship from the harbor on the Hyrcan Sea, repeating the path of Darius and Cyrus, but hoped that he would end more and more happily. His wife recently died, his sons grew up and returned to Crete, to his grandfather, and he was no longer holding anything at home. On the river, warriors and ambassadors' servants often fished, and the accompanying, from local tribes, first Scythians, and then Sarmatians, showed them the way, and pointed out where they could safely stick. At night, when the sky was free of clouds, he measured the height above the horizon of the Polar Star with an astrolabe, recognizing the breadth of the terrain. Kormschik watched the actions of an elderly Cretan man with increasing attention, and once approached him.

– Do not show what you measure and what device? – asked

his Scythian.

Cretan showed how to install the device to the horizon line, how to calculate the angle to which the Polar Star or Uterus rises, as it is here are called So the road turned out to be filled with training for the local feeder, and less attention was spent on mosquitoes. The river was simply endless, it was here for the second time, but it was still surprised, the delta, where they sailed from the sea, much more than the Nile delta, and there were many islands, and whole forests of reeds. Climbed up the river, and its width was almost ten stages. Local tribal leaders, fulfilling the will of the Great White Tsar, assisted the ambassadors, one of whom was Nearh. They hunted and fished together, especially he liked sturgeon, which he could not find in his native Crete, and then a second time he saw a bear, it would seem an enormous beast, and has no tail, which was unusual for the Greeks who were here with him. The forests here were huge, and the mosquitoes were even bigger, and for the first time when he was here, the nasal bore him a great deal. Soon, in a month, they sailed to the capital of the White Tsar, which was called differently – Belgrade and Tsargrad. The city stood on the tributary of the White Great River, and although the city was full of wood, it was vast and beautiful. As soon as they landed at the pier, the guards came to them, and after finding out who had arrived, the envoys were taken to the Upper City. It was here for the first time, everything was fascinating, the pavements were also covered with wood, but it was beautiful and clean, even the fences

of the houses were painted in different colors and covered with carvings. People are dressed in linen, embroidered at the throat and on the sleeves, pants and soft boots. in men, and dresses in women. Nearh with interest examined patterns of clothing residents.

“Listen, respectable, but I can’t buy myself such a tunic,” he addressed the conductor.

– Can you find now, answered the conductor.

And they went to the bargaining, where for some time the Sarmatian retired, and returned with a gray shirt with rich embroidery, and gave it to a Cretan, and soon came to the Kremlin, a wooden Fortress, most of whose walls were covered with earth, so that under a huge shaft, in front of which was a huge ditch. When they approached the gate, the king’s envoy rode up to them, and said, they were waiting for them. for the Stone, down to the Studied Sea. Terem was assembled from huge logs, with a beautiful porch and renmi stairs, beautiful carvings adorned the platbands of the wooden palace. They were led further to the hall, where the White King sat on the throne, a man in a golden root of eight petals. gold growing from the rim covering the head of the lord, also adorned with a fur coat of luxurious furs, fine work of boots, in his hand was a staff. He was guarded by young men in white robes, armed with small hatchets. Ambassadors approached the throne, Nearh politely introduced himself,

“Greetings, Great White King, we came in respect from the

Lato temple, from Crete, and these are our gifts, and the servants offered a casket with offerings, and let us visit the temple of the Golden Goddess.”

– We are glad to see you, Nearh and your companions too, We will miss you, and there you will be welcome too. – and the king allowed the newcomers to sit down – and you, the messenger, he nodded to Nearh, I will be glad to invite you for a conversation, we need to talk alone on one.

The companions rose, leaving Nearch with the king, and the petards left through another door, and when everyone left, the Lord of the North descended from the throne, and sat down with Nearch on a carved bench.

– I am glad that you came back to us, with the guests whom you left with Arifarn all right, the children were born and have already grown, two sons, they ride horses very well, manage with a bow and a spear, mothers do not care about their souls. And magicians-yars love them, and guns, and Sarmatians. They don't know anything about their father, then at the dedication I'll tell them everything. The king said this to a Cretan, with a smile on his face, but there was a note of fear in his eyes.

– Magi? The very ones that defeated Cyrus, and Darius killed them with their deception, and about which they make terrible legends in Judea?

– Here is their home, they have taken the oaths of Ellisia and Ullus, and since then they have been faithful to them. They go hiking not for fame or fortune, but only in the name of justice. Do

not be afraid of them. There is also moksha, and Ars, all of these are warriors of gods. The very first time you and Arifarns went all the way to the very yazhes whom you call Issedons. – He said, grinning, holding one hand on the armrest, and the other resting on his chin.

– You are the chosen one, they indicated you in a dream. Live as much as you want, “said the great king, and with visible difficulty, he slightly bowed to Nearh.

– We spend the night and go on the river further. Will Magyars and Guna recognize us and let us through to the Issedons? “The messenger asked.

“You have a bracelet on your right hand, you are a welcome guest,” the king answered. “It was you who was sent to Ulls, and not to us,” said the sovereign, “we didn’t deserve it.”

“Probably, there was simply a flaw in us, the people of the South, and He came to make us better, and you are so close to him,” Nearh replied.

“You can console,” the king sighed sorrowfully, “and this feeling is akin to thirst, and bitterness is still in the heart.” I hope, then tell me about it.

“Stay, spend the night in the palace,” said the northerner to Nearh. “The quarters are ready. Take a bath, it is hotly heated, and honey and kvass are waiting for guests.

Travelers washed in a wooden bathhouse of huge logs, it was hot, there was hot water, and the pilgrims washed away the tiredness of the road, and fed them with dinner, local food, which

was not fried at all, just stewed in the oven, boiled meat, elk, fish in pots, cabbage chowder, and served bread, round and lush, made from rye flour, sour dough, which was not in Hellas and Asia, and all this was washed down with honey and kvass. They drank from the vessels, which Nearh had seen in Crete, dippers, only here they were wooden and silver. I wanted to try everything, so the guests hardly returned to the room.

“Thank you, king,” the Cretan man replied, “order me to boil some water for me.”

– Well, you will bring a vessel with boiling water.

Soon the servant brought a pot-bellied rounded vessel of bronze on the legs with a tap on one side, and on top of a small pipe steam was flowing. With curiosity, to say the least, a Cretan citizen began to inspect the device, put up a cup, and hot water poured down,

“How does the curiosity heat up?” -I want to know it, -fire a fire at the bottom? -to show the curiosity in Alexandria, the mechanics of Ptolemy would be delighted, he thought.

“No, inside the vessel is another, coals are thrown there, and they inflate with small furs, and the water boils,” the servant answered and left the guest’s chambers.

Nearh went up to his bag and poured out ground willow bark from there, and put this powder in a mug of boiling water. Soon the potion was ready, he stirred it with a spoon, it was wooden here, like so much around, quite comfortable, and when the infusion cooled, he drank it. The Cretan man took out his

notes, read what he had written down about the river way, and undressed for bed. In the hands of a northerner held two dishes of fine work silver, brought by Arifarny as a gift many years ago. He turned them to a Cretan figure, he looked up, and saw Alexander, ascending on gryphons and a chased portrait of Elicia, made from his drawing.

A Cretan lay down to sleep, having taken another willow infusion, his heart hardly hurt, lying on warm furs and covered veil was just great, and after a hard long road and bath, he quickly fell asleep and saw the one he dreamed about. It was cold again, even under bear furs, his head was like on fire, he almost did not breathe, his chest was squeezed by steel hoops. She came, this time right away, in all the splendor of her beauty, put her hand on his forearm, her eyes looked intently at him, and smiling at him, said:

– You finally came home a sailor, and you have been waiting for a long time. Your ship is on the shore and your wanderings are over.

Temple of fate

The evening came, it quickly became dark, and the archon of the city of Lato was supposed to reach the temple of Latona. He was not alone, but as befitted, with a pair of slaves walking with torches lighting his way. The shrine was already white nearby, and the ruler was allowed out of the brass door, leaving his companions outside. "They can't," said the high priestess. Androtim, who came to Latone for his traditional prayer, offered gifts, and the priestess accepted them. The subjects were taken by a young priestess, but judging by the dress, already initiated into the sacraments. The girl looked like an old ivory statuette of Elisia, holding two snakes in her hands. The face and the statuette, and the young priestess were similar to the people of the far North, where the archon's grandfather made a pilgrimage to the banks of the sacred river, and visited the most ancient shrines, including the city dedicated to the goddess Lato, as well as his own city ruler. My grandfather met there even pilgrims from faraway Iran, who brought rich gifts to the gods. The attendants had already lit the lamps, and the high priestess went away with gifts to the pronaos, placing the offerings at the feet of the goddess. The statue was beautiful, made of wood and ivory. It was not for the first time that the archon glanced around the temple, the ocher walls, the bronze statues at the entrance, for some reason lingered on the doors. The chants soon subsided,

and the sovereign was preparing to leave, when suddenly...

– The mountain gave birth to a favorite under the lucky star!!!
He came again! – it began to scream that very young priestess, inexpressibly changed in the face. She shivered, convulsions beat her, and she, holding the bronze lamp standing next to her, continued:

– Saurokton! Savior! The one that was expected! He will not be defeated! He will bring the law again! It will pass all tests, go all the way to the end! And the bull, and the river, and the secret!
And already falling, said the last:

“And at the very end she will meet her sister.”

The sovereign rushed to help, but the elder priestess overtook him, and together with the servants they carried, but rather dragged the insensible body to the tabernacle and to another door from the temple, further to the room nearby. The archon waited, did not leave, he himself was horrified – it’s one thing to know that there are gods, and another to get confirmation of this. He waited for the elder priestess, who came with a helper, carrying something on a tray covered with a veil. She tore the cloth from the shrine, which had been hidden before, and ordered:

– Swear! I implore all dear to you!

The archon, accustomed to what he orders, and accustomed to reverence and submission, nodded without thinking, agreeing...

– I swear... That I will not reveal the secret.

“Not only...” said the priestess. “You swear that you or your

son will help him in everything.”

Here the archon was seized with fear, he was not afraid of any battles, nor the autumn sea, was seriously afraid and proud to become a companion of the Messenger of honor, and at the same time bitterness and ruin.

“I’m ready,” he said, firmly pressing his lips.

– Not you. Your son. Now he will be called Nearh. Then you send him to the temple in the Cave of Idea, the mentor will instruct him when he grows up. – she turned to the priestesses, and looked at everyone.

– We are blessed.. For many years we did not have a seer. Swear on everything that no one will reveal secrets, or Latona and Elicia will punish you. said the priestess solemnly, raising the burning torch upwards.

Initiation Nearh

The young man walked alone, as he was commanded.. On foot, as a petitioner, and carried his uncomplicated load on himself, as well as a message for a priestess who would meet him at the Sacred Trail. He liked his native land, it was springtime, and Crete was always particularly beautiful at this time, with many streams, beautiful forests and fields, the road did not seem dull. The son of the archon was thinking about what he had to learn, and how long he would linger for the dedication.: “I hope not for fifty years, as Epimenides... Although, who knows, and my father swore for me. “The young man imagined how he would go into the cave, they would prepare his cell, he would read Homer’s chants, and fall asleep by fifty, no, sixty, or even seventy years. Then he will wake up, but his mother and father won’t (even scary to think), he has a beard up to his knees, and his name is to take damage from some city, or to expel the plague, or the Council will send him to the North, to Elisha’s homeland with gifts, and maybe Ullis himself will help him in his travels... And he will meet the mistress of the Mountain, Beautiful Elicia, solve three riddles, and she will leave him with him. “Dreaming, the young man stumbled and fell on his palms, slightly scratching them, but managed to turn his face away from the stone, not just because his teacher trained. At home, the Teacher tells about the secrets of science, and the tutor teaches me to wield a weapon.

“I will soon become an ephebes and dedicate my hair Ull. “Approaching the plateau of Nida, where the idea trail begins, he gazed at the view of the mountainous plain below the plateau, the area covered with bushes and trees seemed magnificent, but he turned and walked along the path overgrown with bushes on either side. There were beautiful flowers and poppies, just unusually red here. Well, where the flowers are, there are bees, but not one stung the young man, they just flew around him with a clear interest. Moving so, the young man moved to his goal, and near the huge cave throat, the adept finally saw the priestess, his mentor. She was a beautiful girl of twenty, with uncovered hair, as befitted a priestess, in a white dress and gray cloak, with a hairpin at her left shoulder. Nearh approached her and called out:

– Hello to you. I came according to the father’s vow and the order of the priestess Latona of our city, Lato. I am the son of the archon, Nearh, must pass the tests and initiations. “I am ready, madam,” the young man said bravely, almost not stammering with excitement.

– Already? Only appeared already and the feat amiss? – the girl replied, in a poetic way, taken aback by surprise by the young man, who did not know what to answer to the girl. Usually, Nearhs didn’t get into his pocket for a word, but here, it seemed, the speech he had spoken about himself wiped out of his memory so many times, and he blushed painfully, and squeezed out of himself:

– I was instructed by the priestess before the path to the ideological sanctuary, I came alone and without a servant, as it should.

– I see.. – she answered meticulously, – Brought with me food? Wooden bucket with you? You can get drunk in the creek. You will spend the night in a cave, and in the morning I will come and instruct you, except for me there will be three more teachers, I will introduce you to them. – the girl said this, and smiled, and the smile painted her extraordinary face.

– What is your name, lady? – The novice asked, trying to smile as cheekily as possible.

– Kallifena, – she answered, -Come on, I will show you your dwelling.”

They descended to the cave of the Idea cave along a wooden staircase, on special ledges were lamps made of clay, came up to a niche in the rock, where there was a pile of straw, a bed for a young Cretan, next to a simple clay amphora, covered with a lid, in a special stand and a lamp with oil. The young man threw his bag with a blanket, a new holiday chiton, put a bow and arrows next to it, and Homer’s hymns, recorded on linen, parchment was expensive.

– Sing, drink a cup of an amphora infusion, but not more than one, otherwise you will die. Tell about the visions. Wake up at dawn, teachers will come to you. – she finished in a stern voice, holding her hands in front of her, and looked from the young man to his simple bed.

– Thank you, Kallifena, – Nearh said, turning to the priestess.

– No for that yet. Do not be afraid of dreams and visions, they can be real.

The girl left and Nearh saw how she was already climbing the stairs, it wasn't so good without her, the priestess was beautifully built, beautiful, and the archon's son became interesting not only as a mentor or a keeper of secrets, so he sighed heavily and opened his bag. There were several flat cakes, honey, cheese, flint, a hair comb, a spare string, a wooden scoop, a new beautiful clothes, bandages and medicinal herbs. He took out a ladle, poured there a decoction of amphora and drank the infusion. He sat for a bit, but did not die, as he secretly feared (who knows what the witches had on his mind), looked at his hand, did not seem to shake, grinned at his fears, ate a cake with honey and some cheese, got out, drank from the stream, scored water in a scoop at night, and looked around. In the distance was a small house, an ordinary earthen hut with a reed roof, apparently serving as a refuge for the priests of God. He promised himself that he would go there the next night without fail. When he returned, undressed and wrapped himself in his veil, he thought about home, father and mother, brothers and sisters, and wished that everything would be fine with them. Especially nothing dreamed of, only the hometown of Lato, the wine-colored sea. Soon dawn came, he fell asleep, got up, went to the stream to wash, got dressed and ate, even read a little of Homer, his beautiful chants. Soon a man came a little above average height,

strong but not powerful physique, about thirty years old, without a beard with long dark hair, about which he led two horses, a bay suit, and not so much breed.

– Hello, Nearh, I am a teacher of military skills, at the temple, with me you will become a skilled rider, spearman, shooter, swordsman, you can even outrun Fidipid if he were alive. My name is Diokles.

“Hello, teacher,” said the young man after seeing the mentor, a tall and strong Cretan.

– Sit down on a horse, we will drive along the path where we will study, and you will run every day, morning and evening. – the teacher said.

They rode alongside a trot, and Diokles showed how to change the horse’s gait, how not to injure it, and so that it wouldn’t be able to drive the horse, Nearh learned a lot of new things for himself. They dismounted, and, taking wooden swords and undressing, began to dance to the pyrrhus, and then fence them with a shield and without a shield, with a dagger and a sword. Some racks. with a sword, blows and biases, he saw on the ancient seals, depicting a warrior with long hair, striking his enemies with a deft attack.

– Remember Nearh, fencing with a sword on a horse and on foot, is different, especially when you try to put a gift on the infantryman. Not in vain Athenians from a horse act only with darts, and the sword is in extreme cases. – taught his experienced fighter. One evening Diokles came to him with a long pipe in a precious wooden case with loops of silver.

“The disciple went, the sky is clear,” said the tutor, and impatiently began to push him forward, they rose from the cave, upward, the sky was clear, the stars shone around, and the moon hung full.

“Sit on the stone,” the teacher ordered him, and he opened the elongated casket and took out the receiver, stretched out the narrower end, and stretched it to the young man, he carefully took the device in his hand.

“Look at the phone on the moon,” said an agitated voice. Nearh did not believe his eyes. Diokl approached him and adjusted the smaller pipe and the youth’s eye, and the image became clear, he saw dark dips on the moon.

“Now find Mars,” the tutor added, and he pointed it in the sky, the student put the phone in there, saw the red planet as a small circle, not as a star, and two points nearby.

“Thank you teacher,” Nearhs mumbled in shock, “and our masters are great, I saw glass with jewelers, but that...

“You don’t need to tell anyone, student,” said Diocles clearly, hiding the phone in the chest. “And now it’s time to sleep,” and patting him on the shoulder in farewell, went to sleep in a small house, and Nearhh was still looking at the night sky. And only much later he was able to come down and fall asleep.

Then they usually fought, practicing cunning blows and exits, all from pankration. In the evening Kallifena came, and began to instruct him in the knowledge of hymns, read logograph lists of geography where the edge of the earth was, the boy was

wondering, because he was the son of a navigator, did not know much of what she read to him. So his teaching was held day after day, he became much stronger, began to shoot better with a bow, although every Cretan archer, like the navigator, handled the sword quite well. At night, every time he drank a cup of infusion, but nothing has happened to him so far. Two months of intense training and exercises took place, and so one day, following in succession, as usual, Nearh was finishing his dinner at a stream of cheese, cakes, honey, dried grapes and a cup of infusion, it was time to go to sleep at home, to the cave, counting Already her home, he already wanted to sleep, stretched before going to bed a couple of times, and at the bushes on the path, saw a kingfisher sitting on the branches and looking at him attentively, a lizard rustled through the ground, circling around a dozen bees that were not humming angry, and did not try to sting him, with the sacred r Oors suddenly began to crawl after-hour, very thick fog, driving him to a cozy cave, and the adept hurried to take refuge in his shelter, where he felt quite comfortable on the straw, covered with a raincoat and a blanket, and quickly fell asleep. At first nothing dreamed of, but there was a heavy oblivion, then a white-marbled face flashed and an ashen scythe, and then a girlish figure appeared, very tall, much taller than Nearh and the face was covered with a hooded raincoat thrown over the body.

– Is that what you are called Nearh? – Immediately, without delay, the sleeping maid said, “Have you come to pass the tests?”

she spoke to him in a deep, low voice. – And I was going to sleep here for seventy years! – she laughed merrily, so that in an emotional outburst she took the cloak over the floor, with difficulty breathing, continued,

Néarch also became cold, and could not move his hand or foot, as if he were icy.

– Oh, the mood immediately lifted.. You are intended to help the Chosen One, I must show you Top and Bottom, World of Gods, Tree of the World, Sacred Source. Come, take me by the hand, and do not let go, otherwise you will be lost, and I will not save. – said the maiden of dreams. Gather courage, with a stiff hand, the adept took Elicia's right hand with his left hand, and the world spun before his eyes, this unimaginable feeling lasted for almost a minute, the young man would wake up, but it was impossible, and then, something implicit seemed to try to release his hand the envoy, immediately earned himself quite a divine headset, and I must say very weighty, and the maid whispered: "Don't you dare, not only will you die, disappear without a trace" – Nearh opened his half-closed eyes, tried to look around. Under it was a stony ground, with some growing bushes, with pale flowers that smelled hardly, but very nice, everything was implicitly and indistinct around, as if thick with thick smoke, and this smoke did not dissipate. Several steps passed, and in front of them the immense table of a gigantic tree fell out of the mist, and only at a barely visible height could one guess in the haze of a branch covered with huge leaves. The sky

was gray, everything was hidden by clouds, and the sun was not visible, there was also no wind at all. The place is uncomfortable, the young man thought, he looked back at the maiden, but he still didn't see the face, only the blinding darkness under the hood. - We are at the place of choice, this is the World Tree. I live here, and Brother Ulls as well.

"It's dark here," Nearh said, "and where is he?"

- I will not answer your question.

"You are not ready, so you see it so far," answered Elicia. - Look, here's the creek and the well near the Tree. - she said these words.

And he saw the light, and the fog cleared, and he saw the most beautiful meadows covered with flowers, there was a wonderful scent of flowers in the air, butterflies fluttered, and sometimes they circled around the goddess, creating just a spiral of aerial flowers, the sky was dazzlingly blue, the sun shone, but There were two lionesses lying across the tree, looking attentively at the Cretan, and even further, previously taken just for boulders, griffins with golden manes and wings were sitting, sometimes opening their beak, but not announcing the surroundings with their legendary scream that kills all mortals. A golden chain twisted around the tree, one end of it reached the sky itself, where it was lost in the clouds, and the other descended to the ground, curled among the huge roots, roots, or rather tufts of roots, there were three, and looking below, he experienced an incomparable the horror - the Cretan saw the infinitely coiling rings of the

Great Gray Worm, or the Serpent, or the Dragon, the Great Kronos Himself, or Python, whatever you call it, everything is one. It is through his rings that the souls of people slide into the realm of the Dead over the Ice Bridge. A source of water was knocked out of the ground next to the roots, and right there was a well, and Elicia called everything, so her words were imprinted in the memory, and they could not be forgotten, the maiden called him Urd, and the fact that this is a source of living water.

“I saw the Golden chain of Homer, as he wrote: “I did not touch the Golden chain, “said the young man with sadness in his voice,

“Do not be sad, sailor,” said the Virgin, “if I allowed you to touch her, you would have a different fate.”

– So it is a good place, my fields, beautiful meadows and flowers, can see the souls of those who did not do evil, and what the souls of those who did evil see here have you already seen-
Wet Drizzle, good people see the Champs Elysees,

– So what am I angry? Nearh asked, and I will suffer forever without birds singing, the beauty of flowers and the blue sky?

– You are shown in part how my world looks, but you have not died, and you cannot be here, and you see it with my eyes through my will.

– Why can't I see you in reality?

– It is impossible, I can be among people only when I will be embodied in human essence, or only in a dream, and seem to be chosen.

“What are you looking at my back there?” He would have sworn that she was laughing if darkness could laugh. – Are you looking for my wings under a raincoat? With the wings did not work, you excuse me, navigator.

– So you were born on Earth, like a man, madam?

– And not once. But I will not say the rest, I will prepare you for the trials. You will have to guess the three riddles that Kallifena will give you, and remember that cunning is not forbidden, and then you will be cleansed with the ichor wine,

– What is ichor?

– The blood of the gods, I’ll show you, suddenly a fiery dagger flashed in her hand from nowhere, and she ran them around her wrist, Nearh frowned at the expectation of someone else’s pain, the pain of a girl, but the darkness instead of Elicia’s face was impenetrable, and then, from under the knife flowed jet of clear liquid. The son of the archon could not take his eyes off the current drops, which flowed down to the ground in a narrow stream, and had already twitched to stop, not blood, but something else...

– You have no scars, Nearh? asked goddess.

“On her forearm,” and without a word, she put her wrist to his forearm, and the recent wound that ichor ran on her eyes turned pale and the scar disappeared completely, and then touched the palm of his shoulder.

– What are you frowning? Look more fun! It does not hurt me, although I will not hide it pleasantly when they are worried

about you. This is a memory for me, you will remember that it was not quite a dream.

Nearh began to wake up, but he could not open his eyes, it became noticeably colder in the cave, spasms held down the muscles, as if they had become copper, the body was filled with a feeling of no fear, no, something alien, nearby, and at the same time completely different, implicit and unclear. Finally, this thing left the cave, and Nearh could open his eyes, it was already light, and he ran to wash, and the gnomon showed the hour. Kallifen came, brought cakes and honey, a fresh towel, quickly flashed her eyes over the shoulders and arms of Nearh, then her pupils widened incredibly, as if she saw something important, but she gave no sign, not even a hint.

“Sit Notarh,” she said in an unusual and unusual, tender voice, and showed her to sit down on a folding chair, and he immediately tensed, feeling the hint,

– Did that good tonight? – asked the priestess and carefully looked into the eyes of the adept, not looking up.

“Not bad,” he said.

“Dreams must have been a good dream?” The priestess asked again.

– Interesting, said Nearh illegible, munching on a cake with honey, -And you cook well, I did not think that the priestesses are such masters.

– Eat on health, soon you will be going to go on the road.

– Already? I did not pass the test?

– Where are you, a hearty hand burned? she said, clutching at his right hand tenaciously, and showing him the burn from Elicia’s yesterday’s touch.

“And how, the goddess revealed her face to you?” – the young man slid an eye on his shoulder, and noticed a scar, rather a red spot in the form of a chicken’s foot, or a trident, only a very small one, which he did not notice yesterday.

Nearh attempted to break free, but in vain, despite the small stature, the priestess had a great strength, and the jerk of the initiate was vain,

“I was not honored with something.” Answered the young sailor.

“The Goddess noted you,” added Kallifen, and stroked this place, a burn with some kind of respect, and already looked at the young man, almost as an equal. – Wear a chiton with sleeves that others would not see, and here’s your first memory present that passed the test, and she handed him a twisted silver bracelet, with two spirals facing each other. – By this bracelet, another initiate will recognize you wear it on your shoulder. How, the head is not spinning, you feel normal?

“Not bad,” Nearh lied. He still lacked a girl to complain!

“By the evening I will bring the medicine, rest today, and tomorrow we will begin a new way – she finished her speech, gave the provisions, and went to her house.” Still, it was pleasant to look at her, despite that she was a priestess, and she was very beautiful and intelligent, and very strong, as it turned out.

The instructor climbed along the path with a charming gait, her raincoat, fine work from a good canvas was thrown over the chiton, the wind slightly lifted it at each step, the sun's rays fell on her dark red hair, and they glittered with gold, not copper, and not paid attention, or pretended not to pay attention to the admiring glances of the student.

Nearh barely looked away from the beauty, ate breakfast, collected provisions for lunch, which would be removed in the vessel before noon, looked at the gnomon, there was still plenty of time, and got ready to read Herodotus. Although what is there? Now he himself was almost like Aristei, he thought, and grinned. He looked again at the burn and the bracelet on his shoulder, and went into the cave, he felt very badly, his head was spinning cruelly, he had ache and crown and the back of his head. Reaching the bed, he tried to read, but fell asleep, and this time he only dreamed of his family. Kallifena woke him, shaking him hard on the shoulder.

– Stand up, you will be initiated into the sacraments. Leave everything here, you'll be back soon. You hope you slept well, feel better after yesterday, to see the goddess a terrible work, but in the morning the green was just like spring grass. They came from the temple of the priestess, I alone can not hold the sacrament, next to the house is a small cave, now we are going there. – she said all this when she was walking next to Nearh, showing him the way.

They didn't go so long, they didn't enter the priestess's house,

but walked around the path, they saw the required small cave immediately, because of the turn, it appeared as if from nowhere, three priestesses stood next to each other, and two musicians with pipes were burning, although the sun was still shining and it was light.

“Greetings, Nearh, having traveled to the Kingdom of the gods, take off your clothes, and be ready for the sacrament,” Latona’s attendants told him, “You are an initiate, but you need another rite. Hastily, he threw off his chiton and sandals, remaining naked, though he was trying to undress in front of women, but he reassured himself that this was necessary, and besides that he looked good. Then the flute began to play at a frantic pace, Nearh immediately recognized the pyrrhic, so that the fatigue immediately passed, because this music leads into battle, and the warriors do not feel tired by the weight of the weapon. The priestesses walked from the sides and in front of him, and the musicians walked behind them, not slowing down, so it was as if a military system, and he was a recruit who followed the banners at the show, and after going a little, appeared on the threshold of the cave, lit by torches. Further, in the depths there was a lenos, an oval-shaped marble sarcophagus decorated with reliefs with episodes of Dionysus’s life. It is a pity there is no time to consider, but Nearh considered lion goals, and Dionysus with a tirse, holding Ariadne’s hand. The room was lit by four bronze lamps, which were cast in the form of lionesses, standing on their hind legs, resting on a pillar, into

which the illuminated oil was poured. The procession stopped, but the melody did not stop playing, and the high priestess began to hold a speech:

“We brought a neophyte ready for cleansing and taking oaths. Let the blood of Dionysus purify him, in memory of the victim of Dionysus who created the world with his blood.” Blood to blood, Life to life.

She led him to a lenos full to the brim of red wine, and the Cretan man, taking hold of the edge of the snow-white marble side of the lenos, began to carefully sink into it, settling in it more comfortably, stretch his legs, and the wine covered him all the way to his neck, and then, The attendants quickly closed the lid of the Cretan sarcophagus lying in the holy wine. At this point, the young man was seriously frightened, but he didn't even give a look, all the more it was pointless to complain, and even hidden with wine and marble, he heard the chants of the priestesses, literally he did not always understand the ancient words, but the meaning came to his mind in part. The priestesses asked Elicia to resurrect and cleanse the new minister of the gods, with the help of wine and divine ichor. The hymns went on for a long time, but they didn't gasp yet, it still lasted about two hours. Finally, the lid was lifted, he began to rise from his marble abode, wine flowed from him, and a towel was served to him, then he was offered to plunge into a clay bath, which he did, washing away the traces of wine, dried himself dry, the priestess gave him new clothes, with embroidered the meander on the edge,

the upcoming singers continued to sing the hymns of Apollo and Elicia, the flutists no longer deduced their bellicose rhythms, and the music was replaced by the sounds of the lyre, solemn and quiet, triumphant, important for the proclamation of the victory of the twin gods over the dying iem.

Initiation of the Nearchs ended, and the main priestess approached him, and handed him a ring with a double helix sign, and another with an image of the left swastika.

“You have gone through initiation, dedication, now you are one of us, and if later, when everything is over, your ministry, we will be glad to see you return. The priestesses decided not to give you a different name besides the one that the priestess from Lato gave you, you remain Nearh, “she said, looking into his eyes,

The young man smiled, thinking how he would return home, his mother would prepare a treat, everyone would be very happy. But the mistress continued:

– Now you still have tests, Diokles and Kallifena, they taught you a lot, but it is necessary for you. By the way, they are already waiting for you, “she said in a stern voice.” All the best for you, hierophant.

“Thank you, madam,” answered the young man, and went to his companions.

Kallifena smiled at him, Diokles greeted him with a handshake.

– How did everything go? It is always interesting to me, I am only a mentor.

– Normally, it was.. – but noticing the teacher’s strict look, Nearh slightly changed the answer, – Interestingly. – and grinned, out of the corner of her eye looked at the reaction of Kallifena, and she quite smiled and her curls no longer trembled with irritation.

– Now, a dinner in honor of the dedication, then we return, and you will answer the riddles. – and she smiled a little mysteriously, and she looked at the archon’s son almost as an equal.

The tables were covered in the tent, and all were given a solemn silver dish – cups and dishes. Twenty people were present, and twenty boxes took dinner. At first, the main priestess and Diokles lit the fire of Apollo with an incendiary glass – such a curiosity Nearh saw for the first time, only heard, and lit wax candles in honor of Ulla and Elicia.

“Light pleases the gods of light, she said, they don’t need blood,” the priestess said in a solemn voice.

We will drink in honor of the gods of the twins, and they all followed her and drank the wine from the bowls poured from the common vessel, as a sign of community. The cups were not simple, such a young man saw only in the images, in the form of a swan – the head and neck were the handle of the vessel, and the cup was also oblong in shape, imitating the body of a bird. Then various foods were served, but some, mostly fruits, cheeses, and biscuits, drank to the health of Nearh and his mentors, the main priestess. Soon the dinner was over, and the hero of the occasion went to a cave, and it was a young man, and his teachers

in a small house nearby, the priestesses and the servants of the temple in carts left for Lato. The day was uneasy, it was already dusk, the sun was setting, the sky was darkening from dazzling blue, a slight breeze arose, and it was a little cold, the young man lit a clay lamp, hurriedly threw off the donated chiton with beautiful embroidery, dressed in a simple one, churned up his pile of fresh hay and laid the old one cloak and prepared a new one to cover himself, undressed again, but suddenly he heard upstairs, on the stairs, a creak, as if someone was going down the stairs, hearing this, Nearh hurriedly pulled out a hidden dagger (just in case) and went to see who then at nightfall brought? After walking a few steps, and standing around the corner, he looked closer and in the gathering twilight he saw the light Kallifen figure wrapped in a raincoat, so that only her pretty face was visible.

“Did anyone get ready to attack you, brave warrior,” she asked with a laugh, “I decided to visit you, check how you feel after initiation, whether you have a soft bed,” she said, going up to the young man, taking him hand, and looked into his eyes carefully and with warmth.

“You have beautiful eyes, gray, you are a very beautiful boy,” the priestess said warmly.

– Let’s go to. she said with a deep breathing, leading him to the bed, he noticed that there was a small suma in her hand. She sat down on his bed, and invited her to sit beside her. Nearh carefully, without looking up, looked at the beauty who came

to visit him, on her beautiful face, on the curls of hair that fell on her shoulders. She gently laid her hand on his shoulder, touching the scar, and said

“And the goddess did not notice me, she did not deserve to know,” she said in a hurt voice, “but then I met you.” – and put her hand on his thigh, so that the heat engulfed the young man, and then putting her hand on the back of his head, kissed him, and did not come off for a long time, and with her other hand threw off her raincoat, remaining naked. Nearh studied her in love with small eyes, with beautiful, long curly hair, reaching her buttocks, slightly stocky, with beautiful, strong hips and small legs and a round chest, was just charming. Kallifen took out a small amphora from the bag, and a sheet that she had put on the old Nearhs raincoat and a small pillow for herself, and raised her eyes to the initiate:

“Come here, my little one,” she said, drawing to herself, and the world was gone for Nearh. The night passed, as Nearh would say later, being a wise experience, in orgiastic vigils, but in the morning they fell asleep. The young man woke up first, and the lady who had devoted him all night to the mysteries of love, was still sleeping on her pillow, with her hair scattered, wrapped in a blanket, he carefully crawled out from under her raincoat, and ran off to wash, and dressed, she heard his actions and became waking up the priestess, first yawned, then stretching opened her eyes,

“Good morning,” Nearh said, and kissed her on the lips, she

wrapped her arms around him, kissed her back, touching his body with her bare breasts.

“I have to go,” she smiled at him, said the girl, “I think so, you passed the next test, she laughed, patting his hair.

– What kind? I thought you liked

– Love is pleasing to Elicia, and you are pleasing to her, reproachfully shaking her finger and putting on her chiton, told Kallifens, – And I like you, but I had to instruct you in love, so that your life would be complete, what would be for live. Remember, the spiritual path is the path of Apollo, and the path of Dionysus is sensual.

– And Elicia?

“Also sacrificial, that’s how it is, my glorious one,” she sat down, stretching her legs and putting on sandals. “I have to go, we’ll meet in the afternoon,” she said, and standing on tiptoes, kissed him.

He ate, and soon his mentor came, and how it was nothing, she began to teach him, showing the techniques of writing, and the next day appointed tests.

“You will guess riddles, and only three,” she said,

– Difficult? – asked the young man

– For whom, as with a shrug, the priestess answered,

– You can handle it. Probably, – she said, taking his hand and looked with love in his eyes. For Nearh the night before the ordeals was difficult, he tried to search for possible riddles with Homer and Herodotus, trying to gain the wisdom of the

ancients, everything was useless, but in the middle of the night a beneficent dream overcame him. The next morning, waking up, he quickly washed and dressed in an old outfit, then thought that the day was solemn, put on a chiton with a meander, not forgetting the bracelet on his hand. Wearing sandals, saw Kallifena on the slope, waving his hand invitingly to him, and he went, almost ran to meet his fate, and almost, yes, almost, did not worry. The young man entered the house, divided into several partitions, stood in the middle of the table, and behind him in the chairs decorated with rich carvings sat Kallifena and Diokles, an unknown priestess, a woman of thirty, with dark curled hair, in a beautiful dark green dress and a raincoat, with a hairpin in the form of a lioness of pure gold, and on its slender neck hung a golden necklace, in the form of wings of birds, which are closed together.

– What do they call you, young man? she asked

“I am called Nearh,” he answered, “at the behest of the priestess Leto, our city.”

“You have passed the cleansing, now you have to initiate, but first, you have to guess three riddles, according to the order of Ulla. So, let’s begin.

She put a difficult wooden table three figurines of silver: Aphrodite, Artemis and Athens. Aphrodite was depicted naked, emerging from a pearl, Artemis with a bow behind her back and with a bear next to her, Athena with a shield in her hand.

“Tell me, neophyte, what these figurines mean, their meaning

and meaning,” she said triumphantly and leaned back in her chair,

Nearh began to think, his choice was almost like that of Paris with a golden apple, and there are three goddesses before him, and the choice is true, not so cruel, he recalled the dream of Elicia and the Champs-Élysées, recalled the lessons of Kallifeny, Artemis of Ephesus, and spoke:

– This is all one goddess, the twin of Apollo-Ull, the great Elicia. All one in one person, and this is only its embodiment, rather emanations.

“You answered wisely, and your answer is correct,” said the priestess in a stern voice. “Next question: What is the meaning of the Path of Dionysus and the Path of Apollo?”

– It is simple, Nearh answered, and unwittingly smiled, remembering the night of love with a beautiful girl and her teachings, -The path of Dionysus is the knowledge of the world through feelings, and the path of Apollo is the knowledge of the world through the mind, the spiritual path. The symbol of Apollo is Meander, and Dionysus is a bunch of grapes and curly ivy.

– And Elissia, what are her symbols? – asked another question
“The greatest one, at every Hellenic temple, is, Palmetta, crowning the frieze, as the hope of resurrection,” Nearh readily answered.

“You are one of us, Nearh, the elder priestess spoke in a warm voice, and if in the eyes of all Hellas there is any Cretan sorcerer, then where destiny leads you, you will know the covenants

of the gods in the eyes of the ignorant. You are now Couretes, a guardian of God, a koribant, knowing the divine institutions. Take it as a sign of community, and wear it with honor, and handed the young man a ring with a picture of the left swastika.

– I congratulate you, said Diokles, – now not a boy, but the last initiation, smoking, koribant, a wise man, – seriously, though with some kind of squint, he said, “I taught you to kill you with a spear, try to do what Honor, now you have become a courier, a warrior of God.

“You must not cut your hair,” Kallifen sternly remarked. “Remember the instructions, and it’s time for you to go, and I will see you off.”

Nearh went to collect his simple belongings, removed his bed, in fact a pile of straw, and took his old raincoat, and a bag with scrolls. When he returned, a giggle was waiting for them, Kallifen was sitting in a carriage, and on the goats was an elderly temple attendant, Diokles remained at the priest’s house, as always strong reliable,

“Goodbye, guy, and let the luck be with you,” he said to the hierophant, “and follow the correct stand, don’t turn the brush when you strike, and watch the walking, in short, Nearh, don’t let yourself be killed.” And if something goes wrong, I’m always glad to see you here, the assistant will not bother me, he repeated, shaking his shoulders, and he accidentally raised the sleeve of the chiton, and changed his face, turned pale, not from fear, the navigator knew that Mentor is not scare, but by surprise, and pain

for the student,

“I didn’t know that everything happened so,” and threw a quick glance at the wagon, but the priestess got distracted and didn’t hear them, “The chosen goddess,” he said already very quietly, “Pray for us,” he repeated, and put his fist to his forehead and bowed easily, – Be careful and do not tell anyone about the sign. Farewell and be happy if it works out, – he said, and Nearhar was already getting into the carriage, the driver pulled the reins, and the travelers set off.

Departure

The wagon was very shaky on the bumps, and the road was not at all very even, but Nearh settled down well on the mattresses, and he was almost conveniently, Kallifen also sat on pillows, and felt pretty good, but covered herself with a bedcloth so as not to attract other people's eyes, and so that the dust would not clog up in the face and hair. The wagon was covered by an umbrella from the sun, so that its rays were fried not too mercilessly. Of course, we drove slowly, and watched the fields and gardens passing by, closer to the evening, we were going to stop at the inn. From time to time Kallifen spoke to her fellow traveler:

– So your father Androtim means? My father knows your father, he also sits in the Council of Lato,

Here, Nearh, who nestled comfortably on the pillows, choked, imagining his father's reaction to a new acquaintance, because he wasn't even an epheb, but Dad had a sharp temper, and with age he didn't become quieter. Niarchu more than once fell for having sailed on the boat alone, or for diving too deep, trying to find the ring of Minos in the famous Voulesmeni lake. He looked again at the priestess who smiled sweetly at him, sitting beside him, and he felt the warmth of her thigh through the fabric, already understanding what she was getting at, but he pretended to be uncomprehending.

– Great, that's good. How can I not remember you at all? We

would be familiar.

“I was given very little to the temple, and I am rarely at home.

“Sadly without relatives?” Asked the young man, thinking of something else, that she is five years older than him, although she is very beautiful and intelligent, but knowing the critical order, and if she speaks to his mother, then they will marry him and will be ashamed that still stubborn and does not appreciate his happiness.

“But I cook well, and I know how to do housekeeping, and we have seven of them very influential,” she said carefully looking at the reaction of Nearh,

The young man liked the priestess very much, but did not like being forced to something. Although here, you will not change anything, so it was destined.

We spent the night in an inn, and even fleas were not there, which is strange. Little by little they were approaching their beloved city, and at the inn, next to the gate, Kallifen ordered to stop, and went into the room of the hostess to disguise herself. She came out of the already written beauty, in clothes costing a fortune, in a silk chiton, with the same silk coat, in beautiful sandals from embossed leather, ears were tied off with earrings in the form of snakes, gold beads around her neck, gold temporal on her head rings, hair, and laid down in a wave, Nearh could not take his eyes off the beauty.

– Do you like, Nearh? – He looked at him and smiled slyly.

“You can’t take your eyes off,” the slightly lost young man

replied. “Why so?”

– I can’t your parents anyhow seem like a mess, what a girl said

They got into the wagon, and soon they were at the estate of Androtim, Archon Lato. The house was the same as it was before the departure of Nearh, with a narrow stone pavement and a ditch for water, a fence to the height of a man of rough stone, with ivy, easily overcoming it. Fruit trees grew above the fence, and the red tile roof was visible. The young man knocked on the gate with a bronze ring, almost immediately the oak door was opened to him by an oak door, but dressed festively. “What happened? Thought to Nearh, I definitely did not inform my relatives when I returned.” From the garden came the cry of the father: “Who came?”

“This is me, father,” Nearh shouted, and relatives already went to meet him, with guests whom he did not know, but looking at his companion, I realized that she knew them well. At first, his sisters, Hellanik and Berenice, came running to them, and began to ask their brother,

– Nearch, are you at all on us? And what about the mountains? And the gifts brought? – they vied with each other, and the brother handed gifts to each of the leather embossed belts, similar to not fighting over each other, after that they began to stare at Kallifen and question her:

– And who are you? And you for a long time? Are you really a priestess? Do you have a snake? so even the poor girl could not

put in the word,

“And she is beautiful, really, brother,” stated the sly Berenice, and looked at the miracle with honest wide eyes into the eyes of Nearh, and Gellanika laughed loudly, so all the curls laughed with her, so they managed to put the paint and the priestess and curtain into the paint.

Then the father and mother of the navigator approached, and with them the father and mother of Kallifena, mother, Gorgo, took the little laughter in their hands, and took them to the table with refreshments, and Androtim, tightly hugged his son, and Cleon and Rada hugged and kissed Kallifena, his daughter. - Hello, son, Mature, in priestly attire, and went back in time, three months later the ship sailed to Macedonia, will visit to Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander. And Hello to you too, beautiful daughter of my friend Cleon, beautiful as the dawn, no wonder your mother's name is Rada (the Lightbringer). -Sit down at the table and talk, -said Andractim all, and the hosts and guests went to a small garden, with wonderful pear and peach, ivy-covered, with a table in the centre, where sat the devices with food. Had a lot of pickles, but Nearchou was not up to eating, with him planted Kallifena, she smiled happily, and put him on a dish a piece of rabbit, white bread, and watched what he ate. Of course a solved – approved Andractim, and he nodded kleon Rada, and Gorgo, who returned from home, put to bed daughters. – You, Nearchos, married Kallifena, and don't you dare to contradict me. You know, in Crete we have old

traditions and we honor their, the girl chose you, you were not against, and in the name of Aphrodite, you'll get married. There is nothing to pull, all finished, with Cleon we discussed it, the wedding is tomorrow, -with these words Kallithea have sardelas and lowered his eyes, and Nearchus did not mind, first, pointless and, secondly for what? Because the girl he liked. -Nearchus, come out from behind the table, a couple of klepser, talk, -said his father, the young man got up and went to follow my father around the corner of the house. -Son, I know you're young, but the priestess agrees to marry you, and you-it is hard going on his shoulders the mighty hands-my son is one and I don't want to think that you will die, and our end of the line – and here he smiled, -you're an adult, and I'm counting on you. The girl is very beautiful, loves you, from a very influential family, so I'm glad that you two are together now. Leave, don't worry – you priestly caste, and it is, so it's not an insult Yee for her family. Yes, and it Kleon gives a considerable dowry. -I understand, father, and me she the road, ' replied the son, and the father smiled approvingly and patted him on the shoulder and Went to the guests, said Andractim, They got to the companions, and Kallifena was all crimson, but she laughed, Nearchus leaned toward her and quietly asked, -What happened? -I've taught, she said, and laughed, her smile is very painted, and the gold earrings in crimson leather looked just fine. -Well, it's time to diverge, tomorrow will meet at the temple-said the head of the house, and called his servants with torches to conduct

you home guests, now relatives. Early in the morning homemade archon was already on his feet, the servants were preparing the refreshments, and the owners of the manor dressed up for the ceremony, Gorgo, the mother of the groom wore a best dress, family jewels, head covered by a rich shawl, Andractim was in the best linen tunic, with a richly embroidered cloak, the groom is also dressed up than the usual, in a linen robe of an Egyptian and finicity cloak, sandals embossed leather, and nurse girls were also dressed very nicely, Hellenica and Bernice wore the best dresses. All went to the temple of Leto, and next to the sanctuary they had expected Kallifena and her family, so solemn, in their best clothes. Everyone shook hands and together walked up the stylobate of the temple doors, already opened priestess, friend of Undertime on that unforgettable day, bright shone the sun dropped its beam on the bride and groom, as if blessing them and wishing happiness, the same bright light fell on upholstered copper door of the sanctuary, reflected in the faces of the guests. The priestess led Kallifena and Nearchus in the temple, as the last dedication, the rest left on the doorstep, so guests and relatives nobody knew that the priestess said to the newlyweds. And it was said a lot. -Come on, Kallithea and Nearchus, you're a girl, chose a difficult path, Niarchos is intended to find a New messenger of the gods, the true Saviour, Kallifena looked at her husband now with anxiety-But, as you say, Alicia looks with favor upon him, and the priestess bared shoulder of the young man, after seeing the Sign and the bracelet, so will pray for you both, and

all the will cost You of Nearchus, take a wife older than himself, and the priestess, too, a difficult choice, she will always help you. Bless you in the name of the gods, and be happy, – said the priestess with happy smile, and kissed them both. And keep the secret., -she said good-bye. The couple came out of the temple, where they were showered with rose petals, and a happy husband and wife went into the house Undertime, and began to celebrate, the food was ready. In the garden was put up bed for guests, which were few, eight people, all members of the Council of the city of LATO. The food was fine, and the wine is thin and aged, Kallifena was in a dress of dark red color, and Nearchus, and their bed was there, and table was the one on two, the young wife carefully laid her husband with tuna, then moray vines with grapes, then a braised goat kid. The servants gave the guests wreaths of flowers in honor of the young, who with enthusiasm hoisted on their already drunk heads. The whole garden was decorated with flower backing, the divine fragrance filled the evening air, and it was no longer so hot.

– For the health of the young! – sounded exclamations of joyful guests, – Be happy, in the name of all the gods!

Guests lauded treats, wines, and the hospitality of the hosts. Nearh drank quite a bit, as did Kallifen. Soon the guests began to disperse, and everyone went to accompany the young couple to the marital chambers. Nearh took the warm palm of Kallifens and led her into their room now in his father's house. The corridor was decorated with lamps, garlands of flowers hung on the walls,

and the servants sang songs, everyone was joyful, and food and gifts were given to them, the young husband opened the door, and let his wife go, she laughed and stepped on the carpet in front of the bed. He helped the beauty to undress, got ready for bed himself, and they tried not to be disappointed in the plans of the archon Androtim to get grandchildren. So a few months passed, Kallifen served in the temple of Lato, home souls in her did not like, but soon it was necessary to go on a journey. One day, a week before sailing, Kallifen approached Nearh,

“My husband, I have become unmarried,” she said with a blush on her cheeks,

The young man hugged her and kissed her

“Very good, and I am guilty before you, I will soon leave you,” he said bitterly

– There is no one’s fault, fate, the will of the gods, and I am glad that I met you. Ordinary men are afraid of priestesses, and they could not marry me, she said, shaking her head, “We are happy, what more could you want?” She spread her arms and hugged him and kissed him tightly.

– We have to tell the father and mother,

– Yes, and my parents too, – my wife agreed. – Let’s go, breakfast time.

They came, everyone had already gathered for a meal, and Kallifena said this news to Androtim in his ear, he brightened and exclaimed, raising his hands: “Glory to the gods!” Gorgo asked: “What is the matter?”.

“Then, then,” the archon replied, “Lato didn’t leave us, takes something, but also rewards.”

A week passed in gathering, Nearh turned out to be an impressive pack of good, and he accompanied his father’s goods to Macedonia-oil, saffron, Egyptian flax, and the ship was his father, he had a monthly voyage on the sea, from island to island, right up to Amphipolis. captured by Philip Port on the Strymon River. The ship was well equipped, it was a merchant ship, sailing, and stood in Lato’s harbor. When Nearch and Kallifena were boating on the island of Voulismeni, named after Ulla defender, they saw this vessel. Wife, priestess, but she was a true Cretan girl, and she loved the sea and the ships, and when it was possible, before the pregnancy, she and the young men loved to swim in the sea, then she seemed to Almostarchus almost nude, beautiful, with flowing long curly hair.

So the sad day of farewell came, the Lord’s luggage was carried away by the servants to the ship, and one of them went with him to Macedonia, because it is inappropriate for a noble person to travel alone. All the family accompanied him to the ship, Androtim and Gorgo walked in front, and behind them walked hand under the arm of Kallifen with Nearh, who from time to time looked into his eyes, as if trying to remember better. They walked along a street paved with hewn stone, until the heat descended on the proud, the sun had just risen over the endless sea, and its golden rays illuminated the endless expanses of the kingdom of Poseidon.

“Well, goodbye, son,” said Androtim, hugging him, the goddess chose you, and you have to do what is necessary,

“Come back soon,” Gorgo told her son, crying and swallowing tears, not trying to hide them, just wiping them with a handkerchief, “We will take care of the child,” she repeated, hugging him, and kissing him good-bye.

– Mother, let go of your son, smiling father remarked, -Let him and his wife say goodbye, he does not forever swim away.

“Good luck, I know you will not die there, come back to me soon,” Kallifen told him, also wiping her tears,

“Don’t cry,” Nearhs whispered in her ear, “Everything will be fine, and in a year you will take you to Amphipolis,
She threw red eyes at him, and smiled a little:

“Then, okay, but after a year I won’t be able to, and I stroked my stomach,” it is better in two.

– Here, and agreed, said the delighted young man that his wife stopped crying.

Nearh rose along the gangway on the ship, the servant was already on board, the sinks untied the ropes, and the boat prepared to drag the ship to the raid. The young man saw his father waving his hand, and he wanted something good, and his mother and wife waved their handkerchiefs, in memory about Athena-Elicia, covered with its cover of the Hellenes, as a sign of its protection, and the wilted sea. His ship, “Horse of the Sea”, went to the raid and dismissed the sail, the wind was fair, and drove the ship driven by an experienced pilot, to the

north, to the new, unexplored distance, leaving the beloved city astern. The voyage took place in good weather, but Nearh did not immediately get used to the shuttering, at first it was swaying well when the ship dived down, and then climbed the wave upwards, the sailors improperly joked at it, an inexperienced navigator. Soon the helper took him into training, and continued the instructions of Androtim, taught how to keep the ship in different directions of the waves, so that the sea would not hit the side of the ship, how to navigate the ship through the stars at night. Here the young man was simpler, the constellations, their names, his wife forced him to learn when he was studying in the Cave of Idea. The helmsman, he is the captain, bore a name very suitable to him – Navkratios, it was a strong, forty year old man with a small beard, which he wore, just not to shave. The servant of the Nearhs bore a good swim, and he and the sailors were addicted to catching tuna, in which he showed himself to be a master, prepared the bait, and deftly hooked the fish on the hook with a net. The fish was cooked when the ship pestered into the small coves of the Cycladic islands, past which they walked. At sea, there were other ships that went past them, some to Athens, some to Eritrea, and some to Megaras or Byzantines. Soon Skyros appeared, where there is also Mount Olympus, this is the place where the legendary Achilles was hiding and where she found the death of the hero Theseus, and from this island to Euboea stages, some of the initiated believed that this was the island of Scherias, the island of Blessed. Half of the way

was covered, and now Navcratios was heading along the coast of Euboea, just in those places where the fleet of Xerxes was plowing the waters of the Aegean Sea. Sometimes the helmsman called Nearh to the helm, he would have breathed, and the young man happily took control of the ship, he liked how every movement of the ship was given, the waves pushed against the side, the rolls from waves to waves, and the salt spray that sometimes but ve was equally sad about mother and father, and about Kallifen, whom he left shortly after the wedding. Day went by, and they went around the coast of Euboea, passed by Halkidiki, and approached the mouth of Strymon. The river was divided into many branches, and an experienced pilot, who boarded the “Horse of the Sea”, skillfully chose the right channel, which led them to the city. The water of the river was very clean, although it was overgrown with a cane, and the current was weak, so it was not hard for sailors to climb up the river bed at oars. The crew of the ship saw the already famous Golden Mountains of Pangeon, which gave fabulous wealth to the Macedonian king Philip. Twenty stages separated them from Amphipolis, and the ship overcame them in an hour. They arrived safely, so Nearh watched the unloading of goods into Androtim’s proxenos warehouses, the sailors worked efficiently, used tackles in the work, hooking nets with the goods, and dropping the harbor to the ground, so the proxenos servants didn’t have to grunt, and the documents were drawn up, and the transaction was completed, and a part of the money remained with the young

man, and part of the income of Navcratius had to bring a Cretan father, and in Sast they bought goods in Amphipolis, it was shert, skin, the famous Macedonian honey. In the meantime, Nearh wrote two letters to his father and wife.

“Callifene from Nearch hi.

Beloved wife, I got to Amphipolis well, on the way I saw a lot of interesting things, delivered the goods, and bought what was ordered for my father. You, as a Cretan girl, you know, the magic of the sea. Sorry you are not with me, and it would be even better. Narch.”

“Androtyma from Nearchus. Father, reached Amphipolis in good order, nito did not die, the ship was intact, the goods were handed over to the proxen at an agreed price, and took the goods from him according to the list and agreed price, and send twenty minutes of silver with “Navcratia”.

Letters in which he wrote only what happened to him during the voyage, but not what was in his heart, the young man sealed it with his ring and gave it to the captain, and gave him also ten drachmas for the writings to the captain.

It took several hours, and soon the ship was ready to sail to Crete, back to the beloved city of Lato, through the winds and expanses of the sea.

Proksen was called Athenaeus, and he took Nearh to his home to spend the night, and the young man and his servant, Frig, who was loaded with packs, set off. Gates passed, the proxen interchanged with the guards, and the travelers moved further

along the street surrounded by a deaf fence of estates on all sides. He conducted the host and the guest to the garden, where everything was covered for dinner, Nearh, walking through the house, but did not notice anything special, an ordinary house, from several rooms, with a tiled roof, made of clay and covered with clay, with a small garden for servants, and a pair of outbuildings, everything is like everywhere in Hellas.

– Pass, Nearh, I will introduce you to my wife, Aglaya, and to the daughters Antus and Diante and Chrysante.

“Take me hostess at home,” Nearh said, bowing, “Your names fully correspond to your beauty,” the young man bowed his head once more, the little girls giggled rather and hid behind each other, Aglaya smiled modestly.

– Come in, sit down, young man. Shared a meal with us, invited him to Athena, Nearh, first we eat on the dining-bed, gave presents to the children and the wife of the proxen, these were ointments and rubbing from Crete, they were very much appreciated, and wooden dolls of very good work in beautiful dresses prepared it caring Kallifena, and once more, Nearh remembered her with warmth. Homework was very happy with the gifts, and the girls lost all interest in the guest, and fled to the nursery, to consider the presents. The owner of the house with visible pleasure watched this action, and after waiting for his wife to leave, and the servant began to pour wine into cups and laid out the treat, he said:

– It is unlikely that Aristodim came up with gifts, which means

that you are very lucky with Your wife, Nearh, – he said holding a silver cup in his hand, – if you had not been a wife, forgive my bluntness, you would only take one of your daughters, daughters of the youngest eight, just someone would have liked it when they grew up, “he added laughing,” but it’s not for nothing that they married you, “he looked around the guest again,” well, sorry, he saw that Nearh was all right, and his lips were tight “In line, you can eat better, here’s a beautiful eel, and our wine is not bad,” he added. Liu as a sign of worship, and the Cretan did, too. Nearh ate fish with gusto, on the ground there is still much easier, and the wine was not bad.

– Tomorrow you will go to Pella with a caravan, and bought a horse for you and a mule for a servant.

“Thank you, I will give the money now,” replied Host Nearch.

– Not necessary, your father has already paid for everything before. He and you paid for the house in Amphipolis, if you want, look at the house nearby, bought it, because you will be at the court of the prince, but your house is necessary for the person of your position.

– Thank you, I agree. Tomorrow I’ll come. And bought the servants? – he said laughing

– This is your wife, clever-prudence thought about everything. And about the manor, and about the servants, about everything. There is even a well in the house, it is a rarity here.

Néarh just sat with his head down, and a faint grin touched his lips, which one he is still unreasonable compared to his wife.

“Okay, Proxen, I will try to do everything as it should for my family,” answered the young man, and Athens clapped his shoulder approvingly, touching the bracelet,

– What have you got? – Proxen was surprised,

– Who are you? At sixteen?

Nearh instantly jumped off the bed, being next to the owner of the house, changed in the face of fear,

“Swear, Proxen, you know my father, it’s profitable for you to trade with us, and we never lied to you, it’s not evil for you or the royal family, I swear to you by Ullis – the Savior and Elicia the defender,” and then Nearch cut himself hand and dropped a drop of blood on the ground as a sign of oath. – Do you believe me?

– I believe and I swear by the gods – Olympians, that I will not reveal your secret, – replied that, – so you are a priest, and also an initiate? In your years? he said in a whisper.

– So it happened. Except you, no one has figured it out yet, – replied with a shrug that he smokes.

“That’s fine, but it’s time to sleep, otherwise tomorrow you will be on the road,” remarked the merchant.

They parted, a servant came to escort the guest into the room, he walked with a lamp along the corridor, and opened the door, where the bed was already made, and he went to bed. The dream came immediately, even if it was in a strange house. Rustling the cicadas, the scent of the garden, the flowers and the fruits of the earth that began to ripen came to the window, the bed was excellent, and the straps were taut, the straw in the

mattress was fresh, so Nearar slept well, the servant brought a jug of water and a basin that the young man would clean up, he did, called for breakfast. Breakfast was also usual – flat cakes, cheese, honey, dry apricots, washed down with diluted wine, and soon the meal was over, and Athena and his servant went on a cart to accompany Neararch to the gate of Amphipol, where a caravan was waiting for him, going to Pella. They drove past the nonarchov house, the fence was beautiful, recently whitened with lime, they knocked, the gatekeeper quickly opened it, and the married couple approached the house, Nearh greeted them, gave instructions that they would keep order, and Atheny promised to keep an eye on the property son of the archon. Soon we reached the gate, behind which a caravan was already assembled, these were three dozen mules with luggage, five carts, and ten mounted guards, two merchants and their servants. The young man took out a bow and a quiver of arrows from a bag, and the dagger hung on his belt next to the purse, and the servant was armed with a club, and he had a staff. The young Cretan man shook Athenaesus's hand in farewell, and reminded him of the oath. The senior merchant ordered to get under way, and the travelers set off along the road. The terrain was very picturesque, drove past a lake of a large lake, the trees of the role of ze fue are lake-like than in the rest of Greece, but in fact it was not Hellas, but Thrace, and besides, it was necessary to take care not to please the robbers, but not a few of them roamed here, mostly Thracians and peons, though guard towers with several

dozen garrison equestrians were built along the road, although, to be more precise, a man of thirty is no more. There were inns along the road, but it's not too often. Eight horsemen, armed with darts and swords, moved at the head of the caravan, and a small round shield was behind each of them, then carriages moved, and behind them mules with luggage, merchants with servants drove with them, and this system Neararch with servant. We moved for several hours in a row, giving rest to the horses and people in the middle of the day, and then we went to see how it began to get dark, then they set up camp, set up carts in a circle, and the guards changed, guarding the luggage and people, and the rest quietly had supper and rest. So four days passed, during this time, Nearh managed to communicate with both merchants, they were called, no matter how ridiculous Levkon and Melon were, and I must say, their names corresponded to their appearance, Levkon was bright, and Melon had a black head of hair, they were both from Amphipolis. But the next day did not start well, and ended even worse. The servants harnessed the mules into one wagon incorrectly, tightened the clamps too much, and they became obstinate, began to harness to the cart, and broke the wheel, it fell to the side, the goods flew to the ground, began to collect the scattered bales, Levkon and Melon ran to deal with the disorder, and All this took a lot of time. Finally they set off, but impatient guards galloped forward, and the Thracians were ambushed, so everyone heard only the screams and neighing of horses, three of ten horsemen escaped and rode back, and

at that moment fifteen lightly-armed mountaineers attacked the tradesmen. Thracians Pelttachs shouted something and darting aptly, so they killed two drivers and three servants, but Nearh quickly pulled out his bow, and remembering with gratitude the lessons of Diokles in Crete, he kissed, pulled the arrow, and one Thracian was already rolling on the grass, whirling around in terrible pain, and sending an arrow after an arrow struck four more, the other attackers hid behind a boulder fifty paces from them. And already several darts flew into Nearh, and it was very good that I noticed them in time, and they stuck into the side of the cart next to the Cretan, and one of them scratched the young arrow and cut the sleeve of the chiton. Both merchants with swords and shields crawled over to the young man, and Levkon patted him on the shoulder approvingly, leaned out from behind the wheel and received a dart in the forearm, dropping the sword from his hand and moaning deafly at the same time.

“Nearkh, you are a great shooter, you helped me a lot,” Melon said with a twisted face, “be careful, you have all hope, the servant Nearh is sitting next to them with a bunch of darts and a club.

“Things are bad, Melon, take a dart and cover yourself with a shield, you’re on the left, I’m on the right, hit the target, and hide until the Thracians walked around us, then our three mounted gallopers gallop and cut down the Thracians,” said the young man, “Come on, quickly.

One quickly lowered the arrow, another threw a dart, both

of them fell, and eight enemies remained, and the Hellenes instantly fell to the ground, and the counterstrike hit only the edge of Melon's shield, rebounding from the copper upholstery. At this time, the servant was pulling Levkon's forearm, his face gray with pain. Three horsemen, waking up, jumped to the robbers and first threw darts, and hit the three at close range, rushed to the others with swords, but experienced mountaineers could get one of the mounted men, and he rolled to the other three, who fell into puddles of their own blood, but two mountaineers were able to hide in the thickets.

– Fine! – Levkon cried enthusiastically, taking the dart in his hand, “Those who beat our horsemen will come running now,” Melon sighed with a twisted face, and a battle chill began to beat him.

– The servants got ready for a fight, managed to arm themselves, and our horsemen must be hidden behind a boulder. And the carts move, because of them, we stand against the fights, said Nearh.

“Well done, boy,” Melon praised him, and quickly began ordering carters to make a barricade of carts, the servants immediately began to do what was required.

Suddenly the sound of hooves on the ground was heard, fear appeared in front of the merchants, and what if it was the horse Thracians? But fate was favorable to the travelers, they were Macedonians, and in front of thirty horse-drawn, heavily armed soldiers, a young man, almost a boy, with blond hair fluttering

in the wind, then told Nearh that this was Alexander.

At the court of Alexander

– Greetings, guests! I am glad to see you here, and you probably even more than me, but I came to meet Nearch, a Cretan appointed to me in retinue! I hope he is alive and I was on time! – loudly and distinctly, as before the formation of troops the prince said. Meanwhile, the horsemen of his retinue, scattering like a fan and combing the neighborhood.

– I'm here! – exclaimed Nearch, removing the bow in the fire and throwing it with the quiver behind his back, came forward, Alexander seeing him immediately dismounted, and the tall and handsome young man, as it became known later, Gefestion, sitting astride, took his horse by the bridle.

– Hello, Nearch, I-Alexander (then his name was a childish name, but it was forgotten), the son of Philip, Argead. Are you from Crete?

Yes, from Crete, I am the son of Archon Androtima from the city of Lato, arrived in your retinue in pursuance of the will of the gods.

“Yes, all Cretan sorcerers,” he said, smiling, and slightly tilting his head to the left. He walked leisurely to the boulder, inspecting the dead and wounded Thracians lying in the grass. He was followed by ten people on horseback.

– Huckers! Servants here, bandage the wounded! “And he leaned toward one, a red-haired freckled Thracian, who held his

thigh pierced through with a Cretan arrow.

– You are a great archer, Nearh, but what kind of a doctor are you? Come here, let's tie up the guy, – he called the new officer, he looked doubtfully at Hephaestion, he just shrugged his shoulders, it could be seen that he was familiar to him.

– Go, come here Nearh, I do not finish captives, bring a clean cloth and take the vinegar.

Nearh took the required things in the wagon and walked over to the prisoner already seated on the grass, the prince already cut his trouser leg with a knife, and taking a flask of vinegar, soaked the cloth in it, wiped the injured place, saw that it wasn't offended, the sides of the thigh slightly pulled the arrow

– Do you have Scythian tips? Lobed? Hope without unnecessary thorns? he asked, and the Cretan man only nodded in response, supporting the wounded man's leg.

“Hold tight,” and said something to the prisoner in Thracian, which tightly squeezed his jaws, and the prince cautiously, but quickly pulled on the wound canal, the wounded man gasped, and leaned on Nearchus, but he deftly picked up thick tissue on the wounds, and became firmly and skillfully bandaged, so that the blood quickly ceased to flow.

“He is yours,” the prince nodded to his new Ethera, “It's good that I didn't want to finish him off, I don't like it.” Then he will swear to you, and you will have a great squire. Look at the rest, can anyone help! – He shouted, – and the servants of the merchants rushed to perform.

“King, take the Thracians yourself, you saved us, they are yours,” said Levkon and Melon,

– I will take your carriage to the fortress, then it will return to you until the evening. And bury the dead Thracians – he ordered,

Servants and workers carried out the order, pulling off the dead, and removing from them the values they no longer needed, as well as weapons that were expensive, and it was expensive any. Levkon and Melon said goodbye to Nearh, and together with his servant he joined the retinue of the prince.

A retinue with Alexander and Nearh set off, and behind her was a cart with five Thracians, bandaged and bound, and behind the cart were two Horse Macedonians to guard. After a couple of hours, we reached the watchtower, where the prince took the cart from the garrison, and sent the cart back to the merchants.

– Where do we go? – asked a Cretan citizen of the high prince’s companion,

“In Miez, to school to Aristotle,” the Sweets answered,

“My name is Nearh,” he appeared again, trying to be polite.

– Hefaection, I also belong to Alexander’s retinue, added a tall young man, – Not far from the city, he decided to meet you, the king warned that he had agreed with your father that he would send you in, ... and for better relations. Well, everything turned out very well. Seen how Alexander learned medicine? It is Aristotle who instructs us so well, and you will study, philosophy, mathematics, music, astronomy, many came to the

prince just to take lessons from him, because our teacher is from Asklepiades, hereditary healer.

“Excellent,” he added, but he thought to himself – can it compare with Cretan coriands?

“You are married,” Hephaestion asked, inspecting the marks on his tunic, “The only son of his father.” Then you can bring her here, not to Miez, in Macedonia, Amphipolis. Two years later. Are you really a sorcerer? “With these words, the giant’s eyes became round,” all the sorcerers in Crete, he added in the affirmative.

“No, just an initiate,” Nearh decided to partly reveal himself, so that he would not be caught in a lie.

So, on the road, and a few days passed until we got to Mieza. On the way, Alexander and Nearh, the regular doctors, examined the wounded, gave them drink and changed their dressings, and also tied up three lightly wounded Macedonians from the Tsarevich’s retinue, they were very skilled, so no one died on the way.

Miez appeared, a beautiful city, immersed in gardens, given by Philip to his son for learning, and learning. However, in possession too. When they arrived, everyone dismounted, and the approached pages took the horses to the stables, and Alexander led the Cretan to the rescued Thracian.

“That’s your man,” said the prince, pointing to the prisoner, “take his oath.”

The king said something to the mountaineer, he got up

from the ground, where they were all disembarked from the wagon, looking into the Neararch face, smoking, heard the word “Nearh” in the young man’s speech, and he realized that he was represented to the prisoner.

“His name is Teres, so take a dagger, put it in his hands as a sign that you are taking service,” the Macedonian explained.

Teres bent his knee, spoke clearly in his native language, stretched out his hands to Noaru, palms up, and he put a dagger and belt in his hands, the Thracian bowed, hooked the weapon to his belt, and limped, stood behind the back of the court.

“Now he will fight with you in battle, like a squire, and you must feed and reward him,” the young prince laughed. “All is well, he will live with my team, they will look after him and teach him Hellenistic. And now let’s go to the bathhouse, and then for lunch and a lesson.

Bath, it was a large stone building, covered with tiles, inside of which, on the one hand, a shower room, Nearch did not see such on Crete, along the ceiling were bronze pipes for water, and two dozen watering cans, in the form of lotus leaves, from which water was poured onto washable, and on the floor of the lattice to drain the water, and the floor was, moreover, marble, with images of forests and the sea. All Alexander’s friends went to the bath-Hephaestion, Garpal, Eumenes, Ptolemy, Leonnat, Filota, Nearh, Erigy, Laomedon, all young men from natal families. The attendant turned on the water, and she poured on the washable, the Cretan man wiped the body for a long time with a sponge,

and then, feeling clean, went into the dressing room where clean clothes lay, white-gray, of fine flax, put on shoes and waited on the bench for the others. Soon everyone came out, and after sitting for a while, they went to eat, the meal was very simple, and the curiosity was curious, ordinary flat cakes, cheese, honey, and diluted wine, so we ate everything quickly, went out, and headed to the school garden where Aristotle taught his lessons. And so, the unforgettable happened – Nearh saw the great Aristotle, it was a man of medium height, with a small beard, dressed in the clothes of a sage, described by Herodotus – a white linen chiton and the same cloak strengthened on his shoulder with a silver brooch. In the garden there was also a chair for a mentor and folding chairs for students, and small tables for writing.

– New student? – said the tutor inquiringly looking at Nearh,

– My name Nearh, son of Androtims, from the city of Lato, from Crete, answered a Cretan, – I am now in the retinue of the prince. “My name is Aristotle, son of Nicomach,” Aristotle answered in turn.

– Alexander, I heard you are making progress in the medicine business, successfully treating eight people. This is a great result.

Hearing these words of the mentor, the prince bloomed straight, his cheeks turned pink with pleasure.

“But,” added Aristotle in a different tone, “did you save five barbarians with your skill?” Thracians? – The philosopher’s face twisted in contempt

“First of all, people, teacher, and not so bad,” answered the

prince with a grin,

“Barbarians,” Aristotle said.

“People,” Alexander approved in an icy tone.

Realizing that the case takes an undesirable turn, and he already knew that the prince is unstoppable in anger and terrible in a rage, the philosopher turned the lesson into the mainstream of learning. It must be said that Néarch did not study much in Crete – philosophy, mathematics. He knew astronomy better, and even twice Diokles went to look at the approaching tube with crystal lenses, it was clear that there were mountains on the Moon, and Mars had two satellites. Simpler glasses to spread on Crete are spread; jewelers make sophisticated items with composite lenses, well-known cameos, but the masters cherish the secrets of these items, and he saw how with the help of a lens Diokles and the priestess lit the sacred fire of Ilios. He told about the properties of flowers, how to recognize useful, how to make a healing infusion. But most of all he liked the lessons of philosophy, when they were walking around the garden, they tried to understand how to do the right thing.

Even mechanics came to Miez, and Alexander, who never saw pankatiatist fights, went to the masters. They were provided with a light house and several assistants, casters, servants fussed about in the house, sorting out the instrument, hanging out the schemes, and collecting a large table in the center of the house. The prince came in and greeted him politely with the adepts of Hephaestus, on the table, next to the papyrus and parchments,

lay the assembled device, consisting of many gears, and Nearhs were interested in the mechanism, and next on the table lay something similar to a bow with a bar.

– And what's that? – asked with a lively interest Argead.

“I called this mechanism a gastrafet,” remarked an elderly but slender mechanic with gray hair, dressed in a sulfur chiton and covered with a suede apron, in simple sandals, “For a more distant attack on the enemy and improved armor penetration,

Alexander took the device in his hand, tried to coax the mechanism with his hand, he didn't come out, and gave it to the mechanic, he put his foot in the hook at the bottom of the mechanism and straightened his back and brought the food in the fighting position. He took a thick wooden arrow, put it in the chute of the device.

– Are there archers here? asked the master.

“I can use a bow,” said Nearh, stepping forward,

– How many boards does an arrow strike a bow? – he added.

– One, at a distance of half a stage, Cretanian replied.

– Take the mechanism into the hands of the young man, – and he gave the couch a gastraphist, he took it, as the mechanic showed, and the mechanic put the arrow in the chute again, showed that it was necessary to move the corner of the house where there were two boards, and on command he pressed the hook the descent, the impact of the arrow hitting the belly was impressive, but with a bang, the arrow broke through both boards through. Alexander came up to look, and other eters also began

to consider the place of entry.

– Great, the masters you have surpassed yourself, I will write to my father about this, the money will be given to you. And the device with gears is also interesting, but what is it for?

“For different automata, and for clocks, you can measure the phases of the moon for priests.”

– And time to measure, hastily added another.

“The sun’s hands don’t fall on him, how can he measure time?”
Said the prince.

“You can set up to measure equal intervals of time, due to the spring mechanism,” added the master, and as an improvement for water mills and machines for lifting water from mines.

– Very interesting, you are like Daedalus, a mechanic, these are interesting products, so Ptolemy, this is all better than a struggle to watch. You will be paid for all the devices, dear masters. The retinue left the house, the prince was in high spirits, and he was whispering about something with Hephaestion.

The best riders taught the young men how to stay in the saddle, how to rearrange themselves during the battle, to be controlled with a spear and a sword. Nearh Alexander liked Alexander’s horse, as he was obedient, as the Tsarevich tenderly courted Bucephalus. Once asked about Hephaestion

– And when Alexander bought Bukefal?

“Well, this is a whole story, get ready to listen,” he answered readily. and began his story, similar to the story of Bellerophonte: “Once a merchant came to King Philip, and offered a magic

horse for twelve talents of silver...

– Twelve? – Noarch interrupted, – but one horse is not worth so much!

“Don’t interrupt!” Hephaestion frowned,

The king liked the horse, it was the best of horses, and he called for the best riders, but they were all thrown off by the wonder horse. Then the king got angry at the merchant, and said that the horse was bewitched, and no one could ride it. And no one wanted to go around because they were afraid. And only Alexander was not scared, he jumped on him, and drove him in a whirlwind, and flew around the marketplace like a whirlwind, and when he returned, the horse listened to Alexander, like a tame one.

Alexander got off the agitated horse, the people around him began to shine with smiles. King Philip, he was so pleased that he just broke into a smile for joy and pride for his son. And I stood nearby, did not take my eyes off a friend, and was so happy for him, as though he had tamed a brave stallion. And Philip approached the king’s heir.

“How can you call a horse, Alexander?” He asked his son.

“Boukefal” answered he, stroking the horse’s neck with one hand and holding the reins with the other. Alexander all shone with happiness too.”

Nearh carefully looked at Hephaestion, the king’s friend, and thought:

– The prediction came true... As always, not as you expect,

but the bull Alexander tamed, he was born under the star, because the coat of arms of the Argeadas is a sacred star, born of a sacred mountain (Olympiad).. And you will not ask for advice, there is no one.. Only the priestess from Crete knows the prediction..

While Hephaestion was telling a true story, Alexander approached, and so that a friend did not see him, and with a sign he showed Nearhar not to say anything to a young speaker,

– So how many already? Twelve talents? – he said laughing, and slapped him on the shoulder, – No, much less Nearh, but the horse is true, a groovy Bukefal, it cannot be better, that's for sure. You forgot to add, Hephaestion, that my father shed a tear, and added that Macedonia is too small for me.

“That's exactly how it was,” Hephaestion agreed, laughing.

The Cretan looked at Alexander again, and with delight and pity, realizing what was coming him, he was standing against the sun, and it seemed to Nearhex that a crista flashed around him. Can not be. It's not time yet...

War broke out with Byzantium, a city on the Bosphorus, and the command came from Philip Alexander to come to Pella and become governor in his absence. The retinue soon formed, and each gathered for a couple of hours with his servants and spare horses, and were ready to perform. Ahead was the path along the mountain roads of Macedonia to its capital, the road did not take much time, and soon they were in Pella, where people happily welcomed a sixteen-year-old prince. People liked that

he didn't look like Philip the sturdy, powerful bearded man, but rather resembled the images of Dionysus or Hermes, blond, light, smiling. At the trot, the detachment reached the palace of the Argead, it was a very peculiar building, with columns, different architecture, and most of all resembled the images of the Erechteion of Athens. Before the dares of the royal house, everyone dismounted, the servants took the horses, took the squires to the human, and the Eters led the butler to the inner courtyard, and then Alexander led the friends. The palace was beautiful, covered with frescoes on the inside, there were bronze lamps in many corners, but it was not luxurious beyond measure.

"The lower floor is in many ways a place for testing," and he flashed his eyes at Nearch, down there even the lenoses stand for the Dionysian mysteries, beautiful marble, they look like sarcophagi, smiling at friends with gray-faced faces, times of holidays, you will pass the dedication, do not be afraid, this is a tradition such as in the Athens Eleusinian Mysteries.

Néarh stared at this beautiful building, hewn stone walls, polished marble floor, and in the main hall, which passed by, the floor was mosaic, as well as at the entrance to the palace. In the corners of the corridors there were bronze lamps on three or four legs, with images of griffins or lions. And so, the courtyard garden of the Palace appeared, the seats were arranged, and two armchairs, in one sat a beautiful and majestic woman, and the other was for Alexander. Seeing her son, Olympiad jumped up, almost ran up, and tightly hugged Alexander, kissed him

several times, then pulled him to the chair, sat down opposite her, put a cup of wine in her hand, and sat down herself, and with a gesture invited her son to sit down, all sat down, but behaved somehow very wary, waiting for something. Servants smashed bowls of wine and snacks. And Nearh cautiously looked closely at the Tsarevich's mother. Very beautiful blonde woman, with a complex hairstyle, in a precious silk dress, girdled with a belt of golden scales, and with a necklace of gold two-headed eagles, earrings were the finest work, from small chains, going down to the open shoulders, on her forearm gold bracelets with clasps in the form griffins, and several rings on the fingers, one of them with a signet. They were whispering among themselves, so no one heard.

– Good morning, true friends, – the Olympics greeted everyone, – I am glad, and I hope for you, because you will accompany the prince to the war. Tomorrow they will dedicate him to ephebs, “she quickly looked at her son, he looked at his mother carelessly,” It is necessary that you could command the army, “she explained to Alexander,” According to rumors, honey appeared in the vicinity of Amphipolis, and this is Pangeon, gold mines, funds for the army. So wait a little with this philosopher, saddle horses, disassemble armor, click squads, the time has come.

Dinner was served, everyone ate quickly, avoiding obscene jokes, and left to prepare for tomorrow's ceremony. Nearh rose in his room, and a servant brought him a basin and a jug to wash,

he quickly rinsed his smoking, dressed in the best, brought back from Crete, fastened a dagger to his belt, put on a signet ring, went outside, where Teres, a squire, was waiting for him, also in the best chiton and sleigh, friends came up with the servants, everyone looked great, and Alexander himself and his mother soon appeared, and the whole procession moved to the temple of Apollo. The priest cut off the hair strand, the mother asked not to cut off much, and dedicated him to ephebs, and called Alexander.

Trekking in Thrace

Antipater and Cassander quickly gathered light infantry and cavalry, phalangites and cataphracts would remain in Pella, in the mountains they would be useless. One thousand Agrians came up with their leader, five hundred Thessalians, gathered two thousand dimacs and five thousand peltasts and archers, it was enough for a hike, and two hundred tents for transport. While there were camps, Nearh and Teres went for a walk to the Ares Field, where phalangites practiced. He trained their hurricane, and watched all the hegeloh, the eldest lohag, the Macedonians were built three in the back of each other in full military armament with famous sarissas in their hands, attacking the straw doll at the same time with three spears, so that in a real battle to hit the enemy, one or two blows of distractions, and the third is fatal, and so that at the same time the peak would not get stuck in a dead body. The Cretan was impressed, but he acted mediocre; he wielded a great bow and sword, like Teres with darts and a dagger. He sat next to his servants, adjusting the straps on his armor, bought the most intelligent horse hair covered with canvas, Terems, at his request, of iron scales.

– Now you are free too, he turned to the servant, and your name is Eleftherion (free).

“You drive me out,” a servant asked with a wry smile.

– Free, you want to stay – I swear allegiance.

“I swear not to throw you at a feast or in battle,” he said, “especially at a feast,” Eleftherion joked, deftly dodging Teres’s crackle.

– Key ready? And spare? asked Nearchus to the squire.

– Everything is ready, sir, I checked everything, and packs, crackers, corned beef, raisins. All is ready.

Teres perfectly joined the squad of squires of the Eters, only five fights, and became his in this violent community, now he often dragged himself, it is better to call it that, according to the priestesses of love, with the Ptolemy and Hephaestion squires. The army advanced from Pella with the dawn, the Agrians and their leaders walked in front, a cavalry detachment led by Filoty, Cassander led the infantry and Polyperchon, Erygius and Laomedon were under his command, the Fessalians were entrusted to Leonnat, Eumenes took office and reconnaissance and did not regret about it, and Garpal became involved in supplying, and Ptolemy, Nearh and, of course, Hephaestion remained under Alexander.

The honey was driven away from Amphipolis at once, there were only a couple of skirmishes, and then the detachments were drawn into the mountain passes, and the mountaineers arranged ambushes and attacks where nobody expected. A detachment of cavalry and infantry, one and a half thousand people, led by the prince himself, pursuing a large massacre of honey, imprudently walked along a mountain trail, but the cunning honey walked around the pass, and found himself in Alexander’s rear,

surrounding him. We went to explore the paths of Alexander with Hephæstion, Nearch and Cassander, three paths started on the ridge, and here he smokes it for the first time..

“Go along the middle path, along the middle path, in front of the archers along the ridge, behind them the Peltasts, and leave the horsemen and hypaspists at the dam,” he said in a half-whisper as if with himself, from which all his friends were thrown into heat.

He immediately turned to his friends, and smiling, as usual, said:

– Go along the middle path, go round the honey, I know.

“I will lead, I myself am an archer,” Nearch suggested, the prince approached, looked into his eyes,

“It will work out, my friend,” Alexander said, putting his hand on Eter’s forelegs.

A detachment of three hundred fighters quickly assembled, and pulling their raincoats over their heads, the warriors, led by Nearch, walked around the ridge, his squires were with him. Three hours later, closer to the night, they saw the Highlanders below themselves, so the position was magnificent.

“You’ll be ready,” Kuret handed the order to the hurricanes, and all the archers prepared to shoot, and the rest took the darts.

– Come on! – Nearch made a whisper, he shot himself, and he saw one and a half hundred arrows and the same number of darts flew into the honeys, and immediately followed them again and again. At a distance of a hundred steps, it was hard

to miss, and the honey fell ten dozen onto the stones, bleeding, tried to answer, but threw the darts up and not down, so only ten people died at the Macedonians and thirty-two were wounded, Thracian dart tip. In desperation, the mountaineers rushed to the dam, but there Alexander was already waiting for them, and began to throw their weapons and surrender to the Macedonians. More than a thousand honey and their leader were captured, he gave his sword personally to Alexander. The detachment with the king and the prisoners went into one of the valleys, where the rest of the army was waiting for him with Polyperchon and Erigy. Garpal organized the supply of food, the soldiers were quite well fed and happy, and Alexander went to the prisoners, to negotiate with the leader.

The leader of the honeys was sitting with tied legs, but his hands were released to him, and heaped with his batons in order to prevent the leader from having rebellious thoughts. The prince, smiling, already in a clean dress, sat in a folding chair opposite the chieftain.

– Hello, Res, – he turned, – I broke all your troops, you are in captivity, it's time to think about the world.

“I will not be a slave to the Hellenes,” the leader replied, proudly throwing back his head, and the golden hryvnia on his neck proudly flooded.

– Why do I need slaves? – Alexander was surprised, I don't have anything to feed them, he laughed a little, with his head on his shoulder, – But your fortress will be mine, and you will swear

loyalty, and every year you will send me five hundred lightly armed and two hundred horsemen, and you will give your son hostage. And you will not rob the roads.

“But these are our customs,” Al already scoffed.

“There is no more,” Alexander stretched out his hand to him, and after a pause, the leader extended his hand, having sealed the contract. Then they swore in the presence of the priests, and without the ropes on their feet, honey was present at the feast. Just the soldiers killed three wild boars, and one was given to the royal retinue, and he was fried in a hole, long tormented with herbs. The feast turned out great, but the guard was sober, afraid of the treachery of the Highlanders. Moved along the mountain roads to the city of Reza, the fortress for a few days. Going to the city, the Macedonians decided that everything was perfectly arranged with the honey-fortress was well fortified, the moat and the shaft were very wide, and although the wall was low, he moat and the shaft were insurmountable.

“I like the fortress, Alexander,” asked Res, turning in the saddle to the equestrian prince too.

“Great,” looking at the city with an admiring gaze answered the young man, “I swear you will not regret the king about our contract.”

“I want to name the city in honor of you, Alexandropolis,” answered Res, Alexander simply beamed at these words, he adored expressions of self-love and answered a hundredfold.

“But I will leave the garrison here, stop fifty peltastes, Res,

and I would like to look at the city inside, the prince added harsherly, and the Thracian looked at him with respect and understanding.” The horsemen approached the gates, and at the scream of Resa, the gates opened, and the Peltes and retinue of Junior Argead entered the city. Inside were several squat houses, a well, stables, nothing surprising. The king spoke with his Thracian, and Teres translated the meaning of the speeches: “We lost, but the prince is kind, allows us to live according to our customs, lets the prisoners go, but demands to stop the looting, to send five hundred young men every year to serve him, and the king’s son as a sign of friendship, they will live near the Macedonians. And also the Macedonians will leave a garrison in the fortress, and if the Mezians attack Mead, Alexander will come to the rescue. “The elders who listened to the king, agreed nod, and as the servant conveyed to Nearh, they agreed. When the prince heard the words of a Cretan citizen about this, he was delighted with this answer of the elders, and called for Eumenes,

“Write to Pella to the mother and father that I conquered the honey,” he thought for a few moments, “and stormed their fortress and called it Alexandropolis. Recorded Eumenes?

“Yes, Alexander,” after a short time he gave the prince two scrolls, he sealed them with his ring and gave Eumenes back.

– Send today with the messengers, father and mother. Such news they like more.

“Res, in a week you will send five hundred fighters to Pella, and one of the hurdles of Alexandropol conducts them,” the

young commander ordered, the king of the honey nodded his affirmative to these words.

– Alexander, if the Mezians come, will you definitely help?

– I never lie, Res. I will come with the army, I swear by Zeus, – with these words the honey brightened, nodded and set out to place its wounded, and select people to serve the Macedonians.

After a day at the fortress, the army returned to Pella, returned victorious. Apart from the dead from the dead, Res paid twenty talents of silver, so there was something to pay the soldiers. On the way, part of the detachments were dismissed to their homes, and only hypaspists, Eters and Thessalians returned to the capital. Only on their way did the Eters see that Alexander grew gloomy more and more.

“What’s the matter with you, Alexander,” asked his closest friend Hephaestion, and he looked up at him with sadness,

“You know Hephaestion, they tear me apart, as if you can share my love,” answered the prince in impotence by hanging his blond head,

“What is he,” asked Nearh in a whisper to Ptolemy,

“He loves both his mother and father, but they don’t get along well, and the Olympiad has a very domineering character,” Alexander’s bodyguard replied to him. “I hope that this time it will be okay.”

Having entered the city, the prince dismissed the detachments to their homes, leaving the hypaspists and personal squad, and the entire retinue approached the palace, where Alexander sent

a vestnik of his return, and since King Philip returned to the city with a successful war, in honor of his victory and victory Son called all the nobility to the feast. But first, the Eters went to the bathhouse, the palace had the same showers as Miez, so they managed to get comfortable in order, and after changing their clothes, the Eters went to the Great Hall of the Palace, but Alexander went to visit his mother, so long as he did not with friends. The hall was richly decorated, and for the sake of celebration, it was thickly hung with flower garlands, there were lodges for the Goths and small tables nearby, and a large table, on which stood oratory and subtle divine aromas of fine and wine, Philip and Alexander Lodge were near, on some elevation, they also invited two aedovs in order to brighten the ears of the guests with declamation and music. Philip, as the owner, was already reclining in a wreath of flowers, the prince was not there yet, and the butler indicated the place to the guests according to their merits and nobility, so Alexander's eters were far from the royal place. Philip was gloomy, and already called the butler to him, as Alexander appeared, he was wearing a new beautiful dress, but he was collected and pale,

“You keep yourself waiting, my beloved son,” said the king, with a light reproach, “you have undoubtedly accomplished many feats, but still?

– Sorry, father, -Alexander came up and kissed the king on the cheek,

“Your son is a skillful commander!” Said Perdiccas loudly,

“he has the sense of a true warrior!”

Philip really liked the praise of a skilled commander, and he didn't hide it.

“I don't like to shed blood just like that, and Alexander's face slightly twisted, as if it were from pain,” but it's better to live a faithful ally than scorched fields and mountains of corpses.

“Well, after all, you took Alexandropolis by attack,” Philip pointedly noted, “this is the Tsarevich who kept modestly silent,” now the honours will send us help, the tsar added for his entourage. And just the butlers filled the cups, and the king proclaimed:

– For my son, Alexander, the brave and intelligent commander!

All happily shouted and drank fragrant wine. Then they went merrily – they drank for the army, for Macedonia, then the saints began to perform excerpts from the Iliad, singing the heroic deeds of the heroes, and many noble births of the Macedonians were directly descended from the heroes of the Trojan War, at least it was thought so. Then they were just drinking a lot, and the young people with Alexander slipped out of the hall. On the way from the hall, all the prince's friends noticed that the butler was leading the flutist and heter to continue the fun.

The next day, after saying goodbye to his father and mother, Alexander and his retinue gathered and moved to Mieza to continue their studies with Aristotle. They did not know what was left to study for less than two years. The aristocrat taught the main thing that to act decently and correctly is better and more

useful than to follow evil and commit evil. A letter came to Nearch that Kallifen would soon arrive with his son in Amphipolis, and the prince agreed that this was correct because it was not good when the wife was far from her husband, and the husband was from his wife. But Kallifen arrived only two years later, after a big war.

A new war broke out two years later, Thebes in alliance with Athens came out against Macedonia. The messengers from Philip jumped up so that the Eters and Alexander would gather and would appear in Pella, and that the prince would receive the sludge in command. It's time for parting. mentor, everyone gathered, and went to his house. Alexander knocked on the door, opened the elderly servant of the philosopher, let the students into the courtyard,

“Come in, I will call the tutor now,” and quickly went into the house, from which he almost immediately emerged majestically and leisurely, leaning on his staff, dressed in white linen clothes befitting a philosopher, Aristotle.

– Hello Alexander, hello my worthy students, – he greeted,

“Greetings, Teacher, we came to say goodbye, I don't know whether we will meet again or not,” Philip's son began to speak loudly and clearly, “a great war began, and we should go on a campaign. We did not pass your training for nothing, and I hope you will be proud of us.

– I am also glad that you took lessons from me, I didn't have any better students, and there won't be. The best gratitude for

a mentor is worthy student behavior.

“You will not be ashamed of having taught us,” Alexander added with a bow, and so the students of the Miezensh School said farewell to the philosopher Aristotle. And so ended their adolescence.

War

Philippe convened all the sovereign princes of the conquered areas with their retinues, and successfully prepared regular troops with the help of Parmenion and Antipater. We managed to collect thirty thousand infantry, of which twelve thousand prepared phalangites and three thousand cavalry, of which about eight hundred cataphracts. Alexandrov gastrafeti were not ready, although the prince wanted to check them in, and the first detachment of three hundred soldiers trained with might and main. But the mechanism was very expensive, costing an inexpensive horse, and when Philip found out how much he was worth, he simply choked at dinner. Thebes collected eleven thousand infantry and one and a half thousand horsemen, the Athenians recruited fifteen thousand mercenaries in Arcadia and Messenia, and collected fifteen thousand infantry militia and a thousand horsemen, so the forces were almost equal, but the Macedonians had easy cavalry, Agrian and Thracian, and they took to ruin Boeotia. Parmenion and Philip constantly maneuvered to trap the mercenaries in one of the passes, and they succeeded, the Athens mercenaries surrendered, and the prisoners were sent north to Thrace to keep the border from the Mezians, since the mercenaries quickly figured out the situation and agreed to serve Argeadam, but did not want to fight Athens and Thebes. The clash was inevitable, and Lysicles hastily led the

Athenian militia to help Thebes, and even Demosthenes also took the goplon in his hands. The intelligence of the Macedonians from light cavalry disturbed the Athenians and the Thebans, holding them like a hunting dog of a bear, and not allowing them to leave the flat field advantageous to the Macedonians. Philip hastily led the army in three columns, he entrusted the cavalry and hypaspites to Alexander, himself led the Phalangites and Peltasts and the Thracian infantry.

The enemies set up camps opposite each other at Heronei, where the battle was to break out. Philip summoned the peacers to the Council and a feast to encourage the commanders before the battle, and once again to discuss the battle plan. Towards noon, all the commanders, Parmenion with his son, Antipater with Cassander, Cleet, Ken, Attal, Meleagr, and Alexander with the inseparable friend Hephaestion and his bodyguard Ptolemy, approached. In the middle was a table with poured sand, and figures of soldiers denoting military units, white Macedonians, black opponents, the Athenians and the Thebans.

“Come, comrades-in-arms,” suggested Philip, everyone looked at the location of the Macedonians – infantry in the first row, Thracians and Pelttes in the first row; in the second row, in the distance of the arrow-phalanx, three hundred Thracian riders of the reserve were built, on the right flank all was built cavalry and hypaspists and runners, as well as eight hundred cataphracts under the command of Alexander.

“Dangers, said Parmenion,” are the Peltasts ahead? yes they

will flee before the Athenians,

“That’s just the point, an old friend,” Philip smacked, blinking with one single eye, “Lysikel, Hares, and especially Demosthenes, people who are fond of, and rush to pursue our avant-garde and fall on spears of phalangites and Alexander will hit them on the flank, and the Athenians shall be broken, they shall bare the flank, and we shall surround the Thebans. -pages began to distribute wine to guests, handing out filled bowls to the generals.

“And you, son, restrain the Thebans, and remember – Feagen is clever, you can’t lure him into an ambush,” Philip said further, taking a sip of wine, “break their cavalry, and wait for our help and do not break it, and the goddess Nika will open his wings above us.

Everyone agreed, nodding that the best possible plan, the servants brought tables with food, as always the same sheep cheese, flatbread and olives. None of the guests lost their appetite in front of the Sich, everyone was experienced fighters and commanders. They drank three bowls, the last for all the gods, and went to bed.

The starry sky over Herney became brighter in the east, and wake-ups began to play in the camps, the warriors had a little snack, and rejoicing that the summer heat had not yet begun, put on armor and went out to build according to the schedule of the commanders and went away in perfect order to the field covered from the sudden the attacks of the enemy

by preservation, Alexander, and Philip, the son and the father, went to different flanks of the army, and with them the warriors and ordinary fighters rose to their seats in the ranks. Far in the haze, it was clear how the Athenians were being built with the Thebans, and there, too, the detachment was connected with the detachment, making up an impregnable line of hoplites. The troops in the ranks approached each other at a distance of three flights of arrows, and Philip sent light infantry and peltasts on the wall of the Athenians to attack. Lysikel sent his Peltastes, but most of the Peltasts were mercenaries, and they now served the Macedonians in the north, and the Athenian peltas, being in the minority, fled, and Lysicles was forced to throw his infantry into the attack, throwing the Macedonians, but then his inspiration caused him, and the excessive vehemence of Demosthenes, who carried away the Athenians to persecution, played a role, and the fleeing Thracians and Peltasts went into the passages in the phalanx, and there Antipater didn't doze, and the Macedonians, staring ahead sarissas, did not let the Athenians form under the deafening howls of flutes and beeps, under the sound of terrible pyrrhics attacked. This music completely deprived the warriors of fear, and did not let them feel tired. First, the phalanx struck with darts, because the ranks from the fourth to the fifteenth, they were lightly-armed throwers, so at first Lysicles's militia began to be whipped by a storm of light spears, dozens and dozens of warriors were wounded and killed, and half a stage with quick steps hit phalangites who did not crush shields as it

was customary in the battle of the hoplites between themselves, they beat with spears longer than usual three times. Each row of Macedonians beat either at once, three spears at once into one person, or separately, at the command of the first in a row, or two spears hit the shield to deflect him, and hit the opponent with the third, and most importantly, do not let the tip get stuck in the shield or the body of the enemy. So the phalangites wielded as oarsmen on the ship, rhythmically and consistently, destroying opponents, the ship's tail cuts the foam of the waves, so that the Macedonians formed a blockage from the wounded and killed Athenians, laying in layers from two to five people on top of each other, and pouring blood on each other from the wounds, and finally they quivered, unable to resist this death machine of Philip. At first they gave a little bit, and then running, rapidly from the battlefield, the Athenian hoplites fled, pursued by the Thracians. Alexander had everything much harder, first the Macedonian cavalry knocked down the Theban cavalry from the field, and the Thessalians began to pursue them, and the prince for the time being sent detachments of Peltasts to the Thebans by tying them into battle without giving a strike, and the commander Feagen was afraid to bare the flank only when the Athenians began to pursue the Macedonians, the Thebans rushed to the attack, but Alexander quelled their impulse by striking the Agrians in the flank of the Theban infantry and maneuvered the cavalry, not attacking, and only when the Athenians retreated, and Feagen tried to retreat to the camp about organized, the

prince threw first In the attack of the Dimahs, they began to throw the marines of Thebes with darts, and when they tried to attack, they cut them with swords, from the right flank they were hit by hypaspists, and in the battle Feagen died and the Thebans also fled, but the Sacred squad stood unmoved.

Alexander saw these heroes, and, accompanied by the Eters, rode up to them.

“Surrender, I swear, I will let you all go home,” he shouted to this detachment of braves, “We were enemies, it’s all over, I don’t want to kill you, and the least thing will still drive you out of the city, this is the best outcome for you.” Can you and your families suggest Alexandropol to exile. Your servants will bring your families there later.

The Thebans thought for a long time and agreed, and the prince ordered Nearh to send Teres with the wounded to Alexandropol, two days later the servants of the townsfolk came with carts in which the wounded were families, and they moved to Thrace. And the most interesting is that everyone whom young Argead was treating did not die.

Later, Alexander came to the wounded Macedonians, Nearh helped him. The young man worked as a simple doctor, not churayas blood, easing the suffering of people. Nearh saw that Alexander was terribly tired, his already very bright face, which had never sunburnt, was gray with the pain and fear of others. Nearh then heard for the first time how the prince began to speak, whispered as if with himself: “To drag, but not to overtighten...

Tighten the skin on the inlay and glue together with a plaster and tighten...”

Kuret saw a seriously wounded man, wearing a tunic drenched in blood, with his eyes closed, and called Alexander.

“I’m not Elicia, she’s smoking, I’m not raising the dead and not battling Tanat,” he said in a different, hollow voice. “Humble yourself, Nearh, he’s already dead,” he said in his usual tone, and tapped the Cretan on the shoulder. – Let me see you, you never know, you are also wounded, I examined everyone, you alone remained.

Néarch did not argue, and took off his chiton, and Aristotle’s student quickly unwound the bandage, examined the canvas on the wound, quickly wiped it, suddenly grabbed the edges of the wound, pulled it slightly, overlapping the edges of the cut skin with each other and fixed it with glue and tightly bandaged.

“Then thank you, and your wife will like it,” he said, grinning, “And you fought bravely, becoming a real rider. Come on, you have to wash and eat.

Simple warriors happily greeted the Eters who came out of the tent.

– Thank you, Alexander, now for sure our friends will survive, they will not die! Alexander our king, Philip our commander – the warriors shouted, and Nearh was slightly frightened here, and Alexander smiled happily, accepting thanks to experienced warriors covered with scars, with simple weapons in their hands, who had gained Macedonia and this victory.

And in a separate pile laid down the weapons of the Sacred Squad, forbidding him to touch the name of the prince. Ten cataphracts, twenty runners and thirty-five hypaspists were killed in battle, and on the flank of Philip eight hundred and fifty lightly armed. The battle was over.

World after war, hegemony

Lightly armed began to walk around the field, collecting weapons and valuables, but Philip forbade removing clothes from dead enemies, although usually the dead were robbed by naked. The king was going to take a ransom for the dead Thebans, the Athenians immediately announced that he would not take a ransom for the return of the bodies and for the prisoners, too, the signing of a compulsory union would be the price. For the Thebans there were more stringent demands – the Macedonian garrison must be in the Cadmea, and it is maintained at the expense of the city, and Plateia and Orchomen must be restored.

Philip decided to drive around the battlefield with commanders, when the dead were still gathered from this mournful place. The king carefully examined the places where more warriors died, and there was no joy on his face. The warriors had already finished burying the Macedonians and their allies, and the captured Thebans buried their soldiers under the guard of the Macedonians, the Sacred Squad was buried separately from others.

Immediately, next to the field, he ordered a shed to be laid out, and armchairs were placed for the commanders of the troops, the

pages brought tables with food and wine, and they were sent for Alexander. The guests began to move in to Philip, he personally met everyone and thanked and seated, and the pages immediately poured wine to the guest.

“For Philip, the winner!” Shouted the experienced fighters, the king’s companions, “For the victory over Athens and Thebes, the commanders of the troops immediately proclaimed,

“I’m not looking for the authorities, but the unity of Hellas,” their leader replied to his comrades-in-arms, and did not want to shed blood.

– What now, ashamed of victory, Attal said.

“I will make a sacrifice according to the old custom, I will redeem the spilled blood,” said the king, and ordered to bring himself a shepherd’s fur coat, a staff, and call for the flutists. When they brought the required, he undressed himself, put on a fur cloak, took the staff and went barefoot on the field, where there were no dead.

“Play Pirrich, warriors,” Philip ordered, and to the frantic rhythm of the instruments, he began to move to the beat of the music, offering a sacrifice to the gods with dance,

– We are already at home here, Alexander, – the Thebans shouted to him, – You’re the guest!

– Well, the prince shouted at them, – I will honor you!

– Ila line up, runners and hypaspists stand in the back of the head for equestrian, squires help the wounded! – he quickly commanded, and the warriors ran his orders running, running

high-horse cataphracts, lined up in powerful armor, slinging up huge sarissas, and among them was Alexander and all his friends.

“Marsh, march, through one, with spears, forward,” in a youthful voice, commanded by a fair-haired leader, and on Bukefale, the first, holding a sarissa with two hands, directed her to one of the Thebans, they also took spears at the ready and covered themselves with shields. But can this shield protect against the impact of a long spear of a cataphract? There was an overwhelming crash, and the shield burst like a nut, and a fragment of a spear that broke at the moment of impact, broke through the chest of a brave foot soldier, and Alexander already sent his horse back to the ranks of the runners and hypaspists to change the spear, and other riders also attacked the best warriors of Thebes. Nearh saw Filota, Erigy, Ptolemy, repeating the same maneuver, in one of these races Ptolemy still touched with a spear in his hand, after a few seconds it was the turn of Notarch, and he, too, jumped on a horse and sarissa in two hands The Theban's head, the tip of the spear pierced the copper helmet as an egg shell, and the enemy fell like a podkoshenny, but the warrior from the third row, in despair threw his spear at him, it hit the side of the wheel, when he turned around, he carried it out of the saddle, like extra eaglet from the nest. Nearh immediately immediately felt that he was already lying on the ground, and the wound in his side was bleeding a little, thanks to his father's strong armor, and Teres was already racing on his horse, swinging his mace, he instantly dismounted, and on the

other side Eleftherion ran up, and to them, breaking the ranks and hoping to kill at least him, the best guardsmen of Thebes fled. Kuret rose, threw a small shield from his back into the arm, pulled his sword out of its scabbard with a dry crack, and the fight boiled, for some reason, Neararu remembered that it was all in the manner of Homer's Iliad the battle for Patroclus's body (fortunately for him, he did not yet become Patroclus, for after all, while he was still alive). The Macedonian runners rushed to their aid, and the Thebans broke the line, and the battle turned into a bloody massacre. The Cretan man no longer saw the battle; he could only be cut down by a faithful mahaira. He fought together with Teres, and Eleftherion covered the rear, he was able to reach one of the opened Thebans with a chopping blow from the top, and another Teres hit his shoulder with his shestoper, and the enemy's hand turned into a solid wound, so that his comrades dragged him to the rear. The fight continued, and soon Ptolemy rode up to him with his squires, and bent, clapping him on the shoulder in a friendly manner, from which Nearhs all twisted and hurt his whole body after falling, and a trickle of blood unpleasantly flowed down on his side, on his foot, and flowed into sandals.

– Well done, sorcerer! We broke their line, now we will press, retreat to the rear, where my servants of your horses were caught, armed, and come after us, “said the prince's bodyguard, and his horse moved into the thick of the battle, covered by runners and hyperspasties. Nearh stumbled to the rear, limping on two legs at

once, and saw the servants of Ptolemy holding their horses, Teres immediately ran to them with joyful leaps, but the shestoper did not give up, from which these people who did not know the Thracian close retreated quickly, and this newly appeared Hercules began to joyfully stroke horses and feed them crackers. Eleftherion, seeing the blood on the side and the leg of the owner, began to pull off his armor. What was fun for everyone to remember later was how Hephaestion especially laughed at him, about the fact that he remained in the helmet, but he was naked naked. And that the helmet, without a doubt, he is very beautiful, and looked all around it at his helmet and nothing more. The servant washed his wound, fortunately quite shallow, with wine, and planted from the bag, and put a tight bandage out of a clean canvas. Meanwhile, the battle, which turned into a massacre, ended, forty-six wounded and wounded Thebanian fighters were captured, and Alexander was tormented with them now, trying not to die, he loved everything rare, and two hundred and fifty-four killed fighters lay on the field, and the prince ordered the captive boeotians to dig their grave. Alexander sent for Nearhom, and dressed in a spare chiton, a Cretan man with servants stumbled under a shed, where Alexander was sacred. The fame of the art of the prince spread throughout the army, and the soldiers believed that if Alexander touched them, they would not die from their wounds. Having tied up the Thebans, the prince turned to them: removing the weight of the spilled blood from the soldiers and taking upon itself the weight of it, this

dance was performed very rarely, this dance of the purification of filth.

Next to the Macedonian tent, at a distance of stages, the warriors fed the captured Athenians, and one of them noticed Philip's sacred dance,

"The Macedonians have gone mad with blood," one said scornfully.

"What to expect from the barbarians," said another, thoughtfully eating up the Macedonian stew with the freshest flat cake.

Hearing this, the guard swung a spear shaft at them, but the lohag stopped the warrior.

"To the Athenians, any gratitude is alien," said the Lochag with irony, passing by the captives.

Two thousand Athenians were captured, and the ambassadors from the City had already arrived, with a ransom offer. They met shortly after the Macedonian feast. The messengers reported to the king about the embassy, he met the heralds of the world on a beautiful armchair.

– Hello, Philip, you let the prisoners go home, but your Thracians took their cloaks from them and it will be cold for them to get home, many people may freeze at night, -the Athenian king turned to the king.

"Without any doubt, it will be fair," Philip replied smiling broadly, he found it amusing. The Athenians left on foot, with donated raincoats and blankets, and the dead Athenians were put

in carts, and a whole caravan gathered, and the carriers were the servants of the Athenians captured in battle. The king thought for a while who to send as a messenger of sorrow, and decided that the prince would be the best. Just once, everyone did not split up after the feast, and he addressed his son:

“Alexander, take the bodies to Athens, the mission is not pleasant, but you will be grateful, and you will visit this great city,” his father sighed.

“And you, tsar,” asked the prince, “you could come with me.”

“If I enter the city, they will think that I conquered them, and I want them to invite me,” said Philip with a tone and expression of an unlucky admirer rejected by a beautiful girl – the most beautiful city of Hellas! And some allies asked me to destroy it..

Philip sought not loyalty or fear of the Athenians, but their love. Each person wants more than anything else that he cannot receive, and here the king of Macedonia was no exception.

Alexander took with him supplies, friends from his retinue, silt of horsemen to protect the cargo. Ahead of the caravan, Philip sent a messenger to Demad, the archon of Athens, to his proxen, in order to warn about the embassy. It was necessary to move forward immediately, so the charges were short-lived, and Philip gave another letter for Demades, his acquaintance the king in Athens, that he would receive Alexander as he should, and the necessary money. Alexander took with him Hephaestion, Ptolemy, Nearh, Cassandra, Filotu, Leonnat, Eumenes and Garpal. The embassy moved as quickly as possible

along the road from Thebes to the Plateaus, destroyed, but according to rumors, which the formerly expelled townspeople began to restore. Driving past the city, the Macedonians saw that it was true, and although there were only two churches in the city so far, people stubbornly rebuilt their dwellings, they continued their way despite the summer heat, to the Athenian Eleutheras, the border city between Attica and Beotia. But the travelers dropped in and worshiped Gera of Platea, visiting this beautiful temple decorated by Callimachus and Praxitele themselves, as well as the temples of Athena Areea and Demeter, and leaving the caravan for a while, Alexander and his retinue bowed to the monument to the lost Hellenes at the Battle of Plateo against Mardonius. The valley of Kiferon was full of wonders, and the prince did not regret that he had been sent for this sorrowful business, the return of the dead Athenians to their homes. Soon they approached the Eleutheras, where Alexander delivered the carts with the dead Athenians, but indicated that after nine days the carts themselves would be returned to Eleutheria, where the Macedonians would take them. Then the retinue rode in joy, there was no oppressive feeling of mourning, and the young people looked forward to the joy of meeting the beautiful city. The Athenian guides, near the city gates of Athens, demanded that the convoy stay in the field, and Alexander ordered Ilyarkha to camp and wait for them here. The retinue, too, remained with a wait to wait for Demad, Philip's proksen. It took about half a day, and the archon appeared with two servants. He was a man

of about forty, with a small black beard and short hair, dressed in a long tunic and cloak, relatively modest, and he did not wear any jewelry, except the ring on his right hand.

– Hello Alexander, glad to welcome you in the City, and thank you for bringing the dead home. – the person who spoke was not very mobile, and he looked intently at the prince, – I would like to provide my house for you and the retinue. Share my modest meal with me. “It’s not according to our custom to come to the master of peace without a gift,” said Argead with his sonorous voice, “Take from your heart a gift horse from our herd, and Alexander’s squire brought the pedigree Thessalian stallion to Demad,

– Thank you, prince, a rich gift, Let’s go to the city, be guests at my hearth. But it is better to leave these horses with the warriors, I have a small house...

“We understand,” Alexander told the lingering archon with a smile, “our legs are worn as well,” and in response the friends laughed at the joke, so the Macedonians moved into the city on foot.

Inside, the city was not too different from other Hellenic cities – a narrow street between rows of manor fences made of uneven stone, alternating wickets for a turn, and a house with blank walls to the street, and looking out over the fences of fruit trees of home gardens. But over the city stood the Acropolis with the majestic statue of Athena. Finally, they entered the house of Demade, quite considerable in size, also built of stone and

covered with plaster. The servants of the Eters and Alexander were taken to the Lads, and the host led all the guests to the garden for dinner, where a treat was already prepared, and the beds were arranged. The butler led the guests to their places, the servants brought tables with delicate dishes and fine wine, only Nearth had seen such feasts at his father's house.

– I am glad to the guests, although I am not happy about your visit to our city, but I still consider you to be my and our friends, and war is a common misfortune. Let's drink to the world! – Demad delivered a heartfelt speech, looking around at the makedonians, and they lifted the filled bowls, and pouring wine on the ground in honor of the gods on the ground, drank wine as a sign of agreement and blessing of the spoken words. Everyone considered war a misfortune.

The guests paid tribute to the archon's dishes – extraordinary fish from Euksinos pontos, boneless and excellent taste, tuna, the best treat, seasoned cheese, and pickled fish, terrible in smell and unusual for the connoisseur. They had already drunk four cups each, and the wine hit my head slightly, the archon rang the bell, inviting flute girls and dancers.

The music was magnificent, but the eyes of the Eters were riveted to a naked girl, with curled black hair, she was thin, without too much heaviness, which attracted Praxitela. The lines of her body were commensurate, the movements were polished and charming, the matte roundness of the shoulders and hips was emphasized by long black hair, and the beauty of her face

corresponded to the perfect shape of a small breast. When the dance was over, Alexander invited the sitter to sit on his bed, seeing this, Demad smiled rather, believing that he had pleased the prince.

– What is your name, dear, – asked the young man with interest.

“Tais, hetera,” the beauty replied without a shadow of constraint and attempts to hide behind or move away.

“Your art is beautiful, you look perfect,” looking at it with visible pleasure, he told her, but he did not try to touch her, which surprised Athenians, he was clearly puzzled, and looked with incomprehension.

Alexander felt the warm and floral scent of the body next to him, which pleased him, and felt the purse on his belt, and took out a handful of dariks and put it in the girl’s palm, covering her hand with his.

– This is for you, beauty similar to the Harits. I would like to come to you, said the young connoisseur of beauty.

“Come, you will find Thais’ house,” she answered fervently,

– Not only me, but friends will come.

– Then there will be a good society, I will invite artists, poets, philosophers. But I would like to see you alone, “said Thais, and slightly curving, smiled slyly and became even more beautiful,” to talk about medicine.

Everyone could not stand it and laughed, and Alexander, who looked at friends with incomprehension, laughed himself, and

Tais, bending over, hugged him with his left hand and kissed him on the lips, the prince did not move away, and the dancer stood up and fluttered out of the garden.

“Neverh,” said Ptolemy in a whisper, “tomorrow I will need a brothel.” Yes, and others too.

The sun had already set, and the stars lit up, it became cooler and much nicer, the garden exuded evening aromas of flowers, and Alexander cheered up, in a strange city he didn’t feel very good, but now Athens no longer crushed him with his greatness and beauty.

They drank some more wine, and recovered to rest, the butler parted the guests’ rooms. I slept restlessly in a new place, and the others woke up early, they brought water for washing, and quickly ate, was already the usual meal of tortillas, cheese and diluted wine.

– Are you escorting us, Demad? – asked the prince, – Inspect the Acropolis, and Alexander carefully looked at his friends, and they talked about something with the servants of Demad.

“Alexander,” as the senior Garpal turned, “you know, it turns out that the graves of the ancestors are located here, and we would like to examine them.” Niarc and will you come with us? “He looked at Cretnin, winking imperceptibly,

– Where are I from? – surprised kuret- I was from Crete, I dreamed about the Parthenon for a long time, and to explore the Acropolis with Alexander and Hephaestion is an honor for me.

However, Hephaestion, also went to look at the wonders

of Athens, while the other Eters disappeared unnoticed. With the prince went two more servants with drinks, and the visitors of antiquities went through several stages and began to climb the Propylaea, looking upwards at the Acropolis rock, at the visible copper roofs of the temples. To the right of Propiley was the temple of Niki Apteros, but Alexander considered it inappropriate to visit this place. White marble marble rasps, and the roof is also made of Pentélicon marble, and decorated with statues of horsemen, and when they passed, the Propylaea saw at the entrance to the Sacred place as guardians the statue of Hermes and the statue of Harit. Here the site was met by a priest and a priestess from the Kekrop clan, Butatida.

– Hello Alexander, hello to you, Hephaestion, – the priest turned to him, – And you are Nearh, – having looked at his clothes, and having seen a ring on a finger, – hello to you, he smokes. None of you has been here since the days of Epiminides.

– Hello, Alexander, Hephaestion and Nearh, – in turn the priestess addressed them, -My name is Kallia, and the priest is Kallia. I am his daughter, and we are taking you around the Acropolis.



To the right of the entrance is the temple of Artemis Bravronia, a small but beautiful temple with a statue of Artemis by Praxitele and her especially Noarh studied it with all the attention, the face of the goddess was very interestingly executed by the artist, then Kallia led them into Pinakothek. Hephaestion walked incessantly with Alexander, and he, too, was very interested.

– This is a repository of rare and pictures of Athens, let's go, you will see beautiful pictures of Polygnot., She convinced them. They came in and saw "The Boy Carrying the Jug with Water" and "The Wrestler.", The picture of Thimenes, as well as other paintings depicting Achilles, Odysseus, and other ancient heroes, depicted with warmth in wax paint on primed wood.

Then they examined the giant statue of Athena Promakhos (Warriors), the work of Phidias, whose spearhead is seen by seafarers, and the golden shield and helmet shine brilliantly

in the sun, the face of the goddess is beautiful and imperturbable. Callia and Callius led them to the majestic Parthenon, the frieze of which adorns the image of the birth of Athens, as a product of Zeus and eight columns greeted visitors with unshakable power and beauty. The servants were left outside, and four went into the temple, and Callia showed visitors a statue of the hero Iphicrat, whose image was installed in a temple lit by bronze lamps, the statue of the goddess herself, made of gold and ivory, is beautiful and amazing, the goddess is sculptured in a helmet, long chiton to toe, with a spear in his hand. Here Alexander brought a bloodless sacrifice to the goddess, and from the back side they examined the copper statue of Apollo, and the frieze of the temple, depicting the Attica dispute between Athena and Poseidon. Alexander began to behave strangely next to the altar of Athens and the stone of Dionysus, he stroked the stone for a long time, whispered something, and Notarh heard only: "The second time I was here, how everything changed ...", the Cretan did not understand what the prince was talking about, because he had not visited the Acropolis before.

Callius led the Macedonians to the Erechtheion, the temple-palace, the temple-riddle, Nearh anticipated the sight of the rarity of Athens.

"Look," the priestess caught the attention, "This is the altar of Zeus the Most High," she pointed out with her hand, and the prince laid flowers on the altar,

"The Erechteion is like a palace in Pella," Nearh said Neisarch

in a whisper,

The entrance to the temple was decorated with sculpted images of the maidens, supporting the heads of the pediment of this beautiful building.

– So here are also hidden things in the basement, – the prince answered in a whisper,

– And this, she solemnly pointed out, pictures of the exploits of the priests, the Kings of the Butadids, descendants of Kekrop. All the main priests and priestesses of Athens of our kind. Next come the secret place of Athena, and the secret place of Poseidon. Only priests can see them, but you are both dedicated, you smoke Nearh, and you are Alexander of the royal family, as we are.

And she led them to the inside of the Erechteion sanctuary, where the mysterious mist covered the secret hall of Athena, where the procession began during scyrophorion, making the Athena Pallas' fee, they went through the twilight, illuminated only by oil lamps, and finally reached the cloister of Athens-Pallas, illuminated by the uneasy Alexander and Nearh watched this miracle incessantly with the lamp of the greatest Kallimachus, made of gold, until Callia led them out, pointing to the closed salt water well in the temple that led to Persephone monastery and the place, the hatchway to the secret basement, where the crypt is hidden from everyone, where, according to legend, lives Erichtonius the Serpent, the father of the Athenians and a kind of priests Butadids. Nearby was the palace

of Poseidon. Nearh looked and recalled, shown by Elicia, and everything came together – the sacred source leading to the habitations of Elishia, the Serpent-Kronos lair, and something else...

“Listen, madam, is there a sacred tree on the Acropolis?”
Asked the priestess to smoke.

– You by chance, did not the great Epiminid teach, smoke? – asked Kallia in a half whisper and her eyes widened, and a fright shadow appeared on her face, – The consecrated olive of Athena grows next to the Athenian altar. And remember the oaths that you gave, but the Lady will not forgive. They also looked at the sanctuary of Zeus Polyei, and the priests led them from the Acropolis, going back to the Propylaea, they turned left, to visit Eleusinian, a sanctuary connected with the cult of Persephone and Eleusis, once a year, they bring a mysterious cargo to Eleussion. Kallia led them to the temple, and showed a statue of Artemis Levkofrina (white-browed), Nearh could not take his eyes off her, the image of this figure reminded him of something already seen.

– They went, Nearh, and then the goddess will steal you as a Phaeton, – Alexander laughed. “She would have liked you,” and Callia flashed her eyes at him.

“If you are marked, you are hers,” she said in a whisper, so she only heard her smoking, and he remembered the mark on her shoulder, and she wouldn’t take it anyway.

“Thank you, madam,” Nearh worshiped her, and his legs

became wadded, and thought that perhaps he would be lucky.

“Thank you, Kallia, and you, Kall,” Alexander said confidently and proudly. “Receive a gift from me for a good memory,” and he took the fine silver bowls from the servants and handed them over to the Butadids.

“May the blessings of the gods be with you,” said mother and father to friends and said goodbye, the Macedonians went to the house of Demad, and the Butadids climbed the Acropolis. The three Macedonians, on their way to the house of Demad, discussed what they saw, and everyone agreed that the Athenian Acropolis is something extraordinary and unforgettable. It was already dusk, and the archon invited them to dinner, it was also an ordinary, but hearty meal, bread, fish, wine. Friends ate, and got ready for bed, and it was just that the Eters came with Ptolemy at the head.

– How did you find the Athenian Acropolis, Nearh? Interesting? – asked his bodyguard of the prince.

– Many terrific, especially the fire of Kallimachus, who is unbecoming, replied smoking,

– Like this? Whole year burns and does not go out? Interesting. Well, we can't think about anything after Tais's dances, went and found some girlfriends.

“Okay, I sleep, Ptolemy,” Nearhar said, yawning, and went to his room, but could not fall asleep at once, recalled the words of Callia, but fortunately, the fatigue took its toll.

The sun rose again above the beautiful Athens, and the rays fell

on houses and streets, and the statue of Athia Promachos again shone from the light of Helios. All stood up and ate, and gathered in the gymnasium, as the servant came with a letter from Thais for Alexander.

The prince broke the wax on the papyrus scroll, and read the writing.

– What is it, Alexander? – Hephaestion asked impatiently.

– Fine Thais invites me to his place, – the young man replied with a constant smile, – I will go, of course, you can not refuse a beautiful girl,

“Take security with you,” asked Ptolemy,

“This is unworthy, not to trust such a lovely girl, no, my caring Ptolemy,” he said scornfully. – I’ll go alone.

And, putting on a spacious cloak on the chiton and Macedonian felt hat, fastening the dagger to the belt, went to visit, accompanied by servant Thais.

The eters were waiting impatiently for the prince day and night, and Alexander came only in the morning.

“Oh, finally, Alexander,” cried Hephaestion. – You are back!

“Yes, Thais is unique, beautiful, like a rose,” said the prince dreamily, “She invites you all to the evening, there will be philosophers and poets and artists. I gave her money for all this, do not worry. Friends washed and cleaned the whole morning, and Demad smiled all the time, looking at them.

“Young, young.. Of course, she is not Phryne or Aspasia, but society is going to be interesting,” the archon chuckled. “Go, it

will be unforgettable.

All went out washed, combed, dressed in all the best accompanied by squires. Alexander himself led the retinue, and his page carried a bundle and a bag of gifts to hetero, the road did not take much time, the aged slave who had awaited them opened the gate for them, as elsewhere, just like vede servants were taken to a human, symposium was in the garden where everyone met beautiful mistress. Nine guests went to the garden, where twelve beautiful flutist girls, girlfriends and friends of the hostess were waiting for them, so that no one was overlooked, and sat and waited for the Macedonians Onesekrit and the famous Lysippus and poet Lincay, famous for following the ideals of Arstrathrat, famous for its “Sweet Life”. The maids began to bring food to the tables, and the charming hostess introduced the guests.

- This is sculptor Lysippus, – presented to Tais,

- It is a disciple of Diogenes Onesikrit, – that he nodded his head to the rest,

“And this is the passionate follower of Archestrata, the poet Linkay from Samosa, the great Homer of the fish, the Arktin wine and the Hesiod of other hors d’oeuvres.

“But unlike Arhestrata, I dedicate my elegies to tuna, not shark, and of course, the sturgeon laughed at the samoenc.

- And this is Alexander, the son of Philip, and with him his friends – Hephaestion, Ptolemy, Filota, Cassander, Garpal, Eumenes, Nearh, and Leonnat.

She led the guests to the boxes, put the high chair next

to Alexander's place, beautiful, in her best silk dress, opening her neck and hands, adorned with a gold necklace and beautiful earrings, suddenly clapped her hands,

"To make this place pleasant, it needs charming music," she said with an expression, and in a garden full of guests, twelve beautiful nymphs walked in a charming walk, in knee-length dresses, with flutes, and went around the guests, choosing sit down, and each chose the interlocutor to his liking. Hephaestiona chose a miniature black-haired charm Nano, Ptolemy started serving Bittida wine, Agriopa sat down to Harpalo, Leonty put a treat to Filote, served Cassandra Feano's little table, beat the pillow to Néarhu, light-haired Egoy, Leonnata fed the hut, and I went to the hut. Laida's charms, and Clay became the source of inspiration and model for Lysippos, Filia became a model of virtue of Onisicritus, and the mistress of the house became the caretaker for Alexander.

"Let us drink for the beautiful hostess of the house," the prince proclaimed, which was supported by the guests who cast a bit of wine for the gods, and Tais tode drank the wine from her cup, without taking his eyes off Alexander, who was completely happy in his circle people who love him. He put on a wreath of flowers, and lightly stroking the hair of the hetaera, lightly sank over the lips of her cheek,

– A wonderful holiday, beautiful people, Thais, – and again she kissed her, and she smiled happily.

"Alexander, I would like to create your statue, or at least

a bust,” said Lysippos,

“Only maybe, not now, Lysippos,” said Linkey, with a laugh, a couple more bowls, and Alexander can make a beauty like Socrates (was ugly),

To which everyone laughed, the prince laughed in the same way, and Thais patted his blond curls. Eoya chirped to Noarch something about the weather, and he, in order not to be ignorant of ignorance, also put a piece of shark and bread in her plate, and poured wine from the jug, more and more penetrating the tenderness of this beautiful girl. The face of this hetera was also beautiful, with a snub nose, big lips, and a face covered with freckles. She was also very well formed, maybe her chiton was too transparent, not concealing anything, but the fragrant oils were pleasant, and the girl’s society pleased him, and as he looked around, his friends also got along with their girlfriends.

– The treat is great! – Linkey spoke loudly, thank you for calling on such an exquisite meal, gastronomy is great, and having treated us with fish from Meotida, you revealed to us the secret of Achilles, so he owed him his strength, Iphigenia for his kindness, and Gella for beauty.

“And why, Linkey,” everybody exclaimed.

“I will sing an ode to the sturgeon,” adhering from the bed and supported by Laida, who, because of her zeal to keep the co-worker, the chiton fell from the right shoulder revealing a pretty girl figure, but after several cups of excellent wine the poet still tried to read:

*“Ode to sturgeon
Only in the Northern depths, floating, huge
Similar to a sea horse and almost as big as a Dionysus
dolphin
But the taste of meat is so pleasant
What if God tasted it, I would have forgotten my beloved
Nisa.”*

When the poet finished his cyclic work, the response was the stormy applause of the guests, and Laida kissed him gently, and Thais gave him a wreath, as the victorious narrator.

The evening was great, but Lysippus could not resist and begged papyrus from Thais, and with a lead pencil he made sketches for Alexander's bust, and the prince asked him to make a bust and Thais, and she reddened with pleasure. Nearhs no longer paid attention to others, he was completely distracted by Eoya, only saw how pleased the giant Hephaestion Nano was. The sun had already begun to set, it had become much cooler, and the friends decided that it was better to leave Alexander and Thais, and they began to leave with their friends, who took shelter in their cloaks, hiding their true coolness. Kuret saw the charmer enthrall their admirers through the narrow streets of Athens under the roofs of their houses, and he was also taken to see the beauty of the city by a friend, given to him by the will of fate, or rather by the craft of Tais and Alexander.

Nearh woke up in a beautiful little garden in a small house,

snuffled next to him, putting her hand under Eoya's head, beautiful in her nakedness, and tried to cover herself with a fallen blanket in a dream, and also opened her eyes and immediately attracted him to her, so temporarily walked home, but soon Nearkh began to aspire, and having kissed the girl goodbye, he left the purse with the gifts. He left the house, accompanied by a new acquaintance, and at the gates Teres, who was waiting for him at midnight, was sad and cold.

– Hello, master, -promatmatal half-asleep squire,

“Not master, but Nearh, how much to tell you,” corrected him smoking, “We went to Demad.”

To the archon's house, the Eters with servants slowly began to gather, and they began to gather, it was time to leave the hospitable Athens. By noon, the retinue assembled fully, and the horse began to be advanced to the city gates, led by Demad. At the gate, they warmly said goodbye, and quickly jumped into the camp of the cavalry mud to return home together, and then the news came that Philip Argeada was recognized as the hegemon of Greece in Corinth, all the cities of Istma and Peloponnese except Sparta, remembered that the dynasty of Argead originates from the kings of Argos and Mycenae, as well as the old hatred of Argos to Thebes since the campaign of the “Seven Against Thebes”. And about that, the joint union of the Greeks is going to go to war with Persia, which would liberate the Greeks of Asia Minor. In the same way, Alexander and his retinue moved to Pella, and remained in the capital,

to wait for Philipe. Glory Alexander, as the future king, was indisputable among the warriors, and going out and at home of his ancestors, the prince heard the blessings of the warriors, the aphids of their wives, whom he healed from his wounds. One day, Alexander came out of his chambers, met his mother.

– Good morning son. I want to talk to you, “she said,” let’s go to your room,

And they went into his chambers, and Alexander tensed, anticipating again a difficult conversation.

“Listen,” said the mother sitting opposite him, “You have to marry,” she looked at him with a smile and love, like a little one, “To retain power, and the Macedonians saw that you are the real heir to the kingdom, marry a girl from good family, give birth to my grandson. And then, fight yourself as much as you want, otherwise your father decided to marry again, Attal’s daughter, Cleopatra. And if they have a son, you will be in danger. Or do you burn for the love of a girl from Athens? – she smiled wryly.

“And what does she have to do with it?” The young man immediately began to defend himself, “What did she bother you with, and immediately thought that her mother would not be so easily killed,” She’s just a hetera.

“Okay,” the mother immediately calmed down, “but we must get married, the bride, the Macedonian, I will pick you up, you want even from Linkestids.”

She looked and waited, and he knew that he could get out of this conversation, only showing how she loved her, and

remembered what had to be done.

“Mom, I brought you a gift,” he said as he left, and recalling the silk bought in Athens, he climbed into the chest, took out a bundle, and showed it to his mother.

“This is for you,” he whispered holding out the present, and mother was very pleased, and kissed her son warmly, and the son, pretending that he was very busy, hurriedly left.

In Macedonia, preparations were under way for a large-scale war; weapons were harvested, especially arrows for Cretan shooters, stocks of swords and spears for ordinary soldiers, forged armor, sewed flaxtoraxes, forged helmets. It was necessary to have a lot of things needed for the war and they arranged warehouses, and for food in Amphipolis, including stored grain for three years.

And then Philip did not disappoint the expectations of the Olympics; he was going to conclude a marriage alliance with Cleopatra, the daughter of Attalus. The girl was beautiful, so it easily won the heart of a devoted lover of female beauty. Before the wedding, Alexander with friends tried not to go to the palace, finding a variety of things for himself, just to not listen to the lamentations of his beloved mother. Soon the wedding day came, and of course, the prince had to attend the wedding. He did not want to push at the temple, so he and his friends, who were invited, waited in the hall where they were served refreshments, the lodges were set apart, the ceiling and walls were decorated with garlands of flowers. So the newlyweds came, and Attal and

his relatives, as well as all the generals of Philip, followed them. Alexander sadly recalled Thais' symposium, where he felt happy, and here only suffering awaited him, and then he waited for the mother's withering lamentations, which he could not soften.

"You see," said Hephaestion, "not everything is so bad. Decent people gathered, they served excellent food, – and he put the prince's meat of goat, stewed in milk. Alexander tried, and his mood began to gradually improve. Then they tasted a stuffed hare, lamb with spices, so the cook was *proto* great and would honor the Corinthians. The prince already looked at the celebration with different eyes, and of course he understood his father, but he loved his mother. They drank fine wines from Rhodes and Crete. Then the servants brought Persian sweets, and the young men became quite cheerful, and reprimanded themselves to think about the bad.

Nearby was his friend Hephaestion, which made his flour much easier. So the feast continued, the prince heard an exclamation for health, he himself said something immediately forgotten, and in oblivion sipped the wine from the cup, talking to Hephaestion about Athens. Suddenly, as in a dream, he heard Attal's toast:

"I hope this marriage will bring Macedonia a true heir," Attal said in an unsteady voice,

– Shut up, – he was immediately interrupted by Philip, who jumped up from the bed.

Alexander, having heard the words of the bride's uncle,

imprinted in the brain.

– What am I, what is illegal? with these words he jumped up and threw a silver cup into Attalus. Philip, who rushed to his son, either to separate the quarreling, or to take his son out of the hall, stumbled with a wounded leg and fell, Alexander rushed out of the hall, and Hephaestion ran after him.

“Hephaestion, prepare horses and a wagon for the mother, as well as summon my friends with the squires,” the prince immediately asked a friend, and he rushed to immediately do what he wanted.

Alexander ran headlong into his mother’s chambers, and saw that she, with her maids, was already collecting valuable things.

“Mom, we’re leaving,” he told his mother.

– Yes. I heard my son, let’s go to Epirus. (for some reason, the young man was not at all surprised) Everything will get better, I love you too, – she said with a smile, wrapping her shawl, presented by her son. They descended, and already the cart was harnessed, and the servant sat on the trestle, and the armed men waited for Hephaestion with a squire, and rode from different parts of the city to all his friends – Garpal, Nearh, Erygius and Ptolemy with their squires, a detachment of thirty mounted, and they hastily drove the Olympiad carriage to the gate, and there the guards, seeing Alexadra, easily released the fugitives, and they moved westward through the passes to Epir. Already it was evening, they moved all night for fear of pursuit. In a month they arrived in Epirus, home of the Olympics.

The king of Epirus himself, Alexander also, met the procession at the gates of the palace.

“Hello sister,” he said, opening fraternal embrace, kissing her and receiving a sister’s kiss in return. – I am glad to you, but not happy about the circumstances that brought you to me, but live here as you like. Olympiad, you received maintenance from three villages before the wedding, and you’ll get it now, – while the face of Alexander’s mother turned pink, the feeding was very impressive.

“But if they attack us, I want Alexander to lead the army of Epirus,” the Epirus king said.

– I agree with gratitude – the young man’s message with joy.

“Well, you will live in my palace,” Alexander Epirsky finished his speech.

The retinue and squires settled near the royal palace, in several houses that the prince bought. It was interesting in the new city, and they began to explore unfamiliar places.

In the city house of Archon Demarat, where the news of discord in the Argead dynasty came, passions raged, because the members of the Council of Corinth gathered here, and they came here so that other people’s ears would not hear too much.

In the garden of the house, a modest treat stood by the archons’ chairs, and the head of the archons listened to the complaints of other Council members.

“Listen, Demarat,” Archaea said, “Phillip promised us peace without war in Hellas, roads without robbers, seas without

pirates, flourishing trade, and he sowed discord in the family, and now a feud broke out, and the Hellenic Union would collapse.” Zeus, the witness, we did a lot for him, agreed with the meal, we found money for him, so that he would pull out this whole rabble from the Peloponess in the Persian campaign, and without him the plan of the campaign would collapse like the Trojan walls.

DeMarat made a mournful face, and pretended to listen attentively. I already thought about the situation myself, but he had to squeeze out a letter to Philip from the cautious archons asking for a joining in order to kill a whole herd of hares – flatter the king of Macedonia, because de facto he was recognized as the ruler of the Peloponnese, Alexander is recognized as his successor Hellas is the same, and the fact that they share the need for war with Persia, and you need to get money from them, in order to influence Perdiccas, Parmenion and Antipater.

“Demarat, we are ready to donate money to set up this case,” said Nicostrat, one of the richest archontes of Corinth,

With these words, an indifference mask fell from the face of Prokpen Philip.

“Forgive me, my friends,” he finally spoke, as if in despair holding his head with his left hand, “But this will require at least ten talents of gold. We must convince worthy commanders of the importance of our business, and then our thoughts are pure and worthy.

“We agree, it’s cheaper than a chain of hellish wars that will plunge Corinth into the depths of Tartar.” Replied poor

Nicostrat, the true patriot of Corinth.

“And we will write a letter on behalf of the Council of Corinth, as we all worry about the Argead family,” Archaea inserted with a smile. “And by the way, the Argead dynasty is from Argos, they are Danish, and they remember it. Remember, Aminta received poor Mykene people expelled by the Argoses,” added DeMarat, “and many people from noble families of Macedonia are descendants of Mycenaean refugees. But Philip was not cruel, and did not demand the restoration of Miken, as Platea and Orchomen restored, he did not take the land from the Argosts. “It was decided that the Pythian prophecy was fulfilled, a thousand years had passed, and the order of Apollo had happened, and Argos could return the lands of the Mykene to us.” Agreed with him Archaea,

“And we remember that the Macedonians are not strangers to us, but now Philip does a lot for peace in Hellas,” said Nicotrat, “And the Athenians interfere in the affairs of others all by right of kinship.” Everyone knows that the evpatrids of Athens are the descendants of the Messenians, all the Codds of the Messenians, including the famous Plato, therefore the Athenians always support the Messenans in all wars.

Demarat went for the parchment, and seized the writing accessories.

He opened the bureau, secured the sheet, and looked expectantly at Archean.

“Let’s discuss the text, I suppose,” he raised his hand with

a reed for writing,

– Maybe we start with the appeal to “King Philip”,

The merchants and trapezes of Corinth, wise with life, who are the most worthy of the archon, finally wrote a letter to the king of Macedonia, and sealed it with their own seals.

“To the king of Macedonia, the brave and just Philip,

From the worthy members of the city council of Corinth, hello.

We are concerned about the discord in your family, and remembering

that now you are Hegemon of Hellas, and the leader of the troops in

the war against Persia, we offer our mediation

between you and your son, heir to the Macedonian Kingdom

Alexander in the application, and although, of course, wrong more

young and impatient Argead, but we strongly ask that you

reconciled with him, for otherwise will bury all our common intentions.

Signed by Nikostrata the Archon, Archean the Archon and Demrat

archon with seals attached.”

“Get together, my friend,” said Nikostrat and Archeus in chorus, from which

DeMarat almost jumped.

“Maybe we will find someone else?” Asked DeMarat

hopefully,

“It’s better not to find you,” said Archea with a wicked grimace. “In an hour, you will have money, get ready, and we will send guards, as well as a wagon.

Demarat quickly assembled, called his two servants, and ordered them to gather on a long journey to Macedonia. Exactly an hour later, the Council’s envoys arrived with the amount agreed earlier, and Demarat set off. A month later, DeMarat arrived at Pella, and came to the palace and asked for a meeting with the king. Soon, he was invited as king’s proxen to a small hall. Demarata was led by the king’s bodyguards to the hall, where Philip thoughtfully studied a map of Greece.

– Hello, Phillip, – I came to visit you, – began the Corinthian from afar,

The king looked thoughtfully at a friend, saw that he was holding something in his hands, but did not show it, and began to smile, anticipating an interesting conversation,

“I am glad to see you Demarat,” Philip said, and called the servant, “Guilt to the guest,” he ordered, and with a gesture he gestured for Demarath to sit in the chair next to him.

“I heard that some stupid people have comprehended you, and in order not to beat friends with a friend, I give you a letter from the Council of Corinth,” DeMarat continued the conversation, holding out a tube with a letter.

Philip’s face changed from irritated to delighted for a few seconds when he read the letter from top to bottom, and then hid

it, gently turning it into a tube.

“Great, my friend, gently, as far as Philip could be tender, spoke, the king almost sang to Demarat, – I could entrust the supply of troops to you, your help is priceless. Show that the Corinthians recognize me and the son of the rulers of the Hellenic Union, do not want wars in Hellas? You could not give me the best gift. I already try to reconcile with my son through Filota and Cassandra, but now maybe you can help me? You will go as my ambassador, and you will convey, but in words, all Peloponess’s interest in the war with Persia, and the importance of a first-aid. And I, of course, will write a letter for Alexander, ask for an apology, I am ready for that. He will surely show you a letter to his mother, do not hinder him.

Demarat only nodded in reply, anticipating also the road to Epirus, but the appointment of the main supplier of the army eased his flour a little.

Philip pulled out writing instruments from the bureau, quickly wrote an epistle, sealed it, handed it to the proxen, and he was about to leave immediately, however, the king did not detain the peace envoy. The road to Epirus was not at all comfortable, shone a lot of time, Demarat crumpled, and was not at all glad that he had started this game, but it was also impossible to retreat. And so, the small detachment arrived at the refuge of the young man and his mother, and the peace envoy, reeling on unsteady legs, moved to the palace of the descendants of Neoptolem, reporting on himself and was quickly missed by the guard, and the warrior

led him into the small rooms of the herald. Demarat tried to give himself a clever and solid look, and crossed the threshold of the room, where Olimpiada and Alexander sat in the chairs opposite him, and there was a third, empty seat, where the young man was familiar to him.

– Be healthy, Alexander and Olympiad, my name is Demarat, I am Archon of Corinth and at Philip's request I am his messenger and brought a letter from him, – and rising from his chair gave the message to the Tsar's son, he quickly ran his eyes, and nodding his head, gave the letter to the queen. She read for a long time and thoughtfully, looking for a hidden meaning and there, he was not there.

“What do you think yourself, Corinthian, do not be afraid, not a single word will get out of here,” the young man said harshly, and his mother nodded in the affirmative.

“We in Corinth are afraid of the war between you,” the archon answered honestly and harshly, and people were tired of the war in Hellas, so I decided to help, he answered honestly.

Alexander thought, and nodded his head and the mother, who was also pleased.

– We agree to return, and thanks, the archon told the truth, I will not forget this. Now we will write a letter and send it to the messenger, and you will go with us to Pella, the prince decided everything.

The Olympics quickly wrote a letter, Alexander having read it, sealed his seal. and summoning the soldiers from the guard

of Demarat, sent them with a message to Philip, while they themselves began to gather home, to Pella. The preparation of the journey did not take much time, and Alexander Epirsky was glad to see that everything worked out so well that he even singled out a squad of horsemen, then he would conduct his beloved sister and her son. Finally everything was ready, the warriors lined up, the retinue gathered, and the mother and son came out of the gates of the palace, accompanied by the king of Epirus, who were happy to watch the Olympiad get into the carriage, and Alexander jumps up on Boukephalus.

The return journey was a little faster, but it took some time. At a distance of a day's journey, the Olympics sent a messenger to King Philip, who was coming with his son, and in the morning, they were waited by a whole procession led by the king. Guards silt with Phillip galloped towards them, not reaching a few cubits, the cavalcade stopped at once, and the king personally, on the best stallion, rode up to the cart where the Olympiad rode.

– Hello, wife, his cunning one-eyed face shone with joy, I am also glad to see you, as you are me. Did you spend a relative? I hope all is well with him? – He poured in words, not waiting for an answer to his questions.

“Hello, Alexander,” he said firmly, looking into his son's eyes, trying to see his own, if not forgiveness, then understanding, “looked at the mountains of Epirus? Admit that hole is still. Understand, we are not strangers in Hellas, as envious Athenians want to expose us, you know yourself that our kind comes

from Mycenae, and many Macedonian families come from there origin, and Linkestides, and Oreastids, and your friend Erygius, his family from there. I I would like to talk with you today, and do not be mad at me for my mother. Barbarous leaders around us have such customs – each has many wives, or rather, concubines, this is Herodotus was wrong, the Persian king has only one wife, and this... Well, girls, in general. So is my wife, Olympiada, and these are just girls, taken for peace, because the genus Attala is completely rebellious, so why should I kill them all? You noticed how the people of the world really want, but in our family there is contention, but the Corinthians have made peace with us. I will not hide, I was just happy, – he looked, if there was no Demarat near him, and continued. – They recognized our family as TSAR'S FOR ALL THE PELOPONESS! As in origin and in affairs, we are TsAR for them, but Ellinsky, remember, not Persian, that is, not autocratic, son. We can not create that head up. But, in general, the seeds have been sown, and you will collect them, because the Peloponessians YOU have been recognized as my heir, and behave accordingly, and do not be afraid of your brothers. Alexander listened to his father and nodded, and only now he began to understand the politician of the state that was born, and how people, other people tried to keep this new state, and this new community was important not for the kings, but for ordinary people, as a step to calm and peace. And now began to understand many of the actions of Philipe.

– And I liked how you behaved in Athens, made friends with

Linkey and Lysippos, if you want, invite them here, this is good for our prestige, I will gladly pay for their orders, and Onesekrit, your new acquaintance, would also be interested in the court. After all, Aristotle had left, and people should see that you are consulting with wise men, it means that you are also wise. Although, I will say in secret – their advice does not always have to be followed. But of course, it's just necessary to listen to him – he turned around again, the horse underneath him went through his hoofs, – And it's good that you love friends and feasts, don't be greedy for your comrades, but don't indulge them. And the story of Thais is only for your benefit, all aristocrats languish with envy, – again his face smiled conspiratorially at these words, and his father was clearly happy for his son. “Mother will try to marry you therefore, but I do not advise you as a prize in the Olympic Games, everyone wants to see you as a son-in-law, but it's better to wait, we will defeat Darius, and your marriage will be by the way,” and he patted his son's shoulder. – Let's go home, we are waiting for a great meal!

Further, all the way to the house, they rode alongside, father and son, king and prince, commander and basileus, as the Macedonians called them. Out of the corner of his eye, Alexander saw the best commanders Perdikku, Parmenion and Antipater, who were watching the family idyll of father and son with pleasure, gazing with pleasure, and Hephaestion kept nearby, and his friends rode near the Olympics. Pella did not change at all during the months of their absence. Alexander, like

his mother, occupied their old rooms, and tried not to notice Cleopatra, however, the prince did not dislike her. Philip had already knocked off the vanguard of the army, and Parmenion and Attal were to head it, and began to search for allies in Asia Minor, and began negotiations with Pixodar. The actor Thessalus became the messenger, and once, passing by the apartments of Philip, Erigy heard a fragment of the conversation:

“The princess of Hell will be a good wife to Arideas,” Philip said,

“Pixar will have enough of this to be sure that he will not lose his kingdom, only now he is satrap Darius, and he will bring you an oath like the Thracians,” answered Thessal.

“We will write a letter now, I will put a seal, take the money and drive the horses not sparing up to Byzantium, and there to Halicarnassus,” Philip pointed out to the courier.

Erigy rushed headlong to Alexander, he rested after the gymnasium, and read the favorite list of the Iliad, ruled by Aristotle, the book was hiking, and written on a thin linen fabric. The prince's face was calm at that moment, he rested in body and soul, after a breakdown with his father. Hephaestion and Ptolemy sat next to him, and Nearh studied the cellars of the royal palace, and according to rumors, in one of the back streets he found marble marble for the Dionysian sacraments, and was now preparing to introduce friends to the mysteries. And then burst into the hall Erigy.

– Alexander, listen to me! Your father wants to marry Ariidea

to Ada, the Carian princess! They want to get around you, surely these are Attalus's machinations! "Erigy took my speech quickly.

– Right, Attal is plotting everything there. Alexander, Ada is said to be beautiful, and you better come up to her, "Ptolemy confirmed.

– Erigiy, and who is carrying the letter? – asked just entered Nearh,

– Just entered, and immediately to the point. Truly, I now with squires after him, and the ambassador was gone, – added Ptolemy,

– No, my loyal friend, we will prepare a letter about me, – Alexander added, – let's give money, I have silver talent left, and the brave actor will be my ambassador, Hymen.

– Risky, can take the money, and betray, added Erigy.

Alexander put down the Iliad and began writing a letter to Pixodar with his own hand, then sealed it with his own seal.

– Skachi, Ptolemy, Alexander confirmed in a firm voice, giving the purse to the bodyguard. Ptolemy went out, and he could hear him calling for squires. Friends began to wait.

Three squires and Ptolemy himself rushed headlong out of the palace, and one of them, which did not attract attention, went to the stables and brought out four horses. First, before the palace disappeared from their eyes, they were not fast, then they went on trotting so as not to bore their horses, and asked on the way, did they see a stranger on a mule and with him servants on an ass? Ahead, there was a broken cart with beets and carrots, which

the peasant was collecting, and the other was repairing the cart; the wheel of the cart leaped off the axle. Ptolemy dismounted himself, and with him one of the servants, and they approached the commoners.

“Good afternoon, reverend,” Ptolemy greeted. “Did you see strangers on a mule and a donkey?”

– Well, they were, so they drove along this road, saying among themselves that they were going to Byzantium.

“Thank you, you are a kind man,” and Eter ordered the two squires to stay and help me repair the cart.

Themselves began to drive the horses, and soon caught up with the envoy.

“Let me greet you, Thessalus,” Ptolemy greeted him politely. Are you rushing to play a new play? But then a new sponsor was found, and he wants to change words in some places, and wants to give you a talent of silver, if you wish to share his vision of the development of this play.

– Your friend seems to be a true connoisseur of theatrical art? – Posutil, clasping his teeth from fucking Thessal, because he understood what the young man was talking about, and it would be very easy to remain without a head in this production. But the actor’s ambition has taken its toll. – I understand that here, in the course of the play’s action, is the change of the groom?

“You are an experienced minister of Melpomena, you understand,” added Ptolemy, laughing. – Give the recipient my letter.

“I agree with your arguments and I cannot argue,” agreed Thessal.

“Then here is your money, and hurry to do your job, my wingless Eros,” Lagid joked, turning his horse to return to Pella.

Thessal, being an experienced pimp, but he had to deal with such questions several times, waited until Ptolemy was out of sight, changed his appearance, put on rags and glued his beard, and also went to Pella, but to Philip. Passing through a convoy of guards, he secretly notified the king and called Philip to the house of servants.

– Hello the king, I will not torment your impatience, and I will say that your dear son, too, set out to marry, but all the same Arriedeeva bride. Sorry for the insolence, but so Ada will become a real Spartan with two husbands, because her beauty eclipses the sun, and her wealth blinds her eyes, – but looking up at Philip, he saw that he first blushed with rage, but then the roar of his laughter struck even the experienced an actor.

“We’ll play the next comedy with you, Thessal, it will be called Thessal Chained.” What do you think? – and in awe, Philip raised his hands to the sky.

“I love Aeschylus, the king, but the beginning, I don’t quite like it, is too tragic.. – the actor made a mournful grimace.

– No, you do not understand, I’m talking about a comedy, I, of course, not Aristophanes, and not a new friend of the son Linkey, but such a plan, and he briefly outlined the contents of the main character, Thessal’s face changed before our eyes,

and then broke into a wide smile. – Well, you understand?

– Completely. All sovereign do.

A week later, when Alexander was reading his beloved Homer after a horse dressage with friends, his father quickly entered his quarters,

– Hey, son. You I will overcame, not only read the Iliad, but you also want to become a storyteller, the king said with a tense expression on his face.

– What are you talking about, father? – the young man was surprised.

“Look, I have your letter here, passed by kind people, agents of Parmenion,” Philip replied with a grin.

Alexander immediately recognized his epistle for Pixodar, and realized that the plan was crowned with failure.

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