

Iliad 3.340-368

Allyn Waller, '18

And when they had armed themselves on either side of town, they strode into the street, looking mighty fierce. And all the folks were amazed, both the horse-wrangling Trojans and the Achaeans of the silver spurs. The two came together and paced off ten steps, each one twitching his fingers above his gun, each one holding a grudge against the other. Alexander was first to draw his pearl-handled pistol and shoot, and he struck Atresson's duster, made of thick cowhide. The lead did not burrow through, but stopped in the heavy leather. Then Menelaus Atresson drew his gun, and muttered a prayer to God the Father: "Lord God, grant that I bring a reckoning on the bastard who mistreated me first, 'Mister Alexander', and grant that I might bring him low with my own hands, so that the whole world might think twice before abusing the host who welcomed him." He prayed, aimed his gun, and fired. He struck Priamson's duster, made of thick cowhide. Through the leather it sped, and tore through his shirt right by his ribs, but Alexander leaned to the side and cheated the reaper. Then Atresson pulled out his belt knife and threw it, and aimed for the other's gut. But it struck his buckle, and shattered to pieces. Then Atresson cursed and cried to the blue sky: "Oh God, why have you forsaken me? I swore I would get revenge on Alexander for his crimes, but now my knife is broken and I fired at him in vain, and did not hit him!"