Hercules murdered Antaeus, and the world shook with anticipation and, yes, delight. Prometheus first cursed fire and was chained forever to the unyielding prison of the rock, the eagles, thermalling overhead, mistook it for a dinner call and circled down for a snack of innards, again. But the real killer came when Aristotle replaced mythology with truth and ethic, and convinced his pupil, Alexander, that if one cannot love the world, one must become its master. At Grancius, tributes of blood and water mingled. We've had a hard time of it since then.

_Pella, Makedonia_