

One

*The sea washing gently on the shore. A boy, **Arion**, enters. He is wearing a boy's summer suit made of light cotton. He creeps along the rocks, keeping low. He carries a stick for a sword. Arion crouches down listening. The cry of a gull startles him into staring up into the sky. He shields his eyes as he watches. A voice calling off, indistinct. Arion edges further forward. He tenses and sinks lower onto his haunches ready to pounce, weapon ready.*

Boy: *(Still some way off)* Arion? Arion? Where are you?

Arion grins but does not move.

Boy: *(Nearer)* I want to play another game. Please.
(Pause) Where are you? I'm bored now. Do please come out.

Arion smiles to himself and then begins to creep even further forward, stick/sword at the ready.

A blast from a ship's claxon. Arion stops and turns to the sea. Then another, then another as it enters the harbour.

Boy: They're here! Arion! They're here! The ship!

A crowd below. Bells clanging.

Boy: *(Further away)* Victory! Athens! Athens! Arion I can see him. I can see him, your father!

Arion looks back over his shoulder higher up to where the voice is now coming from. He looks back out towards the harbour and smiles.

Boy: Arion come see! He stands at the head of the men waving. How they cheer. They crown him with laurels. Arion!

Arion slowly straightens to his full height. He strikes a dramatic imaginary blow with the stick/sword and begins to step slowly down towards the harbour.

Boy: Arion. They're shouting his name. All hail the sun that shines on our fair city. All hail the gods that fight for us. All hail, Lord Cleon.

Arion: *(Quickens his step to a run)* Father!

He goes.

Boy: Arion. I see you. Hurry, hurry before it's too late. Run to catch him before they sweep him away.

*An old man, **Diodorus** appears in a large shabby suit and shabby overcoat and hat. He has a bag on his back. It is full of rolls of paper, documents and envelopes. The pockets of his coat and suit are very*

much the same. Diodorus pushes his hat up onto the back of his head and looks up towards the voice of the Boy. He then turns to look in the direction that Arion has taken.

The sound of the crowd begins to fade, the clamour of the bells begins to slowly die.

Boy: Too late. Gone. *(Pause)* All that is left are the wounded and the dead. They bring out the dead now.

Diodorus watches intently. He takes a pad of paper from one of his pockets, a pen from another, and begins to write, constantly glancing up towards the harbour.

There is now the steady peeling of a single bell. A woman screams. Diodorus stops writing.

Boy: *(Quietly to himself)* I shall depart for the citadel. *(Shouts)* Race you!

Diodorus glances in the direction that the voice has come from, then back out to sea. Writes again. Stops. Lowers his arms and stands motionless.

The sea gently washes.

Pause

Diodorus makes one more note. He puts the pen and paper away without looking. He slowly withdraws into shadow as Arion returns. Arion stops. He does not see Diodorus pause for a moment to look at him, before quietly slipping away.

Arion walks slowly, almost trance-like to where he was hiding. His face is expressionless. He drops his stick/sword. Arion sits facing out to sea. He picks up the stick once more. Looks at it then drops it again. He leans back against the rock and spears his heart with the stick. He snaps the stick/spear at the base and dies, his head lolling to one side, mouth and eyes wide open still clutching the broken shaft. He is still. Arion begins to sing a quiet spontaneous song, with a trembling voice. He repeats the melody over and over again. Until it fades away.

A seagull cries but he does not hear it.

Woman: *(Off)* Master! Master Arion!

Arion slowly sits up letting the broken stick/spear fall.

Woman: *(Nearer)* Master Arion. Your mother's askin' for you. We've got to get you smartened up before Lord Cleon returns to the house.

He goes.

Two

*The family home. A living room. Cicadas outside. At one end an elegant chaise longue. There is a large luxuriant rug on the marble floor. To one side there is a high round table with a small circumference. On it stands a tray with a jug and drinking goblets, olives and grapes. At the other end of the room in front of a large opening onto a terrace, which overlooks the sea, is a plinth, on it stands a very large urn. The jacket of a suit has been wrapped around it and buttoned up. The urn dominates the room. **Cleon** in civvies, shirt sleeves rolled up, top button undone, leads **Aspasia** in by the hand, she wears a dressing robe but her face is made up. She has painted finger and toe nails. He has blindfolded her with his tie.*

Cleon: A little further.

He makes a large dipping step as if in a traditional dance. Aspasia senses this and responds in her own movement. She laughs.

Aspasia: My Lord.

Cleon: My wife.

He takes two more deliberate swaying, stooping steps, towards the urn. Cleon reaches out for the jacket sleeve.

Aspasia: What are you doing?

Cleon makes another dancing movement.

Aspasia: You're drunk.

Cleon comes to a standstill with a flourish. He releases the arm of the jacket. And retreats to the chaise longue where he lies down.

Aspasia: Out all night.

Cleon climbs back up to his feet. Makes a beeline for the little table.

Cleon: *(Popping an olive into his mouth)* Working. A general is never off duty.

Aspasia: Carousing more like.

Cleon: Well, my lady. You are wrong. *(He pours from the jug into a goblet)* Every cup drunk in my health is another vote in my favour at the next Assembly.

He drains the goblet and crosses over to Aspasia, popping an olive into her mouth.

Aspasia: *(Half-joking)* Enough. You know I can't bear being in the dark.

Cleon returns to the chaise longue. Lies down

Cleon: I release you.

Aspasia unties her blindfold. She looks at the jacket and the urn. Cleon is about to speak. She silences him with a gesture. Aspasia moves towards the urn, she stands full-square before it. She looks at Cleon who has sat up. Aspasia takes the tie and slowly loops it round the neck of the urn and ties it into a knot before straightening it between the lapels of the jacket. She tidies up the jacket by smoothing the lapels with her fingers.

Aspasia: What have we here?

Cleon: A gift from the grateful citizens of Athens presented to me, their general and war hero. *(Stands)* In honour of our great victory.

Aspasia glances back at Cleon. She smiles. Begins to unravel the tie. Drops it to the floor, then undo the jacket deliberately. Cleon moves closer to her. She pushes her hand inside the jacket and caresses the urn. Closes her eyes as she touches it. Cleon gets in close to her pressing into her bottom. Aspasia smiles. She removes the jacket and throws it aside. They both look at it.

Aspasia: *(Touching a figure on the urn)* Is that you?

Cleon: Holding my weapon.

Aspasia pushes him away by thrusting her rear out to buck him off.

Aspasia: *(Wiping a stain from his chin)* Red wine. *(The urn)* It's rather ugly.

Cleon: Perhaps so, but as you well know my dear every house of every noble in Athens will have one; Lord Cleon driving the Spartan threat out of Attica. *(Laughs, stretches)* I adore... *(Gestures)* ...

Aspasia: What?

Cleon: This... You must get ready to go out.

Aspasia: Why?

Cleon: Because a general's wife is never off duty. I want you to visit Persephone today. I need her husband's vote in the Assembly.

Aspasia: The great Cleon in need of a vote?

Cleon: Hmm. It's better to be safe. There's bound to be some dissent from that old gadfly Diodorus. Writing everything down, waving his papers. He irritates me. Constantly.

Aspasia: Don't worry darling they won't be able to resist you.

She moves to go. He catches her.

Aspasia: *(Smiling)* Cleon.

Cleon: But first -

Cleon grabs her arms, twists them behind her back and binds them with the tie. They begin a struggle, he gnawing at her shoulders and neck grunting like an animal as they laugh and fall onto the rug. Arion enters. He is holding something close to his body under his jacket, one hand inside the jacket, the other protectively shielding the first. His mother sees him and sits up. Cleon rests on his elbow on the rug.

Aspasia: Hello Arion darling.

Arion: Hello mother.

She drops the tie and gets up brushing a kiss from her lips onto her fingers onto his cheek as she passes, glancing at Arion's shelled hand as she goes..

Aspasia: *(As she passes)* I'll leave the men to talk.

Cleon stands to attention hands behind his back.

Arion: Good morning father. I trust you are well.

Cleon: Yes. *(Pause)* Following our victory the Assembly has elected me to give the funeral oration in honour of all those who fell in the battle. It will be a great day my boy, and you and your mother will be there by my side when I speak to the people of Athens. *(Pause)* Well?

Arion: What will I have to do?

Cleon: Stand. Still. *(Explanation)* You have to be there. You're my son. *(Pause)* Why were you not there to greet me at the harbour?

Arion: I saw the.

Cleon: What? *(Pause)* What did you see?

Arion: The faces. Of the..... *(Drifting away)*

Cleon: Cheer up. You'll enjoy the occasion. It's not as morbid as it sounds.

Silence

Cleon: Good. Well I better get on, lots to prepare. Why don't you have a run around outside. Do you good.

Arion: *(Returning)* Yes father.

Arion sits on the chaise longue his hand still in his jacket.

Arion: *(Gesturing to what he is holding)* Father?

Cleon: What have you there boy?

Arion: I found it on the beach. *(Slowly draws a swallow from his jacket)* I wonder –

Cleon: Take it away. I don't like birds. Carrion.

Arion: But father. I thought you would –

Cleon: What?

Arion: Do something. It's hurt I think. I found it on the beach. I thought you would know. Do something.

Arion holds it up cupping it in his hands. Cleon peers a little closer.

Cleon: Dirty. Make sure it doesn't - do its business on you.

Arion: Will you?

Cleon: What?

Arion: Take it.

Cleon picks up his tie and begins to dress himself as he speaks. Arion strokes the bird.

Cleon: Persistent aren't we.

Arion: I thought it was the kindest thing to do.

Cleon: Well there's a lesson for you. You meant well of course, but it goes against nature. *(Looks closer)* It is meant–

Arion: But –

Cleon: to die –

Arion: You don't know that.

Cleon: It is the will of the Gods.

Arion: What, such a little thing?

Cleon: *(Ruffling his hair)* Yes. It's a sin to interfere with nature. Either leave it somewhere – not in your

bedroom – to die, or put it out of its misery. A clean blow with a stone will do it.

Arion: But I want to save –

Cleon: That's the end of the matter. You must learn Arion not to question me. Do as I say. Leave me. I have work to do.

He guides the boy still holding the bird to the door. Arion is stunned.

Cleon: I think you spend too much of your time surrounded by women. You are ten summers old. One day you will be the head of this house. So, work hard. Follow your instruction. You mustn't let your father down. Mustn't let a half-dead bird spoil a very special day. Hmm? *(No response)* Perhaps we should blood you in the hunt while I am home. Or should I take you with me on the next campaign eh? *(A playful cuff, inhibited by the presence of the bird)* Off with you.

He gently eases Arion out with an instep on his bottom. Watches him go for a moment. Smiles, shakes his head. Cleon makes a final adjustment to his collar. He pulls on the jacket and fastens it up. He straightens his back and raises his arms in a beckoning gesture to the world. He is uncomfortable. He unbuttons the jacket and rests one hand on his hip. Cleon addresses the urn.

Cleon: *(Muttering to himself as he finds his place)* This war. This war. This war, a war for enduring freedom and justice, is now in its fourteenth year. But its ideals remain the same. Our *(Clears his throat)* government, fellow citizens, is called a democracy because it is in the hands not of a few but of all the people. *(Clears throat, readjusts his stance)* Even those who are pre-occupied with their own business are well informed about the politics of our state. We do not say that a man who takes no interest in politics is a man who minds his own business; we say that he has no business here at all. *(Pause for response)* Our enemies fear democracy. They fear freedom. They fear the the goddess Athene who stands by our side. *(Pause)* We... *(He stops and wipes a mark from the urn with his sleeve).* We pray today for the heroes who died defending our freedom, whose virtue made them strong when faced by the full force of our Spartan enemy.... *(He looks at his sleeve. It's now got a mark on it from the urn. He tries to get the mark off with some spittle from his finger. It doesn't work. He decides to continue. Mutters back over the preceding lines)* The men we remember today. *(He is distracted by the mark on his sleeve so takes the jacket off and throws it down. He rolls up his sleeves.)* Where am I...? Heroes. Heroes? Thraso. *(Points at the urn)* Let me tell you about Captain Thraso. He and his men were outnumbered four to one. The Spartans had allied with barbarian tribes in the region. He was instructed to fight to the end. By you, the citizens of Athens. *(Adjusts his sleeve)* Not by his wife and family though. *(Plucks at his sleeve)* They fought for weeks under siege, the men were half-starved. *(Talking to himself)* Then he

surrendered. He gave surrender. What would you have done in his position? He disobeyed orders. So why do we remember him here, to please his wife? No, because he's no threat. They were taken prisoner, 800 men, and marched to an old quarry where they were imprisoned without food, or shelter. The occasional ration of water. *(Cleon pours a drink from the jug and drains the goblet).* In the day the rock was like hot plates searing the bare flesh that touched it. At night it was like ice. They executed men in handfuls, day by day piling the bodies one on top of the other and leaving them to rot. The lowest ranks first. Then the disease from the stinking corpses began to kill the weakest. Some of the survivors tried to feed on the dead at night. I can believe that. You see it's the pain in the gut. Thirst scorches the brain. It drives you out of your mind. I've seen it. But you don't want to know about this do you? *(Pause)* They had fun with the higher ranks, Thraso and the young noblemen. Cutting them. Poking out the eyes and leaving them to dangle on their stalks. One had his guts spilled, they laughed as he tried to hold them in, dancing like a crazy drunk trying to keep his offal off the hotplate rock before he finally passed out from the pain. Within three weeks, while you were still debating whether to send troops to help, there was a pile 700 high. By then some of the richer nobles were paying their torturers to kill them quickly. Paying to die. Can you believe that? It is said that Thraso promised 200 gold pieces from his estate. You see, in the end he even betrayed his own family so that he could die in comfort. By the time we had landed the enemy had sailed on. We followed the stench to the quarry. From a distance I could see a dense blood black cloud hovering above it. Then I realised it was flies. Huge furious bloated flies that swarmed over us. Into our eyes, ears, throats and nose. The white stoned quarry was stained crimson and the ground beneath our feet was a slime of congealed blood and shit. Like skating on ice. I remember one of the survivors. At first I didn't recognise him. Stick man in a uniform. He had red hair though, unusual that, and that's how I did recognise him. We used to talk on occasion in the marketplace. He was a fastidious civilian. He was a faultless soldier. Very disciplined about his appearance. There he sat, half-starved, awaiting Gods' judgement, surrounded by putrefying flesh cleaning his boots with the only clean piece of rag he could find. Funny that.

Aspasia returns into the room. He does not hear her come as he stares into the urn. She looks at him for a moment. Then walks silently over to him and places her hands upon his shoulders. He suppresses a start.

Aspasia: Tense?

Cleon: Did you hear that?

Aspasia: *(Begins to massage his shoulders)* My Lord?

Cleon: What I was saying. What came. My. The.

Aspasia: Were you practicing?

Cleon: Trying to -

Aspasia: No I didn't. I don't want to. I want to experience it raw like everyone else. On the hill with my son, by my husband's side with all Athens watching. All hail noble Cleon.

Cleon: I didn't recognise it. What came out. *(Suddenly)* What if I forgot what I was supposed to say?

Aspasia: *(A laugh)* Cleon!

Cleon: No, seriously?

Aspasia: You'd be humiliated. Seriously.

Pause

Cleon: Yes.

Aspasia goes to the jacket picks it up and dusts it down.

Aspasia: Come.

She puts it on him and smartens him up.

Aspasia: *(She looks at the urn)* I didn't mean what I said earlier about it being ugly, not really. It's an honour. *(Cleon does not answer)* I must go.

She playfully pulls on his tie. She reels him in for a kiss. They kiss, she lingers a little but he is formal.

Cleon: Yes, you must go now.

Pause

Cleon: I.

Aspasia: I know.

She looks at him.

Aspasia: There's a mark on your sleeve. See if the house-boy can't clean it up darling.

She leaves. Cleon straightens his tie. He looks at the mark once more. Glances at the urn again, then turns and leaves.

Three

*The sea. A lone gull on high. **Arion** is down by the beach. He has found a white feather. He holds it up to the sky as if he is trying to match it with the feathers of the gull circling overhead. He sits and looks intently at the feather. He then throws it up and watches it fall. He does this repeatedly. He picks it up again and runs it from base to apex through his thumb and forefinger. Then over the contours of his face.*

***Diodorus** appears, dressed as we have seen him earlier stuffed with documents and papres. They look at each other. Diodorus nods and sits. Arion gets up and removes himself a few paces. Diodorus takes off his bag. It too is full of papers and envelopes. Diodorus looks at Arion once more.*

Diodorus: Hope you don't mind.

Diodorus takes off his battered shoes and peels off his socks. Smells one.

Diodorus: Phew! I'd move a bit further if I were you.

Peels off the other, smells it. Same. He casts the socks aside. Diodorus begins to rummage through the bag. Then feeling in his coat and suit pockets. Finally he remembers and takes a pen from behind his ear. Looks in his bag again. Another realisation. Takes off his hat, there is a small pad of paper inside it. He casts the hat to one side and puts pen to paper. He writes quickly with purpose. When he is finished. He tears out the sheet and places it in an envelope that has other papers with it that he has taken from the bag.

Diodorus stops. Nods in satisfaction. Wiggles his toes.

Diodorus: Good. I know you. You're the son of Lord Cleon.

Arion: I know you. You're the old man who is my father's opponent in the Assembly. Gadfly.

Diodorus: Very good. The name's Diodorus.

Arion: You cause trouble. I've seen you in the marketplace. You get lots of people round you and ask questions.

Diodorus: Asking questions! Do you think that's causing trouble?

Arion: Gets me in trouble.

Diodorus: Who from?

Arion: Pollux for one. He's my teacher. He's even older than you. He hates it when I ask questions about anything. He says things are "just so" and when I say "but why?" he says "because I say so".

Diodorus: Oh dear.

Arion: My mother and father don't have time for questions either. Father gets irritated.

Arion moves over to Diodorus' side.

Diodorus: So you are a trouble causer too.

Arion: I ask questions all the time. *(Pause)* I suppose you're a kind of teacher aren't you?

Diodorus: Yes. I suppose I am.

Arion: Teach me.

Diodorus: Well young man I like to think of myself more as a philosopher.

Arion: What's that?

Diodorus: I philosophise, think about how we live. I examine life. An unexamined life is not worth living. I use philosophical discourse - discussion - to establish fundamental values about how we should live our lives. It's very important really.

Arion: Oh.

Diodorus: Ah, but its not just talk. It's not what you say it's what you do - I always say. I believe in the pursuit of what is good for the benefit of all people, in the service of the whole community. I want us to build a human not a civic society. I want to change the world. *(He looks at Arion. Who returns an expressionless look)* You see?

Arion: Not quite.

Diodorus: I'll try again. Erm...let me see. Yes. I am against rhetoric.

Arion: Who's he.

Diodorus: Ah hah. Very, very, good. No. Not he – it. Rhetoric is a way of talking. Well not really talking I should say. Rhetoric is the use of clever words to persuade people. Rhetoric pretends to significance but lacks or hides its true meaning. It's dishonest. Politicians use it all the time.

Arion: My father is a politician. *(Pause)* Are you saying he's a liar?

Diodorus: No.

Arion: *(Unconvinced)* No wonder he says you're a trouble causer.

Diodorus: No, I'm just seeking some answers.

Arion: So you think it's my father who's the trouble causer?

Diodorus: I didn't say that.

Arion: But that's what you meant.

Diodorus: I didn't.

Arion: You're using rhetoric now.

Diodorus: No. No. I'm not. I'm... Perhaps we should stop there.

Arion: That's what all you grown-ups say. You're no better than the rest of them.

Diodorus: Please. Let me explain. Oh dear this is very difficult.

Arion: Was my father's speech yesterday rhetoric?

Diodorus: Yes! It's not lying as such. It's telling people what they want to hear so that you can get something else you really want.

Arion: That's hard.

Diodorus: So all you get is slogans. 'The Spartans hate us -

Arion: They do. They started the war.

Diodorus: Well, yes. That's true. But now it is being used, the war I mean, for other political ends. You see?

Arion: War and politics are like the same?

Diodorus: Sometimes.

Arion: How?

Diodorus: The war with Sparta is being used by certain people to increase the size of our empire. To conquer more lands.

Arion: Well I suppose everyone must have wanted to hear what he was saying because they all cheered.

Diodorus: Yes. And people were moved to tears too. Then what happened?

Arion: I don't know.

Diodorus: What did your father propose?

Arion: He said Athens should attack Ithaca after the festival of Dionysia.

Diodorus: *(Claps)* Exactly. So now, everybody supports the idea before its even been discussed, so when it is proposed in the Assembly, which it will be, mark my words, it will be voted through without any trouble.

Arion: Not even from you.

Diodorus: Alright. A little trouble.

Arion: But that won't make any difference.

Diodorus: Not much. At the moment.

Arion: Clever. *(Pause)* You know all that? Before it's happened I mean?

Diodorus: Yes.

Arion: Why bother then. If you know. People will only get cross with you.

Diodorus: Because I believe what the Assembly is doing is wrong. It's my right, and duty, in a democracy to say what I think is right. We don't live the Spartan way yet.

Arion: What do you mean?

Diodorus: In Sparta they have Kings. Silly I know and very backward in this day and age, but they do. Only a few people can vote. In Athens we are all free.

Arion: Why do we have slaves then?

Diodorus: Questions do cause trouble don't they? Well, yes. I should have said most of us are free. Most people believe, and I must impress upon you that I am most definitely not of this view, that some people are born natural slaves, ignorant barbarians.

Arion: The slaves in our house are not ignorant. They know poetry. It's true. I speak to them. They weren't born

into slavery either. They were forced to be slaves by Athens. That isn't fair.

Diodorus: Yes.

Arion: And my mother. She's always complaining she can't vote.

Diodorus: Yes. This also is true. It's the same for the poor. In fact democracy isn't all its cracked up to be at all.

Arion: Rhetoric.

Diodorus: *(Laughs)* Quite.

Silence

Diodorus picks up his paper and pen and begins to write.

Arion: What are you writing?

Diodorus: I'm recording what you just said.

Arion: Why?

Diodorus: Because you are wise.

Arion smiles.

Arion: What will you do with all that?

Diodorus: They are histories.

Arion: What?

Diodorus: Historia! It means to examine, investigate. I'm recording everything I can.

Arion: Why?

Diodorus: To keep. So people will know.

Arion: What?

Diodorus: I will leave a record, a record not just of what has happened but why. Things don't just happen.

Arion: I know, the Gods make things happen in answer to our prayers. They decide our fate. My teacher Pollux told me that.

Diodorus: Really?

Arion: Yes he said we must be pious and pray to the Gods, so that we never anger them.

Diodorus: How do we know?

Arion: They send signs. Like when the Assembly decided not to attack Thrace. My teacher said that our goddess Athene was so cross she sent a terrible storm. I remember. I was very young. I hid under the table. It was a sign that Athens should go to war.

Diodorus: Maybe.

Arion: Maybe?

Diodorus: I'm not sure that's all.

Arion: What do you mean?

Diodorus: I'm simply wondering. What if it was just... (*Gestures*) ... swirl.

Arion: Swirl?

Diodorus: Yes, swirl. Tiny particles in the air that caused the thunder and the lightening. You can't see them but –

Arion: You're joking.

Diodorus: No, I'm not. I don't know if it's true but –

Arion: You can't see them.

Diodorus: I can't see Athene either can I? I just don't know. Questions you know - what if the sun is a red-hot stone? Do we just put everything we do not understand down to the Gods?

Silence

Arion: We shouldn't leave everything to the gods should we?

Diodorus: What do you mean?

Arion: I found a bird. It was too weak to fly. I found it here. I picked it up. My father said that I should leave nature to take its course or kill it with a stone because the Gods had willed it. I didn't believe what he said and it made him cross.

Diodorus: What did you do?

Arion: I hid behind a tree near the brook (*points*). I don't know how long I was there but the sun crossed the sky. The bird was shaking in my hands.

Diodorus: Fear?

Arion: A little, but I think it was mainly cold.

Diodorus: Yes.

Arion: My hands helped it, (*Arion puts his hands around one of Diodorus'*), the warmth, see. In the end it stopped trembling so much but it still didn't go anywhere. Sat in my hands. It was weak. So I got down to the edge of the brook. That was difficult because I was scared of crushing it in my hand as I scrambled around. The bird felt like it would just break like a twig if I squeezed too hard. I got to the water and dipped my fingers in, like this, and collected some droplets on the end of my fingers. I just put it in front of the bird and waited. Then all of a sudden it just pecked at it. I kept doing that for a while and then I thought, it will be hungry. I didn't know what to do really so I stuck my finger in a hole and crushed some ants on the end of it. It just pecked my finger clean. I did that a few times as well.

Arion smiles.

Diodorus: Then what did you do?

Arion: Well. I could tell it was feeling better. I went out into the meadow and I threw it up in the air. But it fell like a stone. So I picked it up again and started to run as fast as I could like this (*demonstrates holding the bird in the hands, outstretched arms*). Then whoosh! I threw it up again really high. I thought it was falling again but suddenly it spread its wings right out and flapped really hard and that was it. I fell over and cut my leg. But I got up straight away and followed after it as far as I could. It darted over the lemon grove and down towards the sea. I followed until I couldn't see it anymore. I wanted it back then. My hands were empty. But I was glad it was free.

Diodorus: Thank you.

Arion: What for?

Diodorus: Teaching me.

Arion: Here.

He holds out the feather to Diodorus.

Diodorus: More thanks. *(He takes it and picks up his hat. Sticking it in the band)* A feather in my cap!

Arion: We've been at war all my life.

Diodorus: Yes.

Arion: I need to go. Can I look at your papers next time?

Diodorus: Yes, of course.

Arion: I won't tell anyone I've been talking to you.

Diodorus: No.

Arion: More trouble than its worth. Bye.

Arion goes.