





OUR FATHERS WERE CLOSE FRIENDS. HERAKLES PRAYED TO ZEUS THAT MY MOTHER WOULD BEAR A SON, AND SO I WAS BORN. THEN HERAKLES WRAPPED ME IN HIS LION SKIN, AND THAT MADE ME HARD TO KILL.



MY MOTHER HESIONE IS YOUR WIFE ASTYOCHES SISTER, MY BROTHER AJAX AND I PRESENT YOU WITH THIS FINE CLOAK WOVEN BY MY MOTHER.

THANK YOU, SONS OF TELAMON. WELCOME TO MYSIA.



THIS IS ACHILLES OF PHTHIA, WHOM THE SEA-NYMPH THETIS SORE TO PELEUS THE ARGONAUT.

I'M NOT CLOSELY RELATED TO HERAKLES, BUT WHEN I LEARNED THAT THE KING OF MYSIA WAS HIS SON, I REMEMBERED THE MYSIAN WARRIOR WHO WORE A LION SKIN.



HONOR DEMANDS THAT I OFFER MY GRAVEST REGRETS FOR LEADING THE ATTACK AND WOUNDING YOU. I CAN'T TAKE BACK MY SPEAR THRUST, BUT THIS SALVE -- PREPARED BY THE KENTAUR WHO TAUGHT ME HEALING -- WILL SOOTHE THE WOUND.

THANK YOU, ACHILLES. IN THE RUSH TO BATTLE, I FORGOT THE SACRIFICE TO THE GOD OF WINE, SO HE TRIPPED ME WITH A VINE. OTHERWISE, YOU'D NEVER HAVE TOUCHED ME.



STILL, I'M SURE IT'S PAINFUL. IF YOU'LL STAND, I CAN APPLY THE SALVE.

NO, NO... THAT'S NOT NECESSARY -- I MUST CONTINUE TO GREET MY GUESTS.



IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M THE LAST ONE. IS IT TOO PAINFUL TO STAND? LET ME TAKE A LOOK.



OH!

