

inspiration. The Illiad is the greatest treasure of military virtue, knowledge and religion...Was it Aristotle

who taught me to envision an international empire? If so Aristotle was monumentally mistaken. I am stunned at my

arrogance! I lived a young man's dream. I enjoyed a thirteen year spree! I would have tried to conquer all of

Europe and the Britanic Islands and added them to the one and a half million square miles of Asia which I con-

quered...What has happened to my great empire? My empire is breaking apart in less time than it took to win it. My

men refuse to accept Persian ways. I have regrettably discovered that when different races are thrown together they

stratify rather than melt together. Pluralistic societies simply invite disaster. My men consider all foreigners barbarians.

I have conquered all and unified nothing! My army was history's greatest fighting force. We fought our way from

Greece to the Indus Valley. We were heroes on a grander scale than even Homer could have imagined. Now I am worn

out from my wounds. I am sick from overdrinking. The weariness of constant war is unnerving my men. Old Coenus

respectfully told me that it is a noble thing to know when to stop. I do not want to stop. But I know that I will

have to begin the long journey home. I will allow my own warriors—but no other—to stop me.