

## CHAPTER TWO

### *Death in the Dust*

Paris stepped out from the Trojan ranks, calling for the Greeks to send their best man to fight him. Menelaus, as pleased as a lion coming across a deer, jumped from his chariot.

‘Now I shall have my revenge!’ he thought. ‘I’ll cut him to pieces!’

But Paris, pale and trembling, ran back to the Trojan ranks, like a man who has caught sight of a snake.

‘You are a disgrace to us all, brother!’ Hector called to him. ‘You took Helen, but you cannot stand up to her husband!’

Paris was ashamed. ‘You are right to taunt me, Hector,’ he replied. ‘I shall fight Menelaus for Helen - a fight to the death. If I am killed, Helen and all her jewels will be returned to Menelaus. If he dies, she will remain here with me.’

Menelaus agreed and sent for lambs to sacrifice to the gods

The golden-haired Helen was weaving a purple tapestry with the other women when Iris came to her in the shape of her sister-in-law. When she learned that Paris and Menelaus had agreed to fight, she was filled with longing for all that she had left behind: her husband, her child and her friends. Veiled and weeping, she went to the tower, where King Priam and the elders were looking down over the battle plain.

