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Character Autobiography
February 13, 2004

No need for introduction, all the people know me and shout my name when I pass. I am the ruler of these lands, and both murmurs praise echoes around me whenever I roam. "Come quick and see, here comes Agamemnon!" they shout. "Hail to the lord of the house of Atreus!"

And indeed! Rightly so, - I am descended from the great kings and Gods yet I know I myself as my own man. What's more, time and again I've proven my strength in battle and earned the respect of the people on my own merit.

I surmise that for generations to come, the stories the conquering of Troy – groans of death as spears run the injured through, wails of the raped women, shrieking children, their finest achievements burning - the smoke rising over the horizon - seen in faraway kingdoms who shudder at my greatness in battle.

I am not unaware of the turmoil haunting my lineage, the violent animosity of my fore bearers hangs as a thick, bloody shroud of ruthless death. So many dead in so many heinous manners - in my heart and mind, I see the contorted pain and revulsion as fathers are fed their murdered young. The furious ghosts follow me and attack my thoughts when I am weakened.

Yet, some must be sacrificed to appease the Gods for they are mighty and grant us favors, without we would simply not succeed in any endeavor. This is why I willingly sacrificed my daughter to the Gods and would repeat the definitive act again upon the Gods' request.

I am not naïve to conjecture from the mouths of old fools. Certainly, I hear the rumblings from soft women and whining men, I hear the hushed voices and innuendo, yet they do not understand the rituals and reverence due the Gods who grant us winds and victory!

Such fools are wise to be wary as I enact vengeance swiftly and with retribution equal to the offense. Why? Because I have a sense of right and wrong - I make the laws and the public will accept the laws since I am mighty. I dispense my largess generously to those who serve me, who stride in step with me in battle, who follow my on my quests and I offer words of mourning to my comrades in arms lost at sea or in battle for the glory of Argos.

I have little patience for the pageantries and trappings afforded to me on account of my status (I take only the daughter of a king for my concubine for my prize) – such pomp is reserved for the Gods, it is to them that I credit with the success of my missions. I take only what is due for I do not seek to offend the

Gods with my boasts and prowess. Such arrogance contributed to the fall of my kind, the folly of pride is the weakness of man.