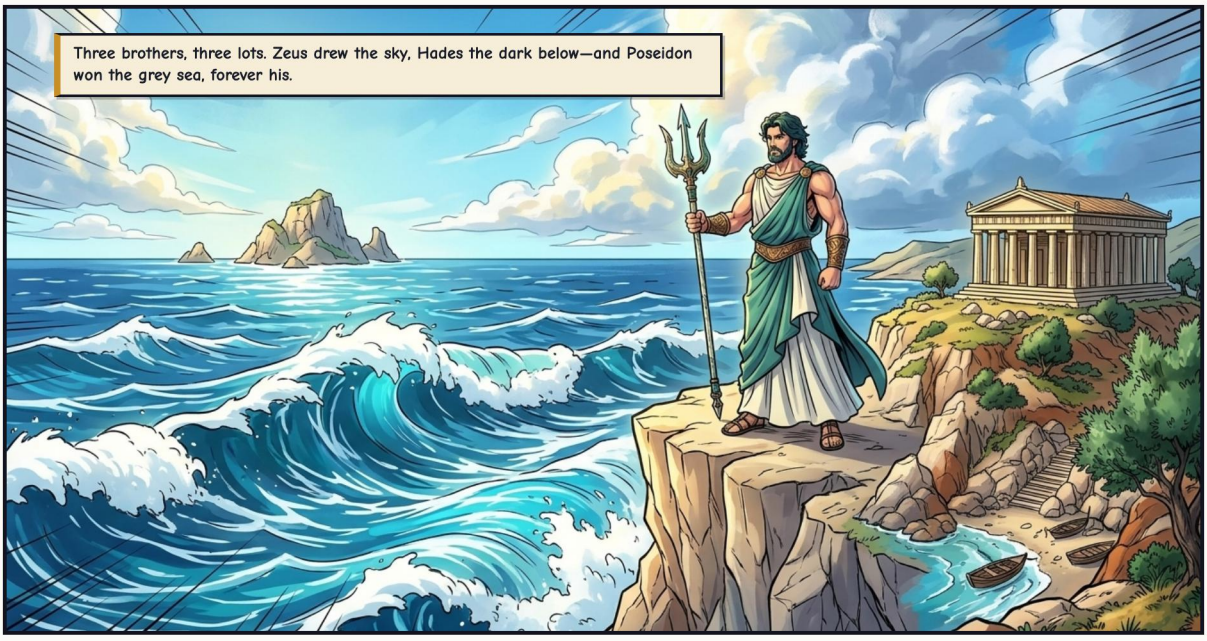

POSEIDON
Book II · Lord of the Deep

ACT I — THE WILD HORIZON



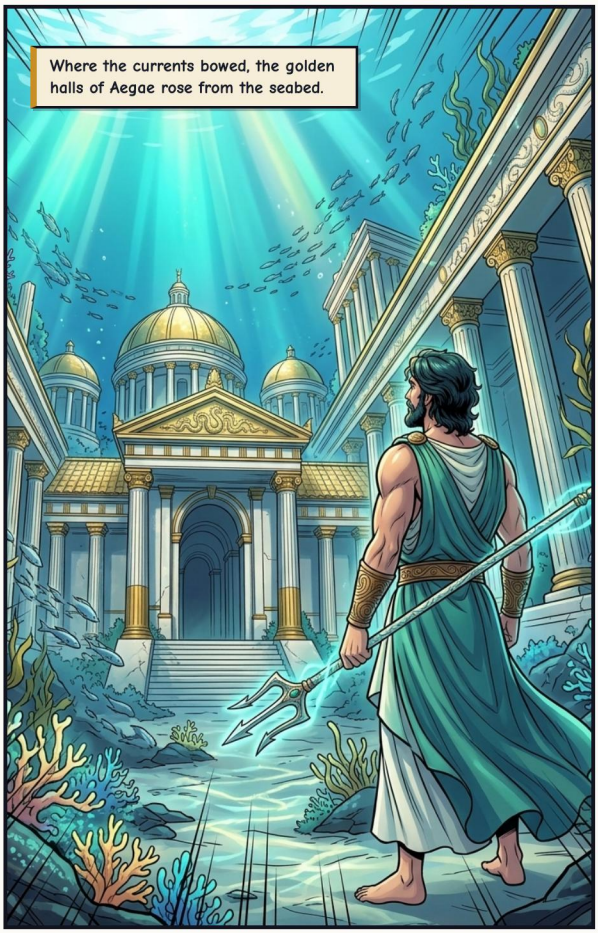









THOOM!!

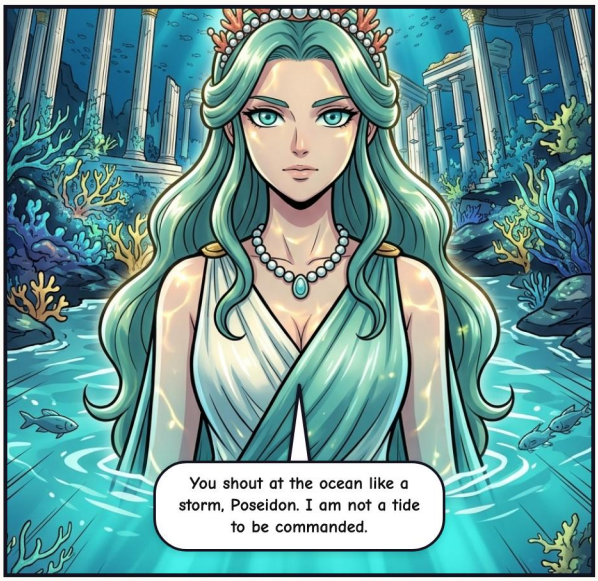

Where the currents bowed, the golden halls of Aegae rose from the seabed.

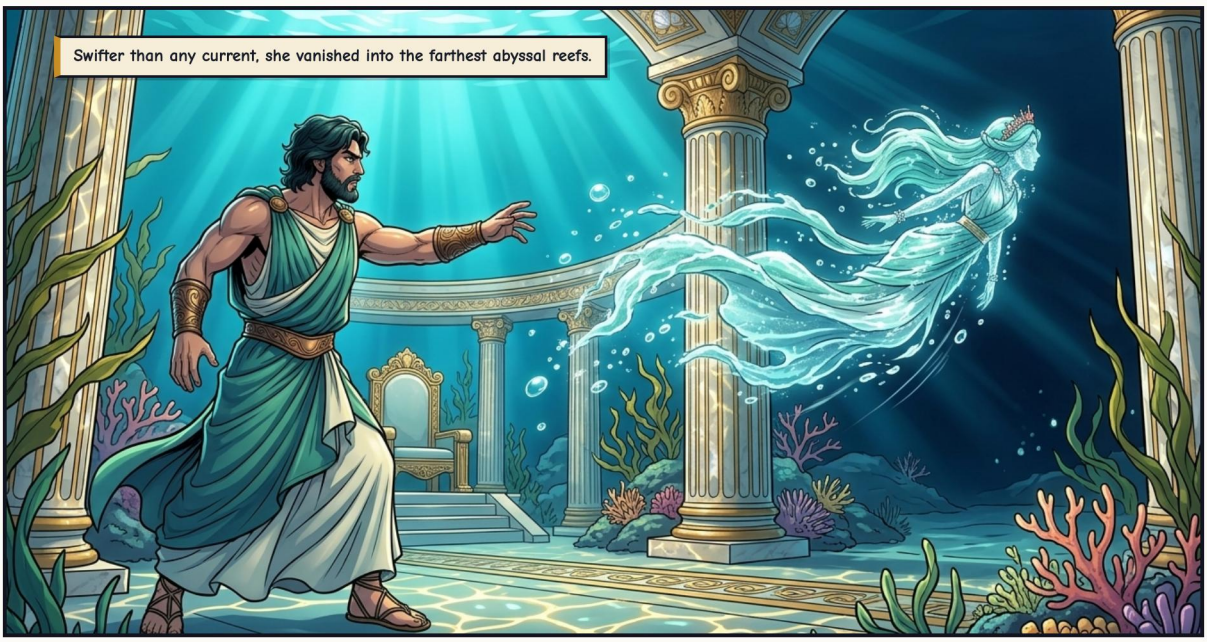

A palace of pearl and gold... yet even the ocean feels quiet alone.


Until he saw Amphitrite—eldest daughter of the Old Man of the Sea.

ACT II — QUEEN OF THE TIDE











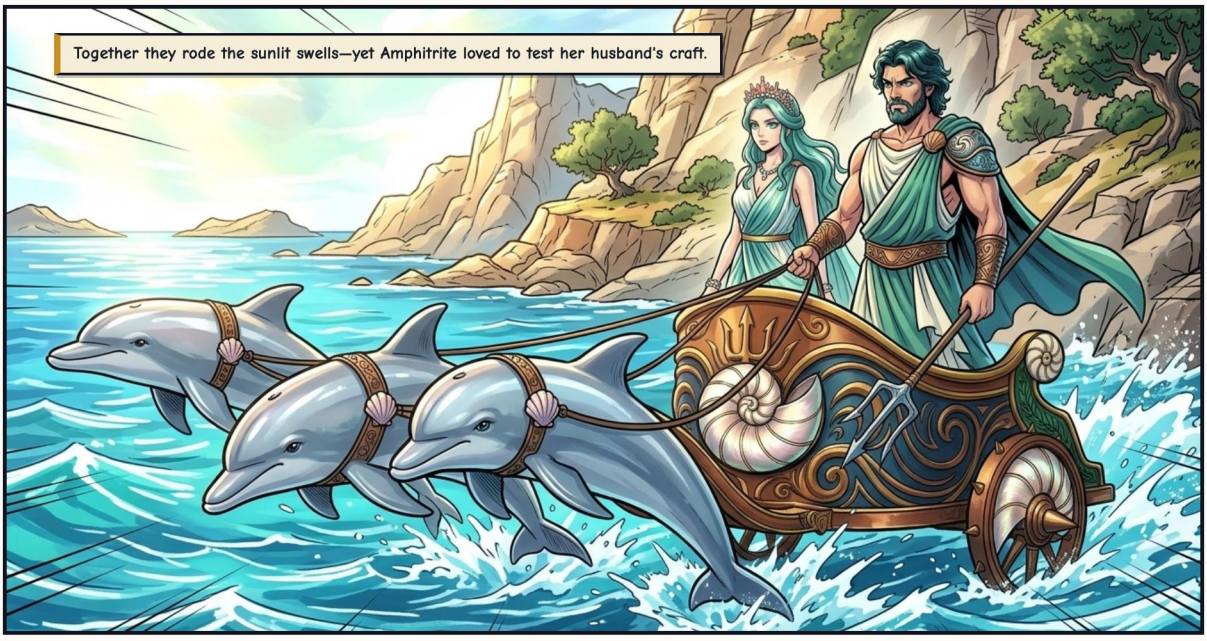

Deep in the western trenches, Delphinus found her—not with force, but with patience.


A storm god who knows when to lower his voice? Perhaps Aegae is worth a second look.


Not beneath my crown, Amphitrite. Beside it—as Queen of every sea.


In gratitude, Poseidon set the dolphin's likeness among the stars—where sailors still follow his light.

ACT III – BORN OF SEA FOAM



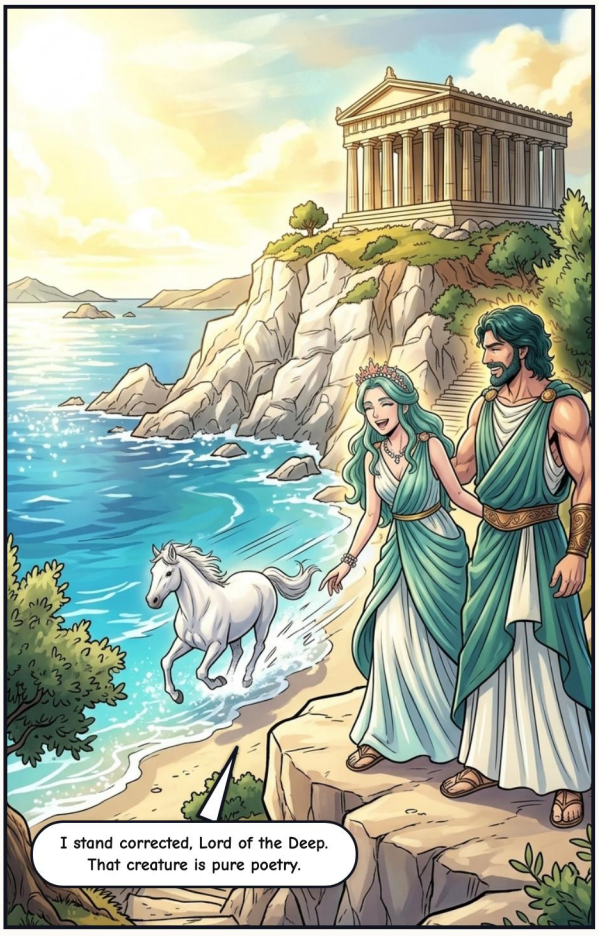









Swift as wind, untamed as tide—
mortals would forever know the horse
as Poseidon's gift.


I stand corrected, Lord of the Deep.
That creature is pure poetry.


Yet peace on the waves rarely lasts
when Olympus calls.

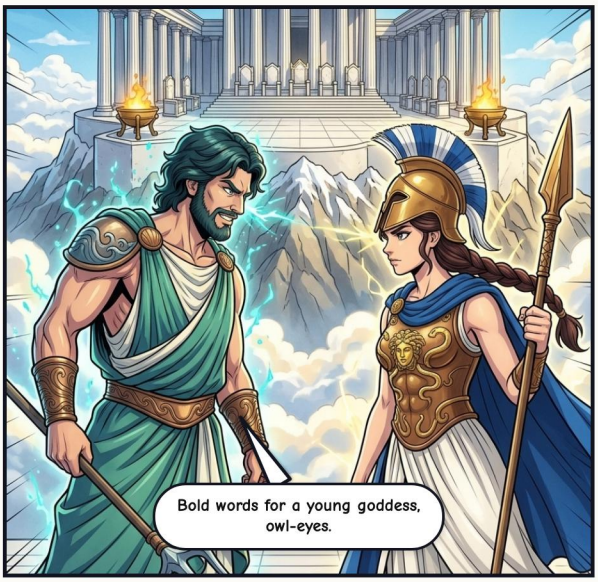

A brand-new mortal city on the coast
of Attica—and it needs a patron god?
That jewel belongs to the sea!

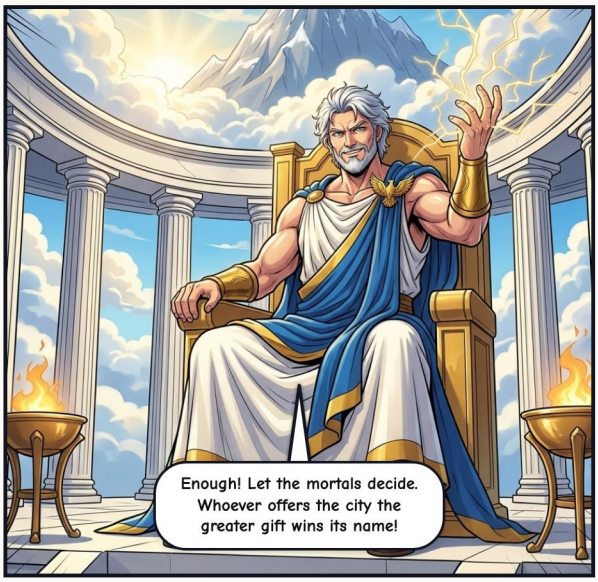
ACT IV — THE CITY ON THE HILL





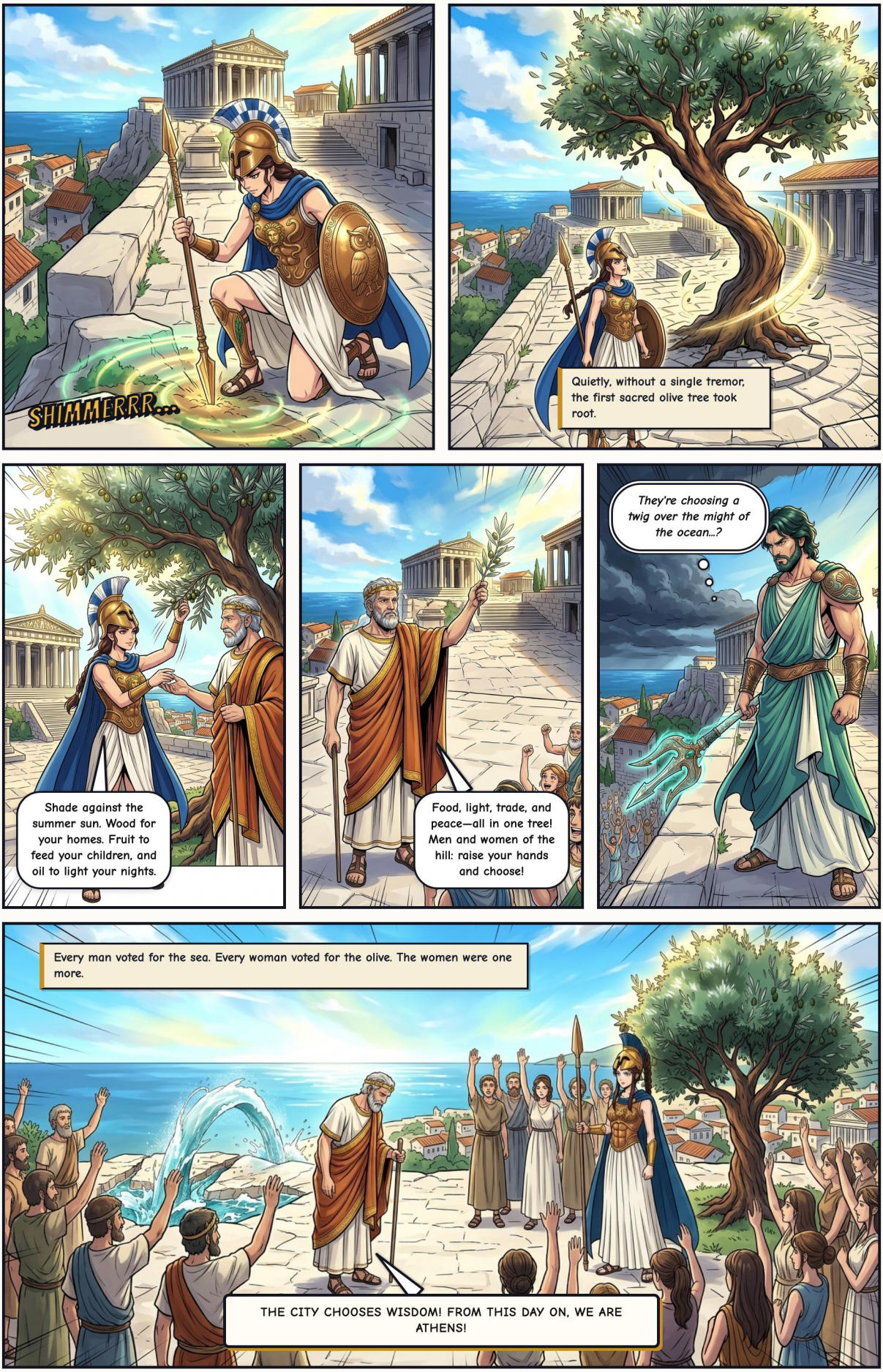







At high noon, the citizens of Attica gathered atop their rocky acropolis.
Two great Olympians come to bless our hill! Citizens, witness their gifts with open eyes.
The Earth-Shaker and the Goddess of Wisdom stepped onto the stone.
Age before youth, Uncle. Show our hosts what the ocean can offer.
Gladly! Stand back, mortals—feel the power of the deep!
KRAA-
KOOM!!


From dry mountain stone, a roaring spring burst into the Mediterranean sun.
A living spring on your dry rock! With my blessing, your ships will rule every wave and trade route!
The crowd cheered— until King Cecrops tasted the water.
Ack—it's saltwater! Bitter brine from the sea! Our people cannot drink this on a dry hill!
Well—of course it's salt! I'm the Sea God, not a river nymph! It's a symbol of naval power!
Power without sustenance starves a city. Allow me to offer something that endures.

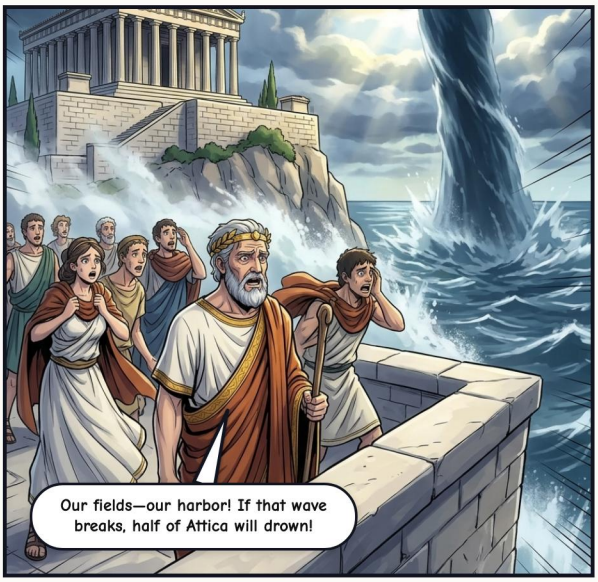

SHIMMERRR...
Quietly, without a single tremor, the first sacred olive tree took root.
Shade against the summer sun. Wood for your homes. Fruit to feed your children, and oil to light your nights.
Food, light, trade, and peace—all in one tree! Men and women of the hill: raise your hands and choose!
They're choosing a twig over the might of the ocean...?
Every man voted for the sea. Every woman voted for the olive. The women were one more.
THE CITY CHOOSES WISDOM! FROM THIS DAY ON, WE ARE ATHENS!

ACT V — WRATH OF THE EARTH-SHAKER






















ROOOAAAR!!
Fury met strategy at the edge of the cliff.


Drown their shores, Poseidon, and you prove their fear right. Spare them—and watch what they build for you.

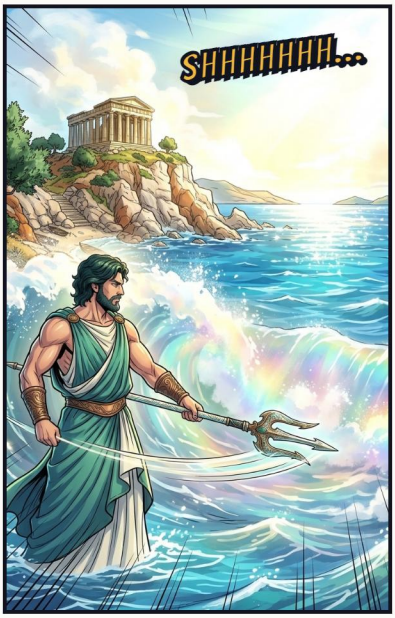

Speak plainly, Athena. Why should the sea spare a city that chose the olive?

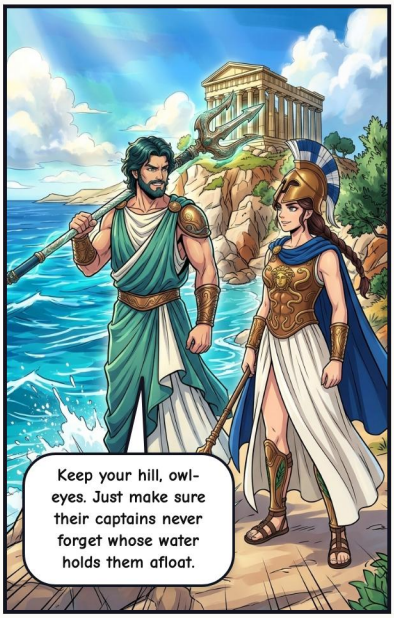

My olive feeds them on land—but their destiny lies on your waves. Their greatest fleets will sail under your blessing.


And at Sounion, on Attica's highest cape, they will raise your temple's columns higher—for you, first of all.


For one breathless heartbeat, the whole Aegean hung in the balance.

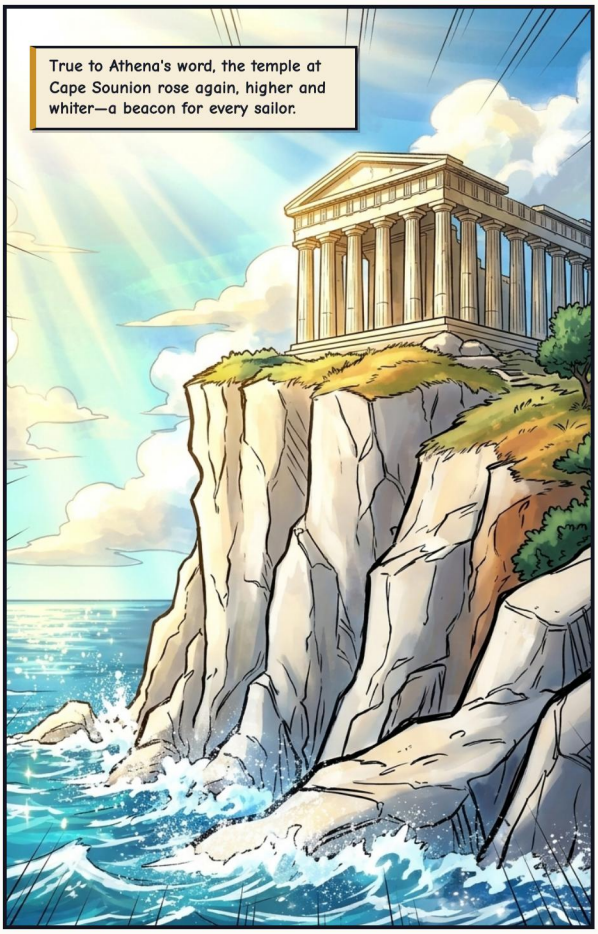

Hah! You really are Zeus's daughter—sharp as a reef.


SHHHHHH...


Keep your hill, owl-eyes. Just make sure their captains never forget whose water holds them afloat.

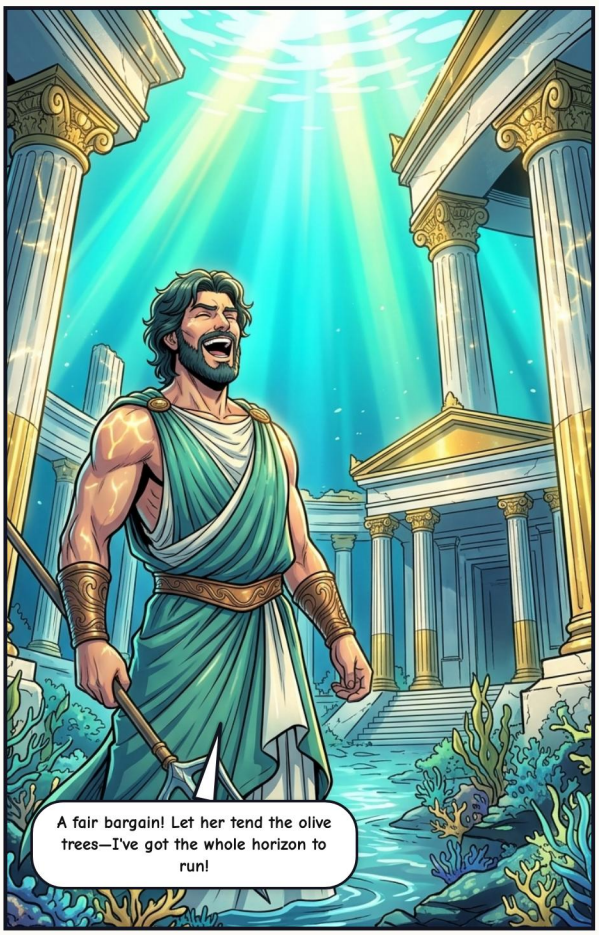

They will remember, Lord of the Deep. Every voyage will begin with your name.


But the wave's first edge had already taken the Thriasian plain.
And some say the men of Athens, to calm the sea, took the vote from the women who had chosen the olive.

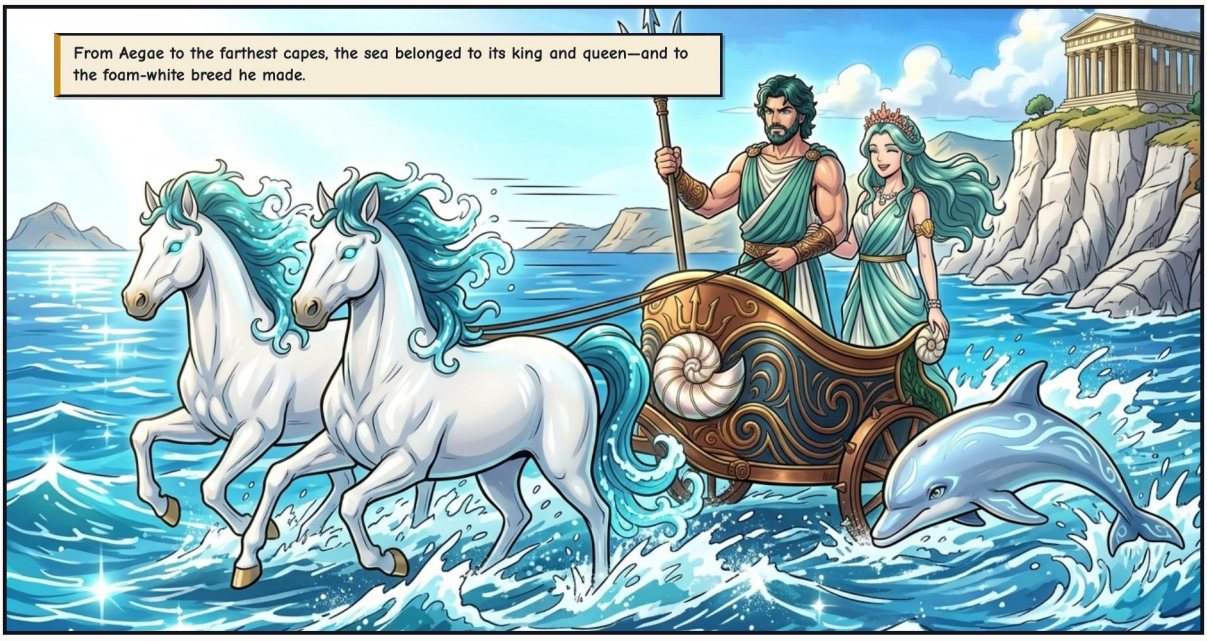

True to Athena's word, the temple at Cape Sounion rose again, higher and whiter—a beacon for every sailor.

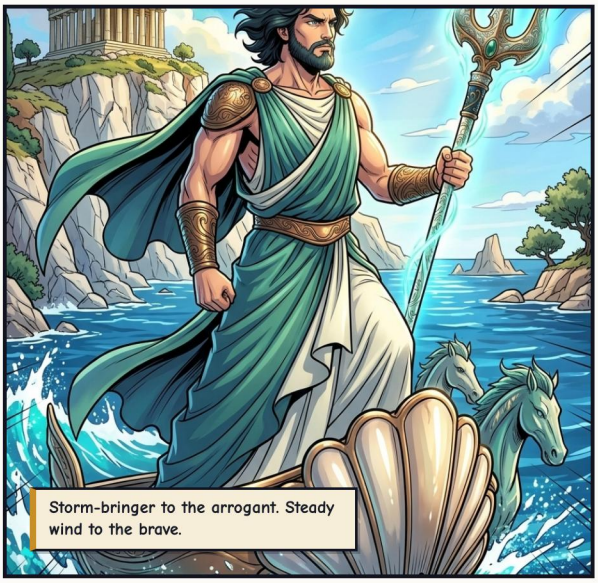

And across the Aegean, Athenian keels cut the waves—wise on land, fearless at sea.

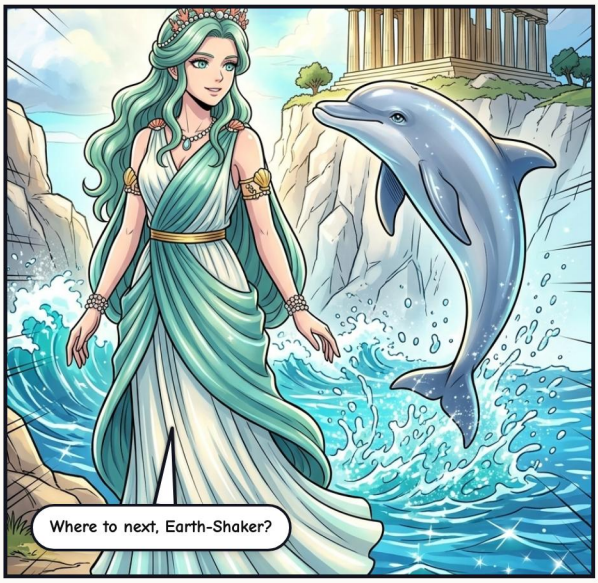

So our clever niece won the hill—and still handed you the entire fleet?

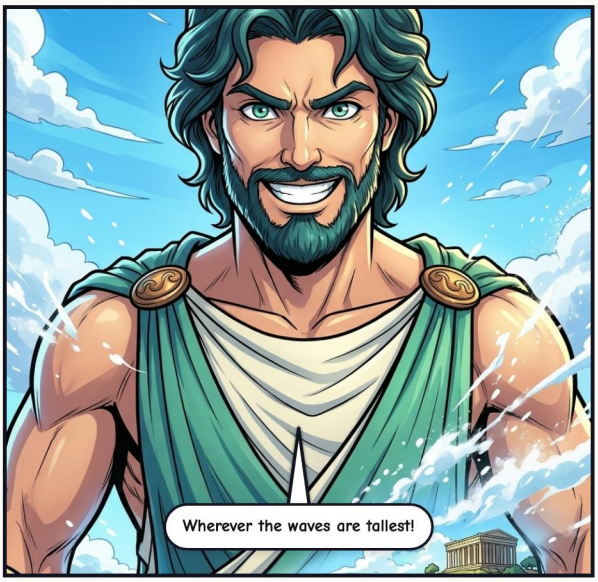

A fair bargain! Let her tend the olive trees—I've got the whole horizon to run!

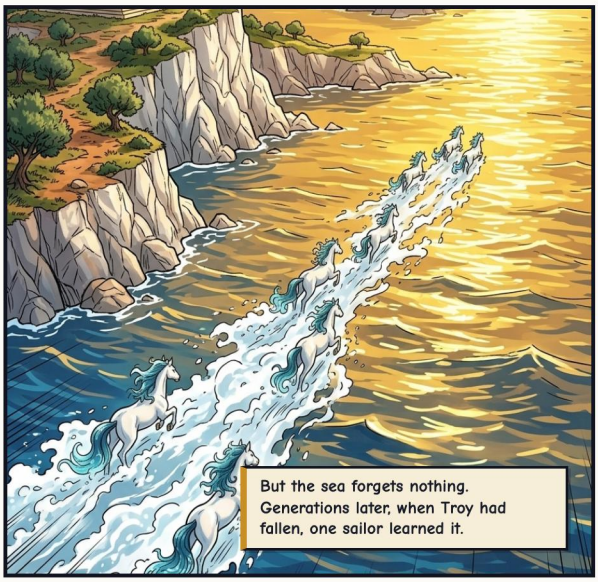
ACT VI — THE SEA REMEMBERS

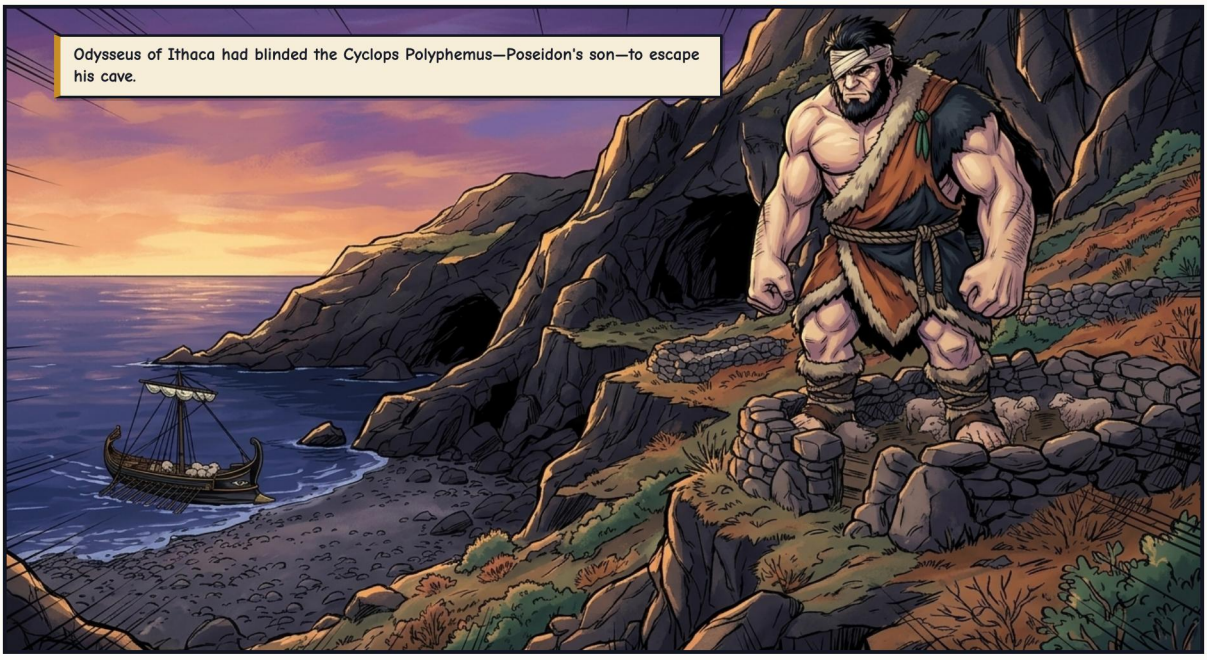


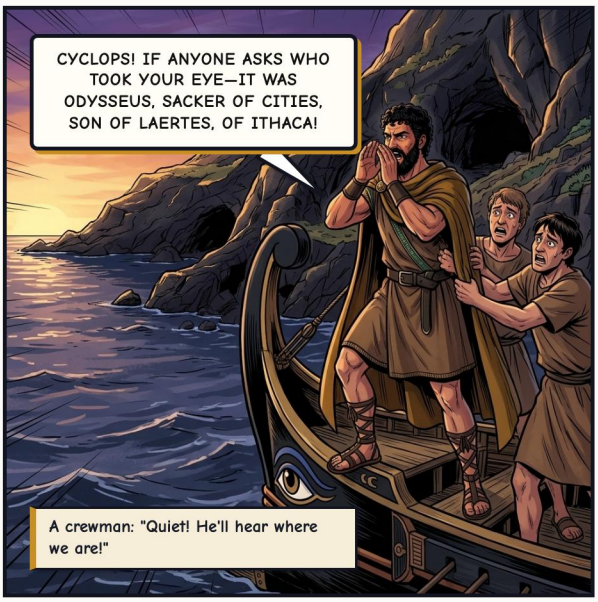




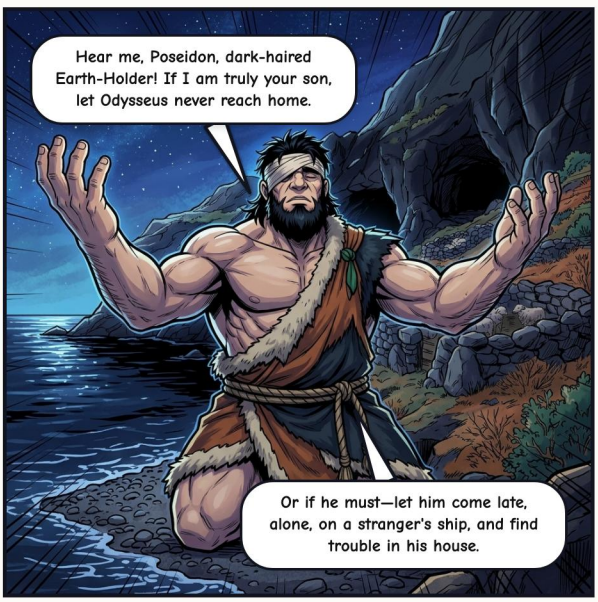





Odysseus of Ithaca had blinded the Cyclops Polyphemus—Poseidon's son—to escape his cave.


CYCLOPS! IF ANYONE ASKS WHO TOOK YOUR EYE—IT WAS ODYSSEUS, SACKER OF CITIES, SON OF LAERTES, OF ITHACA!
A crewman: "Quiet! He'll hear where we are!"


KRA-THOOM!


Hear me, Poseidon, dark-haired Earth-Holder! If I am truly your son, let Odysseus never reach home.
Or if he must—let him come late, alone, on a stranger's ship, and find trouble in his house.

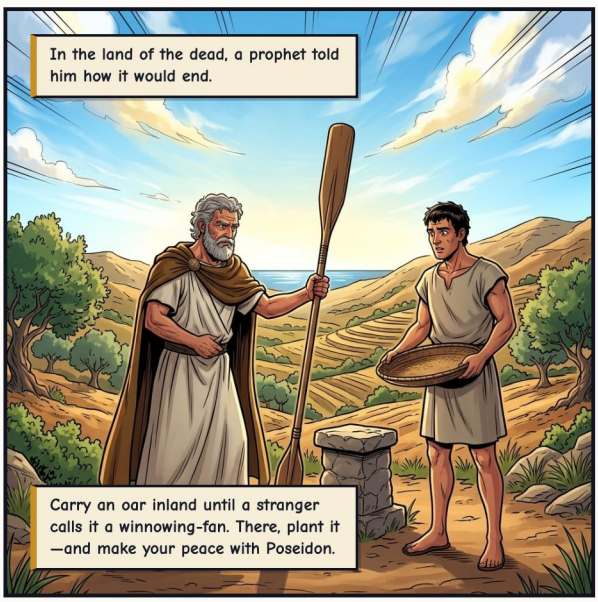

And the dark-haired god heard him.

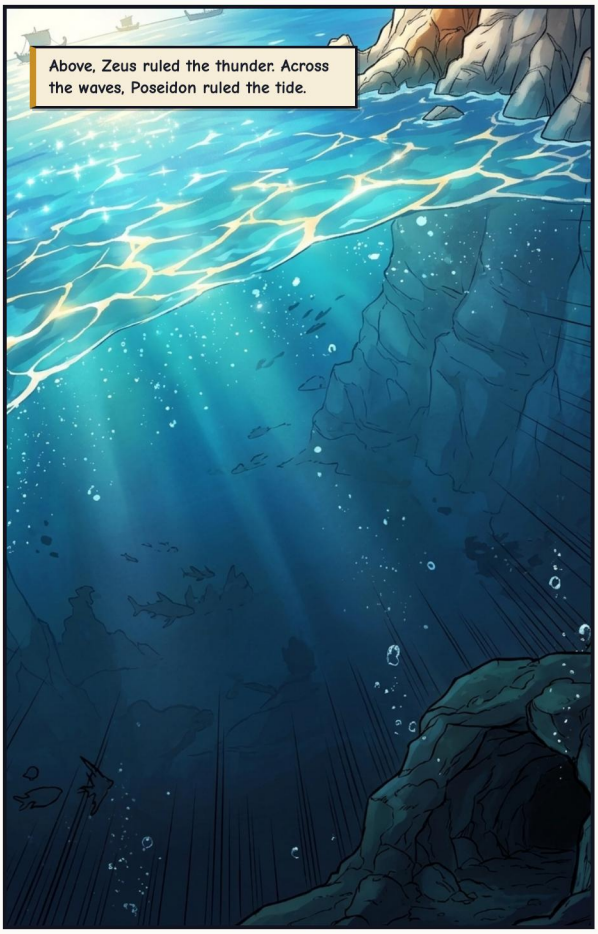

Years later, his ships and crew all lost...
So the gods changed their minds while I was away. He is almost home. Not yet.

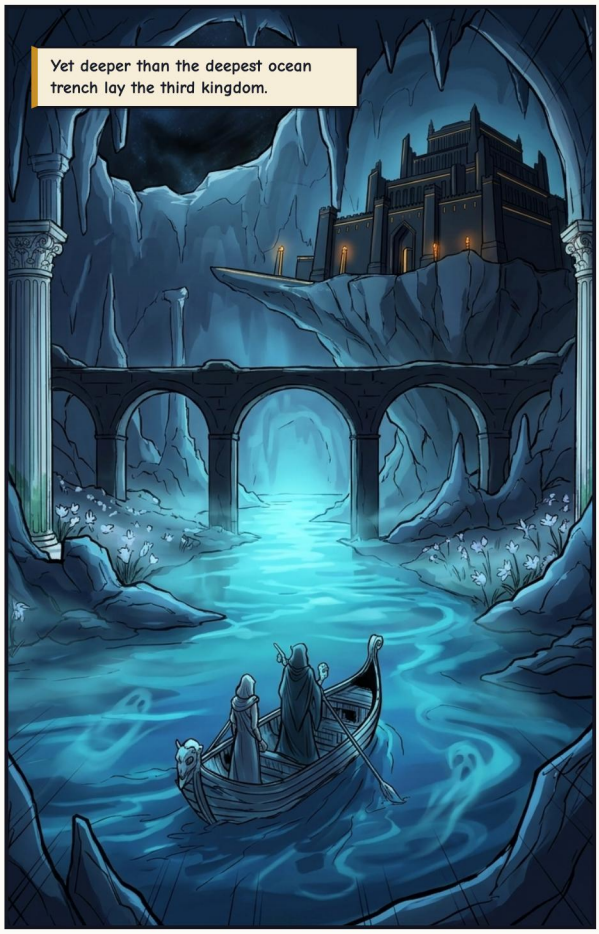

KRRRASH!


Athena bound the winds. But the sea's grudge was not hers to end.

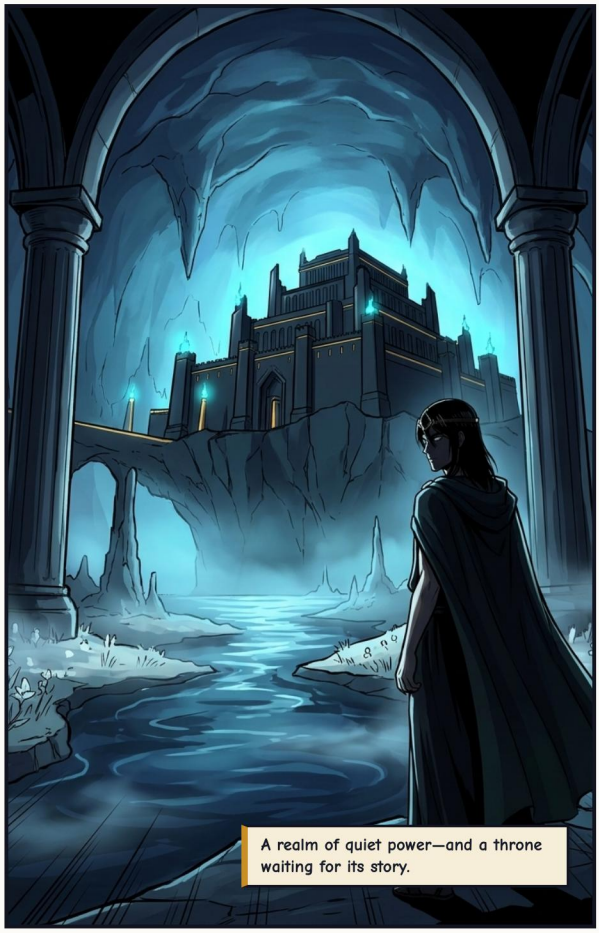



In the land of the dead, a prophet told him how it would end.
Carry an oar inland until a stranger calls it a winnowing-fan. There, plant it —and make your peace with Poseidon.


Above, Zeus ruled the thunder. Across the waves, Poseidon ruled the tide.


Yet deeper than the deepest ocean trench lay the third kingdom.


Let my brothers keep the light. Someone must keep the balance below.


A realm of quiet power—and a throne waiting for its story.


The sea remembers every oath—and every sailor who dares the horizon.
End of Book II · In the next book: Hades, The Throne of Shadows

COLOPHON

Poseidon: Lord of the Deep

Gods of Olympus: Greek Mythology

CLASSICAL SOURCES

Apollodorus (Library 1.2, 3.14); Homer (Iliad 13, 15; Odyssey 1, 5, 9, 11); Hyginus (Astronomica 2.17); Varro in Augustine (City of God 18.9); Virgil (Georgics 1); Herodotus 8.55; Pausanias 1.26. The taming of the sea, the foam-born horse, Athena's Sounion bargain and the fisher family are the series' own.

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WORK IN PROGRESS & FEEDBACK

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