



I DON'T SEE TROIILIS EITHER.

I'M HOPING TO SEE HEKTOR.



HEKTOR! NOW, THERE'S A BRAVE MAN. SWORDS, SPEARS, ANYTHING -- HE DOESN'T CARE. HE LAYS IT ON! STILL, HEKTOR ISN'T TROIILIS. TROIILIS IS THE BETTER MAN.

BY THE GODS, THERE'S NO COMPARISON, UNCLE.



YOU'LL SAY DIFFERENT WHEN TROIILIS REACHES HEKTOR'S AGE, CRESSIDA.

BUT HE'S NOT HEKTOR'S AGE NOW. HEKTOR IS OUR SHIELD. NOT TROIILIS.



HEKTOR IS NOT TROIILIS, NO.

EACH OF THEM IS HIMSELF, UNCLE.



HIMSELF? TROIILIS IS NOT HIMSELF. I ONLY WISH HE WERE. BUT YOU COULD HELP HIM, CRESSIDA. I'VE MENTIONED A THING OR TWO -- HOW TROIILIS COULD BE MORE THAN A SHIELD..

DON'T PRESS ME, UNCLE. I'VE DONE WHAT I CAN.



AH... IF MY HEART WERE IN YOUR BODY--

UNCLE! NOT SO LOUD.



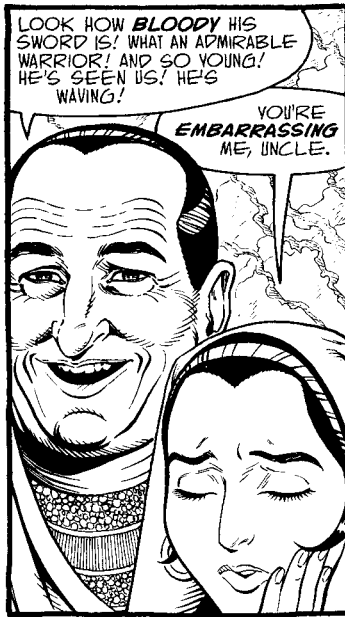
I WISH YOU'D THINK ABOUT IT.

BELIEVE ME, UNCLE, I DO.



THERE HE IS -- IT'S TROILUS! TROILUS! OUR BRAVE PRINCE TROILUS! LOOK AT HIM, CRESSIDA!

CALM DOWN, UNCLE!



LOOK HOW BLOODY HIS SWORD IS! WHAT AN ADMIRABLE WARRIOR! AND SO YOUNG! HE'S SEEN US! HE'S WAVING!

YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME, UNCLE.



LOOK, CRESSIDA -- SEE WHAT HE WEARS ON HIS HELMET?



UNCLE, THAT PIECE OF FABRIC -- IT LOOKS LIKE...



YES, CRESSIDA, IT'S PART OF THE VEIL YOU GAVE HIM. IT INSPIRES HIM IN BATTLE.



