

The Trojan Horse : A Greek Soldier's Lament

The Trojan war. A feud that lasted a decade. Ten long, excruciating years of endless struggle. Ten whole years. We arrived in Troy with the hopes of retrieving what was once ours. And for ten whole years, we hammered against the impenetrable walls of Troy. Day after day, we launched arrows and boulders, yet their walls still stood stiff, mocking us. Some died, some bled, and as that happened, the Trojans laughed behind their walls.

I will never forget the moment that we first spoke of the horse. All that was left inside us was desperation. We were broken – our bodies tired but longed for the relentless thirst for victory that seemed so distant. It was until Odysseus, the cleverest of us all, told everyone his plan – an idea born not from strength, but from the need of cunning, a trait that defined all of us Greek soldiers.

“We must build a horse,” he had said. “A giant beast, hollowed out and large enough to hold our strongest warriors. We will leave it as a gift for their gods. They will take it into Troy, thinking that it is a symbol of surrender. And then, under the cover of the night, we will strike.”

There was an uncomfortable silence. It felt as if Agamemnon, our leader, was watching us in that moment. What had we become? The Greeks, once known as an army who stood shoulder to shoulder in glorious battle, now an army of trickery. Yet it was the only way. And so, the horse was built, an immense structure of deception yet brilliance at the same time. I was one of those chosen to hide within it.

The night we clambered into the horse was the night that our souls died more. The moon hid behind a curtain of clouds, casting the world in an eerie darkness. We squeezed into the horse, our bodies pressing against each other in the stifling heat. I could hear heavy breathing beside me and hearts racing in shared anxiety.

Suddenly, the sound of Trojans' voices carried across the night. Their celebrations filled the air as they believed they had won – believed that we were defeated. The gates of Troy opened, and we were pulled through.

As dawn broke, the Trojans, drunk on their false triumph, began to drift off to sleep. Then, Odysseus gave the signal. Silently, we emerged, stepping cautiously onto Trojan soil. Then, sword and fire, blood and screams. Something twisted in my gut. Was this victory? Was this what we had fought for? To see homes burn, to hear the cries of the innocent, all for a woman and some petty grudge? The Trojan horse, both our salvation and our curse. We entered Troy as unseen shadows, but left as monsters, consumed by our hunger for revenge and our lust for glory.