GUIDED BY NEPTUNE, GOD OF THE SEA, THE TROJAN FLEET LANDED ON THE ITALIAN SHORE AT LAST. HERE, AENEAS, SOUGHT OUT THE CAVE OF THE SIBYL, A PROPHETESS OF APOLLO.



THE SIBYL'S LIMBS BEGAN TO TREMBLE, HER EYES STARED WITH FURY.

WARS, HORRID WARS, I VIEW - A FIELD OF BLOOD.



AENEAS PRAYED TO APOLLO AND ASKED A GREAT FAVOUR OF THE SIBYL.

SINCE NEAR YOUR GROVE THE ROAD TO HELL LIES OPEN, CONDUCT ME THROUGH THE REGION VOID OF LIGHT AND LEAD ME LONGING TO MY FATHER'S SIGHT.



THE GATES OF HELL ARE OPEN NIGHT AND DAY, SMOOTH THE DESCENT, AND EASY IS THE WAY, BUT TO RETURN AND VIEW THE CHEERFUL SKIES,

SKIES, IN THIS THE TASK AND MIGHTY LABOUR LIES. INSTRUCTED BY THE SIBYL, AENEAS BROUGHT A GOLDEN BRANCH FROM THE TREE OF A SACRED GROVE. IT WAS A PRESENT FOR THE QUEEN OF THE UNDERWORLD.

NOW, TROJAN, TAKE THE WAY THY FATES AFFORD, ASSUME THY COURAGE AND UNSHEATHE THY SWORD.



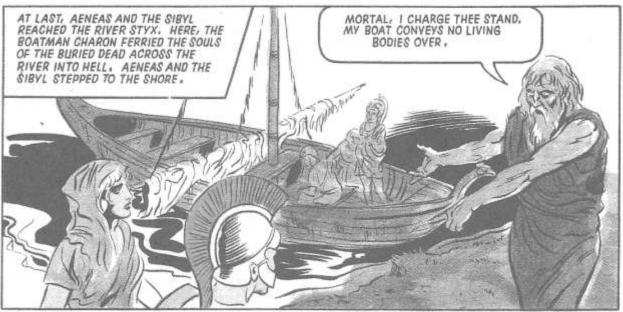


AENEAS AND THE SIBYL WENT DOWNWARD INTO HER CAVE. THEY MADE SACRIFICE TO THE GODS OF THE UNDERWORLD AT THE SHORE OF A BLACK RIVER LEADING TO HELL.

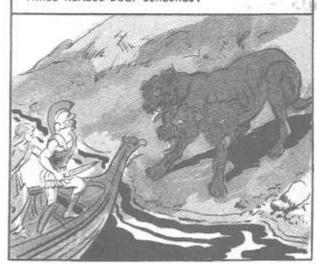


THEY WANDERED DOWN AND DOWN INTO THE DISMAL JAWS OF HELL, PAST THE CAVES OF CARE, SORROW, FAMINE, DEATH AND STRIFE, HORRIBLE SHAPES REACHED OUT AT THEM.





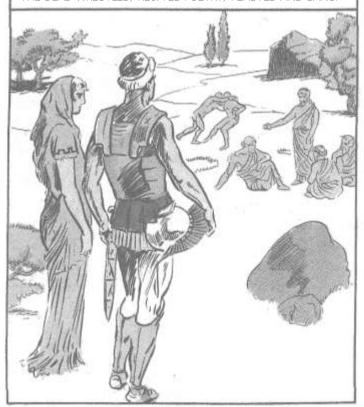
THE SIBYL SHOWED CHARON THE GOLDEN BOUGH, AND HE FERRIED THEM ACROSS, BARRING THE WAY ON THE OTHER SHORE STOOD THE FORCE THREE-HEADED DOG, CERBERUS.



THE SIBYL THREW DRUGGED MEAT TO CERBERUS, AND HE DEVOURED IT. THEN THE DRUG TOOK EFFECT AND HE FELL ASLEEP.



AENEAS AND THE SIBYL CONTINUED ON. THEY ENTERED ELYSIUM, THE JOYFUL DWELLING OF THOSE WHO HAD BETTERED LIFE. AT THE BLESSED GROVES, THE GHOSTS OF THE DEAD WRESTLED, RECITED POETRY, FEASTED AND SANG.



AT LAST, AENEAS AND THE SIBYL FOUND ANCHISES, AENEAS' FATHER, WHO GREETED HIS SON WITH OPEN ARMS.

WELCOME
O LONG EXPECTED TO MY
DEAR EMBRACE /
ONCE MORE 'TIS GIVEN ME
TO BEHOLD YOUR FACE.



AFTER FATHER AND SON EMBRACED EACH OTHER, ANCHISES REVEALED TO AENEAS THE SECRETS OF ETERNITY. HE SHOWED AENEAS THE MULTITUDE OF MEN, AS YET UNBORN, WHO WOULD DESCEND FROM THE TROJAN RACE.

AUSPICIOUS CHIEF! THY RACE IN TIMES TO COME SHALL SPREAD THE CONQUESTS OF IMPERIAL ROME.



AT LAST, ANCHISES TOOK LEAVE OF HIS SON. AENEAS RETURNED TO THE UPPER AIR AND SET SAIL WITH HIS MEN ALONG THE ITALIAN COAST.

