



POSEIDON

I am sad to join my brother in criticism of the people descended from my union with Cleito, and who, under the wise rule of Atlas and his brothers, built up such a just, peaceful and prosperous nation. Who can not admire the institutions they evolved, the discoveries they made, the machines they invented, chariots pulled by invisible horses, ships like islands, buildings with wings hurled into the air with prodigious power, cities glittering like constellations in the night?

But all this, as Zeus has said, is due to orichalc, essence of forests that grew millions of years ago, pressed under primeval seas, which they found, pumped out and burned to power their machines. They find it even in my domain, erecting monstrous towers bedded on the bottom to pump it out. Then they carry it around the world in those iron islands, spilling crude black pollution in the oceans, even before they burn it to pollute the skies. Their fleets of ships with nets sweep the fish from my seas, to feed their greed. Even the greatest of all sea creatures, the whales are killed in a murderous hunt for rare oil.

No I cannot defend them if Gaea's health is threatened, and the seas depleted and poisoned. It is tragic to see them grow in arrogance and pride, treating nature as an enemy and looting Gaea's treasures, losing the wisdom that taught them how to live in harmony. But I plead for a lenient sentence, not destruction, perhaps a warning in the form of little storms to frighten them into humility and prudence. I can destroy their sea towers, sink their boats, flood some coastal plains, and persuade them to reduce their headlong consumption and conspicuous waste.

If it is not too late, it seems a pity to invoke all Gaea's powers to utterly destroy their land, which will also destroy the innocent victims of their aggression and power like Athens and her allies. Athena and Hermes will, I'm sure agree with me.