

All of the wall warriors turned inward to gaze in adoration at their god Pharaoh. He got off his chariot and raised his lance. Technology masked in magic made him heard by everyone on all the miles of wall surrounding the city. “Warriors of Thebes, I thank you for your courage. A terrible enemy is racing our way. This day the gods say these monsters will not get over our walls.” A cheer went up from thousands of voices.

“This day Ra has told me that we destroy our enemy. Set has promised your attacks shall strike with maximum force. Ptah declares your armor will resist all blows. Sebek swears all who pass into the next life eat at his table tonight. Thoth tells us what we learn today allows us to defend against this enemy for the next thousand years.”

The cheers of relief were thunderous. Even the Waspian two miles away halted their progress at the sound along the walls of Thebes.

“I, your Pharaoh stand here and swear not to retreat, knowing the monsters won’t get over the wall. I stand here along side the brave men and women of Thebes vowing victory is assured by the gods. I stand here and as the gods protect my divine body I share that protection with all of you.”

The Pharaoh took a battle stance. Everyone on the wall turned to face the enemy again. Not one of them feared for their lives.

“Look!” shouted one of the wall guards.

The bugs were one mile away from the city. The leading monstrous insects were still cutting away at the succulent poison plants as other Waspian pulled the cut plants away, bundled them up in large batches and walked them back to their nest. The terrible stench and the frightful buzzing were ignored. The vast army of giant black insects marched forward and extended three miles long. The back of the army could be seen. Hundreds of Waspian twitched dead on the ground. Victims of the poison plants; hopeful defenders guessed there were hundreds more dead under the feet of the approaching creatures.

The battle at the wall would still be terrible, but the poison had done its job and would continue to do its job reducing the number of monster bugs.

At four hundred yards the heavy crossbow bolts, laden with hemlock arced out. In the mass of giant invaders, deadly hits couldn’t be noted. Everyone knew the bolts must have hit something as the bugs were tightly packed. More metal bolts arced out, but the process slowed as the weapons needed to be cranked open before reloading.

At one hundred yards, the bows on the walls sent a cloud of arrows arcing up into the sky. More arrows, tainted with the hemlock, flew after the first flights.

At twenty-five yards, the javelin throwers hurled their poisoned missiles. Wave after wave of javelins struck at individuals in the mass racing for the walls.

“Oil!” screamed Cam-Thoth-A.