



The Legend of Pheidippides

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Excerpt

The Athenian hills were merciless, their jagged, sun-scorched stones biting into the tattered remnants of Pheidippides' leather sandals with each strained step. His feet, raw and blistered from days of relentless running, throbbed with a pain so deep he feared it had pierced into his very bones. The frayed, dust-stained straps of his sandals had long ceased to offer any real protection. Each stride sent shocks through his swollen muscles, yet Pheidippides felt as though he were gliding, his mind numb to the agony that threatened to consume him. Only his purpose remained, clear and urgent, bound to him as tightly as the hastily written message strapped to his belt.

The memory of the past week's events flashed before his eyes, triggered by each dull thud of his feet against the earth and a desire to quicken time's passing. Just a day earlier, he had been chosen as the *hemerodromos* —the swift-footed messenger—entrusted with delivering a plea to the Spartan ephors for aid, leaving what felt like the entirety of Athens' fate resting on his shoulders.

About the Author

Maddy is a fourth-year student in the Physics and Astronomy Co-op program at the University of Waterloo, with a strong passion for both Classical Studies and creative writing. Ancient civilizations have fascinated her for as long as she can remember. Working on Epic Threads has provided a unique opportunity to bring together her curiosity and love for the classical world.

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