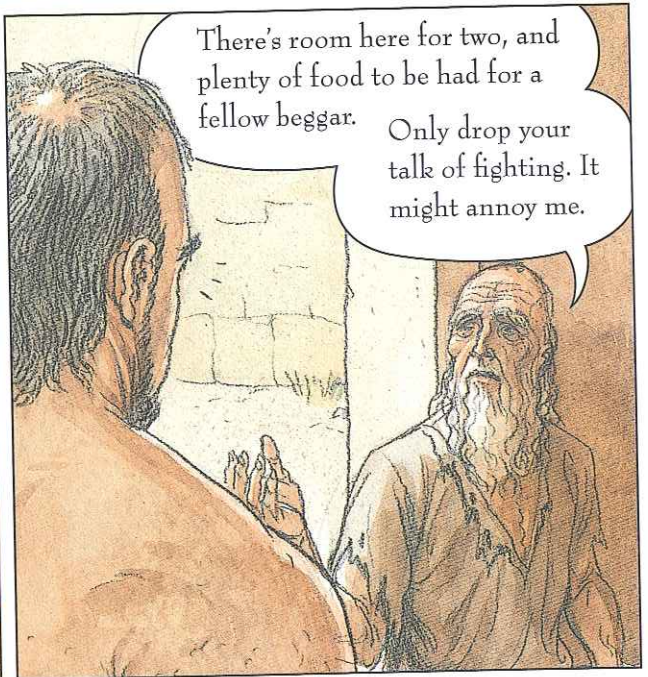


Get up, old man, and shove off. You're sitting in my place.



There's room here for two, and plenty of food to be had for a fellow beggar. Only drop your talk of fighting. It might annoy me.

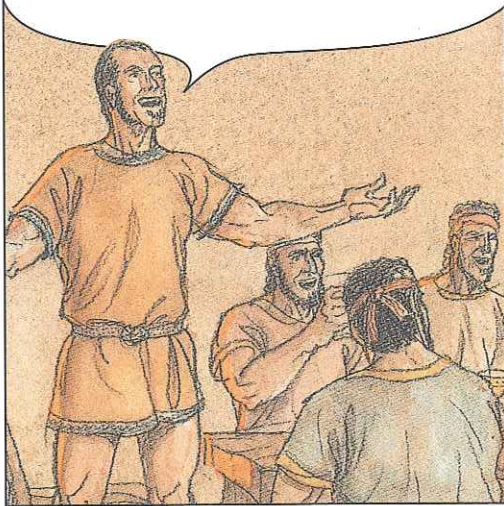


Oho! Listen to him! Rough talk. I'll knock every tooth out of your head, old fool.

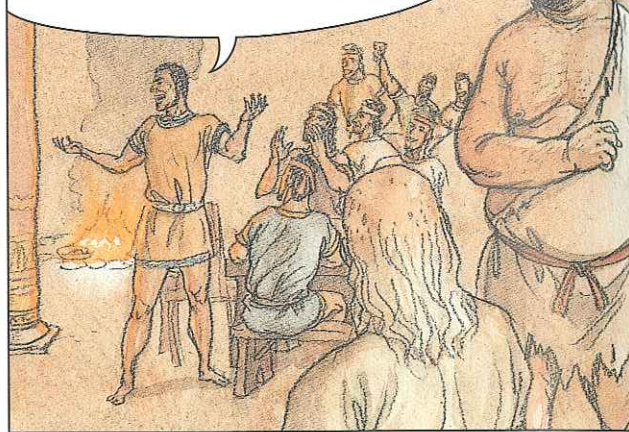




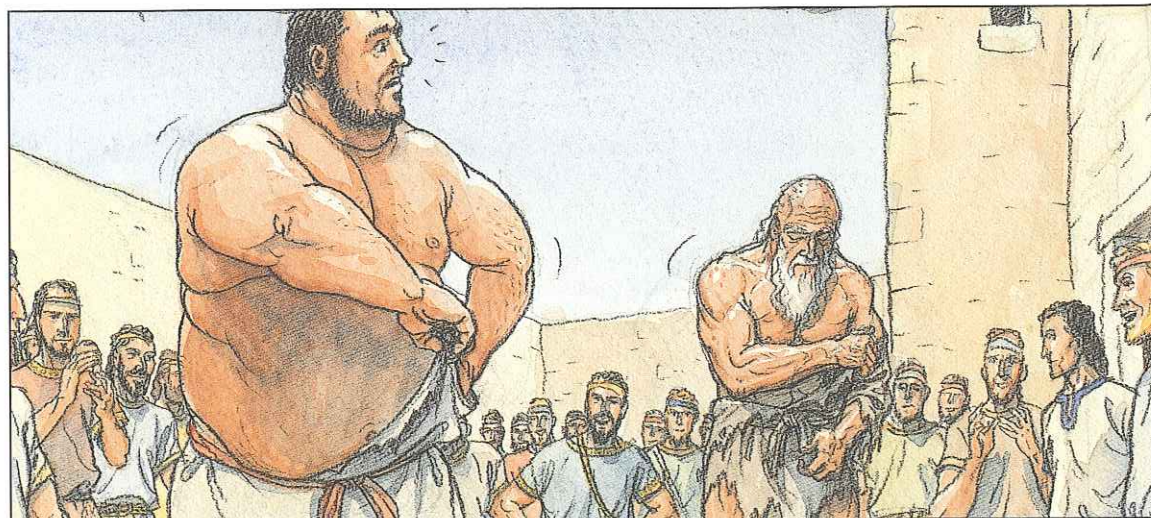
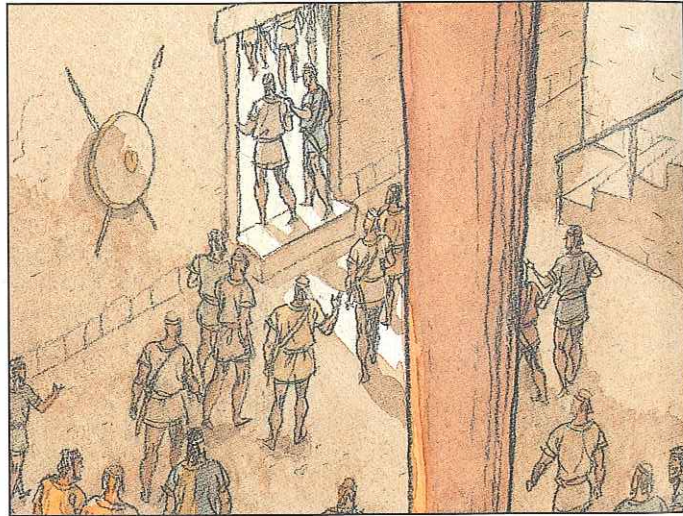
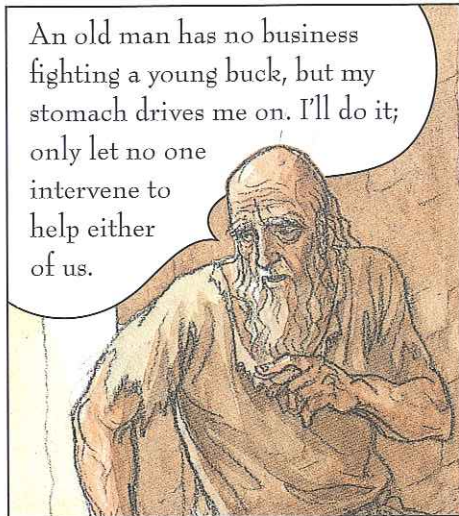
Friends, what have we here? The gods have sent us such an entertainment as we never could have hoped for: Irus and the stranger will fight for their supper!



Listen now, whoever wins this bout will have the choicest dinner meat: the goat's stomach stuffed with blood and fat, lying there on the fire. And the loser will never come begging round here again!



An old man has no business fighting a young buck, but my stomach drives me on. I'll do it; only let no one intervene to help either of us.



What a build!

The thighs this fellow had under his rags!

Irus asked for it, and now he'll get it.



You spineless sack of guts! Afraid of an old man? Listen to me: if you let him beat you, I'll ship you off to King Echitus in Epirus. I hear he likes to skin men alive, after he rips out their guts to feed to his hunting dogs.

