

# Execution-style

I say *The State*, but meet the main-man stage-managing the case against me: (Anytus\*), wealthy son of an industry mogul

Which is *the* reason he's now a powerful politician

Before that, Dad's-wheel-greasing was also integral in making him: General of a War Fleet

How did he handle himself in the heat of battle? Well ... 10 years ago, he was charged with:

*treason* - for: failing to fire a shot when everyone was relying on him to complete his mission

But here's the real beauty of money - he got off. Coz ... : he bribed the jury - literally the first human to ever do it. A true visionary

Once the verdict was in, i was given a chance to: *Beg* The Mercy of THE Court

*What punishment ought you get for your crimes, then, in your opinion?*

I was meant to recant, say: *exile*. Give everyone a way out

But to hell with that. I replied:

*How 'bout a small government-paid stipend, in perpetuity ... ?*

*Enough for meals at the community centre is fine. I'm already seventy ... so ....great deal financially for ya tax-funded ORG entity*

*Make it: In appreciation of how well (redacted) fought - for free - to reveal a threat to public health & safety. Namely: The Establishment's Thought-Control Mentality...*

They don't go for that, as we've covered. Too intoxicated by their love affair with their own roiling malice

(Guesses)

Fittingly, the end is: a *poisoned chalice* - hemlock - concocted by the resident alchemist

The scene is ... eerily deja vu: a secluded prison cell, a government actor, bearing a cup - of condemnation - but - a congregation of friends gathered - an intimacy - the way it was always meant to be

I'm ready to be set free: spiritually

With a steady hand, i cheerfully accept the cup - crack one last joke with the alchemist: *Does the occasion call for a libation? Ok if i pour a portion of the wine on the ground for the GODS? How 'bout it?*

He says, straight-faced: *That's not allowed. The amount is bespoke. Scientifically calculated to do the job*

*Ohrr. Pity. Then here's to my soul's journey to infinity ...*

I lift the cup to my lips, drain it in one gulp

By so doing, i transcend death

With my dying breath i say: *i owe a cockerel to Asclepius.* (the last person to become a God \*) *Don't forget to pay it*

My friend, Crito, doesn't forget, & ... it works!

Lurking from beyond the grave, I still play a foundational role in: *THE Golden Age of Philosophy*

Schools of which'll run fine as veritable fountains of wisdom ...for: another 900 years after i'm bodily gone

Right up until the Dark Ages ... & counting

(Guesses)

Ans: Socrates

\* **Anytus** - born to money princeling - failed military leader charged with treason - jury briber - political elite - driving force in the case against Socrates

\* **Asclepius** - Greek God of Medicine (son of Apollo) was a mortal who became immortalized as a God. Gifted doctor in real life - could reputedly resurrect the dead ... (possible if you knew CPR)

[At length](#) Zeus, afraid that Asclepius might render all men immortal, slew him with a thunderbolt

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Revision #2

Created 13 June 2024 11:03:08 by dulanndrift

Updated 18 June 2024 22:42:48 by dulanndrift