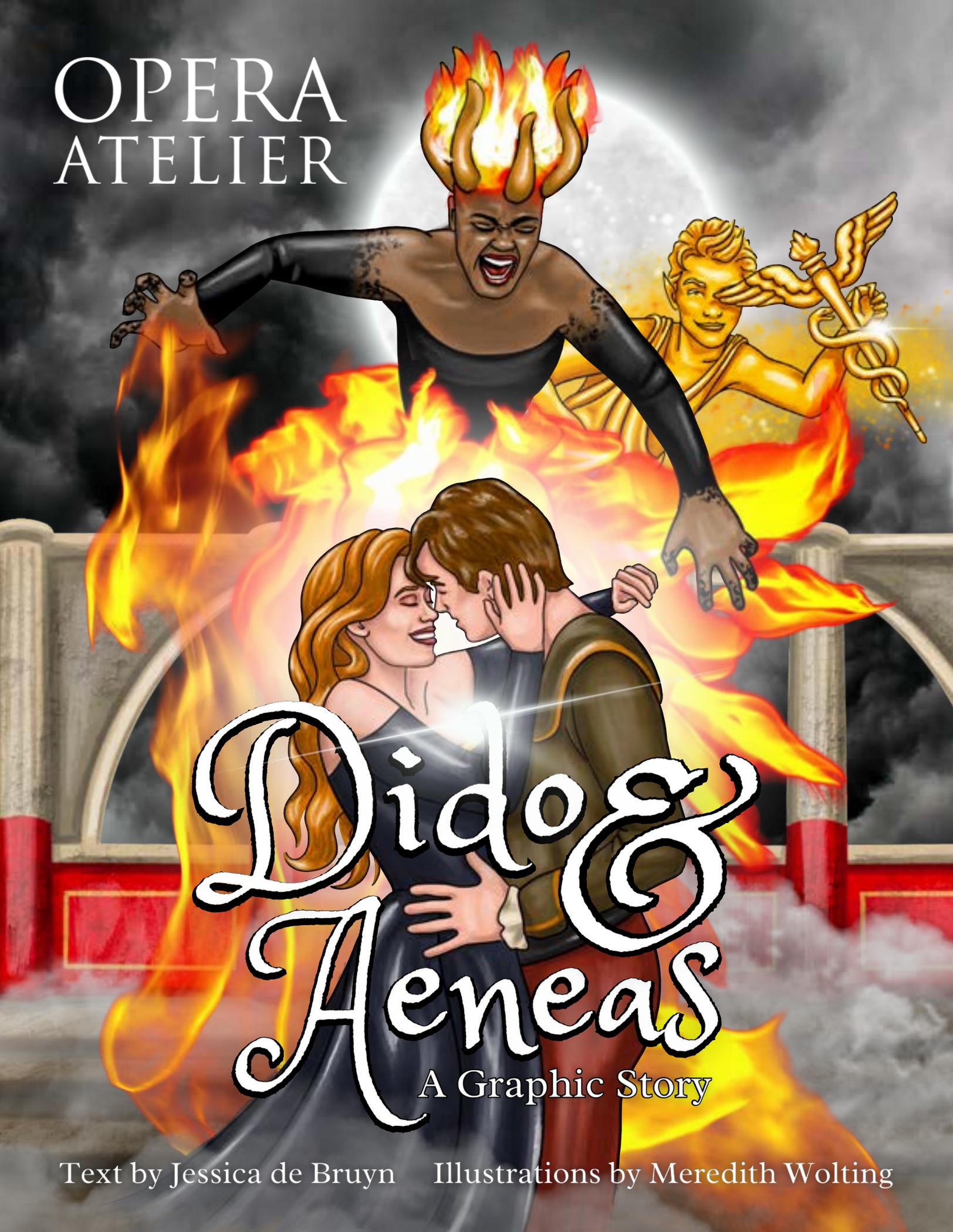


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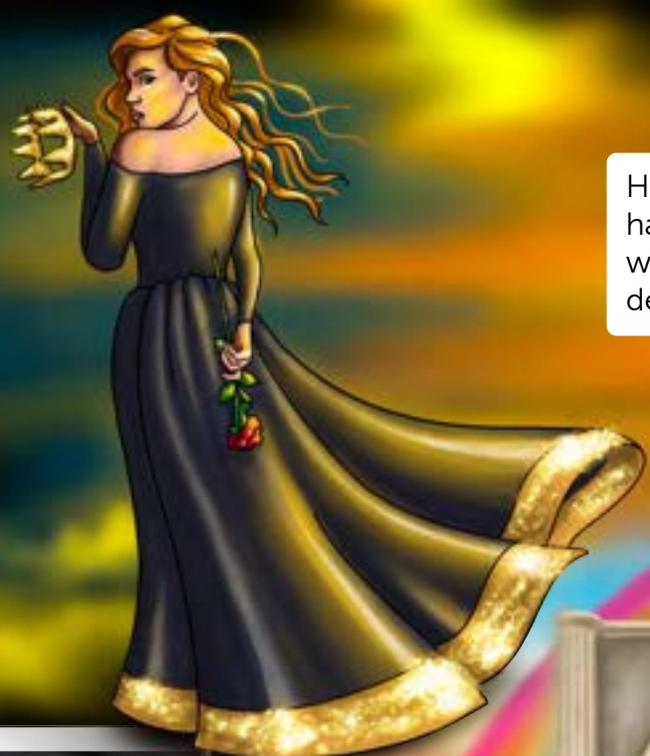


Didon & Aeneas

A Graphic Story

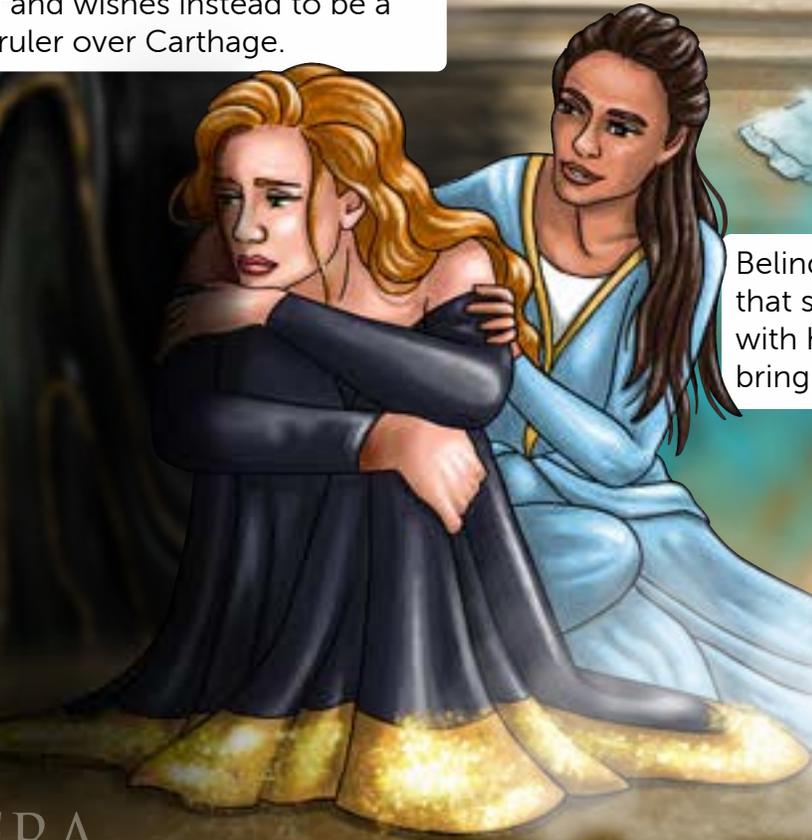
Text by Jessica de Bruyn

Illustrations by Meredith Wolting



Dido, the widowed Queen of Carthage, is tormented by a secret.

Her sister Belinda knows what is wrong. Dido has fallen in love with Aeneas, the heroic prince who has found refuge in her court following the destruction of his home of Troy.



Dido admits that she is in love with Aeneas, but she cannot marry him. She has sworn never to fall in love again and wishes instead to be a wise ruler over Carthage.



Belinda and the Queen's court tell Dido that she shouldn't worry. Aeneas is in love with her and their marriage would joyfully bring together both of their kingdoms.

*When monarchs unite,
how happy their fate,
they triumph at once
o'er their
foes and their fate.*

An illustration of Aeneas and Dido in a courtyard. Aeneas, on the right, is wearing a brown tunic and red trousers, looking towards Dido. Dido, on the left, is wearing a long black dress with a gold hem and a gold band across her shoulders. She has long, flowing red hair. The background features a stone archway with red pillars. The scene is set against a blue sky with clouds. A large, glowing golden ring is visible in the upper right corner. The overall style is a colorful, stylized illustration.

Cupid only throws the dart
That's dreadful to a warrior's heart
And she that wounds
can only cure the smart.

Aeneas arrives at court and
declares his love for Dido.

Dido remains unsure if
she should accept him.

A circular inset illustration showing Aeneas and Dido embracing. Aeneas is on the right, wearing a brown tunic and red trousers, with his arms around Dido. Dido is on the left, wearing a black dress, with her arms around Aeneas. They are both smiling and looking at each other. The background of the inset is a pink and purple starry sky. The inset is surrounded by a white border and is set against a background of purple and pink clouds.

Aeneas assures her that she is his destiny,
and Dido agrees to their marriage.

Meanwhile, an evil Sorceress is determined to destroy Dido and her city of Carthage. She meets with her fellow witches.

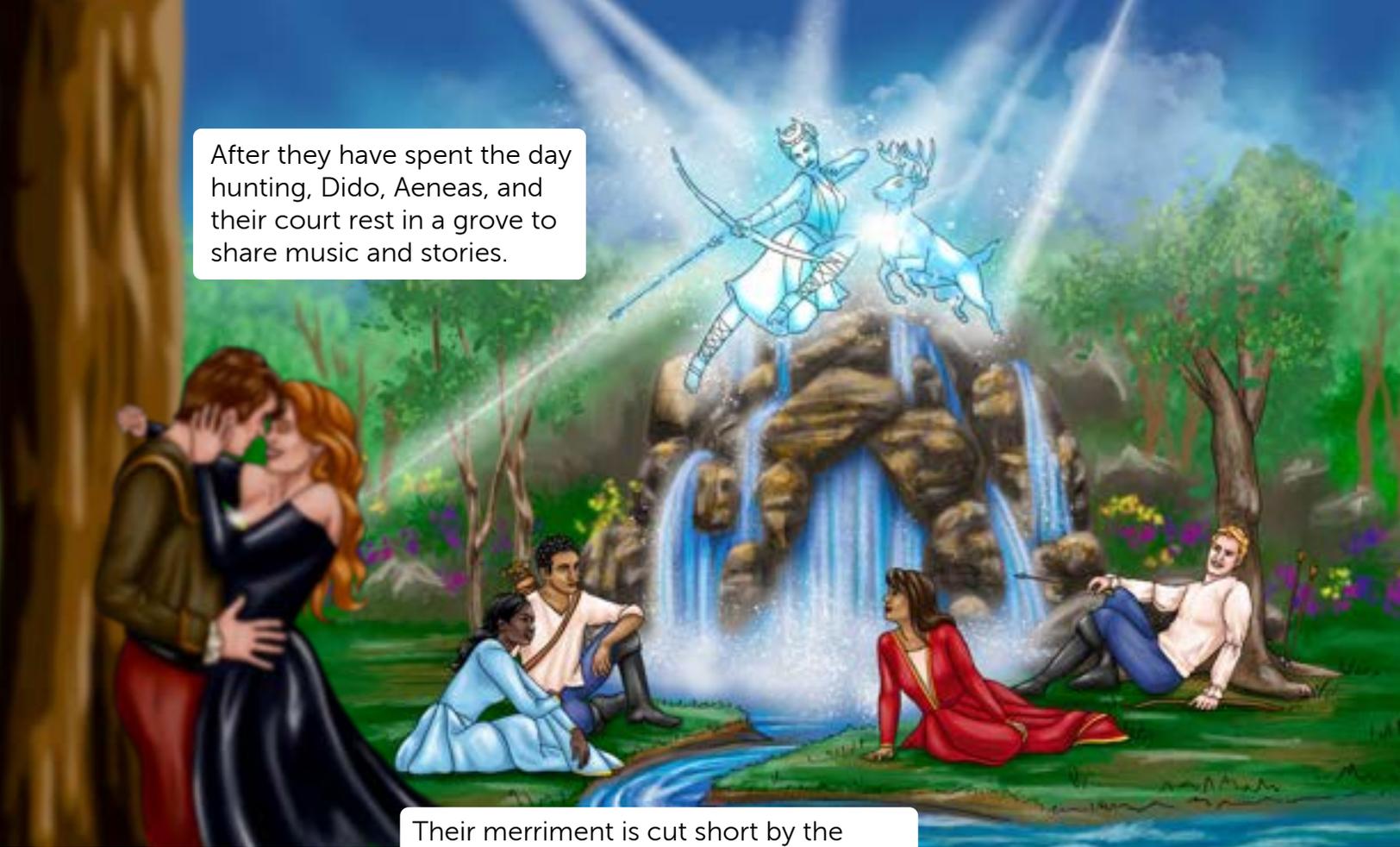
*The Queen of Carthage whom we hate
As we do all in prosperous state
Ere sunset shall most wretched prove
Deprived of fame, of life and love.*

The Sorceress sends her Elf disguised as Mercury, the messenger of the gods, to visit Aeneas during a hunt.

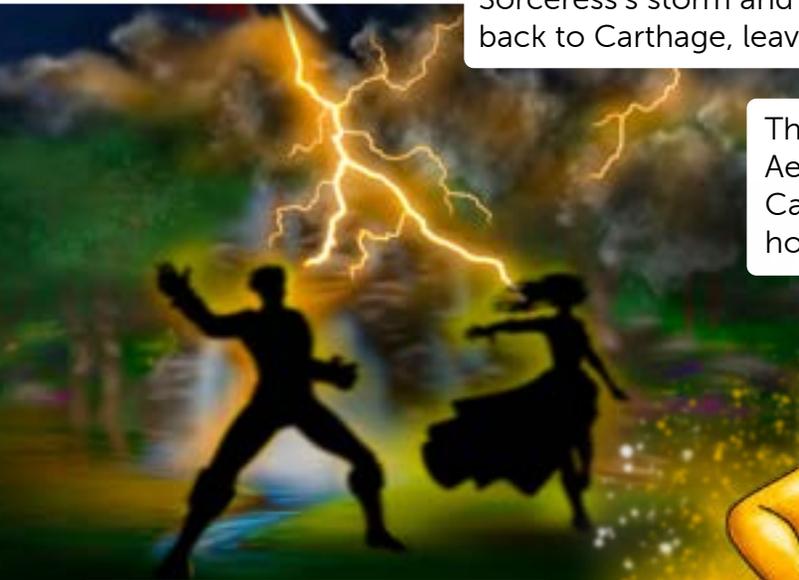
The Elf must convince Aeneas to continue his quest to build a new Troy, which will be the downfall of Dido and her city of Carthage.

The Sorceress then summons a mighty storm to separate the lovers.

After they have spent the day hunting, Dido, Aeneas, and their court rest in a grove to share music and stories.



Their merriment is cut short by the Sorceress's storm and the party rushes back to Carthage, leaving Aeneas alone.



The Elf, now disguised as Mercury, speaks to Aeneas. He tells Aeneas to forsake Dido - to leave Carthage and to follow his destiny to create a new home for the survivors of Troy.



Aeneas does not know what to do, but eventually he agrees to leave Carthage and establish a new kingdom of his own.

He is heartbroken that he will have to leave his love, Dido.



*But, ah!
What language can I try
My injured Queen to pacify?
No sooner she resigns her heart,
But from her arms
I'm forced to part.*

The Sorceress and witches celebrate Dido's misfortune.

Dido will be so heartbroken over losing Aeneas that she will not be able to go on.



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*From the ruin of the others, Our pleasures we borrow,
Dido bleeds tonight, And Carthage flames tomorrow.*



Dido is furious that Aeneas would choose to leave her.

He tries to apologize and even says that he will defy the gods and stay in Carthage, but it is too late.

Dido sends Aeneas away. Everything she feared has come true.

*When I am laid in earth
May my wrongs create no trouble in thy breast
Remember me, but ah! Forget my fate.*



She succumbs to her broken heart and is laid to rest.

*With drooping wings ye Cupids come And scatter roses on her tomb
Soft, soft, and gentle as her heart, Keep here your watch and never part.*

