

3. O Historiador C

Ao erguer a cabeça encarou Napoleão, que repousava o braço no interior do colete, por entre dois botões.

«Também César descansava no fim da guerra», pensou, e recostou-se na cadeira para fechar os olhos.

«Alexandre, que era Alexandre, se descansasse tinha chegado ao Japão», reflectiu enquanto bebia um copo de água.

«Uma noite certa de sono e a história de vários impérios podia ter sido outra», e o historiador endireitou as costas e regressou ao livro que produzia há meses, sem interrupção.

Empertigando-se sobre as curtíssimas pernas, num único gesto o imperador mandou avançar a cavalaria, e em força. Fez-se história.

3. *The Historian C*

Raising his head, he faced Napoleon, who rested his arm inside the vest, between two buttons.

Caesar, too, was resting at the end of the war, he thought and leaned back in his chair to close his eyes.

"Alexander, who was Alexander, if he had rest, would have come to Japan," he reflected as he drank a glass of water.

"A definite night's sleep and the history of various empires could have been a different one" and the historian straightened his back and returned to his book, he was writing for months without interruption.

Perching on his very short legs, the emperor, in one gesture, sent the cavalry forward, and in force.

History was made.