



Cloudy with a Chance of Creativity

A Book of Myths by Mrs. Berg's Titan English 7 Class
('17-'18)

Foreword

Fair reader,

Have you ever wondered about the origin of lightning, sharks, waves, sunsets, sports, or jealousy? Have you ever pondered the nature of love and competition? Journey through the following myths to learn about these topics and more!

In May, after studying *Ancient Greece* and its mythology in Social Studies and epics, legends, and myths in Language Arts earlier in the year, Mrs. Berg's Period 3/4 English class crafted and illustrated this book of *Ancient Greek* myths. They worked hard to stir their creativity with music, fuel their brains with motifs and background of *Ancient Greek* mythology and culture, and revise their myths into spellbinding tales of adventure and insight.

In the pages beyond, discover pleasure and insight related to nature, friendship, adventure, love, war, and more. Enjoy!

Your myth makers,

Mrs. Berg's Titan Period 3/4 English class

"The Origin of Lightning"

By : Sommer Gribbin

It was a bright, sunny morning. All the people in the town were dancing and enjoying themselves. Farmers were gardening and getting their magical purple eggs that only grew in that town. Gardeners were growing their flowers that seemed to last forever. I smelled the beautiful scent of the flowers, It made me feel good inside. Everyone was calm. I heard all of the young kids playing their games and having their fun. I also heard workers arriving home from a long night greeting their families.

"Daddy, daddy your home!" That I heard after a knight came back from battle and defending our city. That was the highlight of my day.

I skipped down the road and was saying hi to everyone I know, my white dress and red hair flew in the wind. It was a perfect day.

"Clara, time for dinner." my mom called me.

When I was dancing home my neighbor yelled to me, "Hey, why do you dance so funny?" This is the first of many times I would be made fun of, I was 6.

A few years later my mom, the only parent I had, died of the plague.

After my mom died I fell into a deep state of depression. I didn't feel like doing anything, even though I knew I had to take care of myself. When I did something productive all I would hear were these voices in my head saying everything I did was wrong. But, sometimes, they wouldn't be in my head.

"Hey, you, stop doing that you look like an idiot!" a townsfolk screamed to me, soon before he started laughing.

"You do everything wrong." a random townsfolk came up to me one day and proclaimed. This lasted for all of the rest of my life.

The last, and final, time someone made fun of me, I was 46.

I was fine that day. I was washing my clothes, making my breakfast. Someone had come to my house and knocked on my door. When I opened it, It was the first person who had ever made fun of me, 40 years ago. I recognized him, but I was too shocked and scared to bring it up.

"Hello, Sir, what do you want?" I asked stuttering.

"I want you too... nevermind."

"What is it, I insist?"

"I want you to stay away from everyone and burn in tartarus."

I slammed the door. I wanted to stay calm like I had taught myself to do recently. But, for some reason, I couldn't.

Later that week, I had passed away. I was sick of a very bad flu. It felt like a torch blowing up inside my body, or a falcon coming and eating at my liver everyday, like Prometheus.

When I was in the underworld the Gods called me to Olympus. It sounded like a teacher going over the loudspeaker at a school calling you to the office, but it was even worse.

My only thoughts were *Did you offend the Gods?, Did you do something to make them angry at you?, What's going to happen to me?, 40 years of being made fun of, and now this?*

When I arrived one of the Gods, I was too nervous to pay attention to who spoke, "Clara, you've had a severely tough time in your life. We all have been watching you, and believe it or not, guiding you to this very moment."

I was thinking to myself *Sure, you're guided me, but WHY couldn't it be with good things, not bad!*

"Anyway," the God continued, "We know that you've a very hard time and those townsfolk should not have treated you that way..."

You think? I thought. I didn't say anything in case something good was about to happen.

"So, Clara, we are giving you a gift."

Yes! Something good!

"We are giving you LIGHTNING!" I was excited but I had no clue in Tartarus what that is.

"We know you don't know what that is, so I'll explain it to you. Lightning is a strike of light that beams down from the sky"

Why would you give me this?

"This 'weapon' is for all the people that have treated you wrong." He handed me the beam, as I grabbed it's comfortable surface it changed to fit the size of my hand. My name engraved itself into the beam, **CLARA**.

My first strike was to the one who had hurt me the most, the first one in that.

I held it in my hand, saw where he was in my head (that's a power the wand gave me) and imagined him being struck. All of the sudden I rose, then, so did the other gods.

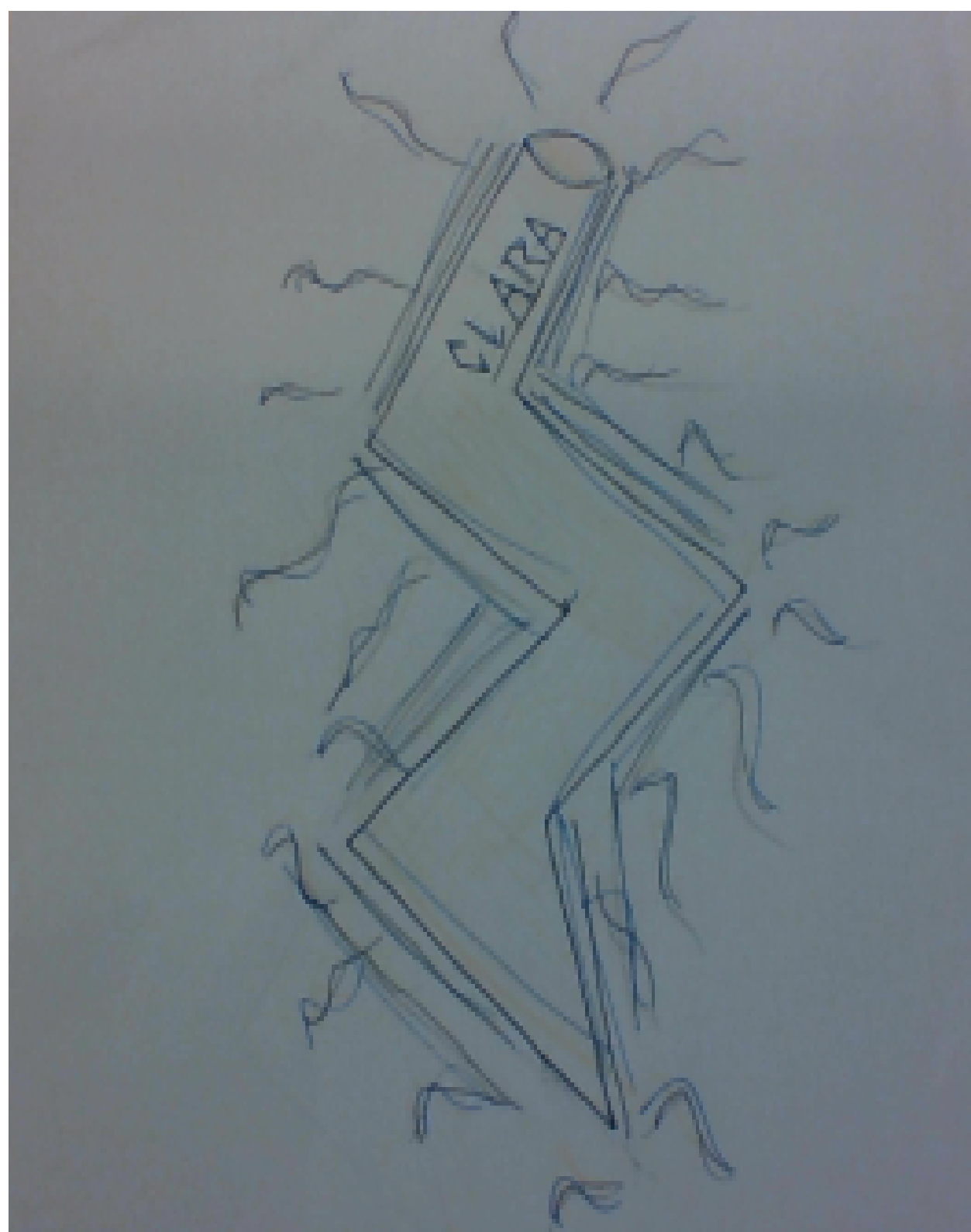
STRIKE! This magical mist of light came down and struck him.

I sat in my new throne for the rest.

There were 156 strikes.

How? I thought, *How could so many people be so mean?* But I also thought, *Wow, I'm a goddess, I have a power I have a purpose, how great?*

So, next time you see lightning, remember, justice will eventually be served.



“The Origin of Rain”

By: Matt Furman, Jorja Reihner, and Isaiah Leasure

It was a bright, hot, summer day. There was a very light breeze, but one could still feel that the birds were chirping in the distance. Rayona was the most handsome king out there, but also the youngest at 21 years old. He had the most beautiful blue eyes that shimmered in the bright sun and long blonde wavy hair that went down to the ladies back, Rayona was tall, standing at 6 ft and 7 inches with long eyelashes and the deepest dimples anyone had ever seen. All of the ladies fell for Rayona, he had no queen, but was looking for the perfect one. One day, he saw a beautiful woman with blond, wavy hair with a curvaceous build and a mix of blue and brown eyes, freckles to complement her towering frame at 6 foot, 2 inches—almost as tall as most men who had wandered into his town. He went to greet her and asked for her name.

“Hello, gorgeous, how is your day?” asked Rayona.

“My day is going like usual,” answered the lady

“May I ask your name, my lady?” Questioned Rayona.

“I do not know,” she implied with a dull voice. “I do not remember anything truly, for only I remember my parents’ faces, and then it’s all a blur,”

Rayona took her to the castle and told her a lie wouldn’t forsaken him. He told her, “You are my beautiful queen and your name is Nacea, the name of my grandmother.”

She believed this and dressed like a queen. The next day she went to Rayona and asked him one question and one question only.

“What is my name?” she whispered extendedly

Rayona refused to answer, and the woman turned into the of goddess Aphrodite. She told him, "You have lied when you should have helped so now you must go,"

Rayoma now seeing what he did cried realizing what he had done. Aphrodite took pity on him and instead of killing him she turned the clouds above. Since he is still crying they will fall from the sky when he is sad. But when he remembers his ex-wife and how he left her on the side of the crusty street he gets all happy inside, and that is why you see a rainbow in the sky after a storm. The lesson is turn negatives into positives, and, now, when it is raining, you will remember how Aphrodite turned him into a cloud



"The Flute"

By: Gabriel Stafford

The sky was peaceful and quiet, a soothing calm before the storm. In a distant land, far from any modern ideas or thought, a wise and old king rules over a quaint village with innovative minds working together in harmony. At the center of all their peace lied a flute that played a beautiful tune that could be heard all through the valley. This flute gave the valley in which they resided great peace, fortune, and harmony between all people and foreigners. To celebrate this peace between all people, the village has an annual peace festival in which the flute is presented and played for the people. The flute is traditionally played at mid day, when the sun is at its highest, but once every five years they play it at midnight. This five year period is known as the Lustrum Festival and is one of the most important festivals that the village has. Naturally, to honor the great peace on the 5th year, they use the most promising flute prodigy that the town has to offer for the midnight performance. The king at the time, King Starzus the 11th, picks who plays for all the people in the Lustrum Festival, and like every other year, he picks his son, Methodolis. Methodolis was an extremely gifted musician, with nimble fingers to show for it, but he didn't have very good sense.

When the night of the festival came, the whole crowd was exhilarated to find their prodigal flutist playing for them. But just before the festival songs began, the young prince tried to tune his instrument, a seemingly harmless event that would seem only natural to any other musician, but not for this instrument. You see the only way this peace and fortune is attained by the flute is specific note that is played only once every year, the tune is so perfect, it brings harmony to all the valley shielding it from the rampant war lord to the east of them, the savages to west of them, and the undead to north of them. Now the time has come for the song, and prince Methodolis prepares for the music to be played, and just as he blows the first sacred note, the whole valley goes silent. A roar is heard echoing through the valley, the sky goes dark, marching is heard, a massive force moving their way. The king calls for a meeting with all the wisest and oldest villagers.

"We are weak and powerless, we have no armed forces to defend ourselves with, not so much as a shred of military skill is found in this town, all because that son of yours couldn't play a simple note properly, so much for a prodigy." Said Brashuz, being quite rude and brash about the whole situation.

"Know your place Brashuz, you know nothing of what is happening, we've lived peacefully in this valley for hundreds of years, we've managed to have a neutral state with our neighbors for longer, what makes you think that once the spell is lifted we won't be at the least on good terms with our close allies?" Retorted the king's advisor.

The whole court goes silent, tensions are too high for anyone to risk angering the other, then the king spoke.

"We must not stand idly by and wait to see what will happen, we must be proactive, let us talk with our neighbors, I'll send my son the east, and Brazus, you go to the west, I will travel north to speak with the undead, this meeting is adjourned, we move now."

They prepared for their journey, each representative of the kingdom got 3 escorts, which were no more than men who volunteered with spears and knives.

We first follow Methodolos, who travels to the east to speak with the War Lord King. They reached the beach encampment of the rampaging warlord's army. The warlord at first was extremely reluctant, which is only natural, it is only in his nature to conquer completely and destroy everything in his wake. But the king's son, of course used his brilliant cunning to persuade the war lord.

"Your highness I have a proposition for you, if you so choose, answer my riddle, my only request is that you let me set the terms of our wager." The warlord, now intrigued, accepts the the riddle and the conditions of such.

"If you answer my riddle incorrectly, you move past my village and conquer on past us, but if you get it right, all of our future generations will be slaves to you so long as our village lives on." The king silently motioned for prince Methodolis to say the riddle, he couldn't lose after all, he was too powerful for this tiny man to trick him.

"I am two faced but only bare one, I have no legs, but I travel widely. Men spill much blood over me, kings leave their imprint on me. I have the greatest power when given away, yet lust for me keeps me away, what am I?" The king was flustered, he knew not what the answer could be. He spent all his time conquering, he was a king, but nothing he knew of had two faces like the young prince had told him.

"Sire, if you please, I shall hand you the answer, as I have it right here" and at that moment the prince pulled a small coin out of his pocket and tossed it to the Warlord king. "A coin has two faces which is commonly of the king or ruler, they travel widely due to rampant spending, which gives the coin its power, and people will save their money over time." The king had no clue how to react, he was humiliated, all he could do was summon them away and keep his word to pass over the land.

We now go to King Strazus who had arrived at the undead fortress to the north. How he got to the fortress itself was a mystery, he was resting a distance away from it, then he awoke in a room with a few signs over it. One of the signs read, *"This is the place of initiation into the fortress. If you want council, you must solve a puzzle, but be warned, if you fail in your attempts to complete this puzzle you join the rest who have failed in eternal suffering."* The king was left with no choice but to solve the puzzle, they would surely grant his request if he could beat them at their own game. He looks around and sees a corpse lying on the ground, barely intact. He looks some more and sees a small bench with cobblers tools on the side, he turns a little more and sees a sandal sitting on a stool in the light of a torch with a small sign above it. *"Take what you need for a journey to the underworld, but choose wisely. Which do you desire the most, a friend that can stay with you*

through all the troubles, a simple fix to your soles' desire, comfort and ease, or an unbeaten path to walk. Choose wisely, you can only pick one to carry with you." Starzus had a difficult choice to make, should he walk the path alone, in ease, or in mild discomfort. After hours of restless thinking, he had it. The wise king grabbed the shoe and placed it upon the bench with the cobbler's tools on it, he fixed the shoe, just enough to make a journey bare able to his weary feet, but instead of taking the shoe and placing it on his own feet, he fitted them onto the tattered corpse. At that moment the dead man rose to his feet, "Thank you wise king, you have answered my puzzle with thought and care, just as it was meant to be solved. My Kind are fair people, and to finally prove this to you, I will grant you one wish that my people and I can fulfil." the king explained his situation to the undead man, and made his plea to him. It didn't take long to convince the undead man, and after the encounter, Starzus awoke at his camp site. There was a small notepad next to him, there was writing on it as well, it read, "Your request has been filled, safe travels back from where you came, with regards, the undead king." King Strazus now pleased with his work returned home to see if all his other ambassadors had succeeded in their task to save the village.

The king arrived home and was greeted by his friends and family, the person he most enjoyed seeing was his son, who had completed his task as well.

"Have you seen Brashuz anywhere," said the king.

"No father, I haven't since we first left the village." This concerned the king, what was he doing that took him so long, the villagers would have been killed on sight if they were not wanted, they were no threat to anyone. Almost the next instant, the world felt as if it had frozen, Brashuz was riding home on a small horse, but behind him were the barbarians that he had been sent to specifically keep away. Brashuz rides up to the town and yells to the king, "Sire, your rule is over, I have all the power that you ever wished and more, I am now king, and I will conquer all of our new 'allies', they will join me and we will become an unstoppable force." The king was not surprised at this turn of events, he almost knew it was going to happen. "Brashuz you can become king if you so wish, you have all the power you need, but keep track of your thoughts, they are what truly makes a good leader." Brashuz laughed off the wise king's advise, what use does he have for strategy when he can just simply terrify all other armies into submission.

"Okay old man I'll use my head for this, why waste an armies strength when I could just simply outsmart you." said Brashuz

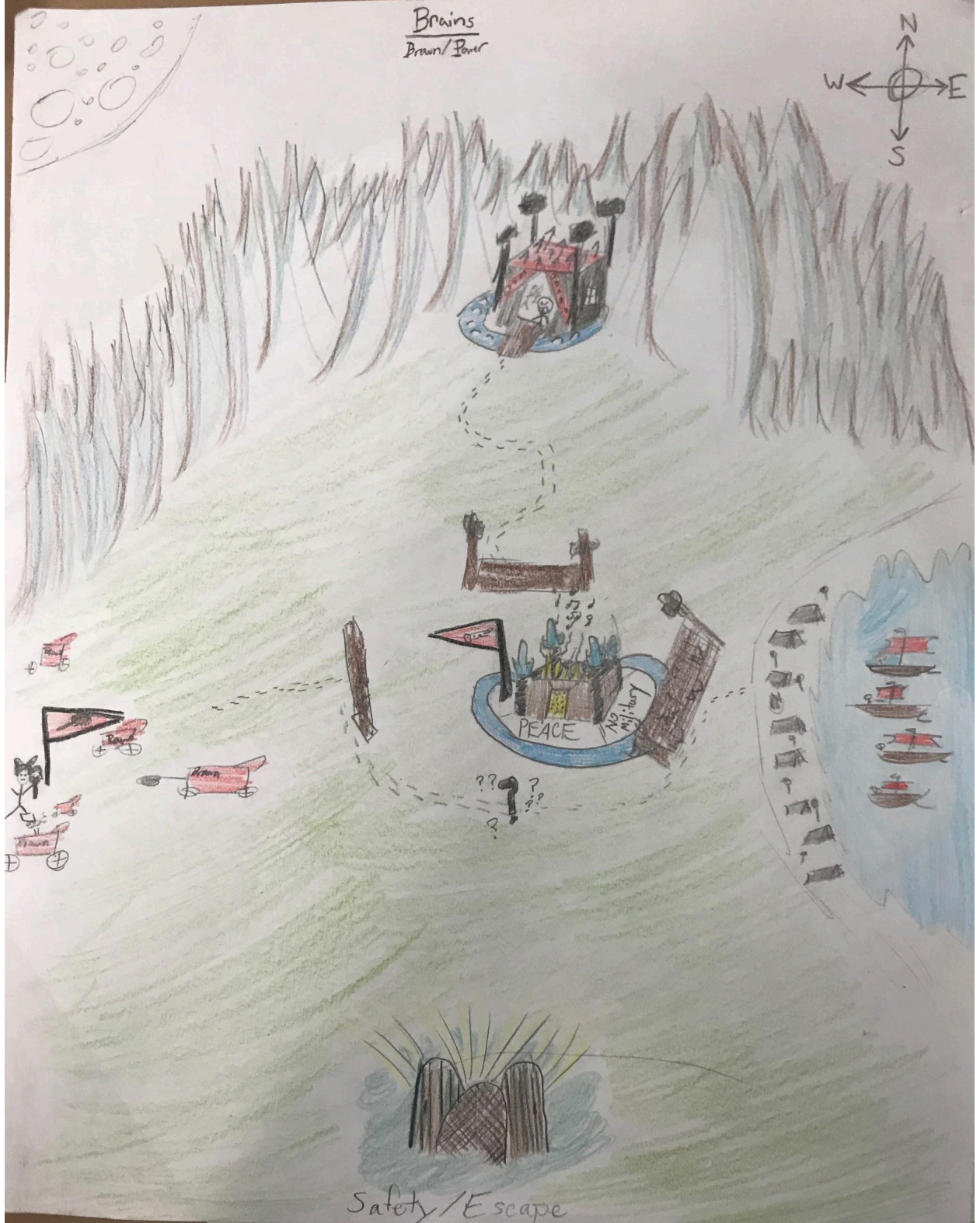
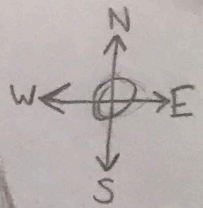
"Okay," replied the king, "Then I have a question for you, what and who is a ruler's duty to." Brashuz replied quickly with, "A ruler's duty to the people is none, they must serve him only, all he is obligated to do for them is to accommodate their basic needs and that's all." his brutish army overheard what he had said, they were selfish people, they wanted to get everything that was owed of them. They had no obligation to this man, what were they doing following someone who won't allow them to loot and become rich off war and plundering. The army just walked off leaving Brashuz behind, they didn't want to plunder such a small place, just a waste of time and resources.

The king ordered his new guard to take Brashuz away and lock him in a holding cell and wait for further instructions. The town cried out in a mighty cheer that could heard all throughout the neighboring kingdoms. They were safe again and freed from their fear and borderline tyranny that was luckily avoided.

Don't be selfish and blunt, think of all people and be kind to those around you. Not all problems can be solved with power, think about your problems and they can be done more effectively and cleanly.

Fin.

Brains
Brown/Powr



"Dreams and Nightmares"

By: Ayden Freund, Westin Khoury, Jenna Kolaczynski and Ian Thomas

It was a dull, misty April morning, not a creature was stirring. Dew drops rested on the shreds of grass. The mist from the rain the night before could be smelled throughout the mourning air. The sun was arising and the birds started to sing. Dreama was a beautiful, happy woman who granted children's dreams. She had blonde, curly hair and wore only white. She wore a dress spun of delicate white and gold clouds that danced about her. However, her husband was dark, mysterious, and hated people. He had dark, brown eyes and deep black hair. He always wore a jet black suit that buttoned up his neck. The black suit made him look like a black cat. For he was Nightmareo. Dreama and Nightmareo were gods, but did not know what they were gods of yet until they made their marks on the world. They both shared the ability to put thoughts into someone's mind. Nightmareo was once a kind, handsome young man but his fate was that he was going to grow up to be evil. His father was an evil man who haunted children in their sleep and it was Nightmareo's job to continue his work. Dreama and Nightmareo have been married for fifteen years and they avoided the subject that destiny was not too well for Nightmareo. However, as the days went on, Nightmareo became more dark.

"Look! Look!" Dreama cried out.

"What is it?" worried, he came running over as if it was for his life.

"This child's thoughts are wonderful. All because of me! What would the world do without me?" Dreama bragged.

Nightmareo never liked Dreama's arrogance. It was as annoying as a little boy crying in the middle of the night. However, Nightmareo knew that there are well and unwell parts to everyone so he always was able to let it go. Now, Nightmareo was losing his ability to be joyful and make other people happy, so, he did the best thing for the relationship and divorced her immediately. Nightmareo ran out to the forest looking visibly distraught. As the rain began to pour down. He vowed he was going to take revenge on her. Knowing Dreama enjoyed making children's thoughts happy he decided he was going to make everyone in the world have nightmares. Nightmareo felt pleased with himself. Dreama could not let this happen.

One day Dreama and Nightmareo met in the deep, dark forest and had a great battle. At first, Dreama tried blasting him with characters from her dreams, but Nightmareo would stop the characters with his own. After days of fighting, Nightmareo was victorious in the great battle. But that did not stop Dreama from making children have joyful thoughts. In the end, it proved to be a completely unnecessary battle that changed nothing.

"What now?" Dreama questioned. Nightmareo and Dreama exchanged looks of confusion. AS they stood around each other waiting for something else to happen.

"You have made your mark!" Zeus' voice rained down from the sky. "Dreama, the goddess of dreams, and Nightmareo, the God of nightmares." He continued, "All the thoughts in children's heads from Dreama shall now be called 'dreams.' And all the evil thoughts from Nightmareo are to be called 'Nightmares.'" There is both light and dark in the world and it would be unrealistic for there only to be happy thoughts.

Now when you now have a dream or nightmare, you know the story of Dreama and Nightmareo. You will know how the couple discovered what they were gods and goddesses of and how Nightmareo could not escape his fate. Remember, you cannot escape your fate because your fate is your destiny and cannot be prevented.



Drawing by Ayden Freund
"The Sun and Moon Curse"

By: Virginia Pham and Madalynn Morris

The Mikaelson family, also known as the Originals, consisted of Esther, Mikael, Freya, Finn, Elijah, Niklaus, Kol, Rebekah, and Henrik. Before the children were born, Esther was not able to have a child. So Esther went to her sister Dahlia for help, as she was an incredibly powerful witch. Since Esther decided to not practice magic, she could not help herself. Dahlia helped her sister, but for a price. The first born child would have the most power; Dahlia wanted to channel it to be stronger.

She demanded, "I want the first born child of every Mikaelson generation to come," When she made the deal, Esther did not know the love she would have for the child. Once Freya turned 5, Dahlia took her.

Esther told Mikael, "Freya died of the Plague." She didn't want her sister to take Freya, so she promised herself that she would grow stronger to assure her children would never lose their first born. This is how Esther became remarkably powerful.

Niklaus, was not Mikael's son. Esther had had an affair with a village werewolf and got pregnant. Scared of what he would do, Esther returned to her husband. She gave Niklaus a necklace that would always protect him, but it weakened him so he would never be strong enough to kill and trigger the wolf curse. One early morning, Henrik was killed right outside their village. He was killed by their biggest threat- men and women that could transform themselves into wolves on the full moon. The Mikaelson's were devastated, but none more than Niklaus as he was the one who took Henrik to watch the wolves turn that night. Scared and desperate, their father, Mikael, forced their mother Esther, to cast a spell that would give the family immortality, this was called the immortality spell, better known as vampirism.

But there were consequences to the spell. The spirits turned on them, for every strength there was a weakness. The sun became their enemy, it kept them indoors for weeks. Esther found a magical solution- a daylight ring. The white oak tree that provided them with life could also strip it away, so they burned it to the ground. The worst consequence of all was the hunger, blood made them reborn, so it was blood that they craved the most. Nevertheless, the day came and Niklaus had made his first human kill and triggered the wolf curse. From that moment on, Klaus became Mikael's greatest humiliation. That was the dawn of the vampires, a new top predator species. Everything was heightened for vampires, their senses and feelings intensified. They could only be killed by wood to the heart, the heart being ripped out, or decapitation. Although, for the Originals, they could only be killed by wood from a white oak tree.

It was 776 B.C. in Mystic Falls, Klaus was planning the sacrifice ritual. It was a spell that could lift the hybrid curse and make the first hybrid, the most supreme creature in supernatural history, in this case, Klaus. He wanted to lift the curse as soon as possible, so he created numerous tales about curses in several cultures involving vampires and werewolves, including the Sun and Moon Curse.

In order for Klaus' sacrifice to work, he had to fulfill many requirements. The first thing that was required was a human doppelgänger, and he had planned on using the third Petrova doppelgänger in 146 B.C. However, Katerina found out about his plan and turned herself into a vampire, making her blood useless to Klaus. She then found out about the fourth Petrova doppelgänger, Elena Gilbert. Katerina failed at her attempt to trade Elena's life to Klaus for freedom. Elena was 18 and fell in love with a vampire named Stefan Salvatore, she learned about her eerie resemblance with his ex Katerina, and got more of an interest in the supernatural world, not knowing her connection. She eventually learned about a vampire who was on the run from Klaus, named Rose that she was a petrova doppelgänger. She successfully traded Elena for her freedom. When Klaus threatened her loved ones, Elena agreed to part of the ritual if they remained unharmed.

The second thing that Klaus needed was a werewolf. Tyler Lockwood, a friend of Elena's, was originally supposed to be the werewolf sacrifice but he was out of town for months. In order to lure him back, one of Klaus' witches, compelled his mom to call him and say she was in the hospital. Tyler eventually came back but only to get captured by another one of Klaus' witches but, Damon Salvatore, Stefan's brother, rescued him. In place of Tyler, was Jules, she was a werewolf friend of Tyler's and they were out of town together. When Tyler came back, so did Jules and she got captured by Klaus' witches and woke up to be found in rings of fire with Elena and her Aunt Jenna. Jules knew that the werewolf sacrifice was first, meaning she was the first to die, she tried to fight back to Klaus but failed.

The third thing he needed was a vampire. Caroline Forbes, one of Elena's best friends, was supposed to be the vampire sacrifice. Thankfully, Tyler and Damon rescued her, but Elena's aunt Jenna had to take her place. Klaus had turned Jenna into a vampire just minutes before he killed her for the ritual.

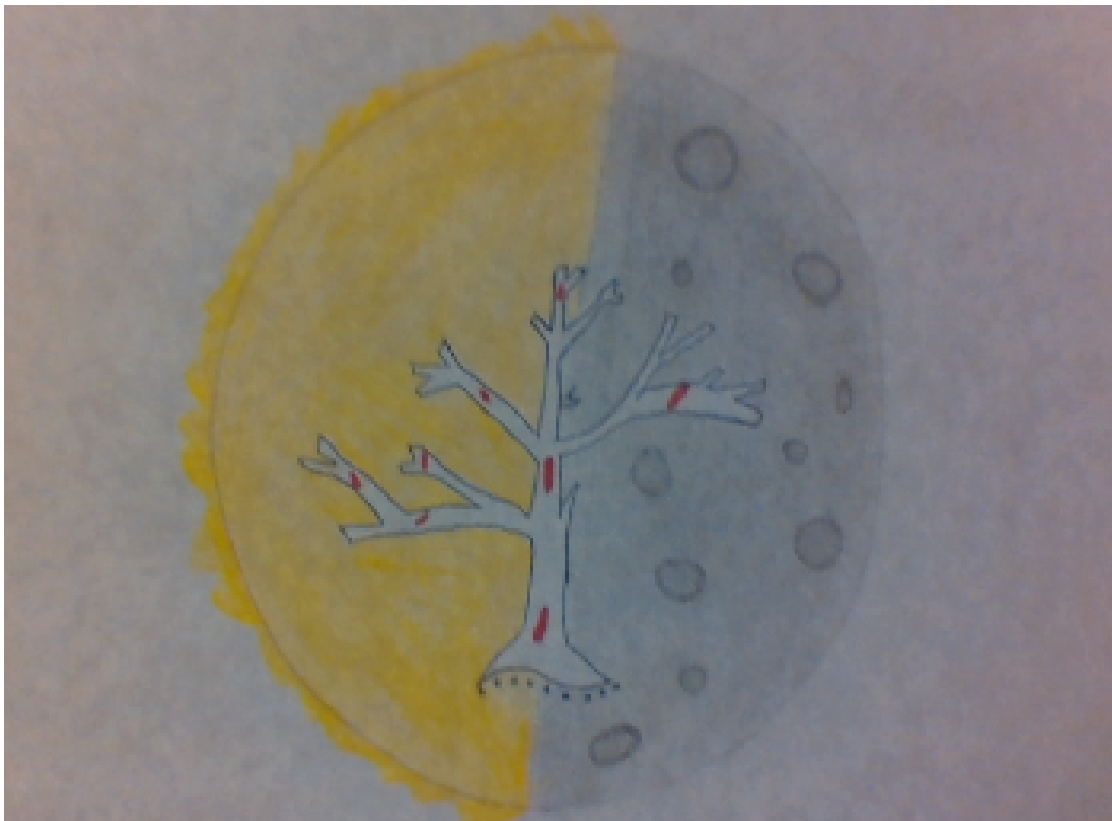
The fourth thing that Klaus needed was a witch, Greta Martin was the Witch Klaus used to enact the spell. Greta was one of the most powerful witches he could find. She was more powerful than any of the witches in her family.

Lastly, he needed the moonstone, it was a vital piece of the curse on Klaus. The moonstone was flat, translucent, milky-colored, and was about the size of the palm of your hand. Katerina stole it from Klaus back in 146 B.C. The stone got passed down to Tyler from his Uncle Mason, Katerina found the stone and gave it to Klaus in return for freedom.

Greta discharged the magic from the moonstone and destroyed it with fire and the blood sacrifices, breaking Klaus' curse. The ritual was interrupted by Stefan who tried to get Elena out of harm's way but ended up getting staked to the spine, paralyzing him for numerous minutes. Then Bonnie, Elena's other best friend, came in and used her magic to weaken Klaus and give Elijah a chance to get revenge on his brother for sinking their family in the Pacific.

But Klaus confessed to Elijah "I never sank our family in the Pacific Ocean." Knowing this, Elijah then grabbed his younger brother to safety. Damon came in order to obtain Elena's body to safety.

In the end, Elena was free from danger, but Klaus was curse-free and on the loose. When you hear tales about blood-sucking vampires, witches, and werewolves, you'll know it was true all because of one family, the Mikaelson's.



"How Light Came To Be"

By: Luke Ross, Lexi Gritzan, and Carter Zanolla

Illustrated by Luke Ross

It was another bright and colorful day in the city of Lux. The flowers were shimmering like gold and the sun was illuminating every dark valley, crack, and crease along the newly paved streets. The sun's radiant tanned any trace of pale skin. It was, yet

another, a perfect day. One of the many to come. However, it wasn't always like this. Long ago, the city of sun was once masked by darkness. Although it may be hard to believe, Lux was once ruled over a malevolent king who went by the name of Tenebris. He was filled to the brim with burning rage. So much rage that it covered the city. One by one he murdered the ones who did not follow his precise orders. His orders were intense, strict, and utterly ridiculous. One of which was the amount of children you were able to possess. The people of Lux were very angry at their king. They decided to rebel against him. However, no one volunteered.

The people made a plan to overthrow their king, but no one was willing to carry through with it. However, one brave soul volunteered to take on the quest. A man with blonde hair as soft as a cloud and freckles across his face. His lucious, blue eyes were one of a kind. He was a pauper by the name of Christopher. The town was grateful. In his honor, they sent two of the strongest men in the village to accompany him for Christopher's bravery inspired them.

The day before Christopher set out on his journey, the king's guards heard Christopher and his men talking about the plan to slay the king. As the men were talking the guards snuck up on them. But with a swing of his sword, he slayed the three guards one by one. The men that Christopher killed were skilled and he was bruised from the fight. The journey would have to be postponed a few days.

After three days, they began their journey. He would have to travel past The Haunted Forest, the deepest, darkest part of the land, through The Enchanted Lake which grants you strength with one sip, and up the Mountain of Shadows which lead to Solum Castrum de Tenebris. That was the name of King Tenebris's castle.

As they were walking down the unusually silent streets, a feeling of fear struck over Christopher for he had no idea what he was about to walk into.

The day was young. Christopher was about to enter The Haunted Forest. The tall, dark trees made Christopher claustrophobic, not to mention it was almost impossible to see. Christopher found the nearest branch and two rocks. With those, he lit what would be the first ever fire and made what would be the first ever torch. He used his creation to light the way. Christopher's creation was useful up until he began to hear a strange noise. He thought nothing of it. *It's probably just the animals adapting to this strange new object*, he thought. The sound continued. It seemed to be getting louder and louder as if it was getting closer. He shook his head. *It's all in my head*, he thought. The sound was getting so loud that he couldn't stand it anymore! He ripped out his sword and flailed it around hoping to scare whatever or whoever had been making that noise. For a full minute, it was dead silent. The next part happened in an instant. In a matter of seconds, Christopher was out cold. Christopher's eyes slowly started to open. *What happened?* He thought. His head was throbbing. As his eyes seemed to adjust, he noticed that something wasn't exactly right. He couldn't see! He was panicking. He put

his hand on his eyes and felt something unusually soft. His face had been covered by an old potato sack. That would explain the smell. As Christopher was being dragged across the forest, he noticed two muffled voices nearby. One was unusually high and the other, unusually low. The lower voice was rather raspy, he noticed. If only he could figure out to whom the voices belonged to. After a few more minutes of being hauled around, Christopher had enough! He jumped to his feet, drew out his sword and cornered what seemed to be an ogre carrying a cage with a monkey inside of it. The ogre coveted Christopher's creation and wanted it for himself. Christopher could not have this. In his head, he knew that the ogre would only use it to cause trouble. In an instant, he stabbed the ogre in his head and freed the monkey.

"I will be forever in your service," said the monkey.

"There is no need for that," Christopher replied.

The monkey urged on, "You saved my life, therefore it now belongs to you. I will be loyal to you."

Christopher stopped for a minute only to realize that he had lost his entire crew.

"I suppose," he sighed.

The monkey's face lit up.

"What shall I call you?" Christopher asked.

"My name is Max, and you? What shall I call my new master?"

"Christopher," he replied, "you can call me Christopher."

They stood in silence until, finally, Christopher spoke, "It's getting dark. We should rest."

"As you wish Master Christopher."

Master, he thought, *I went from a poor man to a master.*

After they woke up, Christopher and Max went to find a meal and continued their journey. "So where are we going?" Max asked.

"To the king's castle," he replied. "I plan to confront and slay the king."

A feeling of fear suddenly struck Max's face. He knew that confronting the king alone was a death wish. He prayed for, not only his, but Christopher's protection. They came across The Enchanted Lake and in the distance, they saw The Mountain of Shadows. On top stood Solum Castrum de Tenebris. They took a drink from the lake and started up the mountain. That same feeling of fear struck them while they were halfway up the mountain. Christopher suddenly became doubtful. "Maybe this isn't a great idea Max."

"With all do respect Master Christopher, I disagree with you. We already came all this way. I can't even imagine what it was like for you before we met. Let's at least finish what we started."

Christopher smiled. Max was right. *He's quite intelligent.* He paused. *For a monkey*, Christopher thought, smiling even more.

When they reached the top of the mountain, King Tenebris's castle was standing right there, as if it was waiting for them. The doors weren't heavily guarded so Christopher just swept the area. He picked up one of the guards' swords and handed it to Max. "Just in case I can't reach you,"

Max smiled. "Thank you master. It has been an honor continuing your journey alongside you."

Christopher nodded. They continued on, down the dark halls. Christopher still had his torch with him. They searched for Tenebris's throne. After a couple minutes of searching, Christopher finally found it. There he was. The brutal king himself. He was sitting on his dark throne staring right at Christopher with his soulless eyes. He was wearing a dark robe that matched his black hair and beard that were dark as the night. His hair met his shoulders and the top of his head was covered with a black, crystaled crown. Christopher was nervous. He began to walk over to Tenebris's throne. Their eyes never separated. Christopher put his hand on the handle of his sword. He started running towards Tenebris. Tenebris stood up and ripped out his sword. He started towards Christopher as well. They were running fast along the infinite halls until, finally, two collided. There was smoke everywhere. It was, yet again, almost impossible to see. His torch blew out. Christopher's heavy eyes crept open. His sword was in his hand with not a trace of blood. He grabbed his torch and relit it. He quickly examined his torso to check if he had been stabbed himself. He soon realized that it was not him that Tenebris collided with. It was Max. Max had been impaled by Tenebris's sword and was fading fast. Christopher launched up and ran towards Max to comfort him as tears started to form in his eyes. "What have I done to you Max? I never should have brought you here," he said wiping his eyes. In a matter of seconds, his sadness turned to rage towards the king. With his dying breath, Max said, "A life for a life." In that moment, Max died.

Christopher was heartbroken. However, he had no time for melancholy. He took Max's sword and ran over to Tenebris. He screamed in rage, jumped up, and stabbed him in the heart. That was it. Tenebris was dead and it was all over. *If only Max was able to see. I have avenged you, my dear friend,* He thought.

The eager town had been awaiting his return. They cheered as he walked through the now illuminated gates. He watched a ball of light rise in the sky. "I'll call it the sun," Christopher said. "That is what Max was to me."

Now when you see the light you will remember the poor man named Christopher, his animal companion Max, and their journey to save the city of Lux.



"Origin of Dreams: Sarcea's Great Adventure"

By: AJ Bashore

In a town far away from other civilizations, lived a 16 year old girl. The people of the village said her beauty was unlike any others. Her name was Sarcea and she was the daughter of the richest man in the village. This meant that the men of the village were always trying to win her heart, but she paid no mind to them. All she really cared about was the sky. She would always spend her days gazing out her bedroom window at the crystal clear sky. Sarcea's wavy, golden brown hair would flow in the in the crisp, morning air while her purple dress would sway with the wind while her head would be hung out the window. She also had a crown of purple flowers that whofted a scent down to the rocky street below. The people would call her the lady of the night for she would rarely sleep, but look out her window at the night sky.

One night while the moon was glimmering brightly and the stars danced in the black sky, Sarcea prayed to the gods. Her wish was to think while asleep and imagine adventures she could have. On this particular night, her wish was granted. The wind picked up and a light beamed down from the blackness of the sky.

A thunderous voice called out to her and boomed, "I shall grant your wish, but listen close. You must not give the gem of dreams to anyone or the dreams will be set free and you will be punished."

"Thank you gods of the heavens and I shall do as you ask," she screamed out into the night. As she waited for a response, the light faded back to darkness. A violet gem floated down from the sky. It looked like a tear and had a golden, bead necklace attached to it. Sarcea grabbed from the sky and felt it's smooth touch. She then lowered it onto her neck and felt the dreams flowing through her. With that, she now slept every night and dreamt the most wondrous dreams.

Ever since she got the gem, Sarcea felt unease and worry that something bad was just around a bend. Sarcea made the decision to go to an oracle who's name was Marcelo. He was in a dim lit room at the top of a tower with a dirty red carpet, two chairs facing each other with Marcelo in one, and a couple of candles hung up on the walls. Marcelo had a red robe with black symbols all over it and he had gold sandals. Sarcea sat on the other chair as Marcelo started to speak.

"I know that you are uneasy as I could feel it when you walked in," Marcelo said with a raspy voice.

"Yes, you are correct," Sarcea mumbled while trembling with fear inside.

"There is only one way," he exclaimed, "you must give the gem away." Sarcea hesitates, knowing that she will be punished by the gods. Then, Marcelo grabs the gem and pulls it from her neck. With this, white streaks of light beam from the gem, flooding the room. Sarcea knew that this was the dreams flooding to the world. Scared for her life, she runs out of the tower now realizing that Marcelo was evil. The day had turned from beautiful and

sunny, to dark and rainy. Just as she escaped the tower, the blinding light from the night she got the gem appeared once more.

"How dare you let the dreams go free!" the voice boomed louder than ever.

"It was not my fault," screamed Sarcea to the sky, "It was an evil oracle named Marcelo."

The voice knowing this now lowered its voice and explained, "I will give you one chance and you must kill Marcelo with a sword I will bestow upon you." With these words, once again, the light disappeared and this time a sword with a purple handle with a yellow moon on it. Not saying another word, Sarcea ran back up the tower to kill Marcelo and make him pay for what he did. Once she got to the top of the tower, Marcelo was standing in the middle of the room. Sarcea took this chance and sliced his stomach with the sword. Marcelo surprised by this, fell back into his chair with enough force to make it tip over. There was Marcelo, laying on the ground died. Sarcea stuck the sword in the ground to leave it there so she could forget what she had done.

Once she walked through the storm and got back to her house, the voice once again boomed at her, "You now must serve a punishment and that will be you becoming the goddess of dreams."

Sarcea saying quietly, "No, I don't want the responsibility." But the voice paid no heed to her and turned her into a goddess. Her crown of flowers was turned to a crown of stars, her purple dress was now a long and white robe, and a cloud appeared under her which made her float. Now she could travel to the dream world and give beautiful dreams to the people, just like she had when she got the gem.

Now when you dream, remember the great adventure of Sarcea, the goddess of dreams.





“Wondrous Waves”

Authors: Cassidy Dice and Sara Suhayda

Illustrators/Editors: Garrin Barth and Jake Jablonski

It was a cloudy morning in the small town of Marturus, a island in the Caribbean, as the steady water near the shore blew from east to west slowly, near the shore sat a baby boy in a nest made of seaweed, wearing a what looked like a green Hawaiian skirt. Around him was seashells in the shape of a sun . The boy wore a necklace with on his neck with a golden wave placed in the middle of his shiny chain. Walking down the beach beside him was a newly married couple wanting a baby boy in their life , the couple’s names were Tira and Judas. Tira and Judas met while they were walking in the village, and once they locked eyes they knew that it was meant to be. After a couple months of knowing each other they got married. The newly wed couple was confused on why someone would leave their child on the beach, but before they had time to think about it, a storm came. Washing away the shells that surrounded the baby, Tira looked at Judas and Judas looked at Tira they both knew that they needed to save the baby. A couple days later the family felt guilt of keeping the boy, so they took it to an oracle

to see their faith with the boy. The oracles name was Zen. Zen was the best oracle in the village of Marturas. Tira, Judas, and the unnamed baby boy walked in to the little hut and sat on the pillows next to the oracle who sat in front of them. Judas started to explain the situation, of the boy, to Zen. Once Judas got to the part about the necklace with the golden wave in the center

Zen knew. That the poor little boy on the beach wasn't so poor. The boy was the son of the goddess of the sea, Oceania. Before the family could speak a word the oracle began to go on.

"This is the son of the great Oceania, the goddess of the deep blue sea. You have done greatness so the gods and goddesses chose you to raise this child that you will call Sharkus. You shall not tell Sharkus his true identity until his 15th birthday. Now, GET OUT!"

The couple did as told

As the years went by, Tira and Judas got elder and Sharkus was more mature in fact Sharkus's 15th birthday was tomorrow. So his entire life was about to turn upside down.

The past day, Sharkus went swimming and everything was normal, he went over to the next island to get some fresh fruit including papaya, coconut, and pineapple from the small huts on the shore of the island next to the one of which him and his family lived. Everyday it would be a long, hard swim from his hut on the island across to the island where he would get the fruit. Sharkus always thought *I wish there was something that could get me to the island faster*. And tomorrow was Sharkus birthday, and what he didn't know was his life was going to be completely different starting tomorrow.

When Sharkus woke up, "his" parents greeted him with a special breakfast with what was left of the fruit that he got on the island yesterday, so he had to go get more after he finished his breakfast of coconut pancakes and sliced papaya and pineapple. But before he left, his parents called him into the family room. "Sharkus we have something to tell you. You are not our son, we found you on the beach when you were just a little boy and we later found out that you are the son of Oceania, the goddess of the sea."

"Why didn't you tell sooner?" Sharkus whispered with a lump in his throat.

"We couldn't Sharkus," Tira expressed somewhat calmly.

"Ok thanks for EVERYTHING!" Sharkus said rudely running out of their hut into the ocean to go to the other island to get fresh fruit like he does everyday.

Once Sharkus got to the ocean shore, he stood there looking out to the big wide ocean and he thought *How can I be the son of the goddess of all of this, miles and miles of water and I am the son*. Then Sharkus jumped into the ocean and started to swim to the island where the fruit stands were. But as he was standing at the shore of the ocean he started to get frustrated at the fact that his "fake" parents never told him. As he was thinking this, he ripped off his necklace and threw into the ocean and then jumped in. As soon as he came up for a breath, right in front of him was a blue jumball that took him by surprise. Then "POP," the jumball exploded and then underwater, there was a huge current of rushing water. Sharkus came to the surface of the water to get a breath, but the current, like that of a tornado, pulled him back under again. Then after doing that about thirty times, the current slowed down, to that of a calm lazy river. And as Sharkus came up for another breath, he just floated, calmly. He was confused, it had never been this easy to swim from the island where his hut was to the island where he got the fruit. When Sharkus arrived to the island where he got the fruit, he looked back to the ocean

were he saw these, what looked like ripples, in the water, he thought for a minute *My mother must have been testing me to see if I was really her son and if I was strong enough to be her son*. Sharkus looked back one last time of what he had just created and he whispered under his breath, "Waves."

Now when you see waves, you'll remember Sharkus and his journey. Remember, unexpected things can come at any time.



The origin of clause

“The Origin of Clouds”

By: Taylor Piatt

Nephele enjoyed her life, she was adored by most, but some found her strange. She was a beautiful girl with long black curls and the brightest blue eyes. It wasn't the color of her eyes that was so breathtaking, it was the story inside of them. She spent hours just staring into the completely blank sky at day, and gazing at the shining, starry sky at night. She stayed outside, rain or shine, day and night, wondering about the mystery of the sky.

Her mother did not approve of her faultless daughter to waste the day staring blankly at the sky.

“Nephele, go to the village and explore! There's a whole world out here that you just seem to ignore!”

“The village brings no pleasure to me, mother. I have seen all the shops and eaten all the food there is, what fun can it be?”

“I'm sure, with your creative mind, that you could find something fascinating to do and see!”

“I've already done and seen all the activities the village offers, but if it so pleases you, I will go to the most boring of all places and suffer in lethargy for the rest of the evening.”

“Nephele, please don't be speak to me like that, just do as I ask for once instead of being in a trance to the stupid sky!”

“Fine, I'll bring you back some bread from the bakery.”

“Enjoy yourself, but be back before nine o'clock.”

Nephele knew for sure that she would not enjoy her self, and that she would return home far before nine o'clock.

In the village, there is much chatter of a new prince in town. It was said that he had exemplary blonde hair, blue eyes more inviting than the ocean waves, and such a great sense of humor that he could turn a devastating story into a comedy. Everywhere Nephele goes he seems to be mentioned in some way. Nephele got so tired of this that she decided to end her journey early and head to the bakery soon to retrieve the promised bread for her mother. As Nephele makes her journey back to the bakery, she notices that the streets have cleared up, and a large group of ranting people stood at the bakery entrance.

Nephele tried to move around the people, and possibly advance through the crowd to purchase her bread for her mother, but no one would move.

Nephele now realizes that the prince must be inside, and she would have to enter through the back door, the kitchen entrance.

Nephele sneakily crept through the kitchen, attempting to avoid being noticed by the bakers, and made her way safely to the cashier. The prince seemed to be entertaining the townsfolk, who were all cheering for him, by performing a skit of a fake battle atop of the bakery tabletops. Nephele tried immensely hard not to catch anyone's attention, but of course, that

didn't last exceptionally long. As she tried to walk past the bakery table, the prince was astounded by her breathtaking beauty, and he awkwardly pulled her up onto the table with him.

"That's just Nephele," a young girl from the crowd remarked, "she never talks to anyone, she just stares into the blank sky all day."

"I often do that too," the Prince exclaimed, trying to stand up for Nephele.

Everyone gasped, then the entire bakery went quiet, so quiet that one may be able to hear the corn growing all the way from the villages community garden. The Prince started to blush, then a bright gleam of light shone down through the roof, frightening all the people and causing them to run away. The Prince was levitated off the ground, and slowly out the door. Stunned, Nephele stood and watched as the prince had basically evaporated in front of her, when only a mass of puffy dust remained, he was bolted into the sky and he remained there, forever alone. Nephele liked to call it, the cloud.

Whenever a cloud can be seen in the sky, many people enjoy to decode the deranged shapes of puffy mysteries, completely ignorant of what the cloud actually is, or why it's there. You, wise one, now understand the ancient mystery of the cloud, but marvel at them too often, and you may end up in misery just like the Prince.

"Origin of Snow"

By: Remy Gulla

It was a clear, cool March morning with sparkling frost sprinkled lightly on everything. The sky was clear blue and the sun was shining a golden yellow on the the whole kingdom. In the kingdom there was a princess the age of 16 named Crystal. Her parents were the King and Queen, so she was born into royalty... The princess had long flowing strawberry blonde hair, ocean blue eyes, and a shimmering auburn silk dress. Crystal was soon to be the queen, but first she had to find a prince. If Crystal didn't find a prince her sister Violet would steal her position.

Her younger sister, Violet, was perfect in every way. She had long blonde curls and perfectly set facial features. A year later Crystal still had not found a prince and her time was up. All of the princes in the neighboring kingdoms were all the same; vein. The next day was to be Violet's wedding. She would be marrying Prince Edward II. Prince Edward was one of the princes that came to see Crystal, but he was very irritating and always talking about himself. Her sister fell in love with him and soon he asked Violet to marry him. Violet had said yes and the marriage date had been set. The marriage came and went and soon Crystal saw Violet take her spot as queen.

Crystal was so upset she moved away a year later. She went to a nearby kingdom to hopefully find some peace. Once in the new kingdom Crystal had started to read from ancient books on the old kingdoms. It had been quite peaceful and she had learned a lot on the kingdoms, however it wasn't long until she heard word of trouble from her home kingdom. People were saying there was dark magic. But how? Her sister was definitely not that evil. Unless.... Prince Edward!!!! She always knew there was something about him. Crystal left for home as soon as possible and when she got there she was shocked. There were no more flowers, fields of green grass, or people on the street. Then she saw the castle. She ran into it and searched every room until she finally found her sister.

"Oh!," Crystal exclaimed.

"What are you doing here, You're supposed to be gone?!" her sister gave her a bone chilling look.

"I heard that there was trouble here and I was worried."

"Yeah, right. You just wanted to be the heroic sister as usual", Violet rolled her eyes.

It was just now that Crystal realized her sister did not have the perfect blonde curls anymore, the light blue eyes, or the perfect facial features. It was all gone. The blonde curls

were replaced by straight, jet black hair, the blue eyes were replaced by one shining gold and one brilliant green.

"Why are you doing this?" Crystal asked.

"Because when you're all good and sweet no one listens to you", Her sister stated matter of factly. "And I didn't want to be like you."

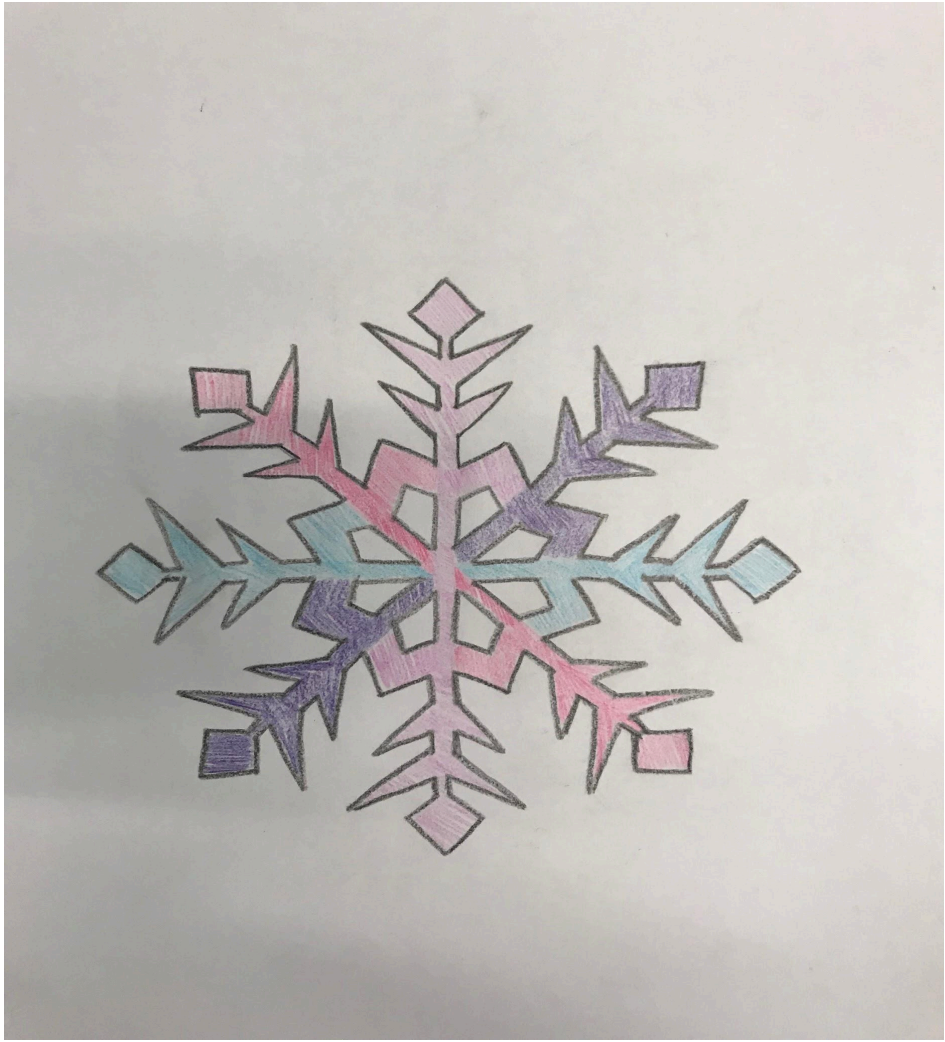
"What's wrong with how I act?" Crystal said with hurt creeping into her voice.

Violet laughed wickedly and stepped closer, "Mother was always favoring you the most because you were always so sweet and kind and saying that you would be the best queen since you were so sweet, so I'm going to be opposite of you to prove everyone wrong," Then without warning her sister backed away and said, "You shouldn't have come back" with so much malice Crystal shivered. And with that her sister disappeared with a puff of.....what was it? It was cold and melted when touched. Then Crystal remembered something she read in one of the ancient books on the kingdoms.

It was snow.

When Crystal had calmed down after what had happened with her sister she was declared queen. Crystal noticed that Prince Edward had disappeared and had some of the soldiers go search for him but couldn't find him. The soldiers figured he had fled back to his kingdom in which he belonged.

Now when you see snow falling to the ground you can remember Violet falling from power and Crystal saving the kingdom of Blizzard.



“Origin of Weight Lifting Competition”

By: Jamison Wertz, Callie Rose, and Monique Johnson

It was a very hot, humid day as animals kept passing out from exhaustion. There was a giant mountain and on the other side was a beautiful city known as Beautywood. There were many good looking, wealthy people that lived here and very few poor. There was one man that changed everything in this city. This man's name was Larry and he was a very poor man. He was a little younger than 18 and didn't have a home. When he was younger, his parents left him to die and a wolf pack stumbled upon him and raised him as their own. He decided that he wanted to go to school during summer break and couldn't wait until the first day started. On the first day, there was one kid that bullied him for his parents leaving him and how fat his arms were. This bully's name was Peter and his family was one of the wealthiest people in Beautywood. Peter had huge muscles and was very good looking. Larry was also a very strong man, maybe even the strongest man alive but he didn't say that to anyone. One day, Peter saw how strong Larry was and wanted to see who the strongest man was. Peter walked over to Larry and said, “Hey. You think you're strong? Meet me at the field on Friday after school.”

Larry responded, “Ok, fine.”

The whole rest of the week, more and more people kept hearing about this showdown between these two very big men. Soon, word got out to other cities and they kept telling more people. Finally, when the day of the competition came, there were 2000 people there to witness the greatest event to ever take place. People kept saying to Larry, “Good luck, you're gonna need it.”

When the school day was over, almost everyone from the school went down to the field to watch to see who was the strongest. The first event was to see who could curl the most. Peter was able to curl 200lbs and Larry was able to curl 250lbs. The first event went to Larry and Peter felt humiliated. The second event would be who could push a boulder to the top of a mountain faster. Larry went first and was able to get the boulder to the top in 501 seconds. Then Peter went and completed this task in 505 seconds and once again had come up just short. Larry was winning 2-0 and Peter knew this. All Larry had to do was win one more event and he would win the competition. The next event would be the hardest yet. You would have to lift up a 1000 lb boulder above your head and do as many squats as you can. Peter did some quick thinking and told his friends that he would distract the judges and they were going to butter the boulder that Larry was going to use. Somehow nobody noticed Peter's friends do this and Larry was going first again. When Larry went to pick up the rock, his hands just kept slipping so he was automatically disqualified from this event. Now it was 2-1. Peter walked over to Larry and said, “Having trouble lifting that rock?” and laughed.

Larry had never been more angry and felt more determined to win now. The next event would be an arm wrestling match. Peter tried to think of a way to cheat on this event but couldn't

think of anything. When it was time for the match the both went over to a table and waited for the referee to get there. Peter said to Larry, "You're gonna lose, just like you lost your parents."

Larry said back, "We'll just see now won't we."

The referee finally got to the table and tied their hands together. This was the longest arm wrestling match ever witnessed. After about 10 minutes, Peter started to get tired and his arm gave up. Larry had won and there was nothing Peter could do about it. Everyone in the crowd charged down to the field and lifted Larry up on their shoulders. Peter walked over towards Larry and everything got quiet. He held his hand out to Larry and said, "Congratulations! You deserve it."

Larry and Peter would end up being best friends for the rest of their lives and had many more competitions between each other. Word got out about the events in these competitions and everyone wanted to try them. People started doing things to make themselves stronger to prepare for these events. Soon every city and country was having their own competitions. If you've ever heard of a weight lifting competition, now you know where they came from.



"Where Do Sharks Come From?"

By: Giuseppe Juliani

As the cruel world pushes him with roaring winds from every angle. A hooded figure emerged from the redwood forest. The hooded figure was a large human super spartan warrior named Sparkis. He was six feet tall weighed 150 lbs He 32 years old. He had dark hair and golden eyes with a chest plate and a bear skinned helmet with an iron leggings. He was very skilled in combat and in killing demi-gods with the axe made from Hephaestus on Mt. Olympus.

The king of Sparta wanted Sparkis to kill Hercules because he kept destroying all of the towns and cities. The reason he kept doing this is because sparta won't worship Zeus. Then the king was done having a discussion with Sparkis about Hercules and he left. Then when it was all over Hercules snuck into the kings castle at night and murdered the him. Then Sparkis went on his incredible journey to find the unstoppable, the mighty Hercules. The trip he took was over mountains and across rivers. When he got to Hercule's shipwreck lair he was surprised that the ship was the very ship his dad died on. When he got there, Sparkis was totally confused and stunned that he was not at his lair. Once he turned to leave, he saw him in the big crack in the side of the ship once he turned around he asked

"Why are you here and how did you know that I live here" . Sparkis remember that before he left he asked the oracle where could he find him. So he said

"I spoke with the oracle before I left." Then Hercules shot an arrow from Zeus but Sparkis chopped it in half with his axe and charged at Hercules, chopped his head off, and tied it to his belt so he could give it to the king. The head was cursed to talk to whoever it came in contact with. When Zeus found out that his son was dead he sent three obstacles to block Sparkis from returning to his home sparta. One of the obstacles was a Minotaur. When Sparkis got to a carven you had to travel through to get to the lake of the kraken. When he got to the cave, he was approached by brown hair, thick hided Minotaur with a wand made of the finest jewels and gems in the land.

When he stopped Sparkis he yelled "Hault"

When the minotaur stood in sparkis way they stood there and stared at each other. When the minotaur shot magic at Sparkis deflected it with his axe. When the magic went back to the minotaur. Sparkis shot an arrow that was disintegrated in an instant by the magic. And the arrow bounced off the minotaurs thick body.

When sparkis took cover behind a rock and shouted "Why are you shooting at me when I am only coming past to go home." in his deep low voice.

Then the minotaur stopped and thought while he was thinking sparkis snuck past and got into the cave. While he was in the cave he heard a sweet songs that sounded like honey and a beautiful maiden was sitting on a rock with a flute.

When sparkis tried to sneak past she turned and looked at him and whispered

"Free me I have been in here for three years!"

Then sparkis said "How can I do this?"

Then she whispered " you have to kill the minotaur and use the wand to break the curse." Then sparkis shoot an arrow and it just bounced off his back. Then he remembered that he can only be killed with his own horn. So he cut a horn off and stabbed the minotaur through the heart and took the wand. Then he sent the lady free and kept the wand. Then he had to get across the lake That was on the other end of the cave. After he got to the cave he saw a boat and made his way to it. When he got to the boat, zeus saw hercules head on sparkis belt. When he saw this his heart stopped for a moment. Zeus got furious turned sparkis into a animal. So he turned sparkis into an animal that didn't exist. He was turned into an animal that everything would fear and he would put it in the water so no one would know where it is when he made the animal he named it shark.

So every time you see a shark swimming around you know that sparkis killed hercules and made zeus mad.

