



Foreword

Fair reader,

Have you ever wondered about the origin of waves, sunsets, sports, or human innovations like the shoe? 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 2 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 2 English class

“THE STOLEN LOVE”

By: Samantha Bugey, Izzy Silvestros, and Thanh Tran

At dawn, Anastasia woke up next to her faithful husband. Tokyo, Anastasia's husband, ran his hands through his soft brown hair and smiled, showing off his dimples and bright green eyes. The rising sun shone through her glass palace onto Anastasia's face as she strode to her vanity to admire her dark, chestnut hair and brown eyes that were like the richest chocolate..

“Good morning, my love,” Tokyo sighed as he approached her. Anastasia ignored him, stood up, and ambled out onto her balcony.

She grinned as she admired the glorious morning where the air still smelled like morning dew in the grass. Anastasia's light freckles and light tan skin shone as the sun hit her face. Her smile soon faded as she noticed Nikita giving her a glare across from her palace. Anastasia scoffed and stormed inside, where Tokyo was standing in the doorway.



“Anastasia, please tell me what’s going on,” Tokyo pleaded.

Anastasia gave no response. What Anastasia kept from Tokyo is that she knew his secret. Tokyo, discouraged, walked out of the room. Anastasia shrugged him off and went into the kitchen to pour herself a glass of purified river water. *CRASH!* Tokyo had dropped a glass and it shattered, leaving glass everywhere. Anastasia left to buy a new glass in the flea market in the town village. When she was out, she saw all of the happy couples roaming the streets, laughing and smiling. They were all *happy* with their relationships, unlike Anastasia.

Tokyo ignored Anastasia for hours at a time, then the hours turned to days and days turned to weeks. He never noticed her sadness and yearn to be loved passionately.

As the months passed, Tokyo and Anastasia grew more distant. They barely acknowledged each other anymore. Anastasia noticed that Tokyo was always out, never telling her where he was or what he was doing.

After a few weeks of this, Anastasia was desperate for her husband’s acknowledgement. She begged the goddess Aphrodite to give her artificial beauty to be noticed by her husband. Aphrodite answered her prayers, but her help came with a warning: “If your husband’s feelings for you do not change by sunrise tomorrow, all of the unnatural beauty will be taken away. If he does notice you, you will forever be the most beautiful woman in Ancient Greece.”

Moments later, Anastasia looked in her mirror and saw a beauty like no other. She smiled, feeling like the most powerful person on Earth. She stood up and walked downstairs, hoping to see Tokyo. He was sitting at the dining table, reading. When she walked past him, his eyes flashed up from the page, then he went straight back to reading. When Tokyo looked upon Anastasia’s newfound beauty, he thought nothing of it because he did not love Anastasia anymore. Anastasia was heartbroken, for she not only would lose her husband, but also her temporary beauty.

That night, Anastasia decided to see how Tokyo had been spending his extra time. She waited in bed. Finally, after hours of this, she heard the door open. Tokyo crept outside and Anastasia watched as he did so. He checked his hair in the mirror they kept in the den and continued out the front door. Anastasia followed him silently.

Tokyo rode his horse into a palace through the cold woods. Anastasia got a view from the guard’s tower, only to see Tokyo with another woman. Anastasia was devastated to see her husband be with someone that was not her. As she got a better look, she saw the woman’s face.

It was Nikita! Anastasia had a feeling all along that Tokyo wasn’t being faithful to her, but yet the betrayal was still a shock.

In a fit of rage, Anastasia wailed in tears and anger, she rode on horseback through the woods to where Tokyo was.

"How could you, Tokyo? How could you do this to me?" Anastasia cried, tears streaming down her face.

"Anastasia...I--" he hung his head in shame.

"Don't act so surprised, Anastasia. Tokyo was mine all along since you couldn't give him the attention he wanted," Nikita smirked. The beautiful, starry night suddenly turned into a raging downpour.

Anastasia looked deep into Nikita's eyes with nothing but hatred, and on an impulse, she couldn't help but strike Nikita's face.

"Tokyo! Don't let her treat me this way!" Nikita whined, holding the side of her face. Before Tokyo could say anything, Anastasia, heartbroke, ran off into the woods behind the house.

She ended up in a place that she did not recognize. There was a small dock leading out to a bay and an old, damaged boat. She was extremely upset that she had not noticed the sun started to shine and the rain stopped.



Anastasia wiped her face and noticed colors dripping off of it. She remembered what Aphrodite had said about her unnatural beauty being taken away. She cried even harder. Anastasia didn't notice that someone had approached her, for her head was buried in her hands.

"Hello there, are you alright?" A man's voice asked.

She turned around, revealing a familiar face. Addasius had been Anastasia's childhood friend. She hadn't seen him in years.

“Yes, I’m fine,” She sniffled and wiped her tears away. She knew her beauty was fading away and didn’t want to be seen, especially by someone as handsome as Addasius.

“You don’t seem okay. I’m Addasius. And you are..?” Addasius wondered.

“It’s me, Anastasia,” she answered. He recalled knowing her when he was just a boy.

He came closer and saw her true beauty and instantly fell into with her for who she is. He asked why she was hiding her tears away and Anastasia responded with sorrow and aggression. “My husband is no longer mine since he has been with another.”

Addasius embraced her into his loving and strong arms, leaning on his broad shoulders. She held on closely to her old friend.

“I’m sorry for not being there,” he murmured. Anastasia began to shed more tears.

She continued to weep into his shoulder as he whispered to her, “It’s okay, you’re going to be okay.”

Once he fell in love with her as a boy, now he’s in love with her as a man. They knew it was meant to be. After a few weeks of rekindling, Addasius proposed:

“Anastasia, you’re the only one for me. You know that I love you, but I want everyone to know. Let’s get married.”

The wedding was perfect. They had white roses and daisies in the bouquets and a handful of different dishes were served. Their wedding was the perfect example of the beauty of their love.

As Anastasia and Addasius grew happier, Tokyo and Nikita grew more envious. Tokyo became more and more unhappy with Nikita because she always compared him to Addasius. He became jealous of Anastasia’s relationship and wanted to impress Nakita with his bravery. However, the envy of Anastasia’s happiness with another man, and attention-craving attitude got him a terrible fate. When he went into battle he was killed. Nikita was devastated, but alas, she still craved more and more attention until, finally, her craving could not be fulfilled anymore.

Anastasia lived a happy life with a man who loved her and they never became envious. Their satisfaction made them the happiest couple in all of Greece, no help from Aphrodite or temporary needed.

After reading this story, remember that if someone gives into temptation and jealousy, it will lead to more conflict to you and the person you love.

“How the Ocean Became To Be”

By: Olivia Appel, Brennan Beaver, and Emily Kletch

It was a quiet calm morning, with not a bird in sight, as Poseidon started to walk onto the beach to see the magical blue waves crashing onto the beach like a mighty lion's deep roar . While Poseidon was striding down the shore he could smell the salt from the water and feel the gritty sand between his toes.

Poseidon was a young twenty-three year old trying to figure out how the ocean doesn't lose water when the waves happen. He was 5 foot 10 with brown hair and sparkling blue eyes. He thought nothing could stop him from figuring out about the ocean, until a tall older woman with dark black hair came onto the beach and explained that it was her beach.

Her name was Windy, and she was very fast. She started dancing around and playing in the waves ,but the waves started to get fussy ,and when the next wave came it crashed into her, so she then became soaking wet.

“If it's your beach, then why do the waves hate you?” questioned Poseidon.

“Because!” she exclaimed as she started walking away.

“What did you do to the waves for them to hate you?”

As she finally walked away, she realized at one point the waves will not like her no matter what she had to do to get them to like her.

Now when you see the waves in the ocean you will know that is was because of Windy and Poseidon's argument about who the ocean liked the best.



“Thalassa and Anthos”

By: Caitlin Eckles

It was a lovely summer day, perhaps the loveliest of the year. The sunbeams shone into the ocean water, making it comfortably warm. The bright colors of the coral reef were even more vivid than usual, and many fish milled about. In these tropical waters dwelled Thalassa, the goddess of the sea. She flicked her strong, royal blue tail, propelling herself through the water. As she swam, her long, blonde hair swayed with her movements.

She hadn't even noticed how close she was to the shore until she saw *him*. A young man sitting on the shore, braiding colorful flowers together into some sort of necklace. He looked so at peace, happy, even. At that moment, Thalassa knew she had fallen. Fallen for this human on the shore. She slowly approached the shore, the water creeping up onto the sand as she did. There was a large splash as Thalassa rose out of the water, causing the man to look up in surprise. He stared for a moment, in awe of the goddess's natural beauty.

“What is that? That object you're making?” Thalassa inquired, her crystal blue eyes brimming with curiosity. The man tilted his head.

“This? Why, it's a flower necklace. Do you want it?” He asked, holding it out to her with a friendly smile.

“For me? Why...yes, I'd love it.” Thalassa blushed as she placed the colorful ring of flowers around her neck.

“A lovely necklace for a lovely woman,” He said to her, smiling. “My name is Anthos. Who would you be?” Anthos asked, curious about the rather alluring goddess. Thalassa crawled up onto the land, taking his hand in hers.

“I am Thalassa,” she replied, gripping Anthos's hand even tighter now, as if he would slip out of her grasp if she were to let go. She looked into his eyes with a tender expression. “I swear to you, I will become part of your world....” She whispered softly. Anthos smiled somewhat flirtatiously.

“You already are.” He replied.

Their meetings continued for many days, often going long into the night. Each day, Anthos came bearing a new gift from the land. Thalassa cherished each and every one, ecstatic that Anthos thought of her even when she wasn't with him.

“Here,” she said to him one night, holding out her hand. In it was a pendant, made from many colorful shells. “It's just like the gift you'd given me when we first met.” Anthos beamed, and if you looked closely you could see tears welling up in his sea green eyes.

“Thalassa,” he started, holding the gift tenderly as if it could break any minute, “I've never felt this way about any woman I've met before. There have been many who

sought to court me, but...believe me when I say my feelings are sincere." And so the two embraced under the gentle moonlight, unaware that this would be their last night together. Because Aerith, the goddess of mortal earth, had found out about their meetings that night.

She had been tending to the forest and the many plants that dwelled there when she happened to catch a glimpse of them from the corner of her eye. Aerith was filled with fury as she saw that Thalassa was up on the land and trespassing on her territory, which was a huge taboo among the gods. So in the early morning, when the mist still lingered in the air, Aerith went to her eldest sister Nefos, the goddess of the skies.

"Sister," Aerith pleaded, the anger burning in her eyes, "Thalassa has broken the oath! I saw her, believe me! Up on the land with a mortal man!" She shrieked. Nefos gave a small sigh, knowing what she would have to do now that Thalassa's actions were known.

"Then she must receive a punishment," She replied solemnly. "But sister, remember that Thalassa is as stubborn and wild as the ocean waters. Imprisoning her will be a challenge indeed." Aerith gave a small nod, becoming deep in thought. Her eyes then lit up as a wicked idea came to mind.

"I've an idea, sister. What if I were to disguise myself as the mortal man she loves to ambush her?" Aerith inquired. Nefos hesitated for a second, but eventually gave a slow nod.

"It shall be done, then. On the night when the moon is full." The night, to Aerith, couldn't come soon enough. The vindictive goddess could hardly wait to receive her revenge against her youngest sister. When the time came, she disguised herself as Anthos, and travelled out onto the shore to wait for Thalassa. It hardly took time at all for the ocean goddess to appear.

"Anthos, beloved! It's simply wonderful to see you!" She said, sounding overjoyed. "It's simply been too long since I've seen you."

"I agree, it's been much too long, sister," Nefos spoke suddenly, emerging from the shadows where she had been waiting. Thalassa's eyes widened, recoiling in shock from the sudden appearance of her older sister.

"Nefos, sister, how have you been....?" Thalassa asked nervously, knowing that if Nefos was coming to her there must have been something very wrong.

"I've been well, I suppose. You seem to have been having a great time here on the land." Nefos said, raising an eyebrow.

"Here on *my land!*" Aerith yelled, her disguise deteriorating to reveal her true form. "You're trespassing! You broke our oath!" She shrieked, her voice sounding even more enraged with every passing moment.

Thalassa put her hands in front of her defensively. "Please, sister, it was a simple mistake I swear-!" However, Nefos cut her off.

“This is a crime of the highest caliber and you know it. Though neither of us may like it, you must face the consequences.” Nefos raised her hand, causing the sea goddess to raise into the air as well. Out of thin air, a heavy chain began to form around her tail, binding her to the bottom of the ocean floor.

“Sister, *please-! Ah!*” Thalassa was interrupted as she was suddenly yanked under the water by the chain, a large splash being created by the impact. Nefos looked down in guilt, knowing her sister was now imprisoned forever.

To this day Thalassa remains bound to the ocean floor, trying desperately to swim back up to the shore to see her beloved. Each time she approaches the shore, the water will creep up onto the warm sand just as it had that fateful day she had met Anthos. However, she is jerked back by her chain every time, and the water recoils along with her.

Thalassa will never know that Anthos has long since been gone. The man, stricken with grief at the loss of the only woman he'd ever loved, leapt into the ocean and dissolved into foam on the water, forever stuck on the waves.

So whenever you see the rolling ocean waves, remember these two lovers, and know that love never fails to bend you to its will.



"HOW SUNSETS CAME TO BE"

BY DYLAN HARTLEY

IT WAS A BRIGHT, SUNNY AFTERNOON IN GREECE. PRONTIMETHEUS, A GREEK ARTIST, WAS SELLING HIS ARTWORK AT A STAND BY THE SHOPS. THE STAND WAS A DISHEVELED STAND, FILLED WITH ARTWORK ON DISPLAY.

PRONTIMETHEUS WAS A WEALTHY, YOUNG MAN. HE WORE A WHITE CLOTH WITH A LEATHER BELT AND A LEAF BERET HEADBAND. OFTEN TIMES, HE USED HIS BRIGHT BLUE EYES TO CAPTURE THE MOMENT AND PAINT IT.

SMELLS OF CREAMY, WHEAT BREAD FILLED THE STREET FROM THE MANY BREAD VENDORS. PEOPLE RUSHED BY, HURRYING TO PREPARE FOR THE OLYMPICS.

"GOOD AFTERNOON, MY FINE FELLOW. WOULDN'T YOU AGREE THAT THIS ARTWORK LOOKS AS IF IT HAD DESCENDED FROM THE GODS? THE VIBRANT SUNSET AND RICH TEMPLE ARE ONLY SOME OF THE APPEALING FACTORS. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PURCHASING IT, BY ANY CHANCE?" THE ARTIST ASKED.

"OH, WELL YES, WHY IT IS A FINE PIECE OF ART. HOW MUCH IS ONE?" ASKED THE CUSTOMER.

"THIS PARTICULAR PIECE, A HAND-CRAFTED WOODEN FLUTE, WOULD BE AROUND 100 GOLD COINS. A RATHER CHEAP PRICE FOR THIS BEAUTY," THE ARTIST EXPLAINED.

"I'M SOLD!" EXCLAIMED THE MAN.

AS THE ARTIST TOTALED HIS PROFITS, HE COULDN'T HELP HIMSELF BUT TO THINK, "LOOK AT ALL THIS MONEY! I MUST BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!"

THE NEXT DAY, THE ARTIST WAS ON THE STREETS OF GREECE SELLING HIS ARTWORK AGAIN. HE SAW A BEAUTIFUL LADY ROAMING THE SHOPS. HE THOUGHT OF WHAT A WONDERFUL CUSTOMER SHE WOULD MAKE.

"HELLO. HOW ARE YOU TODAY, MY FINE LADY?"

"FINE," APHRODITE HAD RESPONDED.

"WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN A PIECE OF ART THAT APPEARS AS IF IT HAD DESCENDED FROM THE GODS?" THE ARTIST ASKED IMPATIENTLY.

"NO, THANK YOU," RESPONDED APHRODITE.

"ARE YOU SURE? THIS PIECE IS ONLY 175 GOLD COINS," THE ARTIST SAID IMPATIENTLY.

"NO! YOU ARE A GREEDY SALESMAN, PRONTIMETHEUS. ALSO, YOU HAVE DISRESPECTED THE GODS! YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED!" APHRODITE DECLARED.

SUDDENLY, PRONTIMETHEUS REALIZED WHO WAS STANDING BEFORE HIM. HE BOWED IN RESPECT FOR APHRODITE.

APHRODITE THEN GAVE PRONTIMETHEUS HIS PUNISHMENT. APHRODITE TRAPPED HIM IN THE SKIES FOREVER, FORCING THE ARTIST TO PAINT THEM WITH BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS AND NORTHERN LIGHTS TO PLEASE HER. SO, THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE A SUNSET, YOU WILL KNOW PRONTIMETHEUS PAINTED IT.



“Erik’s Coconut”

By: Gianna Conti

It was a warm summer morning. The birds were chirping and there was a slight breeze as men and women started a long day of work in the fields. In the small village by the woods awoke a 12 year old boy named Erik. He had short blonde hair and deep blue eyes, which he got from his mother. His clothes were old and torn because his family, as well as the whole village, was poor and forgotten by the kingdom.

Luckily, Erik had a great imagination to keep his thoughts away from his destitute family. But, he had no way to use it today. His parents were out in the fields working, which gave them just enough coins for food. He thought of his 16 year old brother, Ajax, who was tall, handsome and a great warrior. He had long brown hair and soft brown eyes. Surly Ajax would play with him!

Erik went down from his room to the backyard, where Ajax was violently hitting a piece of wood with his sword.

“Hey Ajax, would you like to play with me?” Erik asked

“No way! I have to train for the battle against the Persians. I’m honored to be fighting alongside Leonidas, my general. Now leave!” Ajax replied as he swung again.

“Fine!” Erik remarked as he stomped away. He needed to find somebody to play with him. Then he thought of Clara, his 8 year old sister who could solve any problem that came her way. She was short with long, brown hair and sparkling green eyes. She loved to read books. Obviously, she would take a break from boring reading and play with him!

He walked to the kitchen, where Clara was sitting with a book in her hand. “ Will you play with me?” He questioned.

“Of course not! I’m reading right now!” She abruptly answered.

“Ugh” Erik murmured. Now there was nobody to play with him.

He decided to go for a walk in the woods. Maybe there he would find something to do. He walked for a while until he came upon a round object that appeared to be a coconut. He screamed, “Why is there nothing to do!” and kicked the coconut. His face lit up when he realized how far he could kick it. He kicked it again, this time between two trees. “Goal!” he shouted. He would call this new sport soccer, after his father, Socrates.

He ran back to the village and told all the other kids about soccer. Soon, all of the kids in the village were playing it.

Everyone was happy in the small village until Nikos, a large 13 year old boy with jet black hair, green eyes and almost a full beard, showed up. Nikos was from the kingdom, so he was a lot wealthier than the other boys in the village. Worst of all, since he was older and wealthier than Erik, he thought that he was better than him. Nikos strode up to Erik and shouted, “ Hey poor boy. I heard about your little game.”

Erik's eyes widened, "It spread all the way to the kingdom? Wow!"

"Be quiet and listen, squirt," Nikos began, "I'm amazing at your game and bet I can beat you. So, I'll make you a deal; we will play the game. If I win you'll give me the sport soccer and never play again. If you win", he rolled his eyes, "you get to keep playing soccer and I'll even give you 50 coins."

Erik thought about all the things he could buy for his family with 50 coins. He replied, "It's a deal." And they shook hands.

They set up two sticks by each other that would be the goals. They then put the coconut on the ground and began to play. Nickos shoved past Erik and scored a goal. "Aw man." Erik cried. He had no chance of winning alone, he needed help. Just then Ajax and Clara appeared on the sideline.

"Need some help?" Ajax called from across the field.

"We shouldn't have pushed you away." Clar added.

Erik smiled as he, Ajax, and Clara lined up on the field. Erik took the coconut then kicked it to Ajax, who hammered it into the goal. "Yes!" they all shouted as they hugged each other.

Then, Ajax took the coconut and passed it to Clara who awkwardly pulled back her leg and kicked, "Goal!" Erik screeched. He then turned to his brother and sister and said, "Thanks Jax and Clara, I couldn't have done it without you." Ajax pulled his little brother in and gave him a huge hug.

Now when you see people playing soccer, you know it is because of Erik and his family beating Nikos at soccer.

"Odairian: Journey of the Goddess"

By: Alexandra Stitt

It was the break of dawn in Athens. An earthy smell was in the air and dew was on the grass. Seventeen year old Odairian sat braiding her silky jet black hair. She was dressed in fine cottons that brought out her stormy gray eyes. She was alone, for her adopted mother had died when she was five and she never had a father. Odairian was about to take a stroll on the beach when Athena appeared in a flash of light. She was tall, with blonde hair and gray eyes. She was wearing a white greek chiton, a traditional

one-sleeved greek dress. There was a belt made of woven rope with a knot, and the extra pieces hanging down her sides. Odairian dropped on one knee and questioned, "Lady Athena, what can I do for you?"

"My child," Athena replied, "seventeen years ago a goddess was born of Poseidon and me. She was too powerful to remain on Olympus until her ichor, or immortal blood, matured, so we sent her down to mortal earth with a widowed adoptive mother. It is time for her to be brought home. You are my daughter, Odairian. Please come home."

Odairian was crying happy tears by now. "Of course mother. Of course I will come home. Tell me what to do and I will do it. I will get home to Olympus at whatever the cost is. Tell me mother. What must I do?"

Athena responded, "It is a dangerous task to complete. As you are not yet an Olympian, you must travel to Olympus as a mortal. You must first find a way to cross the sea without a boat. Your powers from your father in his domain may help you there. I gift you with my spear to help on the second task, in which you must pass the two monsters in the Strait of Messina: Scylla, the mountain that devours all that passes, and Charybdis, the whirlpool that sinks all ships that pass. Defeat them and your task is over. Defeat them and you become a goddess. Good luck, my daughter." Athena faded away until she was entirely gone.

My father's powers and domain, Odairian thought to herself, I must get to the ocean. Odairian hooked her gray horses up to her sea green chariot. She clambered into the chariot and took off, running the horses as fast as she could with her hair blowing in the wind. The roads were all bare this early in the morning, so it only took a few minutes to get to the shore. She gently edged her horses into the sea while she dragged her hand across the water. At her touch the water parted and made a protective dome around Odairian. The horses tentatively trotted forward. It was quiet under the sea. She traveled for half a day. She finished her first task, to cross the sea, without a boat.. She was underwater and an eerie dark green glow was flowing around her. Oh my gods! Time must move slower down here, Odairian thought. Time, then, seemed to stop. A sucking noise was heard and Odairian was full of foreboding, and almost turned away. Instead, she mustered all the courage she had. Odairian stood her ground. With only a spear and powers from her father, Odairian had to beat two monsters.

Scylla first, then Charybdis, Odairian planned in her head. She took her spear. She did the only thing she knew she could do with a spear, Odairian threw it.

Her aim was true, like a magnet to metal. (Well more like the wind gods, Boreas, Zephyrus, and Nortus, helped her.) The spear hit Scylla in the heart and she disintegrated as her soul went to Tartarus. Odairian concentrated, calling her father's powers. She felt a tingling sensation throughout herself and, suddenly, the water obeyed her every command.

She took control of the whirlpool and fought for control. After minutes of battle she leveled the water. She did it. Odairian passed her task. A flash of gold wrapped around her in a blanket and she was suddenly at the gates of Olympus. Her tattered cottons were changed into a chiton, almost identical to the one Athena wore earlier that day. As Odairian entered the throne room she dropped into a bow. "Lord Zeus," she proclaimed.

"Odairian," he replied. "You may rise." Odairian stood to look Zeus in the eye as he proclaimed to the Olympians, "Fellow Olympians, this hero has completed a dangerous task to come to her true home and claim

her birthright as a goddess. Does anyone object?" He looked around, no hands were raised. "It is unanimous. All hail Odairian goddess of journeys and voyages."

Now you know how travel came to be. Don't forget, obstacles may challenge you, but don't let that let you stop you from achieving your goals.



"Sainboius"

By: Caiden Martos

It was a warm summer day. The perfect weather to swim in the clear blue lake in the beautiful town of Brightville. The brightly painted clay walls of the huts and grass-green roofs of thatch surround the town center with the great marble fountain dedicated to the goddess, Athena. The grass was bright green in the hot summer sun. Suddenly, it began to rain. The children fled from the lake as the water struck the Earth. People ran indoors. The daytime sky was full of darkness as a dark cloud covered the sun. Thunder rumbled in the distance behind the dark forest. People cowered from the strike of light in the sky.

One of these people was Sainboius. He took shelter in the safety of his small clay home. As the rain crashed against the window, he wished he could go outside into the summer sun once again. However, it would be perilous to travel outside now, for anyone who steps into the waves of water would be instantly filled with dread and gloom. Sainboius was young compared to the rest of his village, for there wasn't many children. He was only 17 years of age. He had dark black hair and pale skin. He was average in height and weight. He wondered how he could possibly make the rain a safer and less dreadful experience for mankind. He decided to confront his mother of his troubles.

In the kitchen, Sainboius found his mother making a bowl of bread and olives. Sainboius' mouth watered at the strong, superb smell of such a fine dish, but knew he shan't be distracted.

"Mother," Sainboius asked, "why must we feel such despair when standing within the rain? There must be a way I could make the rain less dreadful for all."

"Sainboius, no man could alter the feeling of the rain all the time," his mother replied, "And I am not the one to confront. You must travel to the Oracle of Delphi on the peak of Mount Parnassus. There, you could locate the wisdom you seek."

"Thank you, Mother," Sainboius said, displaying great thanks in his mother's wisdom.

Sainboius traveled to the village's weapon shed. Its scarcely touched doors coated in dust. The door creaked as it opened, to reveal walls of spears and longbows hanging from the ceiling. Crates filled with elixirs and potions lined the walls edge. Sainboius settled upon a great broadsword and some food supplies. Alas, he started for the gate of the village, not sure if he'd ever return.

Many hours later, nearly nothing had happened, and Sainboius was growing tired and weary. Suddenly, out of the blue, lightning struck a nearby tree. It began to storm throughout the dark forest. Sainboius was filled with woe and dread as the land around him began to flood. It seemed to be pulling him away, farther from the oracle. Sainboius remembered a story his teacher had told him before, that a dark creature controlled the rain and lightning, thunder and storms. He remembered that the creature is evil and thrives in the rain. It was the Monster of the Darkness. Sainboius was a ragdoll within the water, being thrown about the water. Sainboius managed to regain enough consciousness to grab hold of a large pine evergreen tree. He pulled himself onto a low hanging branch, and hung on for his life.

The waiting was only minutes, but it seemed like hours with the rough bark pressed against his back. Pine needles fell onto his arms and legs, causing quick pricks of pain.

Over time, the flood water receded, and Sainboius realized that he was dealing with much stronger forces than he originally thought. He climbed down from his tree and set up his camp, for he knew he'd need rest to recover his energy.

In the morning, when it was brighter outside from the sunrise, Sainboius could see Mt. Parnassus in the distance. If there were no interruptions, it would be only half a days travel.

He traveled down the dirt path, hoping the sky would remain clear. As he approached the mountain, he began to realize the true size of the mountain. He let out a great sigh as he set about this treacherous hike.

When he was nearing a cave in which he believed the oracle to reside, the sky began to gray. Thunder rumbled ominously in the distance, as if warning Sainboius not to go further. Sainboius took another step and lightning struck the mountain tip, and the ground began to rumble underneath him. Snow began to fall from the mountainside. Sainboius realized he was in the middle of an avalanche. Snow was speeding towards Sainboius at nearly 80 miles per hour, crashing down the mountainside. Sainboius had only a few seconds to think of what to do. Out of complete desperation, he dived under a large boulder next to him. The snow slammed into the boulder, and went around or over, but completely avoided Sainboius.

Sainboius waited in fear of triggering another avalanche, but eventually decided to exit his boulder. Down the slope, nearly every tree on the mountain was torn down, and boulders rolled away. His boulder seemed to be the only one to remain, unmoving.

Sainboius strided up the hill slowly, for more snow could rain down at nearly any time. He snuck into the cave, wondering if this was the correct place.

"Hello?" he called, unsure if there was anyone there.

Suddenly, green fog billowed from a small room in the back of the cave, unnoticed by Sainboius originally. He snuck towards the smoke, and wearily crawled into the room. He saw what was probably a once beautiful woman, but was now a withered corpse on a throne.

"Hi," Sainboius said, clearly worried for his well-being, "Are you the oracle?"

"Come closer, brave traveler, and ask any question you desire." whispered the oracle.

Sainboius stepped closer. "I've traveled here from far away, for I am often filled with dread when it begins to storm. How could I avoid such misery, not only for me, but for everyone?"

"A mistake that will cost you your life, you will do. It shall help to avoid such dread and gloom. Most travelers will avoid such a death wish, will you?" riddled the Oracle.

"No," Sainboius answered, "I will not run, I must stay strong, and finish my quest."

"Then travel to Olympus and end it all, for you will have a great fall. Ending the blues for all of time, I like to make my riddles rhyme," rhymed the Oracle.

So, Sainboius traveled down the mountainside to visit Olympus, home of the Gods. He backtracked down the path and took a sharp left towards the structure.

Soon, he approached the mountain of which Olympus was settled. Sainboius saw the grand building looming over the cliffs. A group of painters were creating a colorful pattern across the outside. Sainboius began to ascend the mountain. He was close to the entrance when, once again, lightning struck a pillar. The painters screamed and fled the area as the pillar in which they were painting collapsed to the ground.

Sainboius ran towards the entrance to Olympus, hoping the Gods would allow him inside.

"I must ask the Gods how to continue my quest!" Sainboius cried to himself, "As I take shelter from the rain!"

As he approached the entrance, lightning struck another pillar, causing it to fall in from the entrance.

"No!" screamed Sainboius, "There's no other way in!"

In a sudden feeling of anger and hatred, Sainboius kicked a boulder, and pain shot through his leg. He reeled backwards and screamed in agony. Sainboius stumbled backwards and tripped upon a paint bucket, and collapsed backwards. Unfortunately, he tumbled over the cliff side, paint falling behind.

Zeus witnessed the evil that the Monster of the Darkness had done, and pitied Sainboius. So, Zeus harvested the fallen paint, and created the rainbow.

Now, whenever you enter the rain, you no longer and filled the gloom and dread, for you may see a rainbow. Every time you see a rainbow, you'll think of the adventures of Sainboius. Never give up on your goals, because in the end, it will be worth it.



Sainboius visiting Olympus, Home of the Gods, through storms and darkened skies.

“Thunderstorm”

By: Aliyah Scott, Caleb Trainum, and Jack Wasco

A cold chill ran down Legend's back as he stood in the lonely forest. He could barely see through the fog to look at the coffin. In the coffin was Legend's father, Abraham. He was sentenced to death by Zeus for disobeying him by helping an innocent prisoner of Zeus's to be freed. The innocent prisoner was captured as a warning to humans that they still worship Zeus, and far too many humans were beginning to forget that fact. However, the innocent prisoner was still worshiping Zeus, just wrongly imprisoned, which is why Abraham showed mercy for him.

Legend was small yet extremely muscular. He had golden, brown skin and hazel eyes. He had curly black hair and freckles dotted around his face. On his face were tears rolling down his cheeks. Legend murmured “He'll pay.” However, there was one problem. Legend could never bring himself to murder Zeus even if he had the power to do so.

Legend, now a long distance away from the forest where the coffin is, whispered in agony, “Father, why did you have to leave me?” He started the long trek back to his small hut.

Legend entered the hut, let out a sigh, laid down on the straw on the floor, closed his eyes, and didn't open them until the sun rose, for he was exhausted after his long journey to his deceased father.

Zeus was in the heavens watching down upon Earth. Zeus could see everything except the unimportant events happening on the planet. For example, the god of the skies did not see Legend when he stood next to his father's coffin.

Though it was a cold, foggy night, it was close to being a special day. The day of chariot race was tomorrow. Zeus happened to enjoy watching this event. In fact, he looked forward to the race. Zeus eagerly announced, “Tomorrow will be violent! Yes. It will be great!” Then, Zeus himself slept the night away.

Legend woke up to the sound of rain tapping on the roof of his hut. "Can't we have fair weather for one day?" complained Legend. The young peasant, not wanting to get wet, stayed in his hut. While in his home fidgeting with his thumbs, he had an idea about how to obtain revenge for his father. Legend came up with the idea to not physically harm Zeus, but rather enrage him. Legend was going to mock the god of the skies. "Oh, this," Legend declared, "is going to be fun!"

The rain finally stopped. As Legend was about to leave for the race where he knew Zeus would be, he saw his father's old flute. Legend was unaware what its use would be to him, but had a feeling it was going to be helpful in the near future. The flute was made of bamboo far away from Greece. The color was a light tan. On the flute, there were multiple holes and around the holes were small indents. The instrument had a smooth texture. Legend often asked his father about the flute, yet Abraham often rebuffed the question and kept it secretive. Knowing all of this information, Legend took the bamboo flute and started his trip to the center of the city, Greece, where the stadium was for chariot races.

Zeus was in his designated throne as the crowds of people began to stroll into the arena. The townsfolk began to start chanting the names of the charioteers. Legend, just outside the stadium, heard the chants and began to start sprinting. There were guards with metal armour on either side of the entrance. As Legend passed the guards, the gates were closed behind him. The metal gates weighed as much as a mammoth and made a booming clank. The race was about to begin!

The race would officially begin when Zeus gave the signal to the officiator of the event. Zeus was moments away from raising his right arm upwards to give the signal when he heard the sounds of an angel. That supposed angel was the flute Legend was playing. Everybody was in awe, for all could hear the sounds, yet no one could see where it was coming from. The crowd stared at Zeus as he traveled to the magical sounds.

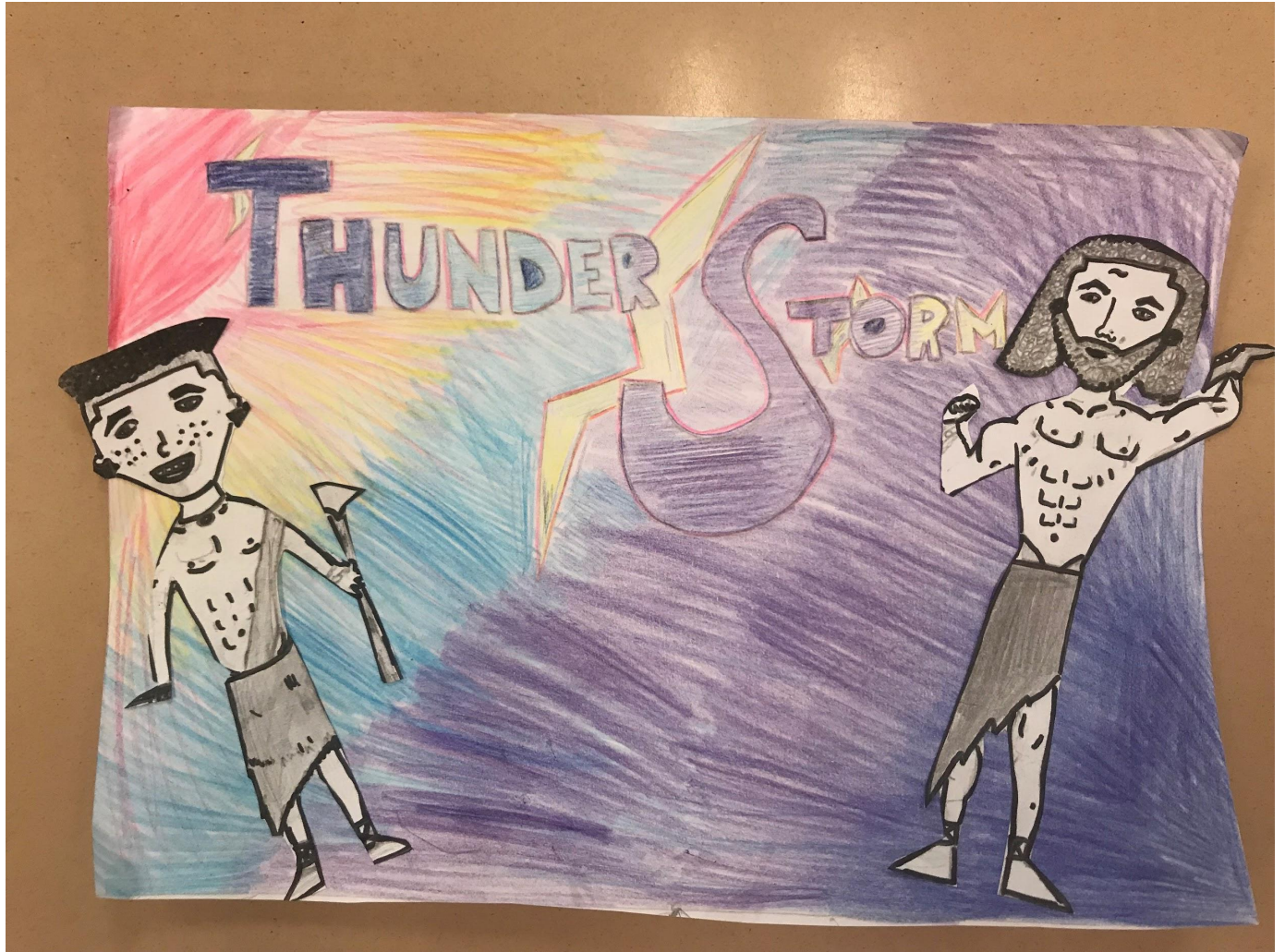
As Legend was playing, he came up with the plan to dump the bucket of rainwater that was placed underneath a leak in the ceiling on Zeus's head when the god walked under the beam of where the bucket stood. The

flutist was beginning to run out of breath. Legend wheezed as Zeus approached the beam.

“Who dare delay the race and disturb the King of the Gods?” roared Zeus. The god was about to enter the room where Legend was. The beautiful sounds were slow and melodic. The sound of the flute were getting increasingly louder as Zeus soon approached. “What,” the god bellowed, “are you...” However, Zeus never finished his question, for Legend stopped playing flute, put the instrument in his dominant arm, and flung it at the metal bucket. There was a clash as the flute broke into several pieces and the bucket fell while Zeus was underneath of it. Without warning the bucket rotated upside down and the cold, dirty water drenched the God of the Skies.

Legend took off running while Zeus was distracted. “You can’t escape me. I am Zeus, the King of the Gods” howled the Greek god. Legend ran to the outer ring of the stadium. Then, he climbed over the gate, ran, and never looked back. When Legend looked into the sky he saw dark clouds with flashes of bright light and loud thunderous roars afterwards. The light was Zeus’s destruction on the world, and the roars in the sky were Zeus’s bellows.

Now, when one sees these flashes of light and loud thunderous explosions, one knows it is a thunderstorm, and the reason for the thunderstorm is Zeus’s anger because of humans. For example, Legend who became a legend in history to be remembered forever as the human who disobeyed Zeus.



"The Pure Love"

By: Jack Yu and Jeremy Michrina

In a dark, shady valley near a river sat a girl with flowing, golden hair. The breeze made the grass sway and cooled her off from the beating sun.

Lying in the grass she whispered to herself, "Oh, how the day is beautiful today." Then, all of a sudden, the peaceful scene was shattered by her mother calling her.

"Asuna," her mother yelled, "it's almost time for supper! Come home, we're having soup."

"Alright, Mom! I'm coming now!" Asuna sighed. As she gets up to leave, she looks back regretfully at the river bed where she was sitting. Looking at her hand she noticed that the topaz orange ring that her great-grandmother had given her for her twelfth birthday was missing. She hurriedly dashed back toward the river ignoring the cries of her mother. As she went back to the river, there was a handsome, young man sitting on a rock, fishing. He had black hair darker than the void, and was fairly skinny. She was amazed at how she didn't notice him beforehand.

She strided over to him and asked, "I lost a topaz ring around here. Have you seen it?"

He turned towards Asuna, startled and asked, "Oh, you mean this?" as he slowly pulled her ring out of his pocket.

"Thanks, that ring is the only memory of my family when I go to fight in the war," Asuna replied.

"Well, it looks like we will see each other again soon because I also have to go there," the fisherman remarked.

As the fisherman picks up his basket and turns to leave, Asuna called to him, "Wait! You never gave me your name!"

He turned around annoyed and replied, "Kazuto, the name's Kazuto."

Kazuto, Asuna thought, what a beautiful name.

Kazuto whipped around to leave, leaving Asuna alone on the riverbank. Asuna then progressed back home only to be scolded by her mother for not coming for supper on time, and now her soup was cold.

After Asuna finished her cold but delicious soup, her mother told her to go to bed so she could be ready for the recruitment ceremony.

As morning rises Asuna could only think about the boy, Kazuto, whom she had met just the evening before. Her mother called her downstairs so she could get dressed and bathe for the ceremony. After her terrible gruel-like breakfast, she went to borrow a horse to ride to the ceremony. She passed the beautiful scenery of tall tree growing in the deep soil. When she got to the ceremony she saw Kazuto in the middle of a group of boys.

"Hey aren't you Kazuto?" Asuna asked as she saw him with a group of other boys.

He turned around surprised by the familiar voice and replied, "Uh, yes." and then confidently continued. "What do you want?"

Worried that his friends would tease him that he talked to a girl he quickly ended the conversation and dragged his friends away so he wouldn't have to talk to the girl.

"You like her, don't you Kazuto?" one friend teased.

"I bet you want to kiss her right now," another added.

"I don't, she started the conversation so she probably likes me and I just replied because that was the polite thing to do," Kazuto retorted blushing.

"You sounded so confused and scared, and now you are blushing so you absolutely like her," sneered his friends.

The torment lasted for around another hour and then the ceremony began. They read out loud the names of the few who had passed the recruitment test in the order of the ones who had the highest score to the one with the lowest but still passed. If there was a tie in points they would read the names in alphabetical order. As they read the names, Asuna's was at the top of the girl's list with a score of 987/1000 and Kazuto was at the top of the boy's with a score of 997/1000. It was at this point that Kazuto had an actual admiration of Asuna for he now knew her name and that she was a great battler as most of his friends got lower than 970/1000 with the highest score of his friends at a 978/1000.

Asuna went home to tell her mom her experience at the ceremony and about Kazuto and returned the horse she had borrowed back to its owner

"Mom, the ceremony was amazing. I got first place on the girls side and there was this boy who I like and..." Asuna rambled.

"Asuna dear, you know you're going to be engaged to Yamada, the heir of the richest man in the kingdom," Her mom explained.

Asuna complained "But, mom, you don't know what love is, you just want me to live a life of luxury by marrying into a rich family just like you did. You want me to be happy by being rich, but I would be happier with someone I actually love truly."

"Asuna you don't understand money is everything. It can give you anything you will ever want," her mom argued.

"But it can't buy true love. People marry other people for their money and, in the end, neither are happy and then they leave each other and never want to see each other ever again." Asuna argued back

Asuna stormed to her room, tired of arguing with her mother about who she would marry, and then started bawling on the floor.

"She'll never understand," Asuna sniffled through her tears "I will show her how important love is and how money will never get me the happiness I desire."

The next morning Asuna walked to the kitchen expecting to see her mom but instead she saw a note. The note read, "Dear Asuna, I am sorry that I had argued with you last night instead of listening to how powerfully you spoke. You made a great decision to defy me like a soldier who objects his orders. I now truly understand your feelings and will give you my blessing as long as you are happy. From, Mom."

Asuna started crying for a few seconds and wiped away the tears she had shed, "Mom, thank you."

All of a sudden there was an emergency call for all the recruits to come to a meeting at the town center for defense preparation at a nearby place. It was also at this moment when Asuna's mom came down.

"Asuna whatever you do, try to make it back home, so we can be together," her mom ordered her.

"I'll try, but I can't guarantee anything."

Her mom walked away to attend to her business, leaving Asuna alone to go to the meeting.

At the defense sight, Asuna saw Kazuto. As Asuna was paying close attention to the speaker, Kazuto came and sat next to her. He takes Asuna's hand into his and Asuna looks at him skeptically. *The boy who tries to act like he hates me is holding my hand*, Asuna thought. *Why is he doing this and what does it mean?* She decided to stop thinking about it and listen to the speaker.

"The monster invader is supposed to use a kodachi, a sword effective at both range and close combat," the man on the podium explained. "That means he will attack whoever is closest to him, and..."

At that point Asuna zoned out and acted as if she was listening. Her thoughts about the boy next to her were racing through her mind.

After the meeting, Kazuto whispered to her, "I have something important to tell you. Meet me at the place where we first met." He points to the valley near the river. She quickly gulped it down, along with her egg.

She sprinted over to where Kazuto was waiting for her.

"You're finally here," Kazuto annoyingly said.

"Sorry, I was hungry after the meeting," Asuna replied apologetically.

"Never mind that," Kazuto cut her off, "I want to talk about what I did at the meeting. I did that because of how you make me feel when you are around."

Asuna giggled.

"What was that?" Kazuto asked. "I brought you here to talk, not to make fun of me."

"It is just that..." Asuna trailed off, too nervous to speak.

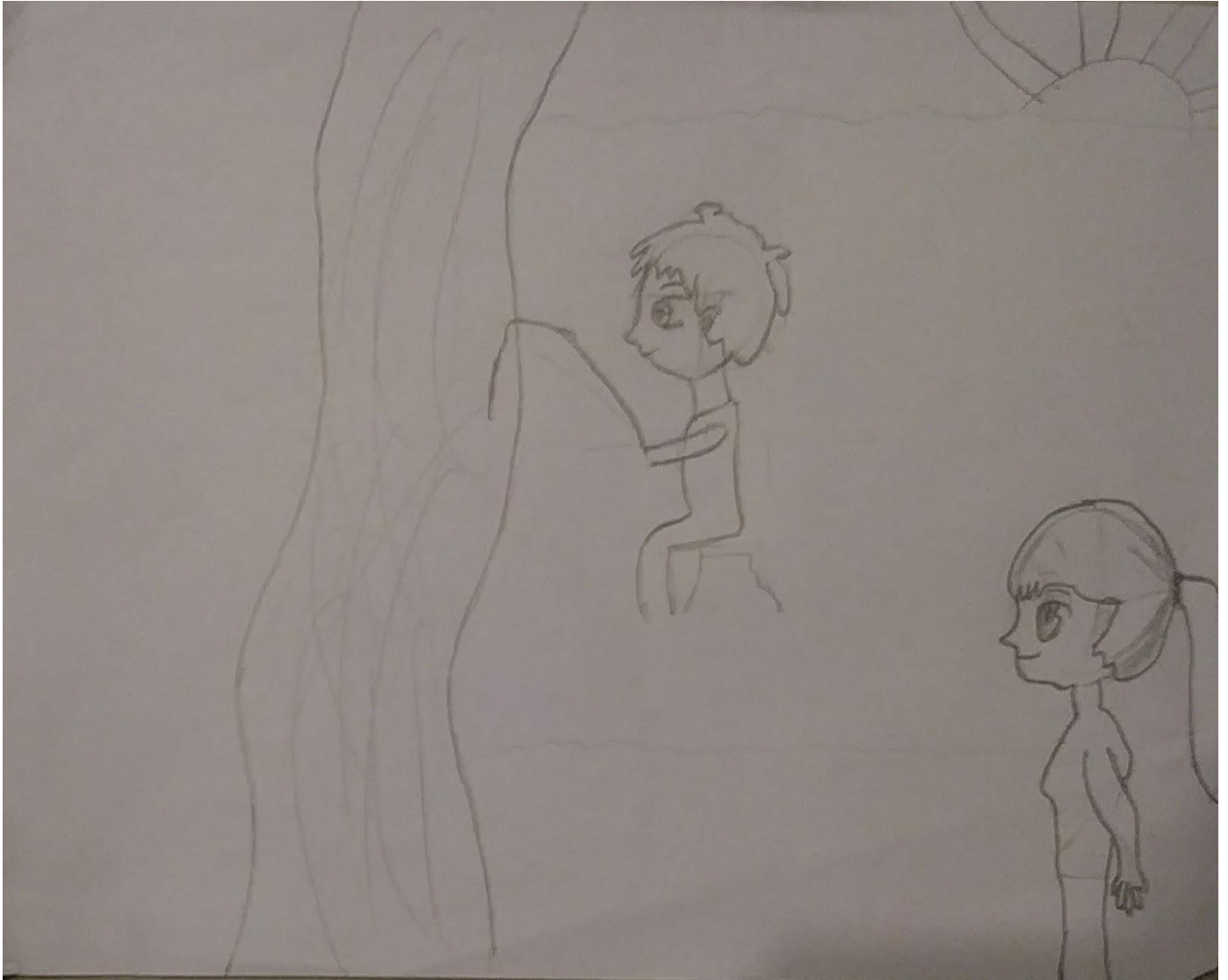
"Well, you might want to finish before we leave."

Asuna didn't know what to say. Kazuto was looking at the ground, probably so Asuna couldn't see that he was blushing. Her throat was dry and when she spoke, it came out like a croak. "It's just t...that I feel the same way!" Asuna blurted.

Kazuto smiled, "See that wasn't too hard, now was it?"

Kazuto pulled Asuna in and as Asuna felt his warm breath hit her, their lips met and she was just happy that they could be together.

Now when you see true love, you will know that it is because of Kazuto and Asuna. Remember money cannot buy everything and that true love is something you find not get.



Asuna and Kazuto meet each other at the river for the first time.

"Shodious: The Origin of the Shoe"

By: Xander Rossi

It was a hot, beautiful, summer day in the middle of June and Shodious was walking throughout the gorgeous village of Wilkstein. Shodious was a 22 year old tall, strong, and adored man. He had lush brown hair and ocean blue eyes. He loved working with his friends and playing games. He was the king's

son in the village. Wilkstein had a population of about 2,000 people and increasing.

One day, Shodious was walking down the stream where the village got its water. He realized that the water supply was getting very low. This was a big problem to him and the rest of the village because that was main water source. He first told his dad about it before anyone else could know. His dad was worried that the village would be in havoc if they knew it was going low. So, he sent Shodious on a mission to get some water and restore the the water supply. He started off heading east to another village that had a huge river. Shodious walked up to the leader of the group and asked,

“ Sir, may our village share your water? We are critically low.”

The leader responded “No.”

So, Shodious walked back to Wilkstein empty handed. The next day, he headed south. By now, the village had known that there water supply was low. The village had rarely went south, for these was known to be great danger. But, Shodious had to do the job. He went through the abyss of the forest looking for some kind of pond or creek. He searched for about eight hours looking for one source of water, but he had no luck.

The third day, he went to the north side of the village. He could not search the south side because it was a deep trench that lead to nothing. Off Shodious went again to see if he could find some simple water. Along his journey, he saw a huge range of mountains that blocked his way of traveling. He also saw a small man that looked lost. Shodious went up to him and stated,

“Mister, do you know what is over this mountain?”

He nodded his head slowly and said silently, “Yes, a huge river for millions to drink off.”

Shodious eyes bulged out when he heard what he said. The man also claimed that nobody had ever been over these because the mountain was too rough to walk on. He went up to it and tried to walk up to the top with his flimsy sandals. They were not doing the job for him, because he felt like 100 bees just stung his foot. He quickly got off the mountain and had to come up with another plan. His next plan was to walk up with his hands but he noticed

that would not work. Then, he had the greatest idea. He yelled, “ I will make things that go all around my feet!”

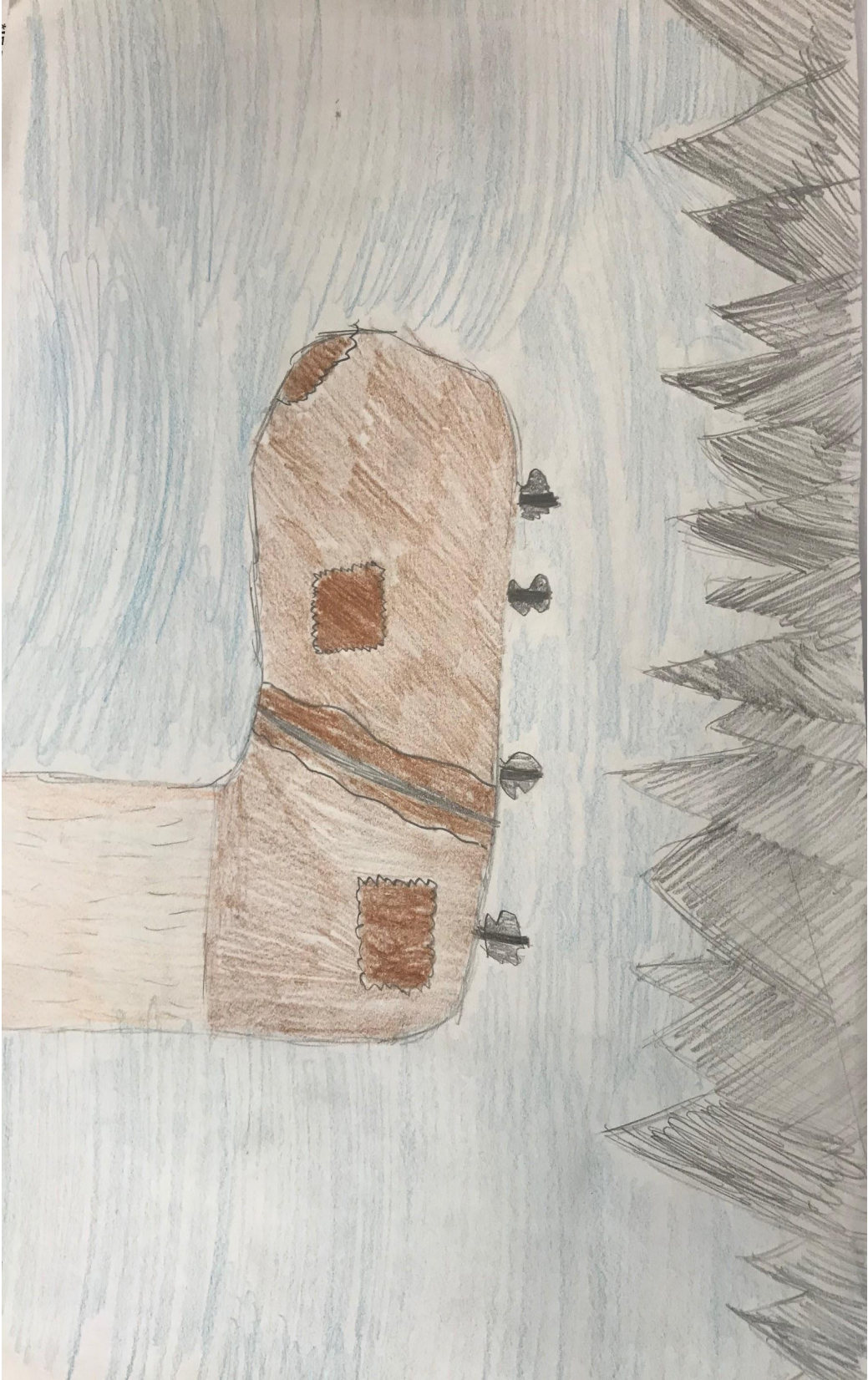
He started by adding material like leather and scraps of cans around the village to make the shell of the shoe. Once that was made, he started making the seat of the shoe or inside pad. He used a pinch of hay the cows and horses ate to make it. Lastly, He put rocks at the end and tied them with rope so he wouldn't slip that much. Now, he was ready to rock up that mountain. He started by heading to the right side of the mountain. Once he got about half way up the mountain the rocks started getting jagged. Shodious would have to start stepping slower in order to not poke a hole through his shoe. He slowly stepped on the first jagged rock, sweat was dripping down his head, like a rain dropping from the sky. He put his foot on the rock and did not feel that much pain at all.

“The plan with the thing worked,” He screamed.

After taking his time to get across the mountain he saw the big body of water. Shodious was the happiest man in the world that day.

When he got back to Wilkstein, he told everyone about the huge river. Everybody bursted out cheering and chanted Shodious' name. They also asked, “ What are at the bottom of your feet?”

He said that those things were to help him get up the hill. The village people oddly liked how they look and thought they could improve on them. The village started calling them shoes since Shodious was the person to create them. Since Shodious was brave to cross the jagged mountain and make a new creation, the village was able to get endless amounts of water. Now, when you see a shoe, you will know it was about Shodious' great journey to find water for his village.



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