

## **Chapter 5**

### **The land of the dead**

Home is what a wolf cries for on a full moon. There is nothing worse for mortal man than wandering. How many more islands to land on before I reach the one I call home? Memories of my beloved Ithaca compelled me to journey on to the spine shivering land of the dead.

Circe gave us supplies and provisions for our journey ahead. She comforted my worries as we left her island. Little did we know what was in store for us as we voyage onward to the land of the dead. We soon departed; the further away we sailed, the sooner our sanctuary melted away and vanished. Then suddenly, we found ourselves approaching an all mighty wall of fog, we were close to our destination. I could not tell you for how long we sailed once we passed inside that mystical, gloomy fog, only that day and night had no meaning. there was only thickening clammy gloom. It became cold, the colder north we sailed the colder it appeared to be. My men's breath, as they breathed, slowly turned to steam, like a dragon with no fire left inside it.

The open sea stretched out before us, brine splashing against our boat, vast and unforgiving, as we voyaged towards the land of the dead. The salty air whipped at our pale faces and the hull of the ship began to tip and wobble in the furious stormy wind. We were on a mission not just to placate and outwit the sea god but to talk to Tiresias and find a way back home to Ithaca. As we neared the border

of the departed, a layer of clouds washed over the majestic blue sky, and the sky darkened to a silhouette of despair. "Hold on tight lads", I bellowed over the elements my hair blowing in the stormy wind. My spirit of hope faded away. With the waves crashing against our ship, it was like being sealed inside an envelope, the sea, threatening to swallow us whole.

As the storm faded away, my eyes focused on what lay ahead. We had made it. In front of our ship was the ominous shores of the land of the dead. A cold icy mist filled the air, as eerie moans started to surround us, the sound (a haunting symphony) sent spine chilling shivers down my spine.

I could feel the unease spreading through my crew, like the plague moving from person to person sucking the life out of everyone who catches it. As quick as a flash, a voice - deathly and low-echoed through the fog and sent an arrow through my heart." You're Odysseus, the trouble maker, aren't you? It made me freeze, who was this? What did they want?

Never in my life, never before had I ever felt an emotion so strong. My mouth was dry, I was shaking, shivering as I felt goose bumps on my skin and cold sweat trickle down my face while I was breathing fast with a pounding heart.

"Yes, to whom do I stand before in my presence?" It became quiet, so quiet that I could here my heart beating out of my chest. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a man, short yet long limbed, appeared in front of me." It is I the one you've been seeking." called the low voice of the figure.

"Tiresias?" I gave a sigh of relief.

The man gave a smile, already trudging towards me over the bloody corpses that were scattered everywhere. "I demand to outwit Posiden!" I yelled with all my might.

Tiresias started to laugh.

"The only thing to outwit Posiden is my ember, but you'll never get it!"

All the corpses started to rise up into an army of skeletons. My men were ready to battle. Had Circe tricked us? As I started to run, I was surrounded by Tiresias's army. I felt the world spin, this was the end. My life was over.

I lay in in a murky pool of my scarlet red blood as my men watched over me...