

Chapter 5

The land of the dead

Home is what a wolf howls for on a twilight night. There is nothing worse for a mortal man than pondering. How many more years until ... Death? How many more ship wrecks before I am home? I was haunted by memories of home, that reminded me of my beloved wife and son.

Circe gave us provisions and blankets for the unforgiving journey, to the Land of the dead. The next day, still travelling to the land of the dead, the waves started getting rougher. Posiden, I knew it was him. We had to get off the water. Then I saw an outline of an island.

“This way!” I called to my men.

The next morning, when we woke, we found ourselves submerged in a thick silver fog. We later found out why Circe had given us all those provisions. The further north we sailed, the colder it got. Then I saw a massive wave which would swallow my ship up whole. “Get down to bottom of the ship now!” My crew could barely hear my voice over the howling wind.

“Help me!” One of my men shouted. “Help me! Please help me!”

I ran as fast as I could and grabbed him at the last moment, to stop him from falling overboard.

My chest tightened as the fog got thicker. I knew we were close. I could feel the presence of Tiresias...

As we docked on the shadowy shore, I heard a voice shout “Who dares enter my island of despair?!” the voice slowly etched into my mind.

One by one, we stepped off the ship trying not to make any noise. I tethered my ship to the unsteady tree.

A gust of wind whooshed past. We started to look for Tiresias when an almighty dragon swept across the pitch black skies.

“Run!” I said, “run!”

Then I heard a voice... “Who dare enter my land of death?”

“I dare enter your land of death!” I said, shivering.

“Why?” Demanded Tiresias.

“What do you mean why?”

“Go away!”

“No! I’m looking for the blind prophet Tiresias...” I said tentatively.

“I am Tiresias...”

Then I look behind me. Phillip, Ajax, Jason! Where were they? Then I heard someone shout...

“Help!” I turned around.

“Where are you?” I called.

“Help, help!” Cried Phillip.

Then I felt someone grab ankle. I drew my sword but I was too late to save myself. I was immediately dragged under the water. Tears filled my eyes. “Stop!” I screamed.

“Please help me!” shouted Phillip.

There was nothing I could do. I didn’t know where I was.

“Hello Odysseus...” snarled Tiresias with a crackle in his voice.

“How do know my name? and where are my men? Circe sent you didn’t she?” I said. I knew Circe had set us up. “Help us! I need knowledge to outwit the sea god, Poseidon so I can go home.” I begged.

“Fine, if you can defeat the Cerberus I will give you the knowledge you need.”

Soundlessly Tiresias slipped out the door and locked it.

The dark damp cave surrounded me. Behind me, I heard a deep growling. I turned and in front of me was a three headed drooling beast with dark red eyes. I drew my sword, and lunged at the beast. I slid underneath the beast and thrust my sword into its pounding heart. It fell to the ground with a thud. Now the knowledge was mine. Now I could face Poseidon and go home.