

## Chapter 5

### The land of the dead

Home is what a whale howls for when they are separated from their pod. There is nothing worse for me than not getting home to my beloved Ithaca. How many storms before I can hug my beautiful wife, Penelope, and my darling son, Telemachus?

Memories of home compelled me to voyage on until I got to the land of the dead. I must get there, I need to achieve my goal. A wife without a spouse and a country in need of their king.

Circe gave us warm blankets and provisions which would be valuable and useful along the way. The further we got, the more gruelling it became. One morning, when we woke, I could smell the salty sea air and I could hear the flipping and the flopping of fish that were swimming away from predators. I got up, stretched a little and cracked a few bones. I yelled to my crew, "Get up you lazy lot."

But then my face changed into a frown because in front of me was a thick layer of fog that rose from the sea to the sky. The vast, treacherous ship groaned as we sailed into the deep thick wall of fog. The brine clogged my router up and my boat came to a halt in the middle of the endless mist.

As we approached the land of the dead, we heard a deafening wail that almost burst our eardrums. With my heart pounding, I crept across the floor. Boom, boom, boom! Something dangerous was definitely here. "WHO GOES THERE?" Moaned a lost soul that had once been a mortal. I couldn't stand another second on this island. Hopefully Tiresias was near. It was ghastly, with its haunting whispers. Somewhere near here, I could hear the breathing of what seemed like a giant. Without warning, Tiresias slowly appeared "Who are you? What are you doing on this island." roared a dead soul.

I stepped forward and said "We are looking for the blind prophet, Tiresias." "I am Tiresias, king of this lovely island!" shouted Tiresias. He had veins that burst out of his grey gloomy skin.

Ragged clothes and blood-soaked hair. He was my dream nightmare. Blood oozed out of his mouth as he spoke. "I will help you to get back to your island but I do need something in exchange..." groaned Tiresias.

"What do you want in return?" I asked.

"You will give me the knowledge that the wicked sorceress (Circe) owns.

We aborted the island. I was thinking about what Tiresias had said. I wondered what we would do. Would we sacrifice a boar or would we eat the cattle? But we needed to provide something to the God Hyperion, the sun god. What would we do. I decided to sleep on it. In the morning I talked to my crew about it. They said not to worry but I couldn't. It was too hard to