

Chapter 5

The land of the dead

Home is what a falcon cries for over an endless forest. And my men were that bedraggled falcon longing for the crunching shingle of Ithaca. How many more days and storms could my men and ship take before they broke? Ithaca was so vague in my mind; it was like a cruel dream.

Circe gave provisions for the long and treacherous journey that lay ahead. I went to see Circe then left to know that if any other sailors came, they would have no trouble with her. I sheathed my sword and set sail.

A few months later, a despicable storm hit us: waves as high as mount Neriton, sky as dark as Hades lair. This is the full wrath of Poseidon's fury but as all storms do, it passed. By the end, the boat was broken and on foreign land. The land of the dead.

In this vile country of the departed, souls float around like the phantoms they are. Giant gates appeared and I was met with the snarling faces of Cerberus that emerged from the ground. I drew my sword to kill the beast but it was too quick... the Cerberus grabbed one of my crew and swallowed him whole. I ran from behind and slid underneath it, slicing its belly. Then it collapsed, lying on the ground, dead.

We walked through the gate into a desolate landscape, full of souls. As we walked, the destroyed souls followed us...Then we heard a voice say "Who dares trespass on the land of the blind prophet? For he predicts a great tragedy will happen to you and your men."

"Let us through!" I shouted.

"Noooooooooooooooooooo!" he shouted. "Tiresias says go west and west again."

Suddenly I felt a chill down my neck. I looked around and I was surrounded by rotting dead bodies staggering towards me. I chopped one of the heads off but there was a horrible sound and the skin started to grow back and it had a new head. One of my men got overwhelmed and then the beasts started to eat.

Then they left us alone, it was only me and two others that survived this terrible ordeal. We were leaving but then a sharp, cold pain pierced my back. I fell, eyes blurry and a wet liquid dripping down my body. Then everything went black. The last thing I saw was my mother's face staring down at me.