

Into The Myths

Your Greek
Mythology Magazine

Includes:

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story pg. 5***

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Hermes, a humor story
pg.14***

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pg. 23***



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Published June, 2020.



Jonathan thanks Cover
Story Writing Curriculum for giving him
this great opportunity to write this magazine.

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Pollution

a ballad

In tropical oceans of Florida sights,
In Tropical oceans I sat there a churning.
Poseidon, who's I, looked with wrath and with rage,
For there was one thing that I was there a yearning.

On shore by the sea a young man was a-trashing,
On shore at the beach the man did trash with glee.
With that sight I saw, I decided one thing,
I'd stop this man's trashing, and free up the sea.

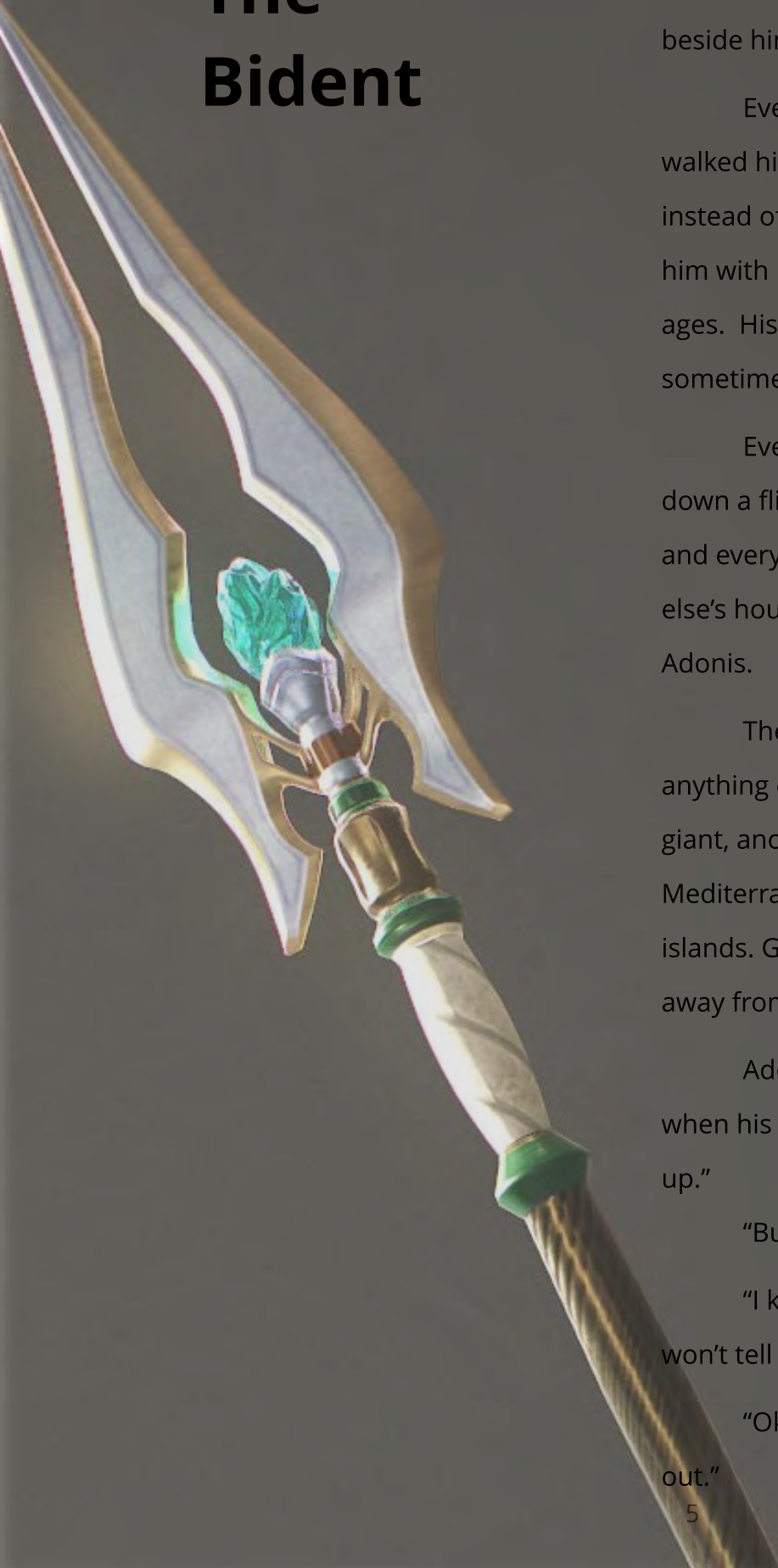
Near everglade swamps, I rose from the water,
Near everglades swamps where the man was a-nappin'.
I said in a voice with a serious warning,
"Please stop with your trashing or bad things will happen."

And into his dream I did relay this message,
And that he would learn I was almost assured.
But to my regret he did not pay attention,
No stop to his trashing, the bad things occurred.

So islands of dump ended up in the sea,
For land that I own was once clean and once free,
But now it is different, now it has trash.
I will give a punishment, as you will see.

As punishment for him I made him a fish,
To live in the land of the spot he had trashed.
And Ne'er could he leave the hard land of the litter,
For e'er in the water he swam there and splashed.

The Bident



Adonis had lived in New York for many years now, but his mom was still as protective as ever. Never letting him go on his own, Adonis's mom was beside him every minute she possibly could.

Every time he left for school, his mother walked him up all the way to the front door. Then, instead of saying a simple goodbye, she smothered him with hugs and kisses like he would be gone for ages. His mother could be super embarrassing sometimes.

Every school field trip, every time he walks down a flight of stairs in his apartment building, and every single time he goes over to someone else's house, Adonis's mom was always beside Adonis.

There is one thing Adonis longed more than anything else, to visit Greece. He wanted to see the giant, ancient buildings, step his feet into the cool Mediterranean sea, and view the verdant green islands. Greece would be a perfect place to get away from his over-protective mother.

Adonis was thinking about Greece in bed when his mother called, "Adonis, it is time to wake up."

"But Mom, It's the weekend."

"I know, but I have a surprise for you, and I won't tell you unless you come out.

"Okay, okay, I get it, you want me to come out."

“Perfect, just what I want.”

Adonis came out of his room wearing jeans and a blue shirt.

“There you are, Adonis.” his mom looked like she was near bursting with happiness.

“So what is the surprise?” Adonis had a hint of curiosity in his voice.

“It’s a surprise. I won’t tell you. Also, get your shoes on, we’re going outside.”

“Are you sure you can’t tell me the surprise?” Adonis knew that he could always persuade his mom to tell him what he wanted.

“Alright, I’ll tell you! The surprise is we are going to Greece!”

Adonis was amazed. He didn’t expect his mom to let him go to Greece. Even though his mom would still be with him, it would still be exciting. He could hardly wait.

Then his mom continued, “An exhibit in the museum down the street!”

His hopes plummeted. However, a museum would still be better than nothing.

They set off down the street. Adonis had to walk right next to his mother. Every time he got farther than two feet away from her, she called Adonis back. This was how it was for Adonis’s entire life.

When they arrived at the museum, the most dreadful event occurred. Adonis’s mom reached out for Adonis’s hand, “I wouldn’t want my Adonis getting lost in this big museum.”

Adonis spied a group of teenagers snickering at him. Adonis hadn’t grown used to snickering even though it was a daily occurrence.

When they had paid for admissions, they walked into the first room. In the exhibit was the creepiest statue Adonis had ever seen. The sign read: *Hades holding a bident*. Adonis guessed that the two prong pitchfork the statue held in its hand was a bident. Oddly, the bident was of a different material. It was metal with hints of blue while the rest of the sculpture's body was formed by marble.

To Adonis’s surprise, the statue started to withdraw from its original position, and the wall began to transform and glow. Adonis jumped back. Every part of the wall moved like a giant jigsaw puzzle. The wall now resembled an ancient door. Golden light shone from the door like rays of sun. Adonis turned away from the illuminating wall, but blinding light still encircled him. Looking down at himself he had the same golden glow radiating off his body.

With a burst of adrenaline, he thought what his mom would think of what was happening to him. To his relief, his mom wasn't holding his hand any more. He wondered where she went. He glanced around the room, he saw her wandering around looking for him. Apparently, she couldn't see him. No one could. The golden glow must've hidden him from all other who are watching.

Being curious, he started slowly walking to the door in the wall. Without warning, the bident slammed into his hand. The force was so great, he was surprised he didn't collapse. He couldn't let go of the bident. It was stuck to his hand. No amount of shaking helped remove the pitchfork from his hand.

He extended his arm up to the door and his hand dissolved. Adonis gasped and retreated back in alarm. After backing away, he noticed his hand had reappeared.

This is crazy, Adonis thought, How does my hand disappear? How can I not let go of the bident? And how did the statue and wall move?

Adonis had an idea. In one hand he held the bident and with the other he grabbed his phone. He stuck it through the wall and took a picture. He took it back to view the picture. The photo revealed a dark castle room. The door was a portal to somewhere

else!

Then he tried something that seemed like a good idea at the time. He stuck his head through the portal. He didn't even feel a thing. Gazing around the room, he saw statues were everywhere. Looking closer he discovered that every statue was like the statue in the museum. Every single one of them was of Hades. There was one difference, though. None of them were holding a bident. In the middle of the room was a statue larger than any of the others. It had a hole where the bident looked like it should fit.

He fully stepped through the door. With a yelp of surprise, he plummeted downwards. He accelerated as he fell down to the ground. With a thud, he landed on the cold, hard stone floor. Thankfully, all his bones were intact.

This was too much for Adonis to take in. He felt like his head was about to implode. *What is this place anyway? How is there a portal? There is no way to get out the way I came in, so how do I get out?* Adonis thought frantically, *Maybe I can find out.* The only thought that comforted him was the fact that his mom was not with him.

Adonis strode up to the giant statue. The ominous statue towered above him. No matter how he tried to position the bident in

the indentation where he assumed the bident belonged,, he couldn't reach it.

He looked for some way to reach it up there. It seemed impossible.

Adonis just wanted to figure out where he was and how he got there. He started to get angry and annoyed. In frustration he slammed the bident into the ground. The ground shook and the bident flew up to where it was supposed to fit.

Adonis still couldn't let go. He flew up to the top of the statue faster than a roller coaster. Adonis felt like he left his stomach on the ground.

When he stopped feeling as sick, he looked around. He was standing on a platform. Beside him, a door was steadily creaking open. Out from the door came a man resembling the statues. Adonis hid the bident behind him. He didn't want this man to think he stole it.

"Greetings, I am Hades," The man said in a throaty voice.

Hades! That meant Adonis was in Greece, or under it at least. He had always wanted to go to Greece but he never expected to do it in this fashion!

Hades continued, "I don't care how you

got here. I doubt you will enjoy your visit to the underworld, but I am sure I will enjoy your visit," Hades grinned a maniacal grin.

If Adonis thought the statues were creepy, the real person was ten times worse. Adonis had never felt this alone before. Everything surrounding him was dead and lifeless. The only thing with any amount of life was Hades. It had been years since Adonis was truly scared but now he was more frightened than ever before in his life.

The way Hades grinned, Adonis wondered what Hades was so excited about. With a sinking feeling he understood. He was about to torture Adonis. It all made sense now. *How am I going to survive?* Then he remembered the bident. It had to have a considerable amount of power. Adonis hatched a plan. *Maybe if I challenged Hades to a duel...*

The mere notion of challenging the god of death and destruction to a duel mortified Adonis but he knew it was his only chance to survive.

"Lord Hades, I have a proposition." Adonis wanted to be formal and not anger Hades.

"is this proposition beneficial to me?"

"I will share it with you. We will have a

duel. The winner gets what they want. If you win, you can cause me great pain that you find fun. If I win, I go up to Greece.”

“Was I that bad at hiding the fact I wanted to torture you?”

Adonis didn't know what to say to that so he decided to ignore it. Adonis was scared but the only way for him to live was for him to be confident.

Adonis challenged, “Do you want to duel or are you scared to lose to me, a mortal?”

“Let's get it started, just know you asked for it. I'm gonna make this painful. I will wait for you to make your first attack, then, I will make mine. I will build stairs to take you to Greece if you win.”

“How do I know you're not lying?”

“I will write the rules onto my neck. If I fail to follow the rules the words will suck away every last bit of my soul.”

Hades took a pen and wrote it on his neck. Adonis looked closer and it said everything exactly right. Black orbs oozed from the wound engraved on Hades neck. It was already ripping away Hades soul. This duel was foolproof.

Adonis hoped he could win. Then he could live his life in Greece. He could never be

embarrassed about his mom again

Hades yawned and flopped down into a chair to Adonis' left and said in a lazy voice, “Attack me.”

Adonis didn't know how to start. His hands started to sweat as he unsuccessfully tried to make a plan.

“I'm waiting,” Hades annoyed voice drawled.

Adonis debated the start of a plan. Once he made his decision on the plan an almost impossible event transpired. The bident shot out and carried out the plan he imagined in his head. Adonis' legs and arms followed. It was like Adonis was flying. The bident spun to the backside of Hades, stabbed the startled Greek god, and returned Adonis where he had started

A gaping hole through Hades chest appeared. The hole grew and grew, dissolving Hades body as it expanded until Hades entire body dissolved. There was no blood. Hades' entire body just melted away!

Adonis was thrilled! He had won! He could have the vacation he had always dreamed of. No more kisses from his mom. No more mom staying with him every moment. Then he thought of something, how would he exit the underworld to Greece?

"You enjoying your victory? Do not forget I am immortal. No matter how many times my life is sucked away I will always return. The words only sucked away my life of which I have infinite amounts of," Hades words caused Adonis's heart to skip a beat.

Hades had returned! He had also lied about the engraving he wrote on his neck. "You said it would suck your soul out, not suck your life!"

"So sorry, I guess my tongue slipped. I guess I will win."

Adonis yelped as his eyes turned down to look at his chest. It was dissolving just as Hades chest had done.

Adonis didn't have much time to panic because he dissolved almost immediately.

Adonis opened his eyes, everything was white. He asked, to no one in particular, "Am I dead?"

"Depends on your point of view." mused a voice.

"Who said that?" Adonis gasped.

"To you, I am Heracles," A man shimmered into view.

"Please, could you explain everything?"

"Okay," Heracles started. "I'll explain, At

the moment, you are dead. You will reappear just as Hades had done. The bident made you immortal. Are you following?"

Adonis shook his head. "Not really."

"Okay," ignoring Adonis' reply, Heracles continued. "The only way for you to live is to give Hades what he wants."

"To torture me?"

"No, he wants the bident."

"How am I supposed to give it to him if I can't let go of it? How would giving it even help?" Adonis asked in an annoyed voice.

"To let go of it, just wish to let go. He will trade you for his bident. The bident does what the owner wants. If you wish the bident to hover out of reach until you are out of the underworld, you will make it out alive. You will have to allow Hades to see the bident so he knows it is real. Earlier, you wished him not to see it so now you must do the opposite. "

"Thanks for telling me this, but why are you helping me?"

"I wanted to tell you to go home, to not go to Greece. I once had a mother, then I left her when I became a god. I wished I could have stayed with my mother longer but I left her when I was young. When I returned, a rock slide had crushed our house."

Adonis felt sorry for Heracles. He really wanted to visit Greece but he did consider listening to Heracles. He was stuck between choices.

"Go now, but I advise you to heed my words; they will help you someday. If you are annoyed and embarrassed at your mother, I suggest talking to her. She is protective of you because of what happened to your father. She doesn't want you to leave her like he left her. Especially because he never returned and never can."

"Wait, you know all that?" Adonis asked. Heracles didn't have time to answer the question because Adonis was already being carried back to the underworld.

"How have you returned?" Hades asked frantically.

Adonis tried to act brave; he wanted Hades to think he knew what he was doing. He wished the bident to be visible. Nothing changed for him but he hoped it worked.

"By use of your own weapon, the bident." Adonis said.

Hades jaw dropped which revealed a sight of disgusting teeth which Adonis wished he never saw. "How did you find that?"

"In a museum. It bolted to my hand and I became its owner."

"Those evil mortal archaeologists must've stolen it!"

Adonis wished the bident to hover until he was out of the underworld. It didn't work. He tried again with more thought and the bident shot up.

"Your bident will hover out of reach until you let me out of the underworld." Adonis smiled at the way he had tricked Hades.

Hades roared an inhuman-like roar. "Sure, I'll take you to Greece."

"I want one more thing before I go."

"What is it?" Hades snapped.

"I want to return to the museum," Adonis declared.

Hades held out his hand and a stairway of stone rose from the ground.

Adonis slowly walked up the stairs, taking one last glance at the underworld. Probably the last glance of Greece he'd ever see.

When he walked through the portal he came out in the exact museum he'd left what felt like ages ago.

Adonis walked out to his mom.

"There you are Adonis!" his mom exclaimed. "I have another surprise for you, We are going on a plane to Greece!"

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The Difficult Life of Hermes

I am Hermes. I am the messenger of the gods. If you think my job is easy, you are one-hundred percent wrong.

You might be familiar with the saying “neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night etcetera etcetera, etcetera” Most people know it as the motto for the post office.

The other Olympians have a similar idea about me. My “motto” goes something like this “neither storm nor flood nor fire nor death from giants, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. This motto was a horrible thing to happen to me. How am I supposed to get through a wall of ice? How am I supposed to get through a wall of fire? That Iris is so lucky, she can just walk on rainbows like a unicorn. I mean, sure, I have flying shoes, but what if the wall is infinitely tall? What am I supposed to do then?

I recall one day that was surely, absolutely, positively, the worst day in history. It starts with me delivering a letter to Iris. She is

also a messenger of the gods, but man, is she a slacker! If I had unicorn magic like her, I would make good use of it. I think getting your own mail is a great use in my opinion.

On the start of my journey I bumped into Anchiale. Anchiale is the god of heat from fire. And, my, was she in a bad mood. Her heat is like holding your hands up to a fire about the length of a shoe away. Most of the time, if it is a small fire, the heat will comfort you. If it is a huge bonfire, however, your hands will burn. I really think she was in a bonfire mood today.

Already this trip was getting too crowded for me but, no, Adrestia came to join the party. She was the goddess of vengeance, so, as you will see, not the greatest company.

Adrestia was angry at me for stealing her meal one night. She can really hold a grudge. With her almost comical whip in hand, she is one of the most painful gods I have ever known.

These were too many evil attacks for me to dodge at once. Someone decided to make this day more miserable than it already is. Out of the shadows, comes Oizys, the god of misery. Such a cheerful name for a god of misery isn't it?

I dodged side to side. The only thing keeping me from death and destruction were my flying shoes. Three gods attacking was too many. I needed to deliver the letter by morning. If I failed to do my duty, Zeus might kick me off Olympus.

"I'll help you!" boomed a voice.

I was saved. A god had arrived to help me. Yes! I was so happy that I was saved until I learned horrific news. The voice was trying to help the bad guys. It was my nemesis, Hippolytus the giant.

I needed to have something good happen. It did happen, just not in the way I expected, not in the way I expected at all.

I was slashed with heat, abducted by a god of misery, and stabbed by a giant.

All four attackers were summoning power. A huge orb of power towered over me. The four evil beings were working together.

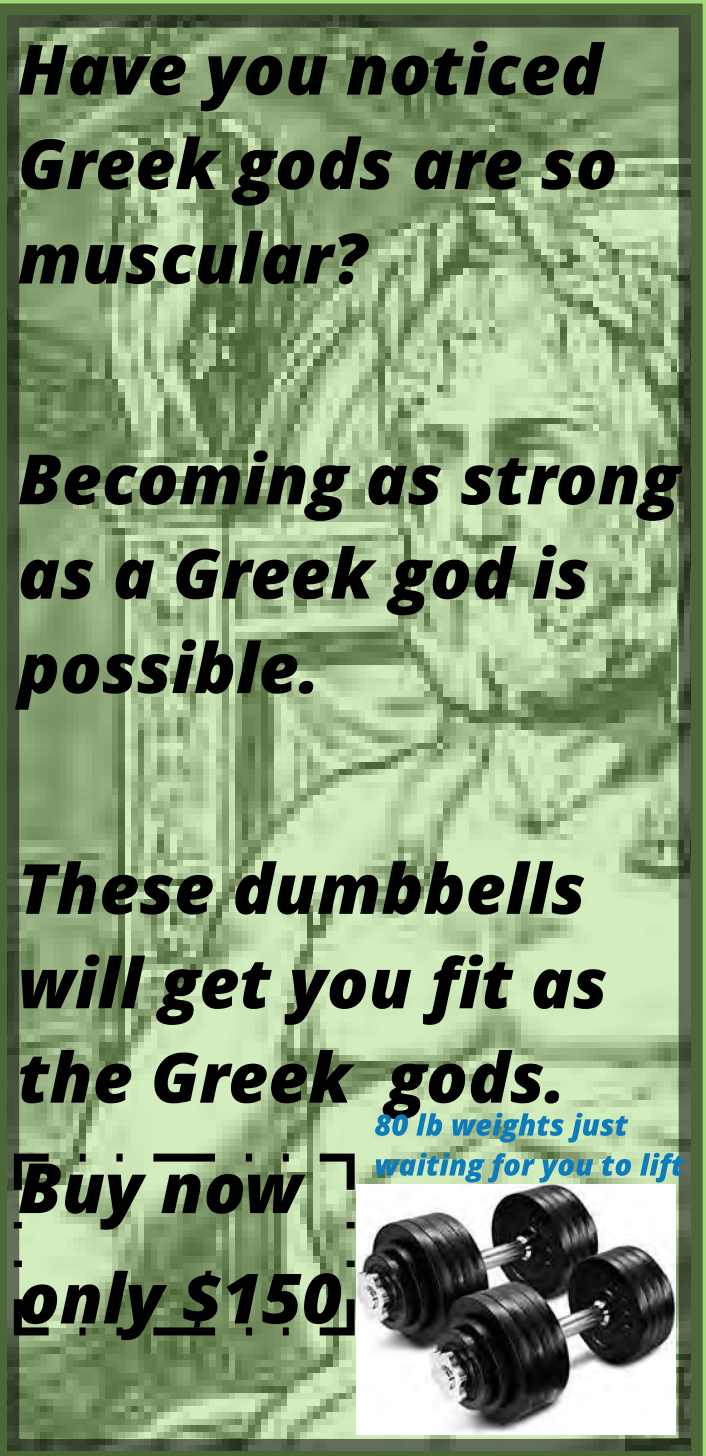
The orb smashed into me, knocked me unconscious and threw me miles down the mountainous terrain. It wasn't working out so well for me, was it?

I woke up to the sight of white. My first thought: Am I dead? My second thought: Of course I'm not dead, I'm a Greek god. I am immortal.

Once I fully came to my senses I realized I was on Mount Olympus. I saw Iris and

remembered my task I tried so hard to accomplish. I searched my pockets for the letter. Iris needed her mail.

Iris spoke up, "If you're looking for the letter, I threw it away. It was just an ad."



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Greek gods are so
muscular?**

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as a Greek god is
possible.**

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will get you fit as
the Greek gods.**

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The advertisement features a background image of a muscular man in a white tank top and shorts, flexing his muscles. In the bottom right corner, there is a photograph of a pair of black dumbbells. The text is overlaid on the image in various fonts and colors, including bold black, blue, and white.

Fantastic Fantasy Poems

There once was a half-blood from Greece
Who claimed she was Poseidon's Niece
She fought in a war
And then asked for more
and came back in more than one piece.

Echo
Only repeats
Other ones words like a
murmur slowly fading into
silence.

Leaf fading from green
Descends down from its mother
Like Persephone.

Soon Pandora's Jar
Which held much evil
Was opened to earth.



Continue reading to see how
the Lightning Thief book
compares to the movie

Cyclops

acrostic

Colossal beast wakes and yawns

Yearning for human flesh

Clomping to the door, he spies men

Lunges at a near human.

Odysseus, who he knew as Nobody, blinds him

Pouting from being blinded, Odysseus escapes

Still longing for human flesh, he blindly waits for Nobody to return

Kymopoleia

**Her power creates violence
When the storms roll down the
shore.**

**The goddess of violent sea storms
Is the one who's held at fault.**

**Her powers greatly recognized,
But alas, herself is not.**

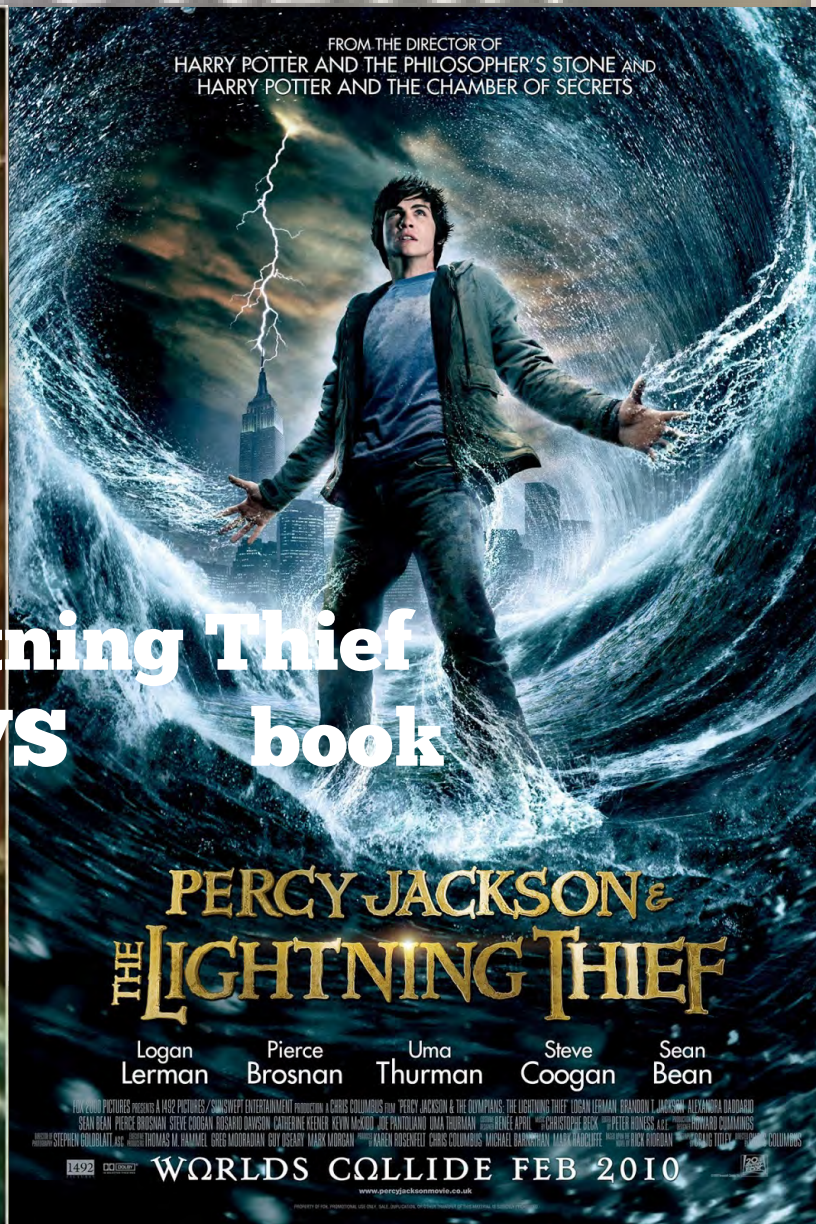
**Sadly, her very existence
Is unknown to most of all.**

**For humankind should tremble
Whenever she is near.**

**But all that humans recognize
Are the dark clouds from her
storms.**

**Her name should be known by all
But this goddess, Kymopoleia
Is only known by few.**

RICK RIORDAN



The lightning Thief Movie VS book

SPOILER WARNING: This contains spoilers for the Lightning Thief book and movie.

The Lightning Thief Movie vs Book

Are you a fan of Rick Riordan? If so, stay away from the altered Greek mythology and mangled plot that's called The Lightning Thief movie. Even Rick Riordan, the author of The Lightning Thief, agrees that this movie should never be watched by school children during class time or, even worse, as a reward. He claims, "The movies' educational value is exactly zero."

THANK YOU FOR WATCHING THE CHANNEL OF SECRETS

The plot changed from great, in the book, to horrible, in the movie. I have no idea why the producers changed the plot so drastically. In the book, Percy went to the underworld because he suspected Hades had Zeus's master bolt. In the movie, however, Percy went to the underworld for his mother who was captured by a Minotaur. Also in the movie, Percy Jackson's plan was to tell Hades, the god of the underworld, that he didn't steal Zeus's master bolt even though most of the gods believed Percy stole it. Everyone who watches this movie easily knows that talking to Hades will not turn out well.

One of the biggest surprises in the book was made obvious in the movie. Luke, one of the major villains, was supposed to be good looking. In the movie, though, he was transformed into an ugly guy who mostly sulks. When Percy, Grover, and Annabeth left for the underworld to find Percy's mother, who was captured by a minotaur, Luke was way too helpful to be on their team. Everyone, including people who haven't read the books, could see that Luke was a villain.

Overall, the movie would have been okay if I hadn't read the books and knew nothing of Greek mythology. The sound effects were good, and the characters looked cool. Compared to the books, though, the movie is uninteresting and the mythology is incorrect.

A new beginning: Thankfully, Rick Riordan's novels in the Percy Jackson series will get a second chance in a good television show. Disney Plus will release a Percy Jackson TV show in the future. Riordan will be assisting with the production.

PERCY JACKSON & THE LIGHTNING THIEF

Greek Butter Cookies

Have you ever wanted a cookie so butter-rich it has more butter than sugar? Try this recipe. As soon as I saw the recipe, I wanted to make it instantly. With three-fourths cup sugar and one cup butter, I knew the recipe had to be good. If you are a person that loves butter, this recipe should be just right for you.

Start by gathering ingredients:

1 cup butter

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

1 egg

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered sugar



Set the oven to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Cream the butter and sugar for a long time, about 4 min. Make sure it is very creamy and not rough.

Next, mix in the egg.

Once the egg is mixed in, stir in vanilla.

Blend the flour in with a mixer filled with the batter for about 30 seconds. Then stir with a hard spatula or a spoon.

Greek Butter Cookies

Make sure to scrape the bowl to stir in the flour on the bottom.

Once the flour is blended in, grease the pan and start making rounded teaspoon balls, logs, or S shapes.

Bake for 10 minutes. Once cookies are fully cooled, use a sifter to dust on powdered sugar. My opinion is the more powdered sugar the better but you may add in as much or as little as you want.

Even though I baked 50 cookies the cookies disappeared in three days thanks to my family. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

Did you enjoy the recipe? For more spectacular recipes www.visitIntoTheMythsRecipes.com



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Letter

to the

Editor



Dear Sir,

When I read your magazines I feel like I am diving into the most interesting part of history, mythology. I haven't been subscribing for long, but I plan to continue doing so. In your magazines, I don't know how you don't run out of gods to write about. I wanted to know if you ever feel like you have run out of gods to write about? Do you ever repeat gods?

Your newest fan,
Mat Canterbury.

Mat Canterbury,

The Into the Myths team is grateful you enjoy our magazines and are enjoying the short time you have been subscribing.

Your question has been considered many times in the making of Into the Myths. There are more than four-hundred Greek celestial beings, so we are nowhere near running out of immortal beings to write about. We try our best not to repeat deities too close together in editions of Into The Myths. When we have used all the minor gods in stories or poems, it will be so long ago when we wrote stories about the deities in the first magazines. It will be interesting and new to read about the nymphs and giants again.

To your question if we ever repeat gods, the major gods have much more personality and character than the immortal creatures and deities. Therefore, we can write many more stories and poems about major gods.

Sincerely,

Jonathan Ebel , Editor.



Advice column

Dear Jonathan,

I have bought plane tickets to Greece for this summer and will be traveling around Greece and Turkey. I was thinking that I wanted to visit some of the seven wonders there until I read bad reviews about the Temple of Artemis and The Mausoleum. It looks like to most people the seven wonders still standing are barely standing at all and not worth seeing. I wanted to know your opinion about this because I know you have studied much about these type of ruins. Do you think I should see the ruins of the seven wonders or just explore other things in Greece and Turkey?

Sincerely,

Andrew Smith

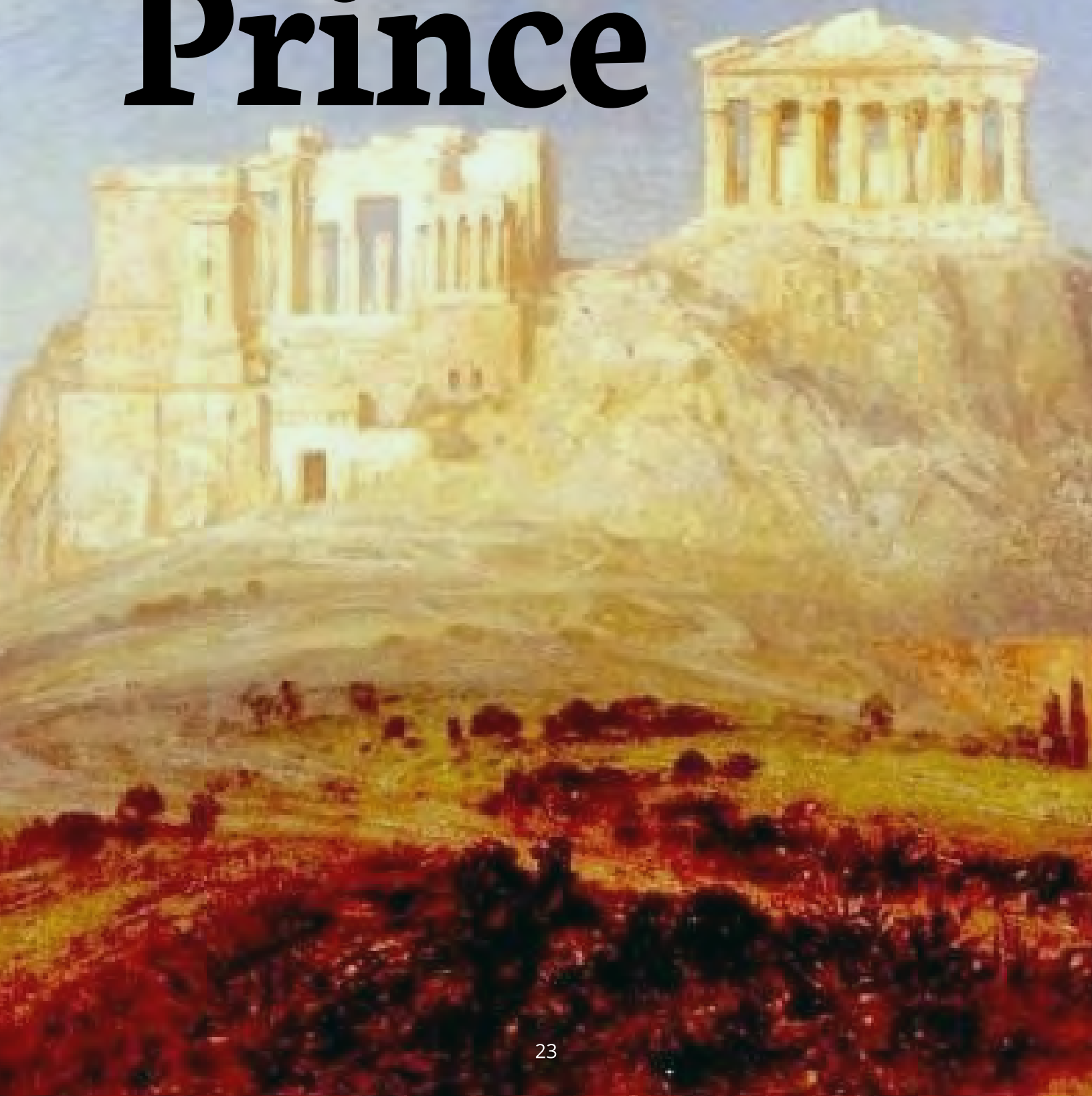
Dear Andrew Smith,

As you probably saw in multiple reviews, some people found the temple of Artemis and the Mausoleum not intriguing at all, but I think differently. Even though the ruins are very old and in bad shape, You can still imagine what it looked like a long time ago. you can also learn more about the wonder in museums near to the ruins or hire a tour guide. If you are not a museum type of person, I might suggest visiting the Acropolis in Greece. There are many ruins there and most of them are still standing. I hope you enjoy your visit to the Mediterranean.

Sincerely,

Jonathan.

The Prince



In the midst of ancient Crete, a race to find a hidden gem in a temple was about to begin. Caius was a contestant, but he had a different intention than the other racers. His goal was to steal the gem and sell it for a large quantity of money.

For years, stealing had been Caius's way of living. Parents were something that he assumed he never had. The only way for him to survive was for him to steal. If he was able to acquire the gem, he could sell it to gain something even something better than money, a new life. He pay for a school and get an education. This was all Caius wanted; he didn't want a gem or riches, he just wanted to be like the other boys.

A boy with hair the color of gold stood next to Caius. The boy looked over at him and asked, "You excited?"

Caius had never liked talking to other humans. It made him uncomfortable.

"yeah," Caius murmured. He didn't look the boy in the eye. He just looked down at his feet. He was not used to talking to other kids. The only time he talked to other kids was when he was bargaining for food on the streets. Maybe, though, this could be his chance to get to know someone. He put that thought out of his mind. He couldn't have friends until he had money. No one would want to be good friends with him.

"You don't sound too excited." The boy

muttered.

"People don't do this competition for fun. They do it for the prize, a gem," Caius snapped.

He didn't want to even try to make friends before he had the gem.

"Okay then, who do you think is going to win?"

"Do ya think you could let me concentrate?"

The boy's face looked melancholy and he said, "Sorry"

What Caius said had backfired. He tried to make it right "I didn't intend to be mean. I'm real sorry"

"It's okay, I should've let you concentrate "

"Okay, Do ya think you could tell me your name?"

"Tobias, my name is Tobias. what is yours?"

"Caius. Nice meeting ya."

Before either one of them could say anymore, the race official said the race would start in a short moment. He started counting down from ten.

"Ten, nine, eight,"

Caius prepared to sprint.

"seven, six, five, four,"

Caius's heart started to beat faster.

"Three, two, one, go!"

Every contestant started running! Caius' heart was thumping loudly in his chest. He could hear each and every one of his heartbeat as he ran down the raceway. He had to win. His entire life depended on it

Unlike the other opponents, Caius knew of a secret mining tunnel that he had mapped out before the race. It was a hidden shortcut.

Caius ran with all his strength into the tunnel. Wind whizzed past his ears. He could hear his feet pounding on the ground.

Tobias followed Caius into the tunnel but Caius didn't stop him; there was no need to.

Up ahead Caius sighted light. He was almost at the gem.

Outside it was sunny and he could see where he knew the temple lay. However, there was another contestant ahead. Then Caius glanced at the man's clothes beneath the cloak. He wasn't wearing athletic clothes. He was the race official. He was trying to steal the gem

"How am I supposed to steal the gem with him trying to steal it also," Caius thought. A few seconds later, he noticed he had said it out loud.

"You're trying to steal the gem!" Tobias suddenly became angry. "I trusted you, and this is what you try to do. I should have never tried to make friends!"

Caius had been starting to enjoy Tobias' company. He didn't want Tobias to leave him now. He needed him as a friend. Caius wanted

to stop Tobias but Tobias had already started running ahead toward the temple faster than Caius thought anyone could run.

"Please, come back." Caius shouted desperately.

Tobias didn't come back.

Caius didn't even try to run after him.

Depressed, Caius ran toward the temple where he knew the gem was hidden. He knew that the gem was at the bottom of the temple, so he just kept walking down. The temple was supposed to confuse enemies with all the passageways. He hoped he wasn't an enemy.

Caius heard a cry of pain coming from deeper in the temple. It was Tobias. Caius started running. In a matter of seconds, Caius reached Tobias. Tobias was in chains. Caius reached into his tunic and pulled out a dagger. He started trying to cut the chains. Tobias was being hung upside down by the chains. At the moment, Tobias was also unconscious.

Suddenly, the man who Caius had thought was trying to steal the gem came in.

"It looks like you're trying to rescue your friend Tobias," the man said. "There is a problem with trying to cut the chains with a dagger, you've probably figured that out already, though."

"What will you do with Tobias," Caius spat.

"Same thing I will do to you, demand a ransom."

"Like anyone would pay a ransom for me,"

Caius snapped. "All I have is myself, and all I care about is money."

Truthfully, Caius wanted to have a friend, but that wouldn't be an intelligent thing to say. Talking to other thieves was natural to Caius.

The kidnapper said, "I see. you're trying to steal the gem. I am sure it would be worth a lot of gold."

Caius saw what the kidnapper was trying to do. He was trying to make Caius go after the gem to prevent Caius from attacking him. Caius saw right through that. Caius realized something really important. The kidnapper was stealing the prince and not the gem. That could only mean one thing.

"The gem's fake," Caius declared.

The kidnapper looked surprised but then went back to his gruff, angry face.

"Doesn't matter if the gem is fake because it won't change your future."

Caius didn't even try to dodge the cuff the man tried to wrap around Caius' ankle.

The man laughed. "Giving up already haven't you."

The man left grinning maniacally.

Stalling Tobias's abductor wasn't the only thing Caius achieved. He, without the kidnapper knowing, had stolen the keys of Tobias's chains. They were inside the kidnappers pocket. All he had to do was cut the pocket open and let the keys slide out of the pocket. Living as a thief, he

knew how to cut pockets and purses.

"Tobias, you awake?" Caius whispered.

There was no response.

After unlocking his own chains, Caius, strode over to Tobias. He unlatched Tobias's lock.

Without warning, The kidnapper marched back into the room. "You won't escape."

Caius latched the chains around the man's ankle, "Actually, yes, I will."

Caius stepped back and pointed at the ankle chain. "You have no experience as a thief or kidnapper whatsoever."

Caius was able to dodge the mans punches and kicks as he draged Tobias out of the way

From behind Caius, Tobias awoke.

With the man chained to the ground, Caius didn't have anything to worry about as he exited the chamber.

When they finally saw the shining gem again everyone else had already completed the race.

Caius was depressed, "Well, I guess it is back to the streets for me. It was nice meeting you, Tobias. I am sorry for trying to steal the gem. I just wanted enough money to get an education and to live a normal life."

"After rescuing me, no one goes back to the streets." chuckled Tobias.

“What do you mean?”

Tobias grinned, “You know King Midas, right?”

“Yeah.” Caius didn’t know where this was going.

Caius had heard rumors of the king who had the golden touch. According to the rumors, Dionysius had given the greedy king a wish. King Midas had wished to have everything he touched turn to gold. This power was called the golden touch. In the end, the power was horrible because he couldn’t eat and he turned his only daughter to gold.

“I’m his grandson.” Tobias declared.

Caius was astounded. He was also confused. “But didn’t king Midas turn his only daughter to gold?”

Oh, you haven’t heard the rest of the story, have you? Tobias asked.

Caius shook his head.

Granddad regretted his decision almost immediately. He pleaded to Dionysius to stop the curse which he earlier thought as a wish. Dionysius told him to wash in the river of Pactolus. His daughter then had a child, me. Then, we moved to Crete. Also, we have never run out of gold. Want some?”

“I wouldn’t want to take it from my friend but...”

“I wouldn’t mind.”

Caius’ ho-

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