

Grains of Mythology



solving all your cold feline problems!

Sir Devin VS. Dragon, who wins?

what happens when a god meets a pug? find
out in this issue!

Plus a extra mouth watering cookie recipe!

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Dear Editor,

Hello, my name is Larry Licker and I am six. My real name is Larry Jones, but I have a habit of licking blocks of salt for goats. But the reason I am writing to you is that your magazine about mythology has nothing to do with goats!

Why would you ruin a perfectly good magazine? For some reason while I am writing this, my big brother Levi is laughing about something. He also is trying to tell me the difference between livestock and mythology, but I know that there is no difference!

Despite the lack of goats, I liked your poem about Troy. It was such a funny poem, I nearly fell of my bed! Would you please think about making a poem on salt lick, or about livestock?

-Larry "Licker" Jones

Dear Mr. Licker

Hello! My name is James, and I am the editor of the magazine. I am so glad that you like my magazine! However, I am so sorry that you weren't able to find enough goats in the magazine.

As a small child I loved salt, too. Occasionally I would shake the saltshaker on my hand, then I would lick the salt off. Also, on my last trip to Tractor Supply, my little brother wanted to know if he could lick the salt blocks.

I do not know about a poem on goats, but I could do a poem on goat men. These half goat half men were in Greek and Roman mythology, known as Fauns and Satyrs. Perhaps you should look to a livestock magazine for goats, but that is just a thought.

Have a nice salt lick,

- The Editor



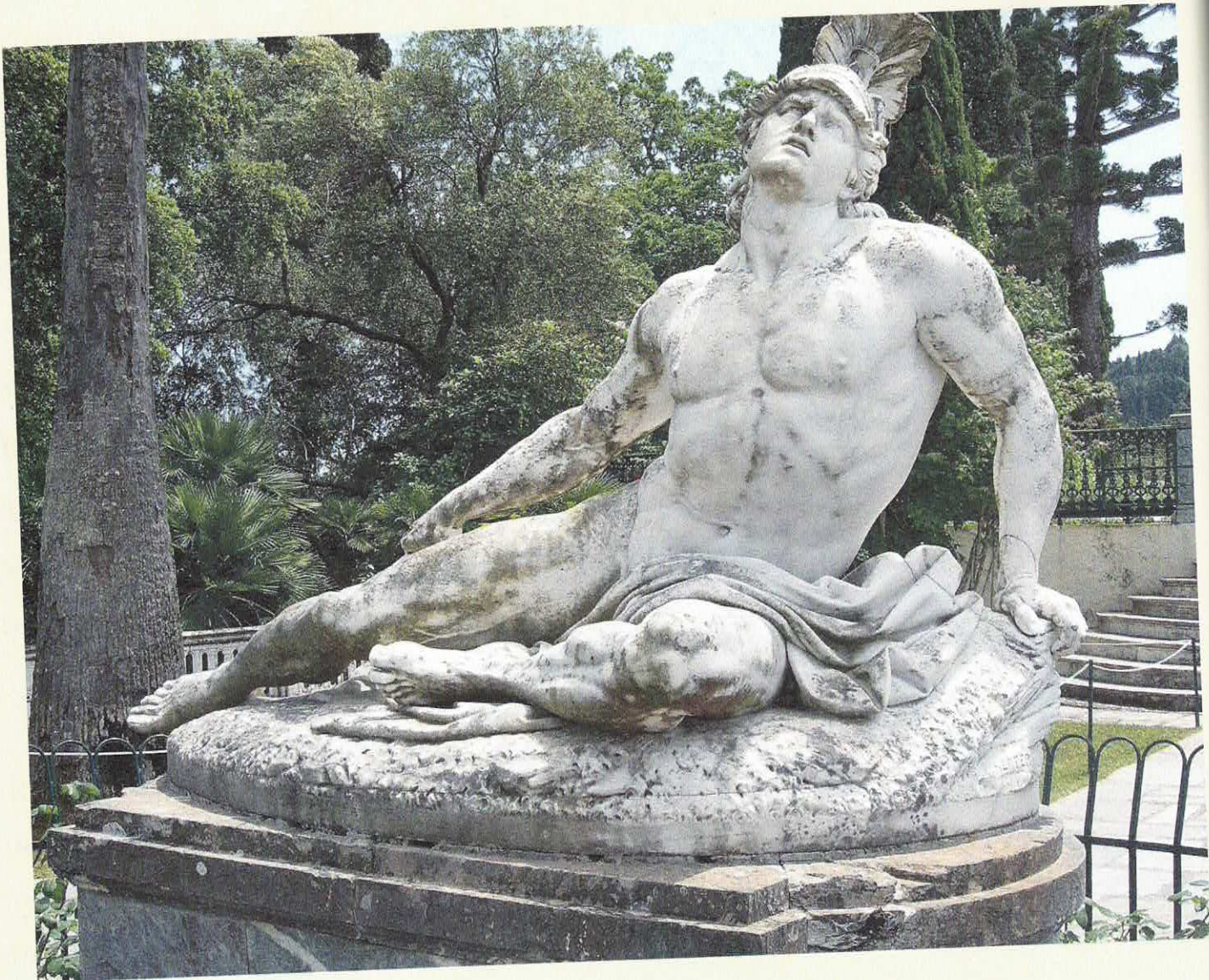
Hera Acrostic

Hercules she hated,
Cows are sacred to her,
Runs Olympus,
Also liked Jason.



Achilles' Death

Tendon
ruptured.
Achilles was killed by
Paris of Troy.
No one can
replace.



The Trojan Hoarse

O the Trojans weren't so good,
They were tricked with a horse of wood,
They thought the Greeks had scattered
And the Trojans were flattered,
But in the morning the Greeks got them good.





Travels of the Globe and the Mythology There

Debbie █████ looked over Athens, it looked like a sea of houses. She remembered people saying it was big, but she never expected this. Later she went to a place the locals called Mars Hill. She had heard from someone that Paul had preached on this hill, and it was very interesting. She had found out that the Athenians knew a lot about Greek mythology. She visited a temple of Diana, and the guide told them how the eight to ten-foot Greek columns were at an angle not straight up and down!

She has also been to Pompeii, a Roman city that had been buried in volcano ash for thousands of years. When archaeologists started some of that knowledge and a lot of time with her grandkids. excavating it, they found that the bodies of citizens had been encased in ash. As ash turned to rock around them, and bacteria decomposed the bodies, leaving rock statues of ancient people. She said there were ruts where wagon wheels dug into the roads. Pompeii was notorious for having public baths, kind of like swimming pools! They also were known for having lots of colorful mosaics. Debbie █████ is a mother of four, and a grandmother of twelve, but number thirteen on the way. She is also a grandmother of yours truly. She really enjoys visiting countries all over the world even if she is fifty-seven. One of her favorite things to do on her trips is to learn about the culture and mythology then share with her grandkids.



Thor and the Pug

Thor jumped down from the rainbow bridge. "Midgard, it has been a long time!" laughed Thor. "Wah?" Said a little voice. "Who said that?" said Thor now off guard. "I'm down here!" said the little voice. Thor looked down. There sat the smallest, most annoying, and smelly pug ever known to man. "Too the cheesy fries!" Squealed the pug as he rushed off to Billy's Cheese fries hut.

Thor decided to follow, for the little fellow interested him. As the waiter came over to the pugs table, the pug exclaimed "Two number nines, a number five with cheder, and diet soda to be healthy, and seventeen of your specials. And my friend is paying." He said motioning to Thor. The little pug leaned closer to Thor. "I know you aren't the real Thor, because you are not like from the movies."

"What are your thoughts on politics?" the little pug squeaked. "I like what the president is doing." Thor proclaimed. "Why you little..." said the pug while getting ready for a fist fight. Thor barely looked up as he punched the pug into a wall. "Oh, you fight good!" exclaimed the pug rising from the rubble. "But I have a secret weapon!" he said sitting there red faced as he let loose a toot one hundred and sixty times worse than a sweaty gorilla, fifty times worse than a quarter ton of blue cheese, and twenty times worse than Thor's secret stash of limburger.

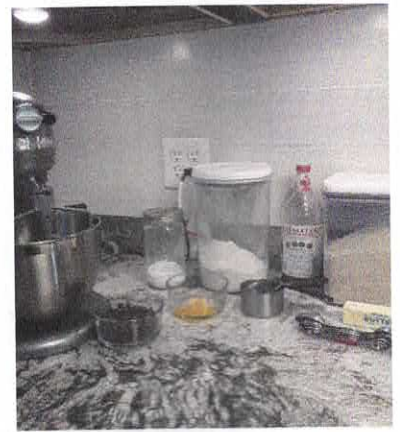
"By Tyr, this is worse than that time that giant fell, and I got trapped in his armpit!" exclaimed Thor, coughing and wheezing. Thor looked up just in time to see the waiter come out of the kitchen with the pug's fries. The pug jumped up and his mouth spread as wide as a cow and swallowed all the cheese fries in one bite. "You have to pay!" shouted the waiter. "Here!" shouted Thor, throwing his credit card. The pug looked up from peeling the pickles from his hamburger. "Time to fight fist to fist!". The god and the pug stared at each other, circling the room in silence. Finally, the pug ran at Thor, who immediately punched the pug into another wall, now the pug got angry and charged again. Now for the third time he got punched, but he landed in a pot of molten queso dip. "Yahoo!" the pug shouted, gulping down queso and swimming around, giggling like a little girl that saw a pony. "Uh, I am going to go now." said Thor walking away. the pug tried to say thanks, but around a mouthful of queso it sounded more like "fanks."

As Thor walked away, he burst out laughing. "What in the name of Fray?" he laughed, now rolling around on the floor. He got up and walked up to the rainbow bridge to go to Asgard and tell all the gods about this stinky, but funny encounter.



How to make **Chocolate chip cookies**

1. Gather the following ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of softened butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 tsp of vanilla, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp of baking soda, pecans (optional), and chocolate chips.
2. Mix the butter, brown sugar, and white sugar together.
3. Preheat the oven to 375 degrees.
4. Add the egg and the vanilla to the mix.
5. put the dry ingredients in a bowl, then mix it up with a whisk, then add it to the mix.
6. Add the nuts and chocolate chips into the mix.
7. Take the dough out and roll it into balls, then set them on a baking sheet. Make sure that they are placed two or three inches apart.
8. Put them in the oven you preheated for eight to ten minutes.
9. Wait 8-10 minutes, or golden brown, then enjoy!



Sir Devin

This story was inspired by the myth Saint George and the dragon.

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Devan. By the age of ten, Devan had mastered the art of the hunt. At the age of sixteen, he had mastered swordplay. He was nineteen now and was on his way to the castle of Camelot. He was now only ten miles away from the castle. As he went along, he noticed large crowds of farmers coming from the opposite direction. "Why are you going away from Camelot?" He asked one man. "There be a dragon prowling the countryside." He answered. A Dragon. Everyone knew of the creatures. They were the size of a small horse, had scales, a short neck, and could breathe fire poison and other things. They had countless horns, spikes and claws on their body but most scary of all, they ate humans. "A bit of friendly advice." said the peasant. "Try to stay off the road. You are free to join us if you like." "No thanks." Devin was set to going to this castle. The peasant shrugged. "Suit yourself." He said as he walked on. Didn't the king send his champion to defeat the monster? Maybe he could help with that later. But for now, he needed to focus on getting to Camelot.

Two hours later, he had arrived outside the gates of Camelot Castle. "Hello!" he called to a watchman on the wall. "Hello!" called the watchman. "Can you let me in?" Called Devan. "Sorry, we don't open the gates for fear of the Dragon." Said the watchman. "I don't see a dragon around." Devan pointed out. "And it could fly over the walls." The Watchman pondered this for a moment. "All right." He sighed.

No one paid him much attention to him as he walked through the gate. The castle was huge. With five watch towers, each at least sixty feet of the ground, with archers monitoring the tops. The palace was a square building that was two hundred feet on each side at least. In the courtyard there were small houses all packed together. In front of most of the houses were small stalls where merchants harking their wares. There were people bustling around all over. On a balcony overlooking the town sat the king himself. There was a large crowd gathering around the balcony, perhaps to listen what the king was saying.

"People of Camelot Castle." The king began. "You all know about the dragon that is threatening our Countryside." "I have decided that we should send someone to slay the beast." The Crowd mumbled in approval.

Sir Devan

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“If you see yourself fit for the duty, please step forward.” Said the king. He seemed confident he didn’t need to send one of his personal knights out, and that someone would be willing. After an hour of waiting, most of the crowd had dispersed. Finally, a young fellow approached. “What’s your name young fellow?” The king asked. “Devan.” He replied. “no, you are Sir Devan.”

“Welcome to Camelot’s armory.” Said the king to Sir Devan. “You may choose any weapon and a suit of armor.” Sir Devan tried on some heavy armor, but he found that he couldn’t lift his arms. He decided on a light chain mail suit, a shield, and a light sword. The chain mail would be light enough that it wouldn’t weigh down his horse. The King had decided that Sir Devan should leave the following day. That night, Sir Devan was sitting in his room in the castle when he heard the whoosh of wings, followed by a woman’s scream.

He ran to the window just in time to see a dragon make off with, what was that in her hands? There was a young woman in its claws! She must have been the one who had screamed. The next morning, he was mounted on his horse, already in his armor with his sword and shield.

It took him two days of riding to find the dragon’s cave, for it was deeply hidden within a large underbrush. Sir Devan crept silently through the cave, watching for traps. Once, he had to jump aside because he accidentally stepped on a pressure plate, and a spear nearly impaled him. Finally, he reached the end of the cave.

Sir Devan

Continued from pg 11

There tied up, was the king's daughter. Her eyes were wide with fear. He looked around the room. No sign of a dragon, jewels on one side of the floor, the other side had leaf's strewn on it like a bed. he caught sight of a bow and some arrows, along with a large cup of dye on the ground. The princess motioned behind him. He understood what the dragon did. Quickly he grabbed the bow and arrow and shot on the roof above him. He had nearly hit the dragon, but the thing moved like lightning. One moment he was staring straight at it, the next it was gone. It apparently had cloaking abilities. He grabbed the cup of dye and flung it around the room. When it hit the dragon, the dragon uncloaked. It opened its mouth. There seemed to be a blue light building up inside its throat. He jumped away as the blue flame that materialized out of the creature's mouth. The monster tried again. Devin tried to dodge away again, but tripped over a gem the size of a human skull. His sword skittered away. The Dragon opened its mouth once more to deliver the finishing blow. Sir Devan grabbed his shield, cutting his hand on the end of it. It must be sharp. The dragon blew flames at him as soon as he raised the shield to protect his body. He got up quickly and pushed the dragon into the wall with his shield. The dragon shrieked in terror. Holding the creature to the wall while it was stunned, he took his shield and used the sharp edge to cut the dragons head off. The Princess eventually married Sir Devan, and they lived long, happy lives.



Thor's Wedding Day

Thor Woke one morning to find his hammer missing
He questions Loki but he was as puzzled as Thor,
So, they ventured to the home of Freya
To borrow a pair of attachable wings.

Loki used these wings to look all over Jotunheim
But he found no traces.

Until he stumbled upon a cave, The cave of a king.

The giant king was standing there with the hammer at his feet.

The king let him go, and it was good and well,
but made him promise to bring back Freya to become his wife.
But Loki had a plan, a devilishly brilliant plan
He dressed up Thor in a wedding dress and sent him to the cave.

Thor destroyed all the giants with his hammer

Then he marched back home, picking fights the whole way.

He was expected a hero's welcome but all he got was laughter

For Loki tricked him into the great hall with a dress on.

Great Aunt Sydney's Kitten sweaters

Is your cat always **cold**? does your feline friend have the shivers? does your small floof hide under your bed to warm up? Well then do I have a deal for you! Try a sweater! Your fur ball will **love** it. Keeps them cute and warm! We have a limited stock, so get them now! They are on sale for **\$14.99!** they also come in different sizes to boot! Just look at this cat right here to show you how **snug** these sweaters are.

