

WHEN THE GREEK GODS CAME TO MY PARTY

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It's my birthday tomorrow. Even though it could go wrong, it surely can't be as bad as last year, can it?

Last year, I invited the Greek Gods and their mythological friends to my party. It was my tenth birthday and as I loved everything about Greek mythology I was delighted when the Gods accepted my invitation. Little did I know what was to come. I'll start at the beginning.

I was in the hall where my party was due to take place, brushing cobwebs off the walls (honestly, you could tell **Arachne** had arrived early), when suddenly the entrance door fell off its hinges. In strode **Hades**, God of the underworld.

'Hades, I didn't invite you!' I exclaimed.

'Well, you see there is a slight flaw in your party plan', he replied. 'If you were inviting the other Gods, you wouldn't expect me to stay put, would you?'

That was certainly true.

Hades was dressed in a black leather cloak you could fasten by clipping human teeth together using a zip that resembled a jawbone. He had black shoes emblazoned with painted red skulls. With a glove on his hand, he held a metal chain for a lead and at the end of the chain was the most horrific sight. It was a dog, but not just any dog. It was a three-headed dog baring its teeth as dribble rolled out of its three jaws. It was petrifying.

'Can your dog wait outside please, Hades,' I shuddered.

Just then the lights flickered, and everything went dark. A menacing shadow filled the room and thunder began to rumble.

'All hail the mighty **Zeus!**' came a voice from a distance. The lights flickered back to life and standing right in front of me was a God, the king of Gods: Zeus.

'Greetings mortals!' bellowed Zeus. 'A messenger has sent news of this party of yours. Will there be wine?'

'No, I don't think so', I said.

'That's a shame! By the way, I'm sorry about the bad weather; if you were planning on going outside, don't invite the God of thunder!' Zeus let out an almighty chuckle.

As you can imagine, this party was already doomed, but with more and more guests arriving, there was no turning back.

The last to arrive was **Narcissus**. He came with two servants who reluctantly unravelled a red carpet before he entered.

‘Hello, mere peasants. Sorry I am late’, he exclaimed insincerely. ‘I was distracted by my own reflection.’

‘Well, what are we waiting for?’, bellowed Zeus. ‘Let’s party!’

At first everything went well. **Poseidon** supervised the paddling pool; Narcissus took charge of the lucky dip – which I later found out was full of pictures of himself. Then, things started to get out of hand.

Hercules, with his beautiful toga, dazzling smile and astonishing blonde hair got into a fight with Narcissus about who had the most beautiful complexion. It resulted in Narcissus storming out of the building, but not before his long-suffering servants laid out the red carpet once again. After that disastrous incident, I asked Hercules to take over the lucky dip.

Then it was time to sing ‘Happy Birthday’. All the Gods recited it in Greek. Zeus and Hades made it very hard to concentrate with each trying to bellow the lyrics louder than the other. The walls shook every time they hammered out a note.

After that eardrum-bursting melody had finished, it was time to treat ourselves to some cake. I let **King Midas** serve it to everyone. At that moment, I suddenly felt I had forgotten something – something important. Then it hit me. Everything that King Midas touched turned into pure gold!

‘Midas, stop immediately!’ I shouted. But it was too late. I told the king that he would be the one mopping the teeth up off the floor at the end of the party.

Finally, it was time for presents. Hades gave me a model of a three-headed dog. Narcissus had left me a signed picture of himself along with his autobiography and Poseidon gifted me a bright yellow rubber dinghy. Then Zeus handed me something.

‘A present from the city of **Troy**, a wooden horse,’ said Zeus gleefully. ‘I hope you like it’.

A box appeared. It seemed to be securely sealed and was painted with hypnotic Greek patterns of all kinds. My curiosity got the better of me and before I knew it, I had prized open the lid but instead of finding a gift, a whole bundle of horrible things came whizzing out, spiralling round in the air. All those horrid creatures, shaped like moths with black wings and menacing smiles, transformed into a dark mass right before my eyes.

Everyone got into a panic and started to hide under tables. Poseidon jumped into the mini paddling pool. At that moment, all the dark concoctions flew out of the building into the sky. Suddenly something else fluttered out of the box, this time looking much brighter. It was hope.

I have been grasping that hope for the whole year. That’s what gave me the courage to invite the Norse Gods to my next party. What could possibly go wrong?

Glossary

Arachne – a girl who was turned into a spider by the Gods

Hades – the God of The Underworld

Zeus – the God of the Skies, thunder and the king of gods

Narcissus – a hunter known for his beauty

Poseidon – the God of the Sea

Hercules – a Greek hero

King Midas – a foolish man who could turn everything he touched into gold

Troy – a civilisation associated with horses that took part in a famous battle with The Greeks.

Cerberus – although his name is not included in this story, Cerberus is Hades' three-headed dog