

The Archeologist In The Ashes

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My name's Orion but you can call me Ryan. I'm here to tell you how my life as an archeologist turned upside down. It was a normal Saturday morning reading the newspaper when an ad caught my eye, "Are you an archeologist willing to explore ancient ruins? If so, I've got the job for you!" I called the number. "Hello", a warm chocolatey voice filled the room. "I heard you were searching for ancient artifacts." I said shakily. "Are you up for the task? Meet me at Central Park at 5:00 AM tomorrow." The strange man said. Little did I know that I was signing myself up for more than just an exploration.

The next day I managed to leave by 4:50. When I got to Central Park, it was 5:01. I nervously looked around. I saw a man sitting on a bench. Without looking at me, he said, "You're late. Let's get down to business. I will take you to Pompei. I need you to find an ancient silver box coated in diamonds. Do not open it. Okay?" I nodded in reply. "I will meet you at the airport tomorrow." I started to leave, and when I looked back, he was gone. As if our meeting never happened.

I headed to the airport. The man was waiting. "Ready to go?" he asked. I nodded. We boarded the plane. "It will be a long ride. Try to get some sleep." I slowly drifted off to sleep. I woke to the man shaking my shoulder. Sleepily, I climbed out of the leather chair and got out of the plane. I grabbed my bags and followed him. The limousine had desserts from all over the world. The driver said, "Help yourself!" I sampled a few macarons that tasted like they were made of clouds. When we pulled up to the hotel, the man said, "The luxurious hotels were all booked because the Superbowl is this weekend. Get some sleep. We'll go to the site early tomorrow."

When I woke up, the man was on the couch reading the newspaper. "Ready to go?" he asked. I nodded. Together we headed toward the ancient part of the city. "Can I start searching?" I asked. "Of course" the man answered. "Search wherever you want. I will see you at the end of the day." I decided to search near the piles of ashes. First, I swept away the ashes, while looking for any glimmers of diamond or silver, but after many hours, I had made little progress. Suddenly, I saw a small glimmer of light. It was so small that I could have imagined it. When I swept away the ashes I found an old, muddy, and tarnished box. If this was the right box, I would have a lot of work to do. I

worked on getting the dirt and grime off the box. I was tempted to open the lid and clean the inside, but I remembered the man's warning, so I didn't open it. However tempting it was.

At sundown, the man returned. "Any luck finding the box?" he asked. "No, unfortunately." I lied, hoping that he couldn't see the sweat dripping down my back. "Maybe you'll have better luck tomorrow." He told me. The silence in the car was unbearable with the weight of my dishonesty. I was restless all night, so I gave up and headed over to the site early. When I grabbed the box, something compelled me to open it. I knew I shouldn't but lifting the clasp and cleaning under it would be fine, I assured myself.

Right as I was about to lift the clasp, I noticed a huge shadow with horns looming over the box. Terrified, I grabbed the box and scrambled backwards to get away. What could it be? I wondered. The creature glided into the light. "Who-o a-a-re y-o-u" I asked shakily. "You puny mortals don't know who

I am? My name is Typhon, father of monsters. Prepare to die!" "No thanks," I replied. Suddenly I realized that Typhon was the monster who fought the Greek gods. Typhon suddenly said, "I really am sorry about this. Monsters! Attack!" From the shadows, hundreds of monsters approached and before I could think they surrounded me in a tight circle. I grabbed a chisel and prepared to fight. As the monsters advanced, a blinding light shone down from the clouds. At the base of the light were beautiful women in silver dresses. The one closest to me said, "Hello Ryan. My name's Athena. The goddesses and I will hold back the monsters, but you have to fight Typhon on your own." Her voice was strong but kind. "Goddesses, attack!" Athena commanded.

Now unfortunately, it was my turn to fight. A puny man with a chisel versus a huge monster was a herculean task. Typhon advanced and I took advantage of my size and slipped in between his feet. Then I threw my chisel at his head. "You dare throw a chisel at me! You missed!" Typhon laughed. But the chisel hit the wall behind him, knocking a pillar over and pinning Typhon to the ground. "He's dead!" I exclaimed. Suddenly another shaft of light burst from the clouds and a group of gods wearing Seattle Seahawks or New England Patriots jerseys. "What's going on" asked Zeus. "Well Zeus, we just battled Typhon while you were watching the Immortal Bowl." Said the goddess Hera. "Oops." Zeus replied. Athena responded. "We need to reward this brave mortal." Turning to Ryan, Zeus asked "What would you like as a reward?" I nervously asked, "I would like to know who my mom is. I've never known." Zeus turned to Athena, who replied "Ryan, I am your mother. I am proud of your bravery. Now, do you know what you want to do next?" "Yes," I said confidently, "I will go where the artifacts take me". "Very well," she replied. Then they left in a beam of light.