

“Five people have gone missing in the past two months. What’s creepy is that civilians have spotted rock piles appearing out of nowhere right after the disappearances,” the news broadcaster announced, *“Could this phenomenon somehow be connected to these people going missing? We spoke to a professional in the matter...”*

“Aren’t there more *important* things than a pile of rocks?” Neville grumbled. “Why don’t they talk about, I don’t know, murders?”

“That’s the news for you.” William said as he set down his coffee mug onto his desk. “Although, I think it’s good for us to know what going on. Gives a little mystery for us to solve! Don’t you think?”

Neville looked him up and down. William’s dirty blonde hair was a mess, as always. Today, he wore one of his nerdy t-shirts that looked like it was from some video game that Neville didn’t know about. William always wore a medical eyepatch that made him look ridiculous. No matter how many times Neville rejected him; William was constantly trying to be friends with him. He always told dad jokes even though he looked too young to be a father himself.

Neville rolled his eyes, “It’s just a waste of time if you ask me.”

William frowned. Clearly Neville was being stubborn.

“Oh! I forgot to tell you! I have this project thing our boss wants me to work on. I was wondering if you wanted to help me since you have more experience in this field.”

Neville sighed, “Do I have to?”

“I’ll ask him to give you a raise.” William was willing to do *anything* to work with Neville.

“Fine,” he reluctantly agreed.

“Yay!” William was overjoyed because he’s been waiting for this moment for two weeks. “Come to my house this Saturday at around 12:00!”

“Alright...”

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The dreaded day came by very quickly. The last thing Neville wanted was to spend a Saturday with *William*. It was 8:00 in the morning so he had some time to kill. He decided to clean up his attic. The man dug through an old storage bin and came across a blurry photo that was faded over time. On the right was a young woman with beautiful locks. On the left was a handsome young man. They both were smiling from ear to ear. The bottom of the photo said *“Neville and Eleanor”*. Sadness flooded over him and he quickly set the picture away, out of sight. He got up and got ready for his meet with William.

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Neville rang the doorbell of a charming house on Maddington Street. William energetically opened the door.

“Hiya there, Neville! Come on in!”

Neville stumbled into the house. It was *emptier* than he had imagined. The walls were plain white and there were moving boxes scattered across the floor. The only thing that seemed to be fully set up was a shelf full of Greek Mythology books.

“Sorry about all the boxes! I recently moved in and I haven’t had time to organize things.” William apologized.

“You seem to really like Greek myths, huh?” Neville muttered.

“Yeah, I find them quite interesting!” he explained, quickly changing the subject. “Would you like a cup of water?”

“Umm, sure.”

Neville sat on the floor next to a coffee table and pulled out the papers he brought. William came and sat next to him with a cup of water. “Here you go!”

Neville took small sips while he was working. He started to feel very drowsy. His head fell onto the table and everything went black.

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When Neville woke up, he found himself in a dark basement. There was the sound of water dripping from the ceiling.

“Oh, you’re awake,” William said, “I was worried I might’ve killed you. Even though that wouldn’t been *too* bad, it just wouldn’t be fun that way.”

Neville was in complete shock; this was so out of character for William.

“You’re probably very confused right now. Let me explain. My name is Eurydice and I’m here to bring you to justice. William is just one of my many aliases. See, I go all over the place and make people pay for all the horrible things they’ve done. Does the name Eleanor sound familiar to you?”

Neville flinched. After all these years, he had tried to forget about her. He could never forgive himself for what he had done. Eleanor was his lover that Neville was unfaithful to. They had parted ways afterward. He never heard from her since.

“That one girl that *you* cheated on? Do you know what happened to her? Eleanor was harassed all over social media! The poor thing couldn’t take it anymore, she ended her life.”

Neville was in so much shock; he had no idea any of this happened. He just assumed she’d moved away.

“Now you’re going to pay. Tell me, have you heard of the Greek myth about Medusa?”

Neville nodded; he'd heard it repeatedly during school.

“Before Medusa was turned into a monster, she was pregnant with Poseidon's baby. She gave birth to her child before she was beheaded. There have been times in history where a child could turn someone into stone. These children are called ‘Gorgons.’ All of them are dead now, all *except* me. Unlike Medusa, only one of my eyes can turn people to stone. That’s what I’m about to do to you. No, you won’t turn into a statue; you’ll just collapse into a pile of rocks.”

Eurydice removed his eyepatch to reveal a black eye with a red pupil in it. Neville screamed and ran out of the room, but it was too late. He felt a sharp pain in his arm. He looked down see that his arm was slowly crumbling. Neville continued running, his legs getting heavier and heavier. He collapsed onto the floor and his vision went blurry. He felt pain and guilt. Neville Artigon sat there until he was just a pile of rocks.