The Time Of Greed, Part Two- Isabella Turner-Samuels, Cosima Windsor, Tiger-Rose Buckley Sobhani

The confusion of the world below Mount Olympus burnt a reflection in Zeus' eyes as he pondered about how he could destroy the damaged world he saw. Unwinding all his thoughts, he searched his mind to find a way to conquer it. The blurred vision in his head soon became clear to him. It wouldn't be fire, it would be water instead. Water. Water that could drown out a whole city in minutes; water, which would wash every man, woman, child and infect even the last surviving spirits; water so strong that it would wash away all the corrupt, dark, evil souls that ever set the place on the earth. This was what he wished for and he knew exactly how he would get it. He began to summon the leader of the seas and the god of crashing waves and tides: Posideon.

The sky fell, the world smashed and broke open. Every corner and crevice flowed, thick and heavy. Shaking walls of water flooded into cities and towns and villages. The screams were shrill and piercing. They reverberated so loud even Hermes, racing around the earth couldn't escape it. Olympic Roads became rivers as fields became lakes. Any home that was not swept away was submerged in silence. The people tried to run – but where? They were ambushed from above and below. They scrambled up mountains, hills, and trees. The sanguinary that followed was filled with gruesome and horrific noise. The flowing waves as they crunched over abandoned houses, the sickening crack of bones splitting on serrated rocks, the dripping of blood as it merged with water. And then…silence. One by one, every living thing slipped out the grasp of life. All except two…

Zeus had decided to save two people, a man called Deucalion and a lady called Pyrrha. Their raft was tossed and turned in the excruciating cold water before Posideon blew his conch. All the water was sucked back into the sea and all suddenly was calmed. “Look,” Pyrrha uttered, barely able to speak the words. Deucalion followed the line of her shaking finger past the decayed foliage on the shore woods. They scrambled to the shore as they dripped with water that had drowned all their clothing. It was only to discover the horrifying, never-ending line of shattered human bones that lay in front of them. The bones were half eroded by the monstrous waves that had taken their world. They were so twisted and cracked and such a shockingly impure scarlet. “It’s gone…It’s all gone” whispered Deucalion as his words slipped away. Loved ones could never be buried, their bones washed away, including their mother’s.

They put their faith in Zeus, knelt in respect, and prayed to him. With their knees on the ground, Zeus' messenger, Hermes, appeared before them. They stood. Hermes spoke proudly, “Descend this mountain and as you walk, gather your mothers bones and as you descend the mountain throw them behind you.” Following the Messenger God’s command, she picked up a stone, which seemed to be the most resemblance to their mother that they would ever find. As they began to descend the mountain, they threw the rocks behind them. All the rocks thrown by Deucalion became men and Pyrrha’s became women. One by one the stone turned into flesh, all new and fresh. This is how we are known as the children of the stones.