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Greek Mythology Part 1

by Angela Jiang

Deep inside an old house was a room. But not just any room, inside was a secret, darker than a black crow flying in the pitch black sky. Inside the room was someone who loved something that other people feared. It was Ares, the god of war.

Ares was locked in that room for reasons he could not understand. Every hour he spent trapped there made him grow angrier, and angrier. His anger made him restless. Every night, he would be awake, making up a plan to escape, which of course always included war. But the more violent he got, the more his plans failed. Ares tried everything. He even tried pounding on the heavy metal door that separated him from the world outside.

But this night was different from the others. He knew that his plan was going to work. He waited, and waited, for the right time to strike. Finally, the hand that always reached through a gap in the door appeared. The hand set down a tray with a chicken wing, too hard even for a lion to bite, and a cup of expired milk. Ares saw a mark on the person's hand, as red as blood, looking just like simple dots. But when Ares looked closely, he noticed that the dots spelled a word, and the word was "Project Medusa."

Before he could say a word, the hand had already vanished. "I was close to the answers, but not close enough." Ares muttered to himself. He peered through the tiny, round window and sighed, "I can't stop until I have all the answers. The answers will surely help me regain everyone's trust on Mount Olympus." *The only thing I need to know now is what alien planet I'm currently living on,* Ares thought to himself.

Just then, he heard a loud banging noise. The next thing he knew was that there were two people, ripping off his crystal necklace. "No! Don't take that, it's the only way anyone can track me down!" "The only way I can get all the answers, the only way I can..." Ares never got to finish his sentence, before everything went black.

Meanwhile, back on Mount Olympus, Zeus was arguing with Hera. They always had something to argue about, but this time, it was different. Zeus believed that Ares, their son, should go on a quest to prove he was worthy enough to regain his place. Zeus believed that he should go on a quest to the most dangerous place, the territory of Jupiter, the supreme ruler of the heavens and all the gods and goddesses who lived on Mount Olympus. Hera thought that Ares should simply just return.

"Have you forgotten what he did to us? The sacrifices we had to make for him?"

"Yes, but he is still our son, well, at least the only one we know that is alive. Our daughters, Hebe, and Eileithyia, and our son, Hephaestus, never returned from their quests, many people believe that all that is left of them is their spirits."

"But they're immortal, they can't die!" Zeus complained. "They have not died, their spirit is still alive, hidden somewhere far away."

"He's our only son, if he doesn't return, then all that will be left of us is misery, and despair."

"I have an idea, we will send Ares to find my long lost daughters, the three goddesses of fate."

But Hera had heard enough, so she got up from her sapphire throne, and walked away, her shadow dragging behind her. Zeus sighed, and also got up, but where he went was a mystery, and the next day, he was gone.

Back in the dungeon where Ares was suffering, he was taking his first breath of life as a mortal. But Ares didn't know he was mortal. When he was finally set free, he was shocked. He stared at his reflection in some broken glass shards scattered on the floor, "BOOM!" Ares stared at the sudden bolt of lightning flashing through in the sky. It was like his father was trying to speak to him. Suddenly, Ares saw a tiny yellow speck speeding down from the sky. In a blink of an eye, Zeus appeared in front of him.

"Excuse me, can you, umm-uh-help me find-uh-a person umm- wearing a-um-you know, a golden helmet, and-uh"

"Father, you don't have to keep pretending now. I already know who your looking for. You're looking for, you're looking for me."

"Nonsense, I'm not looking for you. You don't even know who I am! Also, you're not wearing a golden helmet."

"I'm Ares, you're Zeus, and you turned me into a weak, and skinny mortal, with not even **one** muscle. That's why I don't have my armor, or even my sword!" Ares replied angrily.

After Ares said that, Zeus's expression changed from a fake smile to a serious one. "Look son, I need you to be serious, I'm not joking. Since you have failed me and Hera more times than I can count, I am sending you on a quest, a quest to find my three long lost daughters, the three goddesses of fate."

“But-” Ares started to say.

Zeus interrupted, “You will go, or you will never be allowed to return. Go, or face the consequences.”

Ares groaned and walked away. Something caught his attention, so he stopped. A mysterious figure was standing on a tall, brick building that looked familiar. Suddenly, Ares remembered, it wasn't just any building, it was an apartment where Percy, the son of Poseidon and Aphrodite, lived. Ares grinned wickedly. He had a plan, a plan that would help him destroy Mount Olympus. Ares needed revenge, but he wouldn't have to do it himself.

He quickly walked back to Zeus. Ares retrieved a long scroll from his pocket, gave it to Zeus, and told him that in the scroll contained all his secrets, which, of course, was a lie. That would surely buy him a few minutes to get into the apartment and get what needed. Ares looked over at Zeus who was still reading the scroll. “It's now or never,” Ares whispered to himself. So he walked quietly to the entrance of the apartment. Ares looked at the shiny red door before him. *Too bad I'm going to have to break it, Ares thought, Pretty soon Zeus will notice the hole in the door and hunt me down.* Ares glanced back at Zeus, who was still trying to figure out what the fourth word was.

But Ares had completely forgotten about the mysterious figure, so when he looked up, it was already gone. Just when Ares was about to smash open the door to the building, he tripped, and landed on the hard concrete floor. Ares moaned, louder than a dog's barking. He looked at his leg, which was bleeding so much that he couldn't even move. Ares stopped moaning when he saw a flash of black and white light. It was the mysterious figure that Ares had spotted earlier. After a few seconds, everything around him began to spin...

The next thing he knew he was laying on the chariot's back seat, his leg in a plain white cast. The whole chariot was made of bones, except for the top, which was covered in minotaur fur with two pointy yellow horns. Ares tried to scream, but no sound would come out of his mouth. Ares listened silently to the hooves of the horses noisily clattering on the ground. He looked up at the figure in the front seat of the chariot. Ares tried to shriek once again, because guess who was in the front seat: the person with the words “Project Medusa” on their hand. Ares stared at the words. Maybe if he stared at it hard enough, he would get some answers.