





Dedicated to:



All my favorite authors who inspired me to write, and to my friends and English teacher who have encouraged me to write.



Long ago, in 780 BC, in Kefalonia, Greece there lived a man by the name of Cithaeron.

Cithaeron was a very muscular and tan twenty-three year old man. Women swooned whenever he would walk by, or wink at them with his ocean blue eyes. This factor caught the eye of Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty.

One day, while Cithaeron was practicing for the Greek Olympics, Aphrodite showed up in a shower of red roses and glitter.

"Hello Cithaeron," Aphrodite muttered in his ear. "You know, I do *love* men who work out."

"Um," Cithaeron began unsurely, "Lady Aphrodite? Is that you?"

"Well of course," She purred as she ran her hand through his pitch black hair, "Why don't you come with me to my palace tonight?"

He meant to say, "OK." But it came out more as, "Uh-duh."

This went on for a few weeks, behind the back of Aphrodite's husband, Hephaestus, god fire.



One day, Apollo came to Hephaestus and said, "Man, it must be tough to always be second to all of Aphrodite's various boy toys."

"What do you mean?" he asked, bewildered.

"Well, I mean, she's always with different guys." Apollo said nervously, worried that Hephaestus, would blow a fuse and start throwing fireballs, or something.

Hephaestus got that glow in his eyes that he always got when he got mad; it was sort of like someone had lit a fire in the pits of his black pupils, as they now glowed an eerie goldish color, a stark contrast to his green eyes.

His beard blew up in a column of fire and smoke, and after a few moments died down to a warm glow.

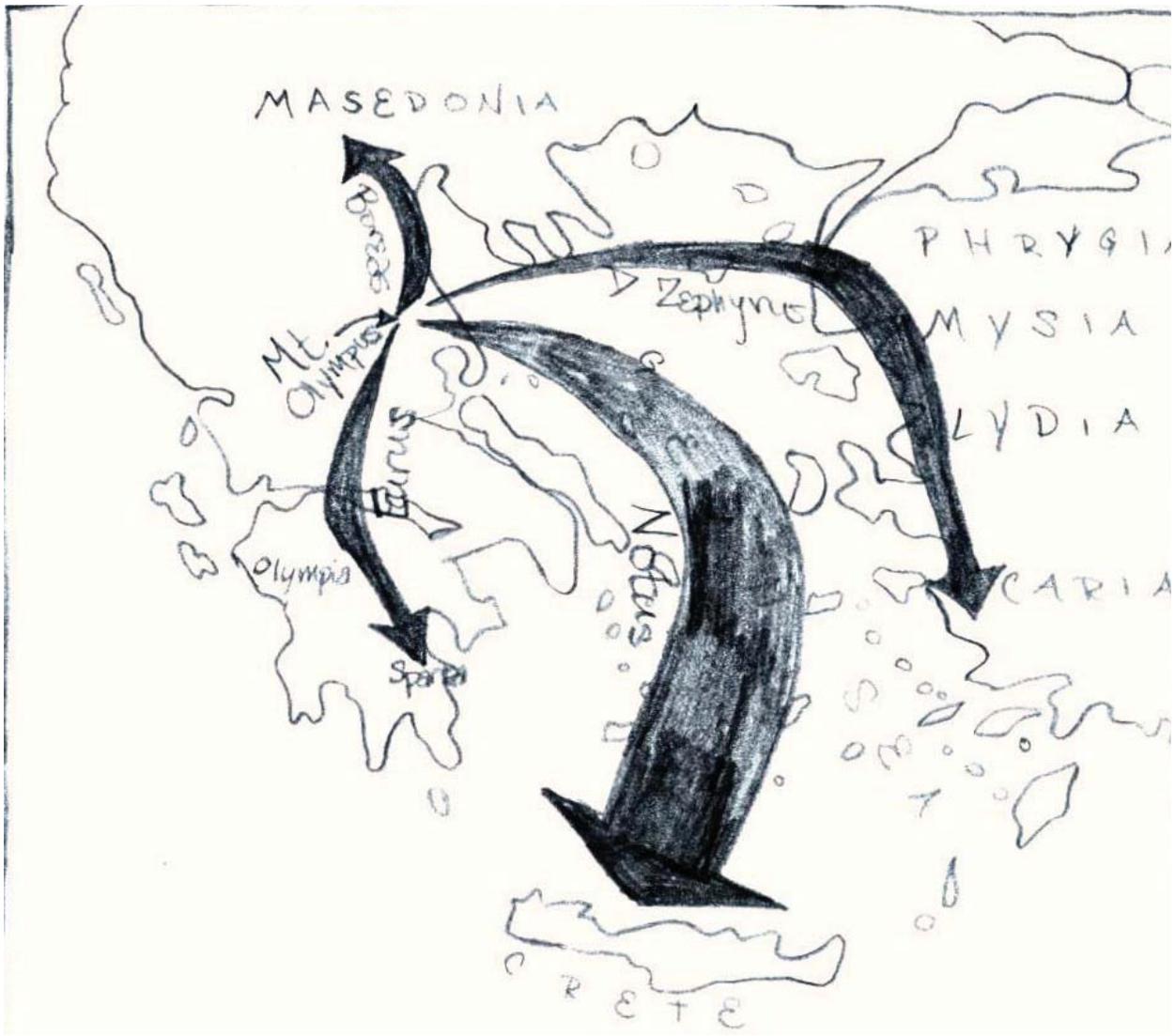
"A-a-are you a-a-alright?" Apollo stuttered in fear.

"No I am not alright!" Hephaestus erupted, "I've just found out that my beloved wife had been cheating on me; he will pay!"

Hephaestus then stormed off to his private forges upon Mount Athos.

There he sat for a long while and contemplated his options of torture/destruction.

Finally, he decided upon calling the four winds: Boreas, Zephyrus, Eurus, and Notus, and having them spin fire that he would create like a tornado, to attack Cithaeron's village, therefore destroying him.



So, the next day, Hephaestus unleashed all of his power in the greatest fire ever created.

Then he called the four winds and they swirled together like tornadoes of fire, carrying the fire across the land, to the farthest corners of the country.

Hephaestus then realized that this was getting out of control.

Boreas split off from the other three and traveled northwest to Macedonia, then Zephyrus went across the Aegean Sea and to Phrygia, Mysia, Lydia, and Caria, Eurus to the south, all the way down to Olympia and Sparta and Notus went straight down the Aegean, traveling throughout all of the islands, all the way down to Crete.

All of Greece was now burning in flames, all because of Hephaestus's rage and anger.

Hephaestus howled in rage at his stupidity and jealousy. His baritone voice shook the palace of the gods as he bellowed, "Oh, Zeus! How am I to fix this now?!"

Meanwhile, in southwestern Egypt, Cithaeron and Aphrodite were dining in a large cave full of candles to create mood lighting.

"Oh, Aphrodite, how I have enjoyed this time we have had together, but what shall you husband think if he were to find out?"

"Cithaeron, I've been doing this for years and the imbecilic swine I have for a husband has yet to find out."

Cithaeron almost missed her slip up, but finally caught it and exclaimed, "You've been doing this for years?! So, what am I? Just another boy toy for you to throw away when you get bored?"

"No, no, not at all." Aphrodite tried to cover her slip.

"That's it, I'm out of here!" Cithaeron exclaimed and stormed out of the cave. "Well, that didn't go as I planned it to." Aphrodite muttered dejectedly.

Cithaeron then went back to his village but, when he got there he found it in flames.

On Olympus, Hephaestus was looking gleefully down upon Cithaeron in Kefalonia, "Finally, I can finally roast him alive!"

"What are you, sadistic?" Apollo asked from the vicinity of his music room.

Hephaestus's response was a menacing laugh. "That's what I thought," Apollo muttered.

With a flick of his hand, Boreas, Zephyrus, Eurus, and Notus flew back to him, then, with two words, he commanded them, "Kill him."

With a blast of fury, the four winds took off to destroy Cithaeron of Kefalonia.

They twirled and spun together gathering fire and debris as they barreled towards the house of the Olympic trainee.

He was sitting in his room, lifting weights, when the four winds burst through the wall lighting everything on fire, knocking everything over with their intense winds.

Cithaeron tried running away, but with no avail. He was sucked into the torment of wind, fire and debris.

He spun and spun as he was burned alive.

Hephaestus watched in adoration for the winds as his biggest hate was killed.



Aphrodite then burst into the throne room in all her beautiful glory, "What are you doing to him?" she cried her voice was choked by sobs.

"He had an affair with you; I'm only trying to get back at him."

"Why, he wasn't the one that started it, I was! He wanted to end it because he was worried about you." Aphrodite yelled at him.

"Oh, well that changes things," he turned away from his hysteric wife, "Winds! Come to me!"

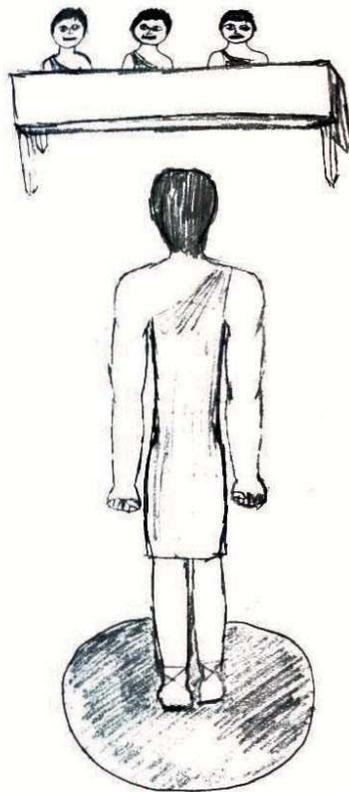
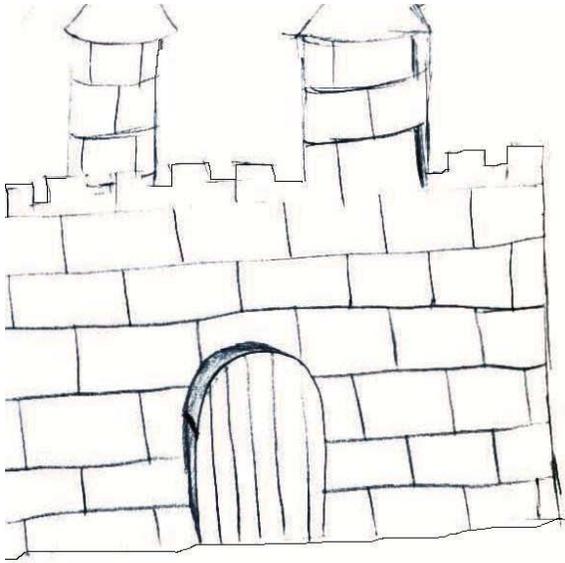
Immediately, the four winds left the fire and Cithaeron and returned to Hephaestus.

Hephaestus and Aphrodite looked hopefully at Cithaeron's burnt body, searching for any sign of life, but sadly, there was none.

"I apologize, my beautiful wife, I truly did not know how this all came about, it's just that when Apollo told me, I jumped to a wrong conclusion. I'm very sorry." Aphrodite gave a tearful nod and he hugged her.

"Would it be alright if I were to put a good word in for him to Hades, so he won't end up in the Fields of Asphodel?" Aphrodite asked her husband.

"If you must."



Meanwhile, in the judging ring in the Underworld, Cithaeron was standing before Minos, Hades and Prometheus, waiting for them to decide whether he will go to Elysium or forever wait in the Fields of Asphodel.

A servant from Erebus, Hades's palace, came then and said to Hades, "My lord, Lady Aphrodite wishes to send good word for this man, Cithaeron, she says that he is worthy to be admitted to Elysium."

"Thank you, servant, you may go." Hades said, and then he turned to Cithaeron and said, "By the power I have over death and where heath leads every being, I declare that you shall be allowed to dwell in Elysium. And might I just add, you are very lucky that Hephaestus had allowed Aphrodite to put in this word for you, because or else, I doubt the result would have been the same."

"Thank you, my lord, for your kindness, and please let Lord Hephaestus know I am forever grateful to him."

On Olympus, Aphrodite said to Hephaestus, "Thank you, my husband, I am grateful also, I truly thought he was near perfect, unlike the other men I've been with."

"You've been with other men? I will give them the same fate as I gave Cithaeron, tell me, what are their names?!" Hephaestus exclaimed, outraged.

To this day, whenever Hephaestus finds out about an affair Aphrodite's had with a mortal, he sends what people now call "fire whirls" to destroy the mortal, so they can feel the same pain that he feels, when Aphrodite betrays him.

