**Harry’s Greek Adventure**

**Harry, an 18 year old boy, was sailing his boat to Greece to find the perfect beach for a holiday.**

**He reached the Mediterranean Sea and little did he know he was trespassing Poseidon’s part of the sea. Poseidon was angered, his curse was upon him. The unforgiving sea started splashing and the water got into his boat. Something hit his boat, something so strong, he blacked out.**

**His body and his boat arrived on the beautiful, crispy shore of Athens (capital of Greece). In the distance, he heard the crashing of swords and shouting of men. *It sounded like a war.* He walked a bit closer, off the shore and saw two armies fighting. He didn’t want to interfere with it so he minded his own business and left Athens because it was too dangerous.**

**He continued to walk, arriving on another part of Greece in search of the perfect place to have a holiday. It was getting dark. He needed to rest somewhere. What he didn’t know was the Polyphemus, the Cyclops was living there. Harry entered the cave and then…BOOM! The sound of the rock smashed against him. Cyclops was ready. His mouth was drooling with hunger. As Harry was about to get eaten, Hercules, god of strength, came down as his constellation and saved Harry. Hercules beat the Cyclops. He moved the huge, heavy rock and Harry ran for his life. Hercules vanished into this air.**

**Harry arrives on the island of Circe. He knows that she will turn him into a pig just like Odysseus and his men. In response, he came prepared. All he had to do was say no.**

**“Welcome!” Circe happily greeted “You must be parched! Come into my palace and eat with me.”**

**Harry knew exactly what this was: Danger. Her evil, however, innocent smile, had to convince him. After all, he hadn’t eaten since yesterday’s lunch. But no, he didn’t want to be a dirty, fat pig.**

**“No thanks” replied Harry “I had already eaten before I arrived.”**

**“Oh, but please, you look so tired and drowsy. How about a nap before you leave?” Circe convinced**

**Her palace was marble-white surrounded by soft, fresh green grass.**

**“No thank you, I don’t want to take advantage of your lovely hospitality. Anyways, I best be going. The sun is setting.” Harry insisted. “By the way, do you know where the nearest beach is?”**

**“Yes, the beach is called Ithaca. It has golden-fresh sand coated with tall palm trees filled with coconuts.” Circe suggested. “Its 3 miles north-west from here.”**

**Harry left the island of Circe and set sailed to Ithaca. The sapphire blue sea was calm, unlike before. *Maybe Poseidon’s curse was gone*? Before long, he arrived at Ithaca. It was so much better than he thought! Ithaca is a wonderful island with amazing landscape of greenery, villages, small caves and many more! Harry could meet many new friends there.’**

**“Welcome to Ithaca, dear human! My name is Iris, what is your name?” welcomed Iris.**

**“My name is Harry, I am from London I am here to have a relaxing holiday.” replied Harry.**

**“Well, if you want a relaxing holiday, then we will give you one!” suggested Iris.**

**It was getting dark and Harry was tired. There was a red, stripy hammock tied between two palm trees. After making a new friend, who knows what will be waiting for him the next day?**

**As the sun rose, he heard the sound of the calm, blue sea joining in with the smooth breeze.**

**“Good morning Harry!” cheered Iris “Why don’t you have breakfast with me?”**

**“Good morning Iris, I would love to have breakfast with you.” happily agreed Harry. “What’s on the menu?”**

**Iris’ place was bigger, better than Circe’s. It had marble walls plated with golden, shiny gates unlike anyone had seen before.**

**In Iris’ dinner table was shiny wine glasses and salads that looked so delicious. In the centre was a candle that wasn’t lit yet.**

**After breakfast, he wanted to go back home. Harry felt homesick.**

**“I better be going, I don’t want to take advantage of your hospitality.” insisted Harry “I’m feeling homesick.”**

**“That’s ok, it was nice having you” replied Iris.**

**The slanting rays of the high sun gave a blue tint to the sky. Harry set sail for the long journey home.**