**A New Job**

*“Ugh… another day, same job. I need more sleep. I need to sleep. Can’t something new happen for a change?”*

I wake up from a nice slumber at my little home. My home is far from civilization, and perpetually feels dark here, as if someone forgot to turn the lights on. All one can hear is the sound of water flowing from the river nearby. I moan. “Need to go to work. Hell, what is my job...!” I say as if I was were trying to convince myself. I brush my curly, black hair, shave off what looks like a beard after pausing at the light from my childish face. Finally, I put on the same egg-shell colored clothing I wear on a daily basis. I was never known to be savvy or adventurous in my looks but that was fine with me. I live far away from civilization so not many people do see me. Furthermore, my job really doesn’t let me interact with people as much so I never focus on my appearance .

“Brother are you awake yet? It’s time to go to work.”

As the familiar voice rang throughout the area, I turn around and see my twin brother. Like me, he is quite tall with short, curly black hair. However, unlike me, the years and probably his grim line of work managed to leave the imprint of an angry expression on his mature face coupled with age and probably despair as lots perceive him with fear. As such, he began to hate the masses.

“How can you even be this enthusiastic every day? Can’t you see everyone fears and hates you it.” I ask.

He just looks at me and says, “You get used to it.” I nodded at the expected remark. Despite our differences, we still get along with each other.

“Oh brother, one last thing before I go, someone is here to see you. It’s her,” he tells me with a calculated tone.

I did not even have to ask who was here. I can tell from his more than usual pained expression who was here to see me. “I see, before you go can you look after with my wife and child.” I respond, “I am always worried about them every time she is here.” He nods and disappears into my home to look after my family while I make my way towards the great river waiting for the unwanted guest to arrive.

I approach the wide river that flows past my humble home. The guest hasn’t yet arrived so took I a deep breath of relief. I am not ready or in a mood to meet her I’ve got some time to relax. I walk a small distance through the vast poppy field nearby. A thought struck me while probably day dreaming. Poppies are such beautiful flowers yet are infamous for being used to create morphine and other drugs, of which my son is rather happy with. Despite all that, I cannot sleep. What irony! It’s such a beautiful sight in which you hear nothing but the calming sounds of the river. I stand completely silent, eyes closed just to hear the swishing of the river. I feel at peace being carried away by the river’s songs.

“Where are you!” Suddenly I was abruptly taken from my moment hearing the grating voice of a woman nearby. There goes the peace and quiet I was enjoying. A beautiful woman with flowing light-colored hair approaches me and is seemingly so livid that her peacock feathered scarf is standing on end. She was definitely elegant, with that authoritative, mature look that comes with age. Although, her personality really leaves a lot to be desired. She was pleasant to look at but that hugely contrasts her manipulative demeanor, spiteful and not so pleasant personality. I try to hide my uneasiness and play by my reputation of being calm and gentle “How do you do?” I say whilst smiling.

“I have been looking for you for about an hour now! This” she moves her hand carelessly around in a degrading manner,” feels like a giant cave that’s impossible to navigate through, it doesn’t help that I felt sleepy as I tried to find you” Her tone was monotonous, but I could sense the anger in it.

“I see… I humbly apologize” I lie. “How can I help you today?” I ask her politely, already knowing the reason for her presence “My husband still has not learned his lesson; I need your help to immobilize them again. This 3rd time should definitely send him the message to stop cheating on me. It doesn’t help that he sees this woman, Freya or something” she mumbled a name which was strange as she was always vocally clear, more frequently than all the others. I angers me so much that I may consider divorce” She tells me. I can easily sense the enmity and the scorn she is having towards her husband and this unknown lover. But there is something more this time that I could not put my finger on. Her husband, a well-known womanizer who has not spared any female, is known to go and sleep with nearly anything that moves and tries hard to hide this from his cow-eyed, wife standing before me. But why is this time feeling different?

I have assisted her twice in the past for various reasons. The first time I helped her husband nearly killed me after figuring out that I interfered. If it wasn’t for Mother, I surely would have perished back then. The wisdom I gained from the first incidence was a sufficient reward though. While I was reluctant the second time, she helped me to meet my lovely wife and gave me a lot of gifts such as the lustrous, golden colored chair and footstool that I frequently use. While her husband never realized I interfered back then, the story of how I did so spread far and wide that I feared if I encountered him again in the future, I would die. After which, I swore that I would not help his wife again.

“Listen, I understand the journey to see me was a long and tiring one, but I cannot help you”. I calmly begin to explain to her. “I nearly died the first time if it were not for Mother and I do not wish to become a lightning rod for your husband’s anger.”

She just smiles and tells me “I expected you would say that, so I have an offer for you” She whispers in my ear and my eyes just opened wide. I knew she can be shrewd, but this offer was downright manipulative and really out of this world that I dare not reject.

“If you can truly give me what you promise, I will help you. You must promise me this on…” I respond before she abruptly interrupts me by saying “I get the procedure; I already made the promise and will repeat it again”. As she says the promise, I become ecstatic so much that I needed sheer willpower to prevent myself jumping up and down like a child who got a new toy. She gives me a piece of paper with detailed instructions on where to be and when. I bow to her and she left with a satisfied look on her face.

I go back home to get ready for the quick job I must do when my brother approaches me.

“So, you agreed to help her once more,” he says to me with a mixture of puzzlement and an anger.

I only responded with a smile that I am sure that he hasn’t seen for a long time.

He questions me, “What brazen reward did she offer you this time”.

I respond with the same smile which made him speechless as he realized the fee. Even someone with an iron heart was dumbfounded by this. I notice the time and realize I am going to be late if I don’t hurry. “Sorry brother, I do not have a lot of time left, can you stay with my family a little bit longer.”

I quickly prepare myself for the impeding catastrophic job that I accepted and to proceed to ahead to the designated spot as fast as I can go. I guess my earlier wish came true, a new break from the tedium of my job.

After a while, I arrive at the spot that the she told me to head to. No one is there, so I look at the current time. I realize I may have arrived a bit too early. I see a few poppy flowers around the site. They circled the area in all their perennial, ruby-like glory. I go up and sniff at some of them. They smelt rather nice and calming; the smell of home. Their burning bright red petals are just what make my home so lovely. Just as I finish smelling the flowers, I figure I need to prepare myself given how early I am. I take a few poppies and quickly concoct a large batch of my patch of drugs; something important used in my line of work. I notice a giant tree which not only offers a huge vantage point but can provide me a little bit of safety.

As I approach the tree, I notice a person nearby the tree. His leg seemed to be injured whilst looking like that he is going in and out of consciousness. I notice a little black ball of fur near him; I reckon it his pet puppy. I realize that if they stay here too long, the injured man will succumb to his wounds if not treated. I go to him and ask, “What is the matter, are you hurt?”.

The man attempts to turn to me and, despite his blinding pain, tells me, “I had a hunting accident earlier and my leg is broken. I pray that it heals soon so I can return home.” I approach his leg and inspect it so see if it was truly broken or just badly strained.

“One second” I tell him. I get two nearby twigs and tie his leg up. It won’t do much, but it can give him a few more moments. “All done, you should be fine for now but let your leg rest before doing anything else. Hopefully someone can treat your leg better than I could.” Just before he can thank me, both him and his dog fall by me administrating a miniscule amount of drug to him. I had to move them fast and luckily, he didn’t know who I am. I carry them and move as fast as I could to the nearby village. I assume they live here so I leave them at the outskirts before anyone notices me. I whisper to the sleeping man “I’m sorry, you can’t be nearby for what is about to happen, look after yourself and forget about me.” Feeling rather pleased with myself, I once more return to the designated site.

As I head back to the spot, my mind thought about whether the man and his puppy made it back safely. People are such fragile creatures, yet they have the strange gift to affect things around them. This is one rare moment that I feel happy about doing my job. I do hope he made it safely home, too bad I had to put him to sleep, I would have loved to interact with him a bit more. The fact I saved his life should let that girl be happy for a while. As I travel, I realize the time for the fated job approaches so I try to go faster so I can reach there in time. No time to take in the lovely views of the exotic flora and fauna nearby.

Once I arrive there, I notice that the Husband and Wife are both there early. What a mess now I thought as I felt out of ideas.

“Where is he?!” the husband yells. I freeze in shock, I haven’t even arrived to the site yet. How did he find out already? I quickly hide nearby, hoping to avoid his spotlight-like gaze.

“I have been tricked twice and refuse to be tricked a third time!” He yells at his wife.

“Honey calm down and sit. Please let’s just talk a bit. I truly miss you dear.” She says. “You are spending so much time out that I miss your loving embrace”. She attempts to charm him with her sweet-sounding words. Similar to the second time I helped her, the wife is really prepared for the occasion. She was beautifully dressed and decked out in gleaming jewelry, sweet smelling perfume and wearing a long gorgeous white dress akin to a wedding. Even the air around her screams, look at me and only me. Even I need sheer willpower to not lose myself looking at her radiance.

“I need to search the area one more time. He could have arrived.” He spoke as if he was trying to resist her charms. He was not as angry as before but seems to be preoccupied with something or someone else yet his will was being swayed slowly by the wife’s honey-like words.

“Why would he be here, relax and just stay near me. Hold me, embrace me” She sweetly says as she extends her arms for an embracing hug to her husband. The husband stands there just stares mesmerized at her with what appeared to be hearts in his eyes.

“Dear, when did you look so beautiful…?” He asks and approaches her to accept her embrace, almost in a hypnotized state. That’s when the wife looks directly at me and nodded to me and mouths “Hurry up!” while sneakily motioning to me closer. I unfreeze and close the distance to a point where I am still at a safe distance yet can still do what I am needed to do. I start attempting to put him to sleep via the drug I concocted earlier, just like I did with the hunter earlier. I wonder, what will be going through his head this time? Will he hear the sweet song of a nightingale or a soothing lullaby of a loving mother? I pray that he doesn’t realize what happens and will just fall asleep without trouble.

“What is…that..lovely..song? I must find were it is coming from” He yawns. It’s working but I’m not out the woods yet! I push a little harder and the wife hugs him tighter. “Dear…I feel…” He slurs once more before collapsing into his wife’s arms. Then I heard the wife commanding in his ears to forget that he met the woman that he was supposedly seeing whilst under his sleep induced trance.

I approach the wife and ask her “Is that all you need from me? I wish to return to my family once more.”

She replies softly to me “Yes, I truly appreciate your help in immobilizing him. I shall bring your fee as soon as we return home. as she strokes her husband’s hair. Despite the troubles the two have, deep down they cared for each other in their strange way. she was always felt injured when she became aware of his escapades and he always, somehow seemed to return to her. Although if they could avoid this trickery altogether, that would make me happier. I bow to her then depart to return home.

“One last thing, his daughter sends you his regards for the little saving act you did earlier. Given that my husband is rather found of her, it’s a good thing you did what you did. Even if it was out of the kindness of your heart. When he wakes up, he will not be as angry as last time.”

I chuckle a bit and then take my leave once again. I never thought about it that way as my mind is not as shrewd as hers’ is. Lucky me!

As I approach the entrance of my home and hear the soothing sounds of the river once again and smell the aroma of the poppy fields once more, I feel relaxed and safe.

“Welcome back, dear” my wife says as I greet my family.

I give her a hug and say, “I’m home.” I turn to my brother and say, “See Thanatos, everything worked out for us and we all get one Apple of the Hesperides, just as Hera promised us”.

“Hypnos, you can’t keep Death waiting here any longer, we are still gods and have jobs to do” He coldly says and unfurls his raven black wings. Was the first part his attempt at a joke? But he is right, we still have a job to do. Following my brother’s example, I once again unfurl my white, feathered wings.

A few minutes later, my brother comes back carrying what appeared to be a bright basket of fruit and meat adorned in a wide array of flowers. I attempt to hold back a laugh, but I could not hold it in. I burst into laughter. The mere sight of Death carrying a fruit basket with bright flowers really clashed with his appearance. Even he realizes it and his face was as red as the flowers on the basket. Before I could comment on it, he drops the basket at my feet and proceeds to hit the back of my head out of sheer embarrassment.

“Not a word,” he threatens me. “I can’t believe Artemis made this for you after saving that dying hunter. You basically stopped me from doing my job twice.”

I just nod at him with the biggest smile I have had all day. If only there was a way to record that image of my Brother.

“Oh yeah, I forgot to mention something strange,” he said. “There is this human outside that wants me to find her lover. I believe her name is Freya, and her lover Zo, or Zu something, disappeared suddenly. She wonders if he died and if not, look for him.”

“Great…” I mutter. What did Zeus and Hera do now?

When did we become in the business of finding missing people?

Bibliography:

*HERA* - Greek Goddess of Marriage, Queen of the Gods.” *Theoi Greek Mythology*, www.theoi.com/Olympios/Hera.html.

This is a well-known website for looking at Greek Deities provided to me by my CLASS 102 instructor. It gives a description of how one looks, appears in classical art, but gives a lot of quotes from said character. Why this is relevant to my story is it allows me to get an idea of how Hera would act and why she would do the things she would do, especially regarding Zeus. Also, as she and Hypnos have interacted in mythology, it helps create a baseline to a plot regarding Hypnos whilst providing an anti-hero/antagonist depending on one’s perspective.

Hesiod, and Norman O. Brown. *Hesiod's Theogony*. New York: Liberal Arts Press, 1953. Print.

“*HYPNOS - Greek God of Sleep (Roman Somnus)*, [www.theoi.com/Daimon/Hypnos.html](http://www.theoi.com/Daimon/Hypnos.html).

This is a well-known website for looking at Greek Deities provided to me by my CLASS 102 instructor. This contains a list of source material from various books that are frequently used in the classical world such as Hesiod’s *Theogony*. Not only does it provide a lot of source material to, it gives a description of how one looks, appears in classical art, but gives a lot of quotes from said character. Why this is relevant to my story is because it provided a great deal of images and quotes of Hypnos to give a baseline for his personality and how he would act. As there isn’t a lot of information on Hypnos, it allows one to creatively fill in the blanks.

Homer, Robert Fagles, and Bernard Knox. *The Iliad*, 1998. Print.

This is a print of the famous Greek writer, Homer’s Illiad. Homer’s work features a lot of the Greek deities. In my case, I have used this work to write the backstory for Hypnos and used this to, alongside Theoi, to get an idea of how Hera would act and think. This is relevant to the story as my story is third continuation to the story of Hypnos tricking Zeus twice and this gives a groundwork to work on

*THANATOS*. www.theoi.com/Daimon/Thanatos.html.