**Tentative Title**

I wake up from a nice slumber at my little home. My home is far from civilization, it 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. “Ugh…another day, same job. I need more sleep. Can’t something new happen for once?” I moan. What is my job? Well, that’s a secret for now! I clean up my curly, black hair, shave off what attempts to look like a beard from my childish face and put on the same egg-shell colored clothing I wear on a daily basis.

“Brother are you awake yet? It’s time for your job.”

A voice rings throughout the area. I turn around and see my twin. Like me, he is quite tall with short, curly black hair (we are twins after all). However, unlike me, he has a pained, angry expression stuck on his more mature face compared to my usual calm yet sleepy expression. This is due to him having the worst job between the two of us and due to said job, nearly everyone hates him and in turn he hates many.

“How can you even enjoy your job, it’s grim and everyone fears and hates you because of it.” I ask.

He just looks at me and says, “You get used to it”. I smile at the little 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.

I did not even have to ask who was here, I can tell from his more than usual pained expression who was here for me. “I see, before you go can you stay with my wife and child.” I respond, “I fear something may happen to them considering she is here.” He nods and goes deeper into my home took look after my family while I go towards the great river waiting for the unwanted guest to enter.

I approach the wide river that flows past my humble home. The guest hasn’t yet arrived when I so I breathe a breath of relief. I’ve got some time to relax. I walk a small distance towards the vast poppy field nearby. Poppies are such a beautiful flower and have quite a variety of uses such as being used to create morphine and other drugs due to the relaxing nature of it. With how much I grow, it appears there is a sea of red just beside the vast blue river. It’s a beautiful sight in which you hear nothing but the calming sounds of the river. I stand completely silent and close my eyes, just to hear the swishing of the river. I feel at peace being carried away by the river’s songs.

Suddenly I hear the grating voice of a woman nearby. “Where are you?!”. There goes the peace and quiet I was enjoying. A beautiful woman with flowing blond hair approaches me and is visibly angry so much that her peacock feathered scarf is standing on end. Her beautiful appearance hugely contrasts her manipulative and spiteful personality I try to hide my anger and play by my reputation of being a calm and gentle man. “How do you do?” I say whilst smiling.

“I have been looking for you for about an hour now! This 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” She barks.

“I see… I humbly apologize” I lie. “How can I help you today?” I ask her.

I already understand what she needs me for unfortunately, but it was polite to ask. “My husband still has not learned his lesson; I need your help with him again. The 3rd time will definitely send him the message to stop cheating on me. It doesn’t help that he sees this woman more frequently than all the others. I angers me so much that I may consider divorce” She tells me. I can sense the enmity towards her husband. He is known to go and sleep with nearly anything that moves and tries to hide from his cow-eyed wife standing before me.

I have assisted her twice in the past for various reasons. The first time I helped was due to her improving my wisdom (really required for my line of work) but her husband nearly killed me after figuring out I interfered. If it wasn’t for Mother, I surely would have perished back then. While I was reluctant the second time, she helped me meet my lovely wife and provided 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 the deed was done, I swore I would not help his wife again.

“Listen, I understand the journey to see me was a long, tiring one but I refuse to help you. 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.” I calmly tell her.

She just smiles and tells me “I expected you would say that, so I have an offer” She whispers in my ears of what she offers and become wide-eyed. I knew she can be shrewd, but this offer was downright manipulative. Who wouldn’t accept that offer?!

“If you can truly give me what you promise, I will help you. You must promise me this on…” I respond before she cuts me off by saying “I get the procedure; I already made the promise and will repeat it again before you”. She says the promise and I become ecstatic. So much so the 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 happily takes her leave.

I re-enter my 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 puzzled and an angry expression.

I respond that while I understood the risks behind this job the payoff is amazing. He questions me, “What brazen reward did she offered you this time”.

I whisper to him what she offered me, and he even was speechless. 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.”

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

After a bit of travelling, I arrive at the spot that the wife told me to head to. No one is hear, so I look at the current time, I realize I may have arrived a bit too early to the area. I see a few poppy flowers around the site. They circled the area in all their perennial 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 notice a giant tree which not only offers a huge vantage point but can provide me a little bit of safety for me. As I approach the tree, I notice a person nearby the tree. He leg looked to be injured and is appears to fading in and out of consciousness. I notice a little black ball of fur near him; I reckon it 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 approach them with 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 an 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’s won’t do much but it can give him a few more moments” I lament internally. “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 asleep. I had to move them fast and luckily, he didn’t know know who I am. I carry them and move as fast as I could to the nearby village. I assume they live here and 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 my myself, I once more return to the designated site.

As I head back to the spot, my mind thought about if the man and his puppy made it back safely. People are such fragile creatures, yet they have the power to change things around them whether the terrain or people’s lives about them. It truly makes me feel happy about doing my job. “I do hope he made it safely home, to bad I had to put him to sleep, I would have loved to interact with him a bit more.” I sigh. As I travel, I realize the time for the fated job approaches so I try to increase my speed 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.

“Where is he?!” the husband yells. I freeze in shock, I haven’t even arrived to the site yet. How did he find me 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. Please let’s just talk a bit. I truly miss you dear.” She says. “You have spent so much time with that woman that miss your loving embrace. Forget about her and just look at me”. She attempts to charm him with her sweet-sounding words. Similar to the second time I helped her, the wife is 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.

“Dear, I need to search the area one more time. He could have arrived.” He spoke. He was still angry 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 and embrace me” She sweetly says as she extends her arms for an embracing hug to her husband. The husband just stares 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 gave a small nod towards me and mouths “Hurry up, I can’t keep his attention for too long!”. I unfreeze and give a small node. I 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, just like I did with the hunter earlier. I wonder, what will be going though his head this time? Will 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.

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. I shall grant your reward as soon as I can” as she strokes her husband’s hair. Despite the troubles the two have, deep down they both care for one another. Although if they could avoid this trickery altogether, that would make me happier. I bow to her then depart to return home.

I approach the entrance to my home and before I enter, I unfurl my white wings once more and walk into the cave entrance. As I walk through the cave, I hear the soothing sounds of the river once again and smell the aroma of the poppy fields once more. I’m truly home and have never felt more comfortable and at peace. When I reach my home, my family are outside waiting to greet me. “Welcome back, Lord Hypnos” my wife Pasithea says.

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”. He nods at me once more.

“You can’t keep Death waiting here any longer, we both still have jobs to do” He coldly says. Was the first part his attempt at a joke? But he is right, we still have a job to do.

I hug my wife once more and we depart to do what was proclaimed for us to do. I can’t hold off on this job too much otherwise the humans become sleep deprived and can’t change the world around them. That is why I truly love my job.

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. 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.