

# THE QUEST OF FLYONESE

By L. Faucher

Our story begins long ago, at the time of the ancient greeks. A secret love sparks the flames of what will become Flyonese, the god of flight. Athena, goddess of wisdom, slowly falls in love with Hermes, god of trade. Contrary to her wisdom, she makes the mistake of allowing Hermes to be her secret lover. Out of this love, appears Flyonese. With his birth came bitterness between the two, until Athena could take it no longer. She called upon the goddess of memory, Mnemosyne, to erase all traces of their love, both in memory and in reality. This included Flyonese. When she had finished erasing all evidence of relations between the two, she came to Flyonese. Although she attempted, Mnemosyne could not bring herself to kill the baby, and instead, she cast him down to earth and gave him a human appearance in hopes that Flyonese would survive. Thus sparks the beginnings of Flyonese' life.

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Flyonese came to earth in a burst of lightning during a powerful windstorm. Only a baby, Flyonese cried, uncomfortable in the treacherous storm. To his fortune, a local groom heard his cries. He peered out of his cottage to find Flyonese, abandoned under a slowly collapsing building. The great conscience of the man led him to the baby in a burst of energy. However his speed was not enough, as the building collapsed under the tremendous storm, sending him to the ground and demobilizing him. It was at this point that his wife noticed his absence and heard his calls from outside. She rushed to his aid, but she found it was already too late. The man was pinned up to his shoulders in rubble, his head and his arms were the only things visible. The woman ran to him, in tears, attempting to help him, but to no avail. With death soon to come, he brought his wife's attention to the baby cradled in his arms, hoping she could save him. The woman hesitated but eventually accepted her husband's fate as he did and she rushed the baby inside, unknowing of the child's true power.

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Many years later, Flyonese had grown into a young boy, still as unaware of his power as the woman he called his mother. The woman, who was unable to have children of her own even before her husband's death, treated Flyonese as her son and loved him strongly. This woman's name was Leda. In Flyonese' youth, Leda had grown old and cumbersome, making Flyonese do most of the work. One day, Leda grew ill, which worried Flyonese immensely. He knew not of his true mother, therefore, to him, this was his only family. Knowing that she had little time left, Leda knew that she must tell Flyonese of where he really came from. Although, Leda knew only the surface of what had happened. Sadly, these would be her final words to Flyonese, as she died when he was only a young man. Stricken with the grief of his mother's death, Flyonese left the village where he had spent his whole life, in search for meaning. He traveled to the edges of Greece and back and found nothing but the worship of the gods, which only made him feel more lost in this world. He had no home, no friends, and no family. One day, he could take it no longer and decided that if he did not belong in Greece, he wouldn't belong on any land. So, he crafted a raft and sailed out of Greece, with nothing to sustain him but a bladder of water. After many days of sailing, he knew he would not last long without food, but he did not care. Soon after, he collapsed in a deep sleep. It was then, that he didn't have a care in the world.

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Flyonese awoke in a daize several days later. He found himself cast ashore on an island. He had started to ponder how he survived, when a figure appeared before him. It was a woman with thick brown hair, clad in a soft green dress.

"Hello Flyonese, It's been a long time", said the woman. Flyonese questioned the woman.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Mnemosyne. I assume you have many questions, but all will be explained in due time. Just follow the fir tree flowers. They will bring you to what you wish." With that, she disappeared. Flyonese got to his feet. He felt surprisingly regenerated by his surroundings, as if time had stopped and death had lost its bite. With nothing left to lose, he followed Mnemosyne's instructions and followed the fir tree blossoms. After following them for some time, he came to a waterfall and a great mountain. The tree blossoms miraculously followed up a narrow path to the

top of the waterfall. At the top, there was a cove, presumably where the water was coming from. From it, resonated a soft, multicolored light, slowly fading between colors. Flyonese looked at the steep mountain climb ahead of him. He thought that if he hasn't stopped yet, there would be no reason to why he should stop now. Flyonese proceed to climb the mountain, carefully watching his footing, as not to fall. Finally, when he got to the top of the waterfall, he was met with a large open area, rather than a cove like he had first thought. The water had been coming from a slow whirlpool, spinning around a floating rock. Under the rock was the eye of the whirlpool, in which the light he had originally saw had resonated. None of the things he had just seen would compare to the giant figure sitting on the rock. It was a woman, no shorter than 10 feet tall. She had brown hair with beautiful crystalline eyes. She had not yet seen Flyonese, when Mnemosyne reappeared in front of him.

“This is Tempia, goddess of all that has happened and all that has yet to come. She will show you everything you wish to see.” Once again, Mnemosyne disappeared. After his attention on the now disappeared Mnemosyne was lost, he noticed that Tempia was now staring at him, with the smallest grin on her face, as if she had seen an old friend. It seemed as if she was looking upon him with kindness and warmth, like the type of kindness a mother would have for their child. Tempia shifted her eyes to the whirlpool, which smaller stones arose from, creating a path to the floating island. Flyonese assumed she wanted him to come to her and he obliged, taking the steps to the floating island. When he stepped onto the island, he noticed that he now seemed about the same size as Tempia, rather than her being twice as big as him. The floating stones behind him fell back into the water. A floating crystal came from under the island. It was bright and multicolored. This seemed to be what was producing the light under the island. Tempia grabbed the crystal and it shined a bright light until images were visible in the glass. Using the crystal, Tempia showed Flyonese his entire life, from start to finish. Flyonese was in shock from all that he had just seen. Tempia gave him a sympathetic look, knowing how hard it must be. It didn't take long for his shock to turn into pesterbation when Flyonese saw how terrible his parents had it and how much worse it was for some others.

“Show me other's lives,” he said. “There must be some that are better than this!” Tempia did as she was asked, but to flyonese' dismay, it did not get much

better. Sorrow and hatred replaced what should be bliss and kindness. This angered Flyonese to a vast extent. If there were gods, why was life so bad? He decided that he must put an end to this.

“I must speak to the gods, this suffering will not be endured.” Flyonese spoke to Tempia. Tempia grew a weak smile on her face and rose the stones for his exit. Flyonese marched off, determined and ready. Mnemosyne appeared once again, blocking his path.

“Flyonese,” she said, “I do not wish for you to do this, but if you must, I will not stop you. In order to get you to mount Olympus safely, I will transform you into your original form.” Flyonese had felt something on his back. He learned that it was his wings, to his surprise. Once again, Mnemosyne disappeared. It was time that Flyonese talked to the gods, head to head.

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Flyonese had flown to Mount Olympus with ease thanks to his new wings. He had never seen such a beautiful place. The brilliant white clouds and shimmering golden architecture was something someone would only see in a dream. Not to be deterred, Flyonese pushed on, entering the palace of Olympus. As he entered, he instantly gathered attention. No god had laid eyes on him except for Mnemosyne and Tempia. As he walked, quiet murmurs gathered around him. He stopped, standing stiff amongst all of the other gods, quieting everyone's voices. Flyonese broke the silence and said,

“Where is Zeus? I wish to speak to him.” Zeus appeared out of the crowd.

“Who is it that speaks of my name?” Zeus boomed, his voice shaking Flyonese.

“It is I, Flyonese, god of flight. I have come to Olympus with an issue that I cannot lay to rest.” Zeus ignored his issue and asked Flyonese,

“If you are really a god, how is that no one knows of your existence?”

“I have been exiled on earth, a land which you gods have neglected and shunned. That is my quarrel with all of you. Why must the people of earth suffer and toil while you live luxuriously?”

“We are punishing them for their sins and impurity. It will not be long before the entire world will be cleansed of their scum.”

“How could you do such a thing! I will put an end to your imperial tyranny.”

“You shall do no such thing! Our plan is already in effect. Only one thing can stop it.”

“What is it that must be done?”

“You must show the strength and purity of the humans. As you have been raised and trained by them, you will be the perfect subject. You must endure 3 trials in which you will be tested on your strength, honor, and valor.”

“If this is what must be done, then I will do it.”

“Well, you have 10 days to accomplish these tasks. If you do not, all of humanity will die. You will be given a map, marking the location of each trial, and describing the it on the back. Good luck, I do not think you will get far.”

With this, Zeus gave Flyonese a map and sent him out of olympus. Flyonese had a great quest ahead of him.

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The first trial of Flyonese was one of strength. He was told to slay the drakon Hesperion, the 100 headed serpent. To do this, he knew he would need a weapon, which Mnemosyne happily obliged, gifting him a bow with magically flying arrows and a sword with a blade sharp enough to slice a hair using only gravity. He felt uneasy as he arrived at the dragon's lair, knowing that this would not be an easy task. Flyonese yelled for the dragon, anxious to fight. The beast appeared with death in its eyes. It snapped it jaw at Flyonese, nearly missing him. Flyonese drew his sword and swung at the dragon, slicing the skin on the dragon's tail. The dragon screamed and became even more angry. It lunged at Flyonese, making him quickly dodge the serpent. Flyonese flew above the dragon, flanking him. Then, he climbed on the dragon's back. Every single head reared its ugly face at Flyonese, preparing to snap at him. At the very last second, he cut off the body of the dragon, severing it from its heads. The body dropped to the ground with a loud thud. Flyonese was victorious. Now, he was ready for his next challenge.

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His next challenge was one of honor, he was told to go to the sacred forest, as there would be someone waiting for him there. When he arrived, he was greeted by what seemed like an old soldier. The man told him of a large dungeon with many fierce monsters inside. The man needed someone to clear out the dungeon, as he was too old to do it alone. So, Flyonese obliged him and they traveled to the

dungeon. In the dungeon they met their first monster, A minotaur. Flyonese was able to kill the beast with ease and continue on. Next they came across a group of harpies which gave some resistance as they were more mobile than the minotaur. With a couple quick shots of his bow, the monsters tasted defeat. Finally, they came to the last monster. The man told Flyonese that it was the fiercest monster yet, and that Flyonese could not let him get away. When they got to chamber though, all flyonese found was a cyclops, whittling away at what seemed like a small wooden statue. Upon the cyclops' notice of the two, he had shown a face of great horror and fear.

“That's him,” the man said, “That's the monster! Kill it!” Flyonese looked at him confused.

“What makes him so evil?” Flyonese asked the man. The man looked at him with disgust.

“He's not *evil* but he could kill me if he wanted to. You *have* to kill him!” The old man retorted. Flyonese refused to the cyclops' relief. The man then grew immensely angry and started transforming into a furious dark shadow creature. It swung at Flyonese, knocking him to the ground. Flyonese got up just as the creature swung again but missed. Flyonese dodged it and charged towards the beast. Flyonese stabbed it in the heart, making the creature die and fade away. The cyclops thanked him dearly. Flyonese had shown that he could be honorable. He was now ready for his final challenge.

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Flyonese only had one more challenge, the challenge of valor. Flyonese knew that this test would be completed with ease, as he had already shown valor in the face of the past beasts. This task would be located in the underworld. It was not easy, and it took much of his time to get to the underworld. He took so much time in fact, that he had only 1 day left when he arrived at the gates of the underworld. Flyonese was told nothing about this challenge, other than what it was about. At the gates, Flyonese met the ferryman. The man would take Flyonese through fire and brimstone. This would have scared Flyonese, but he was prepared for this. Flyonese arrived at the gates of Hades palace. Immediately, the doors creaked open right as Flyonese stepped towards it. Then a booming voice rocked the entrance.

“Come in, Flyonese. I have been warned of your visit.” The voice cracked. Flyonese entered, not to be deterred by the man’s tone.

“If you have been told of my presence, then you must know of my trials. Show me my next trial so that I may not waste my time in this wretched place.” Flyonese spurted with guile. Just as he spoke, a man appeared in front of him. He had a sickly, bony contenance with a long beard. His eyes were soulless, as if all of the light had been siphoned out of them. He was wearing a dark black robe that reeked of smoke and brimstone. *This*, Flyonese thought, *can only be Hades*.

“Ah, a brave one are you?” Hades said in spite of Flyonese. “We shall see how you fair.”

“I am ready, show me my challenge old one!” Flyonese spat.

“Then let it commence.” Hades brought Flyonese to a dark, empty room. Then, with a snap of his fingers, the room lit up and appeared to be a closed off colosseum. In a large throne overseeing the whole colosseum, was Hades. Next to Hades was something that made Flyonese’ heart drop and fear grow rapidly in his gullet. He saw his mother, Leda. She was strapped in a cage raised above a pit of greek fire and acid.

“Now that you know that this is no game,” Hades boomed, “you will listen to me very carefully. For every minute that the beast you are given to fight is not dead, your precious mother will stoop even lower towards her eventual demise. As you know, your mother is dead but, for this very purpose, I have granted life back to her. You wouldn't want to mess this up for your dear mother, now would you? Otherwise, she will spend an eternity in hell, suffering in this vat forever, without a single saving grace. However, if you survive in time, she will be granted her life and you will save the world. The time is ticking, so let me introduce you to your beast.” A giant door opened, revealing a monster of which Flyonese had never seen. It looked as if it belonged in the ocean, but it was so far away from it.

“ Ah! The Eclox. Let us dim the lights to make him more, “Comfortable”.” Hades said with a laugh as he turned the room into an almost pitch black atmosphere, with the exception of tiny star-like lights on the roof, the green glow of the greek fire, and the shine of the the Ecloxe’s demonic white eyes. Immediately, Flyonese felt a powerful blow to his side as the Eclox knocked him to the ground with enough force to shake a mountain. The Ecloxes speed was

unmatched, going faster than even Flyonese could soar. Flyonese felt as if he was back at square one, hopeless. Then, the beast swooped on Flyonese, throwing him into the air. Flyonese' life stood still. He thought about everything leading up to this moment. He truly did feel hopeless. Voices in his head yelled for him to give up. Flyonese almost gave in when he noticed the smallest voice. *Dont give up!* He thought. It was then he remembered all of the things that made his life worth living. His mother, His Childhood, Mnemosyne, even Tempia, and the other little things that made him smile. Flyonese snapped back into reality, life still paused, almost literally. Flyonese was confused. *Tempia?* He thought. She had been helping him without noticing this whole time. Maybe it was she who gave him hope. It was then that he knew he must press on, he knew he could not give up, he would win. He readied himself and time resumed. The Eclox was inches away. Flyonese spun around in midair, now facing the Eclox. He drew his bow, and with one fatal shot, the arrow shattered the Eclox, killing it. He floated to the ground as Hades congratulated Flyonese, turning on the lights and freeing his mother. "You will see your mother when you return to earth. For now, I will send you to Olympus to complete your mission." Hades said, half-heartedly. Flyonese, for the second time in his life, didn't have a care in the world, but for a good reason this time. He was victorious.

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When Flyonese arrived at Olympus, he was congratulated as a hero. Although, Zeus was unimpressed. But, as a man of his word, Zeus stopped the punishment of the humans and the incoming armageddon. Flyonese arrived back on earth to find his mother and everything he loved back to the way it should be. Life was not bad anymore. No ones was. Flyonese had completed his quest, and he had fulfilled his destiny as the hero of humanity.

**THE END**



