The tattered map led me deep into the heart of the forgotten forest, where the boundaries between reality and legend blurred. I could feel the buzzing energy coming from the border where the underworld met my world. My limbs tingled like I just completed a marathon. The old map barely held together and looked ready to rip at any moment. My head wanted to just turn back and have nothing to do with this mess in the underworld, but I knew deep inside of me, I needed to help my dad.

I expected a godly glowing light when I entered the underworld but all that was in front of were stairs, thousands of damp stairs. With surprising happiness, I dashed down the stairs to find a three headed dog guarding the doorway to Elysium. Dozens of mortals appeared from thin air like wizards and walked slowly and solemnly the other way. I absent mindedly followed the dead people to so called Underworld city. I knew they it definitely was going to be a dark and gloomy area where poor souls screamed sorrowfully that I could almost feel a tear forming in my eyes. Tickets were taken from the mortals and almost everyone of them walked through except one. He looked awfully like my friend Nicholas.

“Joe! Joe! Joe!”yelled my friend Nicholas called so loud that the guard dog crept closer to hear us. Suspicious of the unfamiliar smell of blood in the underworld, he pounced on both of us like defenceless little rabbits. I stupidly pulled out a poker card from my pocket which contained the weirdest of things. I threw it like I was a professional throwing a card like my life depended on it which it did. I was extremely lucky I had practiced my card throwing otherwise I would have been cooked. One of the dog’s heads was cleanly sliced of. Just as I was celebrating my great skills, the dogs blood flew right into the hound’s neck like it was reversing.

 I thought it was not possible but I quickly remembered the only thing I could do was run. I waved goodbye to my friend and started at fifty kilometres per hour but had to speed up because the bloodhound was close behind. Without realising, I ran nonstop for thirty minutes until I looked back and noticed the dog wasn’t following anymore. Without notice, I found myself in need of some water. I quickly dragged myself back to the mission.

I darted to the part of the underworld where the forgotten souls and spirit were kept locked away so no one remembers them. The dark cold fog covered the whole prison so I couldn’t identify which one was my uncle. I didn’t have any time and Hades was here to lock me up. Before I knew it, I was locked up in a tower where he kept all the mortals who tried to enter the underworld without being dead. I made friends with a few of them. I decided that life in the underworld as bad as I thought.