

# **PSYCHE AND EROS**

**BY**

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**I hope you enjoy the story.**

## PART ONE

Once there was a King, who had three daughters. The first two he successfully married off to two Kings. The King often ponder to himself, 'Geees, I'm amazed I was able to get rid of those two, as they both have faces like horses that have been tramped by other horses, then bitten by horses and then kicked by a horse.' The King was a gambling man, and it's possible the thought came out that way as he was at the track betting half his kingdom on some old nag that luckily came in at odds of fifty to one.

'Hmmm,' the old King pondered more to himself. 'My last daughter Psyche is the best looking filly in the race, yet I can't seem to get her married off to some rich jockey.' Needless to say, he was still at the track.

It was true. Psyche was in fact the most beautiful woman on the face of the planet at the time. She was even more beautiful than Helen of Troy, or anyone else that the King could think of. In fact, men came from all over to look at Psyche's beauty. The problem was, they were all looking, but no one was buying.

'Aw, come on guys. Must be someone who wants to marry her,' the King lamented.

'No time to reply, busy looking,' said the King of Meander.

'Shhh,' chided the King of Lydia.

The King of Lesbos burped, but no one was sure if it was in agreement with the King of Lydia.

After a while, Aphrodite noticed no one was going to her temple to worship her anymore.

'What's the matter with these men?' she asked herself. 'I've got naked statues of myself and everything in there! Even naked servant girls to help liberate them from their money, and NOT ONE MAN IS IN THE FRIGGIN' TEMPLE!!! ONEONEONE!!!1111!!!'

So, Aphrodite decided to go see what was going wrong. When she discovered that all the men were standing knee deep in drool looking at Psyche's beauty, she decided to do something about it. She called her son Eros to help with a plan. She told Eros he was to go and shoot Psyche with a love arrow to cause her to fall in love with the most hideous man on earth.

'How will we know this man will be there when I shoot her?'

'It's okay, I heard Dabido was on his way there today.'

'Oh, yeah! That's him! Kewl! I'll do it!'

So Eros flew over to the Kingdom where Psyche lived and was

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determined to shoot her with the love arrow. He waited by the gates until Dabido arrived and went in.

'Kewl!' thought Eros. 'This'll be a blast.'  
So Eros followed Dabido into the area where all the drool covered men were (it was now up to their waist-lines). Only, upon seeing Psyche, Eros fell instantly in love with her. In fact, he accidentally shot an arrow off which hit the King of Lesbos knocking him into the King of Lydia causing them to fall in love ... but that's another story.

Anyway, Eros left to go talk to Apollo, who is pretty wise in the love department.

'Dude, you won't believe what happened!' said Eros entering Apollo's huge palace.

'Sounds bodacious, dude! Like, what awesome events happening now?' replied Apollo.

'Well dude, I saw this totally audacious chick. Her beauty is of a more impressive nature than an Hawaiian tube that you can carve for an hour.'

'Dude, that's awesomely awesome!'

'Yeah, but the whole set up is a total blow out man. Like, it's dinged beyond belief!'

'Heavy, dude. What's causing the rip, man?'

'Well, my mom, you know, Aphrodite, she's like, hit the bitch with an arrow and get her to love a fugly dude, man.'

'Total high order wipe out! Like, what you gonna do?'

'Dunno, dude! Thought you might have some way of me dropping in on the set without mom snapping her leash! Also, I don't want the sick chick to know I'm a demi-god. You know, chicks will act like a groupy if they think you're extreme.'

'Ooooooh, I think I've got something total sick man. Leave it with me, dude!'

So Eros went off leaving it to Apollo to sort out.

## PART TWO

Meanwhile the King went to a shrine of Apollo in order to pray that his daughter Psyche would finally have someone to marry.

'Oh, dear great god Apollo, please here my suppliant prayer,' prayed the King.

'Dude, have I got a dude for you!!!' exclaimed Apollo.

The King almost wet himself.

'Well, when I say a dude for you, I don't mean for you, personally. I mean for your narly daughter, the bodacious Psyche! You'll be goofy footin' on the other side of your board and making your friends totally envious of your layback when I'm finished. Listen up, your daughters got to get to yonder hill, where the line up for the break starts, man. There, her new hubby will come and she can totally catch the pipeline with him. Only one wipe out she's gotta avoid, King man. Her hubby's gonna be this totally awesome looking serpent. Like, he's real wicked and ugly and stuff, so she's gotta promise not to sneak a peak at the scaly dude, else it'll totally freak her out, King man.'

'I'm sorry, can you say that again?'

'You want a hubby for your totally awesome offspring Psyche, yeah?'

'Yes, I want a husband for my daughter. That's correct.'

'Well, I got the dude! But like I said, he's totally serpent.'

'Sorry, totally serpent? What's that term mean?'

'I mean, the guys a snake! Like, a really big sick snake, with scales and everything. Like, totally mushed in the face. Like, he can't get a ride cause his totally dumping!'

'Uh? He's a snake.'

'Yeah, that's what I said, man! Totally slippery, so she can't look at his face.'

'Um ... isn't that bestiality? Like, isn't that wrong?'

'No way, King dude. Like, if Zeus can turn into a bull and totally root chicks, then my friend the snake can do so as well. And it's the only part of the beach breaking for you man. So, you want in on the set or you gonna wait to see if it picks up a little?'

'Okay, you have a deal.'

So, the King went back to Psyche and told her of the deal. She figured it was the only way she was going to get a husband, and besides, she liked the idea of the big snake. It was also fortunate for her onlookers, as the drool had got up to their necks.

So, the King got rid of the onlookers, drained the palace of drool, and packed Psyche's stuff for her to leave. Several of the

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servants slipped on the drool while carrying her stuff out of the palace, but none suffered anything worse than brain damage and three years in a coma.

So, Psyche sat on the hill waiting ... and waiting ... and waiting ... which didn't seem too long for her, as she'd waited all her life so far, so half a day was pretty short. It was a hot day, so she eventually decided to have a sleep. After she fell asleep, Apollo and Eros friend Zephyr carried her off to Eros palace.

Psyche awoke to find herself outside a huge beautiful palace. She entered the palace and went looking for someone. She could hear the servants, and could talk to them, but she could never see them as they were all invisible. They were all very courteous and nice to her, after all, she was the Queen of the palace.

So, Psyche had her husband, and Eros visited her often, but only at night. She was also warned not to look upon him. 'Bodacious one, turn your head, I'm coming into the room already!' Eros would often warn her when he arrived home.

Psyche was very happy. She had her husband, she had servants and had everything she needed, even a PlayStation 3, which she had no use for as there was no electricity.

## PART THREE

Her sisters Hippofacia, and Hypercondria decided to visit her. Eros arranged for the West Wind Zephyr to bring them to the palace during the day. Upon seeing the palace and learning the fact that Psyche was pregnant, they both became very jealous and decided to ruin it for Psyche.

'Wow, this palace is enormous,' said Hippofacia.

'Yes, yes it is,' agreed Psyche.

'Anyway, I didn't want to bring it up, but we've heard your husband is a horrible serpent,' blurted Hypercondria.

'Well, Dad was told about that when he married me off,' replied Psyche.

'So, this enormous palace you live in is funded by ill gotten gains from a horrible, horrible serpent who kills and eats people and steals their money.'

'Oh, I'm sure he doesn't eat people and steal money. He's very nice. He's just ... you know, ugly.'

'Oh, peoples outwards appearances always reflects their true insides,' said Hippofacia.

'Really? Dad says you look as ugly as a horse!'

This cut both of her sisters to the quick. Hypercondria was first to recover.

'Look, we've brought you this humongous sword to cut his head off with. So, tonight, just do it and save all those people from being eaten and robbed.'

Psyche still didn't believe them.

'We also heard a rumour that once you have your child he plans to eat you both,' said Hippofacia.

This confounded Psyche, so as proof, Hippofacia leapt off a nearby cliff to prove her sincerity. She of course knew that Eros had given instructions to Zephyr not to let any harm come to any of them. Zephyr had to act quickly and saved Hippofacia from dying, bringing her gently to the ground. Then Hypercondria did the same, and Zephyr was forced to save her as well. Seeing what she thought was the sincerity of her sisters, Psyche then believed what they had told her.

So that night, with the sword hidden under her pillow, Psyche rested on the bed next to her husband. She had smuggled more than the sword into the room though. She had also brought an oil lamp, as she had decided that she couldn't bring herself to kill her husband, as she truly loved him. She did, however decide that if she loved him, she could do so regardless of what he looked like,

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and as such she was going to look upon him.

So, she took the lamp and lit it. The room filled with a yellow light, and she turned to gaze upon her husband. Instead of the ugly serpent she had been told was there, instead she saw the beautiful masculine body of Eros, the son of Aphrodite.

'What a super hunk!' she exclaimed, unable to believe her luck. She was so in awe of his beauty that she let the oil lamp slip, and the burning oil slipped out and landed on him. [Fortunately missing his manly bits, otherwise this would turn into a tragedy].

Eros awoke with a start from the burning oil. This was worse than his date with Madonna and the candle wax!!! He immediately realised that Psyche had seen him, and raced out of the palace.

'Come back my love,' cried Psyche.

'Never,' replied Eros. 'There is no love without trust, dudette. Plus, this burns a total mullering man!'

Eros raced off to his mother Aphrodite, who discovered what had happened. Aphrodite locked Eros in a room in order to care for him, and to keep him away from Psyche.

## PART FOUR

Psyche returned to her fathers house and told him and her sisters what had happened.

When the sisters realised that Psyche had been married to Eros, they decided that maybe they could ditch their own King husbands and get into bed with him. So they took off back to his palace.

'Hey, Hippofacia, where do you think he might be?' asked Hypercondria.

'I've no idea, but I bet his friend Zephyr knows where he is.

Let's just jump off this cliff again and when he catches us, we'll force him to take us to Eros.'

'Fantastic idea, sis.'

So, both the sisters leapt off the cliff, not realising that Zephyr was at a Red hot Chilli Peppers concert. As such, they both fell to their deaths on the rocks below.

Hippofacia hit first, and the King made a fortune on a bet he'd made off the Internet on the whole thing. Hypercondria only paid a small dividend due to coming in second place.

Psyche went off in search of Eros in order to get him back. She was in a bit of a bad mood, as she'd placed a bet on Hypercondria coming in first. Upon her way, she ran into Pan, the half man half goat dude who liked to hang out with nymphs and play the pan pipes.

'Hey, little girl. What yo lost sister?' asked Pan.

'I'm looking for my husband Eros. I split oil on him and he's run away from me,' replied Psyche.

'Oh, that was you? Well sister, I'll tell ya what I'm gonna do for yo. I heard that the old psycho beauty herself Aphro D to the T Dite is chasing yo ass trying to ice ya face cause ya put the hit on her first born. So, you gotta get in first, or I ain't the gangstar rapper himself, yo dig what I'm saying. Yo gotta hit the bitch in her own home in a language she can understand. Find her ass and when yo do, yo tell her yo ain't afraid to be her bitch for a while through delivering some services. Ya dig wot I'm saying here?'

'Um, I ask her to let me pay off my debt to her by doing stuff?'

'Yeah, that's the spirit sister. Yo make me one hip happy rapper when I hear yo hearing me. Now, you go find that mother before she toasts your ass with one of her ass roastin' boastin' toastin' machines!'

'Ah, thanks ... I think.'

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With that, Psyche changed from looking for Eros to looking for Aphrodite.

Aphrodite had decided to teach Psyche a lesson once and for all, so she also went in search of her. When she found Psyche, she discovered that Psyche was in fact looking for her. Psyche beseeched her in the name of love to bring her husband back to her, and in return, she'd be Aphrodite's main bitch.

'Listen bitch,' said Aphrodite. 'You set my son on fire. No matter how much you love him, I don't want him suffering any more spousal abuse. I'm like talking lawyers and getting the police involved next time!'

'I promise to get rid of all the oil lamps and replace them with flouros.'

'But you don't have any electricity.'

'It'll be dark, but at least it'd be a modern palace!'

'Look, I've taken pity on you, so this is what I'll do. I'll set for you some impossible tasks and if you can perform them, then maybe, just maybe I'll let you see Eros when he's better. Here is your first task. I will leave you with this bag of a million mixed seeds, and when I return in the morning I want them all sorted.'

Psyche took the seeds back to the palace and tipped it on the floor. She started to sort them, when she noticed a large number of ants took pity on her and came and started to sort them for her.

The next morning, all the seeds were sorted. Aphrodite was furious.

## PART FIVE

'Okay you whore, this is my next task for you,' said Aphrodite. 'I want you to find where the golden sheep graze and I want you to bring me a ball of golden wool.'

So, Psyche set off in search of the Golden Sheep. 'I wonder why Jason and the argonauts just didn't come here, to Golden Sheep Farm, instead of going on that long voyage just to get one mangy old fleece?'

It was true, Golden Sheep farm was only twenty kilometres up the road from where Jason left from, but no one said Heroes were clever.

When Psyche arrived, a river nymph in a nearby creek spotted her, and knowing what Aphrodite had set as a task, took pity on Psyche and decided to warn her.

'Oh, Psyche,' the nymph called to her. 'Hee hee hee. I have to warn you. Those sheep are really naughty sheep. Hee hee hee. They are real mean. Like, once, a trumpet player was trying to play a tune, and he kept getting the notes wrong, and one of those golden sheep came over and shoved the trumpet somewhere. Hee hee hee!'

'Uh, right ...' answered Psyche.

'And there was this other time. Hee hee hee. This sheep decided to eat this guy who was trying to cross the field. Hee hee hee! And then, this other time, this guy took his girl friend into the field for some nooky, well, to cut a long story short, he's now in a Thai Girl show somewhere in Bangkok. Hee hee.'

'Okay, I get it, the sheep are a pack of mean mother f...'

'And this other time, there was this one sheep who joined the Nazi party.'

'I've got it already!!! Just tell me how I can avoid getting eaten by these mean sheep.'

'Okay, the sheep are all stoners. You know what I mean. Like, the sheep like to bong on in the afternoon. Like, they get the grass stuff that they're supposed to eat, only it's not the eating type of grass, and they have these bongos they've made from rubber hose and plastic coke bottles and like, they light up and stuff.'

'Yes, yes, get to the point,' said Psyche.

'Well, you know, it makes them all mellow and stuff in the afternoon and they normally go and lie under the trees on the other side of the meadow. So, if you like sneak up on them when they're like, mellowed out and just tripping and stuff, then you

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can gather some of their wool.'  
'Okay, thanks.'

'And after, if you're not doing much, like, you can come back here. We've got this girl thing happening later if you want to join in. Like, the girls aren't all snooty or anything. It's just a pyjama party thing, and you know, it's not sexual or anything. Well, some of the other girls might be like that, but you know I'm not. I'm just inviting you cause, we're like friends and everything now that I've warned you. You know, cause I sort of saved your life and everything. So, you know, bring your own drinks and stuff. We don't supply the alcohol, you've got to bring that yourself ... oh bugger, she's gone!'

It was true, while the river nymph had continuously blabbered on a lot, Psyche had gone off to the field to wait for the sheep to mull up. Eventually, the head stoner sheep took the others off to have their afternoon rest under the trees. Another sheep turned up with baggies full of grass and the head stoner sheep bought some stuff.

Pretty soon, they were all wasted on drugs and completely unaware that their wool was being nicked off their very own backs. If there is one reason not to do drugs kids, it's this. While you're wasted and out of your head, any damn idiot can walk into your place and take everything you own. Later, when you try to explain to the police that it all happened while you and twenty good mates were sitting around, they will look at you as though you are the biggest moron on the planet. [Which you will be!]

Psyche left the stoned sheep and took the ball back to Aphrodite. She ensured she didn't go anywhere near that creek again, as she didn't have four hours to waste on what was possibly a nymphomaniac lesbian nymph.

## PART SIX

Once again, Aphrodite was furious that Psyche had performed the impossible task.

'You bitch! How dare you perform these tasks!'

'But, you told me to perform them.'

'Okay, then do this one. Go and get me some water from the cleft where the river Styx and Cocytus come from, in this amphora.'

'Hee, hee, hee, you said a naughty word!'

'Which one?'

'Cocytus.'

'Huh? Oh, it does sound naughty! Hee, hee!' giggled Aphrodite. But no sooner had she giggled than her mean demeanor returned.

'Now get me that water!'

So, off Psyche went to get the water. Upon the way she came upon a great eagle.

'Hey diggity, Princess Psyche. Where ya'll off ta on this bright sunny day?'

'Oh, mister eagle, I'm off to fetch some water in this amphora from the cleft in the river Styx and Cocytus.'

'Well, diggity darn, if that ain't one of the worst tasks ever. I don't think a young belle like ya'll self should be a fetching water from such a dangerous place. For one, it's got worse critters in it than the bayou has alligators and is smellier than a muskrats armpits. I'll tell ya what young Missy. You let me fly in thar and get that water for ya'll and you can wait here a little bit.'

'Oh, thank you mister eagle.'

'It's my pleasure Miss Psyche. A gentleman would do no less for a pretty lady like yourself.'

So the eagle took the amphora and off he went. He flew down into Hades to the place where the cleft was where the river Styx and the river Cocytus originate from. Two serpents that guard the area tried to leap up to bite him.

'Hey Fritz, do ja zinks yous can bites him?' asked the first serpent.

'Nine, Wilhem. He'z just flying a littles too highz fors me.'

'I haz an ideas. I vill lift youz up on my backs and you tryz to bite hims.'

'Ziz isn't one of your homo tricks iz it?'

'Nine, nine! Never will I playz ze tricks on youz agains, Fritz.'

'Itz just lasts times mine wifex was present and she gaves uz such a looking ats.'

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'Oh, soz, youz don'ts haz ze problem with me trying to mounts you? Its waz just ze wifes putz you off?'

'Nine, nine. I'm not likes zat. I keep telling you, I'm a straight serpent.'

'I never heardz such a zing in mine life. Serpents are znot straight, we wiggles alls over ze places.'

'Zat's just to move arounds. It doesn't mean we needs to takes on ze alternate life stylez.'

'What are yous talkings about? Everyonez gay I tells you.'

'Nine, not at alls. I'm straight I tells you!'

While they were arguing the Eagle flew under the cleft and filled it with water. As the amphora filled he corrected a little to take on the ballast, and off he flew again.

He delivered the amphora back to Psyche.

'Oh, thank you mister Eagle, how can I ever repay you.'

'No need to ma'm. Ya'll just take good care of yourself and hopefully we'll be able to see each other in the near future.'

So, off Psyche went with the amphora of water.

## PART SEVEN

'You inconsiderate little biatch!!!' screamed Aphrodite when she returned unharmed. 'Do you realise how much stress you are causing me over all this? Do you realise what you are doing to me? I have to tend to my poor son Eros all this time, and look what it's doing? I'm loosing my beauty. I'm supposed to be the goddess of beauty, and I'm getting ugly and haggard!'

'If you say so,' replied Psyche.

'I have another task for you,' she hissed. 'This time, there will be no escape!'

'What? You're trying to get rid of me?'

'Well, duh! How long has it taken you to work that out! This is what you have to do. In order to replace the beauty I've lost, you have to journey to Hades and speak to the Queen of the underworld, Persephone. She will give me some of her beauty to replace what you've caused me to lose.'

'I guess it beats plastic surgery.'

Aphrodite gave her a box to collect it in, and with that Psyche left to fulfill the task.

Not being sure how to get into Hades, Psyche decided to throw herself off a high tower in order to kill herself, and as such go to Hades. As she was climbing the tower, the tower spoke to her.

'Hey, stupid. I'm as thick as two bricks ... well, more than two, and even I know killing yourself won't allow you to return from the underworld.'

'Who said that?'

'It's me, the tower.'

'Oh boy, now I've really lost it. First, I marry a serpent with invisible servants, and the serpent ends up being a demi-god. My sisters kill themselves; I lose a fortune betting on it; ants help me sort seeds; a river talks to me; I see a sheep dope dealer and stoned sheep; an eagle collects water for me; and now a tower is talking to me. That's it, I'm jumping regardless.'

'No, you haven't gone crazy. Just stupid. Now listen here, off to the East is Tainaron, where a cave leads into the underworld. Take a huge bone to throw to Cerberus the three headed dog.'

'If he has three heads he'll need three bones.'

'You can take three bones. I'd just use one myself. He can fight over it amongst himself. Also, take a gold coin to pay Charon the ferryman. He'll take you across the river Styx, and past Fritz and Wilhem. Most important of all though, never ever eat anything there.'

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'Why is that?'

'Two reasons, one, all the food is crap in Hades; Second, if you eat anything you will be stuck in hades forever, never to return. Then they'll make you eat more stuff cooked down there. It's all over cooked! I tell you, it's like Hades down there.'

'Ah, yeah, of course it's like Hades.'

So Psyche went off on her journey to Hades, which is not at all unlike working in computers.

## PART EIGHT

So, Psyche went off to Cape Tainaron in search of the cave to the underworld. She noticed a huge sign, 'Cave to Underworld, 50 metres. Turn left at Starbucks.'

'Hmmm, that's gotta be the place. After all, I'm sure Hades is where Starbucks gets their coffee from.'

Psyche travelled the fifty meters, stopped in for a choco-latte and a donut, as she wasn't sure how long she was going to be in the underworld. She surmised the possibility that the latte and donut might be the last things she eats while still alive.

Off she went into the cave. About a kilometer underground she came across a very large pooper scooper. 'Obviously, the pooper scooper of the Gods,' she said to herself. 'I must be getting close.'

She also saw scrawled into the wall some graffiti. 'Heracles was here.' This just confirmed her suspicions even more. Soon, she could smell the dog itself, even before she could see him. She secretly hoped the bone she'd brought was big enough.

Sure enough, before she could finish her next step, a huge puppy, the size of a house, appeared in front of her. She knew it was Cerberus, as the puppy had three heads. She whistled to a guy who had been following behind her with the bone on a forklift. It had been the leg bone of one of the Titans, but she was sure they weren't using it at the moment for anything. Instead, the guy saw the dog and leapt from the fork lift. He ran like a crazed idiot to get away from the dog. Of course being a dog, and we all know dogs love to chase things, Cerberus immediately took off after the guy, ignoring the bone and Psyche all together.

There are rumours Cerberus actually followed the guy all the way to the surface and ate most of the Starbucks patrons. The rumour continues that Cerberus couldn't sleep for ten years and is now addicted to caffeine. Every time he finds a Starbucks, he eats everyone in site. This is of course not a reason not to drink there and is considered a plus for some patrons who like the in house entertainment.

Meanwhile, back in the cave, Psyche kept traveling till she arrived at the river Styx. There, near the shore was a little wharf with a ferry at the end. On the ferry stood Charon, the ferryman. He didn't look at all like what she had expected. In

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fact, he looked remarkably like a Venician Gondola operator if it was being played by Johnny Depp.

'Um, one to cross to the Underworld, please,' she said as she got on board the boat.

'Sure,' said Charon, as he pushed off from the wharf in the direction of another wharf on the other side.

Somewhere in the water, she swears she heard the voices of two people quarrelling.

'I tellz you Fritz, everyonez is gay.'

'And I zink you are projecting your own pzyche onto udzer peoplez.'

'Did someone just say my name?' asked Psyche.

'Wouldn't know,' said Charon. 'Only other's around here are Fritz and Wilhem, and I don't think you know them.'

'No, I don't think I've met them.'

'Andz on top of zat, I heard Hans waz zleeping witz your wifes.'

'Don' be ztupid! Besidez, what sort of ztupid name iz Hans for a serpent. Like, he haz no hanz.'

'Zat's handz Fritz. Handz, witz ein dee inz it.'

'Thatz ztupider. Like, why leavez ze dee outs of hiz name? But, hiz parentz alwayz wanted him to be a doctor or zomezing. Like, how ztupid.'

The voices echoed off into the distance as Charon got them safely to the wharf on the other side.

'That's one Obol, please,' said Charon.

'Sure, there you go,' said Psyche handing over her gold coin.

## PART NINE

Psyche journeyed deeper into the Underworld. She walked past a MacDonald's where the smell coming out of it made her want to try a big mac. She remembered what the tower had warned her about though, and controlled herself.

Then, there was a bakery, and that smelled wonderful too, and there was a Black forest cake in the window.

'Oh, wow,' she thought. 'I could really go for one of those.' After years of dieting though, she had a will of iron, and was able to walk away from it.

She had to find her way to the Queen of the Underworld. She saw some flashing lights up ahead, and was sure it would point in the right direction.

'Come on into the casino young lady,' said a large muscular man in a black suit. 'Free meal and a one hundred dollar chip on the house with every suite.'

'What is this place?'

'It's a casino. Run by the seedy underworld mobsters. You might have heard about them.'

'Um, no. My first time here.'

'No worries. Just come in, have a seat at one of the tables. I'll get you a free drink.'

'No thanks, I'm only here for a short visit.'

'Yeah, right,' the man laughed at her. 'A joker in every pack!'

She moved on, looking for other places the Queen might reside. She went past a large group of people tied to stakes and having their backs whipped.

'What's this all about?' she asked one of the whippers.

'Ah, d'is is where people are brought when d'ey first arrive. D'ey get their inequities beaten out of d'em, so to speak. D'is geezers been 'ere fo' almost a year.'

'Really, what did he do?'

'Paparazzi.'

'Oh, got off easy did he?'

'No, he was only a paparazzi for a day. You should see what d'ey get fo' doin' it fo' longer,' he said with a nod of his head, and he was back whipping the guy.

'Um, can I ask where about the Queen Persephone resides?'

'Oh, you're one o' her friends I's expects, withs you being so pretty an' all. Just follow d'e main road here, untils you gets to a big sign D'at says "Palace" with a big arrows ons it. D'en, you should be able to follow the signage the rest of the ways

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d'ere.'

'Thank you very much.'

'You'se welcomes,' he nodded his head and got back into his whipping.

'I's loves d'is job,' he said to himself. 'Get to meet pretty ladies and also lashings of fun to be 'ad.'

'Will you stop it with that pun,' said the man getting whipped.

'I'd rather you whip me more than say that stupid joke again.'

'Okay, lashings of whip fo' ya matey!'

The man being whipped groaned at the repeated joke.

While walking along, a white rabbit raced past followed by a young girl in a blue dress.

'Oh, whatever shall I do?' cried the girl.

'Just try the MacDonald's a little further down the road. It's a lot easier than catching and skinning a rabbit,' Psyche called after the girl. 'Stupid bitch, that rabbits got hardly any meat on it at all.'

## PART TEN

Psyche arrived outside the Palace. There were no guards, because let's face it, what's the worse that can happen? Someone break in there and kill the dead? Not a very smart move at all, especially when Hades would probably kick their butts anyway.

Psyche went up to the huge doors and knocked.

'Hello? Any body home? Hello?'

Somewhere deep from the interior of the palace she heard some footsteps on a marble floor, and a door open. More footsteps, more doors, sound of someone descending a marble staircase, another door opening, shutting, footsteps ... then, the door slowly creaked open.

'Um, hello?' Psyche asked. 'I'm looking for Queen Persephone.'

'You've come to the right place then,' said a beautiful lady at the door. 'I am Queen Persephone.'

'Really? You open your own door?'

'Well, it's the servants day off. Which is strange, I haven't had a visitor in one thousand years, first day I give the servant off and you arrive.'

'I guess that's Fate then.'

'Really? It was of those bitch Fate sisters then was it. I'll kick their boney asses if I catch them. Which one was it? Clotho? Lachesis? It was Atropos wasn't it! That bitch always had it in for me.'

'Um, I didn't mean it was one of the Fates, I just meant it's bad luck.'

'No such thing as luck when you're a Goddess. Anyway, what do you want? If you're selling something I'll kick your ass too.'

'Um, no, I'm not selling anything. Aphrodite sent me here.'

'Oh, really? What does she want this time? A cup of sugar? Some man she couldn't get her talons into? Don't tell me, let me guess, she wants to borrow a dress because she's got tired of running around nude in front of everyone at last!'

'No, she sent me to get some of your beauty, as she claims she's looking a little old and haggard room nursing Eros.'

'Oh sure, I'm going to make myself look ten years older just to boost her rotten narcissistic ego.'

'Well, she won't let me see Eros ever again if I don't take some back.'

Persephone looked at Psyche and took pity on her. She had heard about the rough time Aphrodite had been giving her, and decided to help Psyche. So, she took the box Psyche had brought with her, and placed some infernal sleep in the box.

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Psyche then took the box back, thanked Persephone and began her journey to the surface again.

She got back to the river Styx and the ferryman was in dispute with one of his passengers.

'I've already paid you one oboe,' said the passenger.

'The fare was one obol, not an oboe. Besides, this is not an oboe, it's a clarinet.'

'It's the same thing.'

'It is not. A clarinet is a single reed instrument, while the oboe is a double reed instrument. Not only do they have different timbre and texture, the reeds on an oboe are a lot thinner than those on a clarinet.'

'You must be kidding, they're both of the woodwind family. Be happy with the oboe I gave you.'

'It's not an oboe, it's a clarinet and you're supposed to pay an obol. That's a gold coin, not a woodwind instrument.'

'Look, what do you think the oboe is worth?'

'The clarinet?'

'Yes, the clarinet then. What's it worth to you?'

'Well, I can't play one.'

'You can always learn.'

'Learn a woodwind instrument. I'm dead, I can't blow into this without any breath. This thing is useless to me. I have to take you back to the other side.'

'Excuse me,' interrupted Psyche. 'Can I catch a ride back to the other side?'

'Sure, if you want to wander the world forever, never being able to interact with anything,' said the man with the clarinet.

'Everyone in the boat,' said Charon. The man tried to resist, but Charon picked him up and put him back in the boat. Psyche got in of her own accord.

## PART ELEVEN

Charon ferried them back to the other side. Along the way Psyche was sure she could hear someone speaking again.

'Alls I'm zaying iz Freud's ego and id encompass one half of ze pzyche, while the zuper ego iz ze udzer half.'

'Zat's stupid Fritz. Surely it should be divided into ze thirdz. One thirdz ego, one thirdz id and one thirdz ze zuper ego. Zat'show ze pzyche is made up.'

'Did you hear my name again?' asked Psyche.

'Nope, sorry. Not a word,' replied Charon.

'Why, what's your name?' asked the Clarinet guy.

'Psyche,' replied Psyche.

'Did you juzt call me psycho, Fritz?'

'Nots at all, Wilhem.'

'I zwear I heard zomeone called me psycho.'

'It wazn't me zen. Maybe itz zomeone elze.'

'Zere iz no one else here, Fritz. I'm gonna punch you onez in ze head.'

'Witz what? Yous a serpent, yous gots no armz!'

'I'll zink of zomethink. When yous least expectz itz, I'm gonna clock you in ze head zomezink awezome!'

'Yeah, sure. You and whoz army, ratz breath!'

'Ratz breath! I'll give yous ze ratz breath.'

The voices faded into the distance as the ferry reached the shore of the living.

'Out you get music boy,' said Charon.

'You haven't heard the last of me!' screamed the man with the clarinet. 'I'll come back. I've got friends you know. A whole big band of friends!'

'Yeah, yeah, way to scare the dead wind tunnel!' said Charon in return.

'You haven't heard the last of Benny Goodman ferry man!' screamed the guy as he wandered off.

'Man, he was pretty upset,' said Psyche.

'Aw, that's nothing. You should have been here when Glen Miller rocked up. He actually came with his band. At least when Glen tried to pay in oboes, he actually had two!'

Psyche thanked Charon and started her way up to the surface. Cerberus was missing from his post, and was actually running around on the surface chasing his tale. Psyche past the forklift with the giant leg still on it.

'Someone's gonna dig that up in a few hundred years and wonder how

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a huge ancient fossil got on a modern forklift. I'll let Carnegie Mellon University figure that one out.'

Soon, she came to the cave entrance. She looked left, looked right. The Starbucks had a giant dog doo on it's roof, but it seemed to be attracting more customers than ever. Let's face it, when some people need a caffeine fix, nothing will deter them, not even Cerberus' doggy doo itself!

Psyche was making her way back to Aphrodite's palace, when she decided to stop and have a little peak inside the box. After all, she reasoned, 'Why shouldn't I steal some of that beauty for myself?'

So, she opened the box, but instead of beauty, the infernal sleep leapt out at her and landed smack on her face.

## PART TWELVE

Psyche fell into a deep sleep. In fact, she might have slept forever, except news of her plight made the six o'clock news. Eros, locked in his room, with nothing else to do was channel surfing when he saw the news piece on her. Realising he was still in love with Psyche, his heart melted and he decided to do something about it.

He was feeling a lot better from his burns, so the only real problem he faced was getting out of his room in order to go and aid her.

He waited. When his mother Aphrodite came to tend to him, he switched the television to a soap opera he'd recored earlier.

'Oh, Ridge. You know I've always loved you.'

'Now listen, Logan. I can't marry you again. Mother's furious and Nic still wants to marry you.'

'No, it's over between me and Nic. Nic wants Bridgette. Besides, you know I'm the only one for you.'

As his mother got interested in the Bold and the Beautiful, Eros stole the key to his room from her. He unlocked the door and flew immediately to where Psyche lay in a deep sleep.

'Oh, Psyche,' said Eros. 'You know I've always loved you, dudette ... um ... er ... I think I caught that wave somewhere before! Oh yeah, the idiot box said that earlier!'

Eros wiped the sleep from Psyche's eyes and Psyche awoke.

'Eros?' she said in amazement.

'Yo, it's me, dudette. I can't stop thinking of you. I'm, still hanging for your groove baby.'

'But, I burnt you so bad. How can you still love me?'

'You dropped in on me bad baby, but it was an accident. I can't surf the waves if it means surfing without you. You're like the sex\* wax on my surfboard. Ride the wave back to the palace with me, baby.'

'But, what about your mother? She'll never let us live in peace.'

'I'm going to eyeball the Zeus man. He's like, the King of the Gods. When he catches the vibes on how our love breaks like no other, he'll crack a barnie over the old womans head.'

With that Eros flew to Mount Olympus in order to see Zeus.

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'I wish I had the slightest notion what he just said,' Psyche said to herself. 'I'll just trust him that it was all good!'

\*Sex Wax is a brand of surfboard wax.

## PART THIRTEEN

Hermes was sitting at the door to Zeus's Palace at Mount Olympus.

'Yo! Dude of the winged feet! How's it hanging, man?' asked Eros as he arrived.

'Oh, it's all cool, man. How's the beach bunny going you been hanging with? I heard you've been getting your foamballed by your mother,' replied Hermes.

'Yeah, it's like all chop and no break. Not a tube in site, and nothing but seagulls and Barneys.'

'Heavy,' replied Hermes.

'Anyway, I'm here to see the old beachcomber his self!'

'Dude, go right in. He's acting bleak today. I think it's brainfreeze.'

Eros entered and went to the court room where Zeus was normally sitting on his throne meditating on the state of the world.

'Eros, how's it hanging, grommit?' greeted Zeus.

'Dude, it's total bogus. Like, Brand-X state of zen.' replied Eros.

'Heavy! What's the forecast?'

'Well, I got this cute beach bunny, only my mom the Betty's acting like a real brodad and cutting in front, dropping in and generally making the ride turn completely jivel, man.'

'Dude, we gotta call the line together and kick it all into place.'

With that, Zeus decided to call all the Gods and Goddesses together for a counsel to sort the mess out.

'Hermes, dude. Listen up, I've got something I need you to dig. Dump this heavy wave on the line as a gang buster. Gotta get them together for a dawn raid on the waves. Make sure they don't go aggro or anything, I don't need no one harshing my mellow man!'

With those instructions Hermes flew off to gather the gods and goddesses of Olympus together for a counsel.

Hermes, being the messenger god, was able to speak in a language down to earth of all the gods and goddesses to understand. After all, they don't all talk surfer talk.

Hermes, was not only a translator, he was also a diplomat, and was able to get the gods and goddess together ready for a dawn meeting at Mount Olympus in order to discuss the issues.

## PART FOURTEEN

So it was that at dawn the next day, all the gods and goddess had assembled, though no one asked how it was that Apollo, the sun god, was there, when he was supposed to be riding his golden chariot across the sky. In theory, there shouldn't have been dawn if he wasn't doing his thing. If they had of asked, they would have discovered that it had now been outsourced to India, and was running on a Linux System. No one wanted to run the risk of the thing blue screening at night. That'd just be too confusing!

'Dudes, Bettys, Barneys, Gidgets and assembled brodads,' Zeus started. 'I assembled you here at the beach, man, in order to test the brain waves you might be, like, sending out across the Universe. You know, like, I wanna catch some of those brain waves in sorting out something before it becomes a complete wipe out. I speak of course, about the young grommit, Eros, and his total Betty, Psyche. He's like, totally trying to catch this ride, and like, to him it's the best set his seen. He don't wanna wait for a better set, cause he knows, perfect conditions only ever happen on a Wednesday, and this is his big Wednesday! So, I don't want nothing bogus, just cool karma loving suggestions?'

At this point, Hermes translated for everyone.

'Ahem, Ladies and Gentlemen,' Hermes said. 'It has come to Zeus's attention that Eros has fallen in love with the mortal female, Psyche. As Eros is a god, and Psyche a mortal, some people may be looking down upon this union. He is opening a forum here, for all to discuss any method out of this dilemma. Thank you.'

'I say we kill her,' said Hades. 'Death solves all problems.'

'I dithagree,' said Dionysus. 'I thay we get her drunk \*hick\* and bonk her brainsth out.'

'That's your answer to everything, isn't it Dionysus!' exclaimed Demeter. 'I say we nurture their love. Like plants, they need mulch to grow. I say we bury them both in manure in order for this to happen.'

'They're not plants,' said Hephaestus. 'It's very obvious to me. What we do is melt them down in a furnace and I'll beat the impurities out of them.'

'Now you're just being silly Hephaestus,' said Ares. 'I say we get a Trojan prince to kidnap her and take her back to Troy.'

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Then, we can get the Greeks to build a huge fleet and sail to Troy and smash it to bits!'

'Look, dudes!' said Poseidon interrupting. 'You're sliding off the top and missing the wave. What we need is to get the Betty and her beau together in the back of the same car. Know what I'm saying? Like, if you want to fix the thing, they gotta be riding the same board to tube glory. Let's make them ride the tube together.'

'I have no idea what you just said,' said Aphrodite. 'But, Eros is my son, and I'm not having some mortal floozy get her talons into him.'

All the gods and goddess then tried to interrupt each other to push their ideas.

'Kill her!' ... 'Let's make war!' ... 'Get her drunk!' ... 'Who took my burger?' ... 'Marry them off' ... 'Put them both in manure' ... 'She's not even immortal' ... 'I'm a Lesbian!' ... 'Turn her into a deer and hunt her down!' ... 'Can I get a refill of my wine?' ... 'Stick them both in a dark room!' ... 'Make them both design and maintain a WAN!' ... 'Stick them on big brother!'

'SILENCE! Take a break peoples!' cried out Zeus. 'I'm like, hearing stuff, but I haven't heard anything that floats my board!'

It seemed hopeless.

## PART FIFTEEN

'Ahem,' said Hermes. 'If I may be so bold as to suggest that Athena take the floor.'

'Athena?' asked Zeus. 'My daughter, the computer nerd? Like, a total Thelma of the gods. Man, that's a heavy ask.'

'Excuse my suggestion,' said Hermes. 'But, she does have nine degrees, three masters and two doctorates. As the only one of us actually with pieces of papers, called Credentials, she really is the only one qualified to work this all out.'

The rest of the gods had no idea what Hermes had said, but they had to admit that he was usually right on these sorts of things.

'#!, 45 1337 45 1 m4y 533M, 1 N0 5um 0f U h4v3 dlff1cu17y und3r574nd1ng m3.'

Hermes translated. 'She said, that as incredibly intelligent as she is, she knows that most of you don't understand a word she says.'

'You can thhhay that again,' said Dionysus. 'Thesthhhe stttthmart chicks pithhh me orfff talkin' ovfffer my head!'

'Mi 5ugg35710n 2 U 411, !5 w3 4110w p5yc#3 2 dr!Nk fr0m t#3 cUp 0f !mm0r741!7y'

'Athena suggests,' said Hermes. 'That we allow Psyche to sip from the cup of immortality, thus making her immortal like us. As she would no longer be a mortal, Aphrodite can have no problem with Eros marrying her. Thus, Psyche will become as we are, and the marriage would be legitimate in the eyes of the assembly of god, goddesses and assorted immortal souls.'

'You thhhinksth you're tho sthmart,' said Dionysus. 'If I had my way, I'd makth you scweem like a pigth!'

'Yeah, sure you could,' said Athena as she poked her spear through Dionysus' right testicle.

The rest of the gods and goddesses broke into talk at the suggestion. It seemed to satisfy everyone's needs.

## PART SIXTEEN

After debating the issue for a month (yeah, they did add a pay rise for deities on to the end of bill), they voted and it was past unanimously. Eros and Psyche could get married, as per Athena's bill of 6200 B.C. Record number A44 Z333078, which was recorded in triplicate, signed and sent to the gods of bureaucracy for storage and to be uploaded onto the net on the .gods intranet for all to see.

Hermes was sent to fetch Psyche in order to sip from the cup of immortality. Knowing it would unite her and Eros forever, she did so willingly.

The marriage was quickly organised at her father's palace, in the temple of Aphrodite. Everyone who was anyone was there. Famous poets, play writes, actors, beasts who eat heroes, heroes, kings, queens, some more heroes, gods, goddesses, a winged horse, a sphinx, some guy who sniffs glue out the back of the local seven eleven, oracles from Delphi and one of Zeus's burps which had created a life of it's own.

It was an A-list wedding to end all weddings. Psyche looked beautiful in her white dress. Eros looked fabulous in his bright Hawaiian board shorts, red Hibiscus shirt and flip flops.

The ceremony was wonderful, and even though most didn't understand Zeus's surfer talk, there wasn't a dry eye in the house. It was now true, that Eros (LOVE) would never ever again be separated from Psyche (THE SOUL). Which is why, when we fall in love, it effects us to our very souls.

After the ceremony was over, the very proud King was helping his servants clean up the temple.

'Who are you?' he asked a strange ugly man standing in the middle of the temple.

'Oh, my name is Dabido,' said Dabido.

'Really?' the King asked. 'What are you doing here?'

'Oh, about a year ago I was told to come here by Aphrodite herself. She promised I'd have the worlds most beautiful woman fall in love with me.'

'Oh,' said the King. 'I suspect she's forgotten about you then.'

'Really?' asked Dabido. 'How do you know that?'

'Well, mate. You just saw that wonderful wedding?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that was her. Only, she married the god Eros.'

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'Are you sure?'

'Yep,' said the King, who then explained the entire story to Dabido.

'Well, I guess that's it then,' said Dabido.

'I guess that is it,' replied the King. 'So, what you gonna do about it?'

'I guess I'll go home and blog about it,' said Dabido.

'That sounds like a mighty fine idea,' said the King.

Dabido then turned and left. Which, my friends, explains the story you just read, and concludes the explanation as to why I don't have a girl friend. :-)