

The Misunderstanding

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It was the hottest day of the summer, my face was sticky with sweat on this fine summer's day. It would be enjoyable if it was not for the fact it was the eve of sacrifices to our God in our little town of Septin in Greece we were about hundred miles from Athens and hundred and fifty from the Spartans, we stayed out of their way if we could; they weren't the most pleasant people in my opinion anyways.

My name is Ella, I was chosen to be Apollo's sacrifice, to be his lover. The only way in our culture to get to the Gods was to die. My pale hands shook as I washed them in the basin and then I heard a gentle knock on the door, I sighed with relief knowing it was just a servant girl by how shy the knock was. The men how loud knocks, my mother had a louder knock than that too, so it must be a servant. The oak door creaked open and the dirty blonde sea blue eyed girl (who honestly was too pretty to be a servant) came in.

"I was asked to come and bring you these." The servant girl told me.

One blood red dress and a cobalt blue dress was in her hands, "For the sacrifice..."

"I think the blue would suit you best, miss." The servant girl spoke up lightheartedly.

"Yes, I think so too," I told her and then she left.

A few hours later she came back with my dinner and then I went to bed.

"Ella!" My father called.

I woke with a start, today was the day. I hurried and got dressed and went outside, "Why are you letting me die?" I asked.

"Apollo chose you." My father answered, "We must please the

Gods.”

A guard tied ropes around my hands, I winced at the tightness of the ropes they did it for I would not struggle and then took me to Apollo’s temple in our city. I was dragged up the steps and there were hundreds of people watching and some were praying. They put me on my knees and I started to shake as a knife was put to my throat. Then there was a loud bang and that was all I remembered.

I woke with a start, the room was shiny and I don’t mean clean shiny, I mean gold shiny. I started breathing heavily, was I dead?

“Calm yourself.” Someone said I turned to see a man with goldish blonde hair and fabulous features, “I’m Apollo, I saved your life.”

“T-that bang...was you?” I asked shakily than I looked down at my hands too see Apollo’s mark on my left hand.

“I did not choose you as my lover but as the priestess and they mistook it so I saved you,” Apollo explained.

“T-thank you.” I stumbled, “What am I to do now?”

“Reside here if you wish or return to your world but if you return home danger may follow you and all the people you love,” Apollo told me.

“What can I do here?” I asked and his eyes softened.

“I can give you a gift and you can watch over the people you love from here,” Apollo answered.

“I’ll stay,” I answered.

A few months later

Ella had resided in Apollo’s garden as the priestess watching over the temple and tending to the sick warriors that came in and honestly, she was happier here then she was in Septin, she had a purpose. Apollo treated her as an equal and did not look down on her.

