

Final Mythology Assignment

Aphrodite is a god who obtains many human attributes. She Curses women who claim to be more beautiful than she or if they are being simply arrogant. This shows that she is easily made jealous. She is the Goddess of love and beauty. Meaning that she is quite a loving god, but only to those who don't cross her. Aphrodite forces Pygmalion to marry although he does not wish to have a wife. Showing that she is extremely controlling. Altogether she is a beautiful goddess draped in human attributes and emotions.

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Aphrodite is one of the many gods the Greeks created to explain why they were the way they were. The Greek Myths show us that they were a very jealous, promiscuous, untrusting, and sneaky culture. The men were very dominant and the girls were basically treated like crap. Wives could be killed just because her husband might think she was cheating on them. Even though she was most likely forced to marry him at thirteen or fourteen years old. Most people were always sneaking around and hiding something. The Greeks also valued their material items quite a bit. More than anything they valued their pride and showing everyone else how "rich" or "amazingly powerful" they were. Because of this everything was a competition for them, always fighting to be the "best".

Now, people may still obtain these attributes but less extreme. We are still jealous but much more merciful to those who cross us. We are still promiscuous, untrusting, and sneaky but we have learned to deal with our emotions. We are also much more accepting, loving, and generous than they were. We can now accept each other's flaws and learn to love most the people around us.

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Passion

A long, long time ago, in a place far, far away there lived a young girl named Passion. She was a small child, only seven years old. Her thick black hair billowed down to her waist, for it had never been trimmed. Olive colored skin covered her heart shaped face and circled her emerald eyes. They were framed by long black lashes making them just that much more intense to stare into.

She was living with her older brother in a small cottage made of knotty pine not too far away from Mount Olympus. It was in the middle of an opening. There were many openings in the forest, but this particular opening was a perfect circle of trees. The trees were tall redwoods towering above them, but managed to shade the half of the circle that the cottage lay in. The other half grew with thick, lush grass and the sun shone right down onto it. When it was the right season, this half also bloomed with the most beautifully elegant flowers Passion could wish for. There was also a pond at the edge of the opening that they fetched their water from.

Her brother was Fru Fru, the god of fruit. He was a tall, sculpted young man, who ladies swooned over. His hair, and eyes closely resembled his sisters. But his hair was shorter, shaggy like a dog. Their mother, Persephone, had died just days after giving birth to Passion. The little girl felt extremely guilty and reliable for the sad event. Because of this she rarely spoke, but when she did she was unbearably sweet and loving. This is how we came to the word passion.

Fru Fru was always trying to cheer Passion up by creating new fruits. First came the deep, blood red Raspberries, closely followed by juicy Blackberries, lush Grapes,

great writing!

bulging Plums, and many more appetizing fruits. Yet, nothing worked, she always had the exact same response to it.

“Dear brother, as I do greatly appreciate your attempts to brighten my day. I shall forever wait in the lake of guilt. It swallowed me whole, and I do not have the strength to fight it. I can only win alone and your gifts just spoil a girl who does not deserve such things. For one day I may escape, but for now I wait in sorrow.” She would say this in a calm, tender voice. All the while gazing up at her brother, eyes as wide as the moon, almost making him feel bad for trying. She appreciated her brother’s attempts to make her happy but she still never smiled and rarely spoke.

She spent most of her time outdoors. Wondering about the forest floor, humming sweet melodies throughout the damp cover of trees. Deep into the heart of the forest there was a small little pond that she went to every single day. The water was crystal clear with the smallest hint of teal in it and always sat perfectly still. Not a single thing could make a ripple in this pond. Little Passion was highly amused by this but dared not to disturb its glasslike perfection. She would sit by its side and watch leaves and dirt blow onto the surface, only for them to be quickly swallowed into its depths. Not an ounce of evidence showing that something had landed on the pond. There were little purple flowers that surrounded it and could only be found here in the entire forest. Yet, they were the type of flower that survived all seasons. Everyday she would pick one of the flowers and when she came back the next day there would be a new one in its exact place.

Passion knew that this place held sorts of magic. But not knowing what sorts and to what extent of power there was there, her brother warned to be extremely careful and to not upset the balance of energy there.

On her eighth birthday, Passion was nowhere to be found. Since her dear brother didn't know the way to get to the little pond she loved. He couldn't search for her there, so instead he waited outside their little cottage for her.

Meanwhile, Passion was gracefully humming about the forest wondering closer and closer to the pond until she was there. She decided that today was the day she would drink water from the magical pond. She sat down next to it and looked deep into in. She saw no bottom, just endless depths of beauty. The little girl leaned forward cupping her hands and dipping them into the water. The water felt like silk against her skin. She lifted her hands up and drank. This water was the most fabulous water in the world. Refreshing her to a level she couldn't imagine. She smiled and laughed, leaning to the water and drinking straight from in. Gallon after gallon she chugged.

Once she had her fill she sat up and decided it was time to go. Not wanting to leave she leaned down for one last gulp. (By this time her brother was extremely worried but didn't know what to do.) While leaning over she lost her balance and fell in. Down, down, down she fell until she lost consciousness.

Her brother started pacing in front of the cottage and decided he needed some water. As he walked towards their little pond he noticed something in it. As he got closer he realized it was his sister, floating, dead in the pond. He fell to his knees and wept. A moment later a plant started to grow from where his tears had landed. From this plant grew the Passion fruit. One of the most delicious fruits we have.