



DEUCALION AND PYRRHA

Only the fifth generation of men lived on Earth when the rumours of the extraordinarily cruel human nature reached the ruler of all, the almighty Zeus. They were rumours of kings murdering their subjects or reducing them to slavery until they died of exhaustion. If, god forbid, someone broke the strict laws, they ended up in an arena where they had to fight for their lives in merciless combat with hungry tigers. It was almost as if the kings and emperors were competing in their cruelty. Violence and murders seemed so awful, that Zeus at first refused to believe it could possibly be true. To see the truth for himself, he decided to take on a human form and roam the Earth. And so he transformed into a hermit and set out on his journey. Sadly, the rumours didn't even come close to the horrors he encountered.

Meeting king Lycaon was the last drop. Seeing his terrible cruelty, Zeus decided to step in and reveal his true divine identity. When people saw who he really was, everyone fell to their knees, only king Lycaon mocked him.

“Let's find out if you truly are the god you claim to be, or just a simple mortal man,” said the king with disdain, planning to test the god standing before him. King Lycaon ordered a servant be killed and his flesh brought to the dinner table and served to Zeus. The god immediately saw through the king's awful deed and went into a rage, he began fiercely piercing the air with lightning bolts,

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ravaging and destroying, until he burned the entire palace to ashes. Frightened Lycaon ran into the fields, hoping to escape the raging god, but he did not have a chance to run far before Zeus turned around and cast a spell on him.

When Zeus returned to Mount Olympus, he was so disappointed that he decided to wipe out the entire human race from the surface of the Earth. First, he wanted to smother the world with lightning bolts and turn everyone into ashes, but he worried it could burn down the whole world.

Instead, he decided to drown the Earth in a terrible flood. First, he used the clouds to spread fog and darkness to every corner of the world. He also locked up all the winds in a cave to make sure that the clouds would go where he pleased.

Once the entire Earth was covered in black clouds full of water, the rain started falling. Thunder rumbled so hard that the ground started trembling. Water flooded the fields and washed away all the crops. Zeus's brother Poseidon also came to his aid. He poured all the water from the riverbeds into houses, farms and temples. All palaces filled with water and soon even the highest towers were drowning under the rising oceans.

When the disaster was over, everything on Earth was underwater. Only one peak was high enough to tower above the water surface. It was called Mount Parnassus and it was here where Deucalion, son of Prometheus, and his wife Pyrrha docked their boat. They were peaceful and brave people. Prometheus was also a god and had known what Zeus was planning. So he built his son the boat in which the pair saved themselves from certain death.

When Zeus saw that the only survivors of the terrible disaster were these innocent people, he released all the trapped winds from the caves and ordered them to blow the heavy clouds away. A beautiful blue sky appeared and warm rays of sunlight poured over the world. Poseidon tamed the rivers again and drove them back to their riverbeds. Oceans slowly subsided and uncovered forests and fields as the Earth turned back to its original state. Deucalion looked over the wasteland, but he couldn't see a living soul.

"The two of us are all what's left of the human race. Everyone else has died in the flood," he told his wife.

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They travelled the barren lands until they chanced upon a temple of the goddess Themis. They both fell to their knees and started praying for advice, asking the goddess how they could restore life in the destroyed world.

And Themis answered: "Set out north. Travel far beyond the valleys and the hills until you reach a desert of rocks. Collect the rocks and throw them behind you."

They travelled day and night until they finally found the desert sprinkled with rocks all over. They both collected an armful of rocks and started throwing them behind themselves. And what a miracle followed! After touching the ground, each rock turned into a human being. The ones thrown by Deucalion took on a male form, while the ones thrown by Pyrrha took on a female form.

And so thanks to Deucalion and Pyrrha, the Earth was repopulated once again.