

Ixiom

Peering outside of my window in the pre-dawn hours one early morn. My eyes beheld a frightening scene. Asteroids fell from the atmosphere and embeds deep, smoldering into mother earth's womb. A foggy mist sat, still, in the hushed environment, as nature's creatures ceased to make their joyfull presence known.

An uncontrollable tension caused the exceeding palpitation of my heart, when out of the mist appeared Ixiom, that tall, dark, bronzed warrior of old, the heavily arm hero of the citizen of Lapith, a far away isle in the Mediterranean sea. Underneath one of his bulging arms he carried the humongous head of a once mighty lion and to my utter amazement it appeared that the severed head of the beast was crying, pleading for mercy. As I stood there mouth agape paralyzed in fear and bewilderment, before I could move to close the drapes of my window, behold, there stood on my front lawn, a hideous monstrous figure, with six heads and many arms, a bloody stump indicated where the severed head in Ixiom's arm had come from, as the other six heads of the monstrous being bellowed and scream and caused much a ruckus over the loss of it's mightiest member, I gently closed my drapes and made a vow to myself to never, ever, take a drink of cognac before sunrise.