

The First Labor of Freshakles



When an early, brisk morning beckoned his first day of high school, Freshakles was awoken by the delightful smell of bacon seeping through the cracks of his door. A familiar call from his mother kicked his conscience into full gear, and urged his awakening. As he peeled away the layers of blankets, he felt a sudden chill monopolize his entire body. Despite the discomfort, Freshakles pushed forth into the morn. The sudden rattle of the approaching bus stimulated his senses to tell him to run out the door, backpack in hand. Ascending the steps onto the vehicle, Freshakles found himself in a sea of unfamiliar faces. The seemingly eternal bus ride concluded promptly at 7:15. Following the crowd, Freshakles found himself crossing the threshold into a new environment, and overheard talk of an 8:00 assembly.

When the hour neared, all of the students gathered into the auditorium. Freshakles was surprised by the inattentiveness of the loud students. He was supposed to attend this assembly so he could learn about emergency procedures. Once the students quieted themselves, the school principal, Madame Lambertus, began by addressing the freshman with a warm welcome. The students' attention abruptly switched focus onto the sudden avalanche of theater lights shattering from the impact of falling 15 feet. Sudden chaos erupted throughout the auditorium, and Madame Lambertus leaped offstage, opposite the podium, and attempted to grasp the fire extinguisher. She failed to reach it though, and fell as the shards of light sprawled across the stage and bursted into flames. She was able to get back to her feet and when she did she ran for her life. Some students followed her but others were in shock by the horrid sight of their once beloved auditorium. Hot snakes of fire slithered up the curtains as an urgent thought occurred to Freshakles; he had to get everyone out of there. Running for the nearest fire alarm, Freshakles yelled for people to run out of the building. Reaching the alarm, he pulled down with all of his might. Once the sound of the alarm reached everyone's ears, they all ran outside. Freshakles followed, with an odd feeling that he had to do more. He ran out to the rest of the people that were filled with terror and organized them into groups. Freshman, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, and teachers and administration. Freshakles continued to keep order until the firemen came. Thankfully, not a lot of damage was done. It also didn't spread to any other rooms so it took a couple of weeks to remodel. Freshakles gained a new nickname because of his ability to maintain calm, cool, and collected, and help his newfound acquaintances do the same, and it was Freshakles the accumulator.

The Second Labor of Freshakles

By the end of quarter one, Freshakles the accumulator had gotten over the auditorium incident and had been focusing on his educational duties. While he was in science class on a surprisingly warm October day, Freshakles was introduced to a new predicament. He was assigned a project on the scientific process. He was also given a partner who was known to do none of the work on projects. Seeing as he would probably get stuck doing the work, Freshakles sprang forth with an idea. "I shall find a way to make this student do his part of the project, while

also holding up my end of the bargain.” he said and that he did. First he tried to take a persuading approach and told his partner, Carides (son of Cara), that if he worked on his part for a good amount of time every time that they met up, Freshakles would use his money to buy Carides anything within reason, that he wanted. Unsatisfactorily, Carides was not buying his means of manipulation. Freshakles continued to study him for a while and found out that

Carides had loved to stuff his face in his phone and not look up for hours at a time. Freshakles decided to use this as a great advantage.



The next time that they met up as partners, Freshakles had hatched a plan. He was going to distract Carides with a friend of his and take his phone. As the friend was completing his task, Freshakles slipped Carides’ phone away from him and into his pocket. Then he used his phone as a tease. When the friend had walked away, Carides had noticed the absence of his beloved mobile phone and almost screamed. Freshakles sneakily pulled the phone out of his pocket and waved in front of Carides’ face meanwhile, these words came across his lips, “If you want it, you’re going to have to work for it.” Almost as if a fire was lit on

top of his chair, Carides jumped into action and started his part of the project. Freshakles was pleasantly surprised by the hidden work ethic of his preoccupied partner and committed to work on his part. After an hour or so, Freshakles concluded that the project was done, and he handed the phone back to Carides.

When the time arrived, for the project to be handed in to the teacher, Freshakles stepped forward and handed the project into Mrs. Silvia and stated, “There was equal participation from both partners on this project.” Then, Madame Silvia smiled and replied, “I am astounded by the fact that you could get this student to help you, especially this much.” As he walked back to his seat, Freshakles was happy that he completed another challenge in his freshman year. Freshakles gained another epithet as “Freshakles the astounding” as a result of his accomplishments with Carides.

The Third Labor of Freshakles

Now Freshakles’ third labor takes us to the beginning of the third quarter of his freshman year, as he had just started to truly adapt to a high schooler’s ways of life. A new and comfortable, yet subtle mindset encompassed Freshakles, having now succeeded in completing two challenging labors. He looked at the world and his school differently; feeling as if facing new environments and obstacles in his high school years to come wouldn’t dismay nor phase him. Freshakles had managed to befriend plenty of fellow mortals whom had even assisted him in his labors, and smaller obstacles he faced as a student. In this labor, Freshakles gains the aid of a student using trickery, a tactic he wasn’t awfully familiar with. The journey commenced on the first day of the third quarter. Having just returned to school from a week-long vacation on the mystical isle of Notschooltopia, Freshakles returned to school with a tan and a careless attitude, still mentally on the island, daydreaming of soft, white sand neighboring a vast abyss of endless blue water. Freshakles, now more confident, but carefree than ever, felt a sudden craving for



candy. After about thirty seconds of pondering the possible outcomes, he decided that he would steal candy from a teacher no matter the consequence, and he knew just the teacher to steal from; Mr. Holystercules.

Having world history with Mr. Holystercules block three, Freshakles was able to thoroughly search the room with his eyes during class, thus locating a stash of delicious looking candy in a seemingly easily-breakable glass jar perched on top of the highest shelf in the room. During lunch, Freshakles deliberated between numerous schemes to achieve the candy, until finally deciding upon a golden plan. He would convince a gullible, yet sneaky peer to steal *for* him, so to not risk getting caught himself. As W.I.T. approached, the rest of the freshman moved through the halls in a disorganized flock, making their way to the gym for an assembly. *This is my chance*, thought Freshakles. No one, not even the teachers would be in the classrooms. He easily snuck away from the group to finally reach the dreaded history room, and the candy sitting on the shelf seemed to be calling to him. He stood outside of the room, awaiting a gullible-looking eighth grader whom he would entrap to continue his plan. When a familiar looking face who happened to go by the name Atlasius passed him in the hall, Freshakles said "Hey kid, do you want to help me with something?". "Sure". After revealing his brilliant proposal, Atlasius objected immediately, as expected. It wasn't until Freshakles told him that spoils would be split evenly amongst the two that Atlasius agreed.

The younger boy had to climb a mountain of tables and chairs before being able to reach the jar. After obtaining the container of candy, Atlasius asked Freshakles to hold the jar while he climbed down, and then they would proceed to share it. Freshakles agreed, but while the younger boy was descending the tower of chairs, he ran off with the candy all for himself. Just as the end of W.I.T. was nearing, Mr. Holystercules was making his way back to his classroom, he noticed Atlasius being the only person in the room, and the jar of candy gone. When Atlasius attempted to defend himself by telling the epic tale of Freshakles being the real culprit, he seemed to just be incriminating himself more, and ended up being sentenced to three lunch detentions. Meanwhile, Freshakles sat in his block four class, satisfied and content.

The Final Labor of Freshakles



Amused with his brilliant thievery from his previous Labor, Freshakles walked through the once intimidating halls of his school with confidence and maybe even a little hint of arrogance. He had not made any enemies so far, which astonished him, with the exception for the poor fellow he left bearing the metaphoric "weight of the world," doomed to face the wrath his own misdoings had caused. However guilty the boy occasionally was, nothing could dull the glow of the pride that burned inside of him. Freshakles was radiant and could now conquer anything. This of course as Freshakles knew was a bold and daring thought to truly believe. Life was fairly new where he stood, and with the blessing of his year going well, he became unsure if it was purely lust or purely luck. These thoughts were normal now, and Freshakles found himself once again in the dawn of a new day.

Arriving at school, Freshakles smiled at the smell of pencils and the squeak of shoes on a shiny clean floor. As he approached the friendly threshold once more, he was cast under a light; a bright light almost of dramatic affect. "Hold dearest Freshakles," says a teacher of familiar warmth. It was Parikinzeus, a man identifiable alone by his unique tone of voice. "Why is there a flashlight in my eye," Freshakles whines and Parkinzues leads him away from the door. "You see this new flashlight I have here," Freshakles relaxed however his brow continued to stay furrowed, "Yes, I see."

"This is not just any flashlight," Parkinzeus went on. "This is the key to your success." What Parkinzeus meant was not that the flashlight would solve all of Freshakles' problems, for all he knew he had none, but that the flashlight was an example of a project he would soon find himself indulged in. Freshakles soon learned what he must do. In order to pass Mr. Parkinzeus' class, he must complete the project to creating his own flashlight within the course of 7 days. Within these next few days, Freshakles for the first time, felt compelled and overruled at the same time. The days grew shorter and soon enough the dawn of the final hours broke upon Freshakles. He was getting more and more bewildered the more he thought about flashlights. *What even makes the flashlight light up?* And then it hit him; feeling as bright as the idea that had just come to his mind, he began to buzz around assembling his masterpiece. It all made since, at least to Freshakles; an old memory of making a flashlight in the fourth grade, he was shown specifically what made it light. With confidence, he conjoined the final pieces of his puzzle and packed his prized project away in the safety of his book bag. He had made the deadline.

As you may assume, Freshakles made it to class the following day, and delivered the carefully crafted work of art to Parkinzeus who gave a reassuring smile. Feeling even more accomplished than in his 3rd labor, Freshakles realized that he had ended his journey of the four labors. His face lighting up as bright as his striking invention, he froze with wonder as Parkinzeus parted his lips just enough to release one single phrase. Obedient to the will of his well delivering student, Parkinzeus was proud to address him "Freshakles the Radiant".