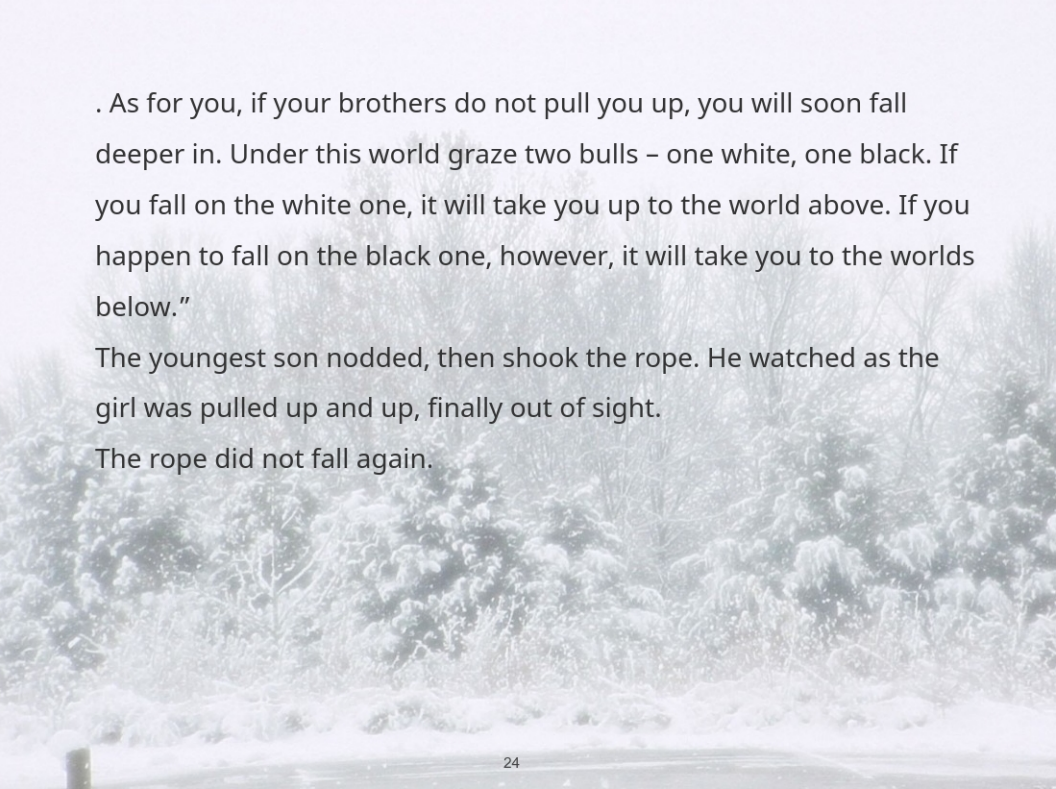


The rope fell down for the third time. The youngest sister stepped up – the prettiest, the gentlest of them all, her hair pale as moonlight, her face soft and round.



The third son sighed, "If I have you go ahead of me, my brothers will fight over you and leave me. If I leave before you, would you want to follow after? No, I will send you first; if my brothers love me, they will pull me up." He tied the rope about her. "Here," said the maiden, taking a hold of his hand, "Take this ring. If your brothers fight over me, I will tell them that I will choose only the one who can give me clothes that make themselves.



A soft-focus photograph of a winter landscape. The scene is dominated by evergreen trees heavily laden with snow, creating a dense, white and light blue texture. The ground in the foreground is also covered in a layer of snow, with a dark, possibly wet, path or road visible at the very bottom edge. The overall atmosphere is quiet and serene, with a diffused light source that creates a gentle glow across the scene.

. As for you, if your brothers do not pull you up, you will soon fall deeper in. Under this world graze two bulls – one white, one black. If you fall on the white one, it will take you up to the world above. If you happen to fall on the black one, however, it will take you to the worlds below.”

The youngest son nodded, then shook the rope. He watched as the girl was pulled up and up, finally out of sight.

The rope did not fall again.

Suddenly, he found himself on a broad back of a monstrous bull – onto fur of the darkest black. The bull launched down. He could only watch as the white bull, heading upwards, disappeared from sight.



When the bull shook the youth off and disappeared, the young man stood up and looked around. Gray huts and barren gardens stretched as far as the eye could see. Most of them seemed deserted, but one glowed softly with the warmth of a fire. Quickly, he walked to it, peeking in through the dirty window.



An old woman sat by a dusty table, kneading dough for bread.
Every once in a while she would pause, spit onto the dough, then
continue kneading.




“Grandmother, don’t you think the bread will taste better if you use water instead of spit?”

The woman paused in her work, lifting a gray head. Seeing the brother she sighed sadly.

“You do not have water in this world?” the brother asked. The woman shook her head.

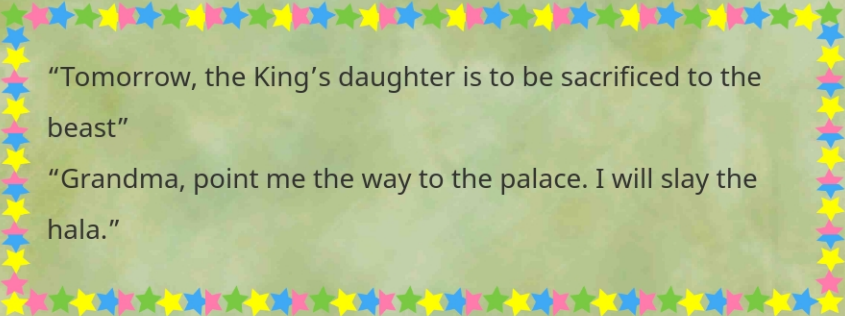




"We did. We did, but five years ago a hala appeared. It stole our water"

Olas Michelakis
Gianna Mathioudaki
Ilen Koutraki

Now it demands a maiden for a sacrifice each time it is to let us
have some of it, or we die of thirst




"Tomorrow, the King's daughter is to be sacrificed to the
beast"

"Grandma, point me the way to the palace. I will slay the
hala."

"I will give you anything you want. Save us, and I will make you richer than you could have ever dreamed to be!"

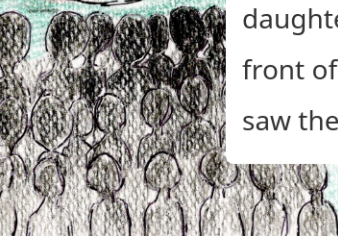


The background is a grey stone wall with rectangular blocks. A yellow scroll with a brown border is unrolled across the top. The scroll has a metal ring on its right end, connected to a chain that hangs down. On the left, there is a dark arched doorway with a decorative border of small circles. Two lit candles in black holders are on either side of the doorway. At the bottom right, there is a circular platform with several black spikes around its edge.

“Thank you, but I only want to return home,”
answered the young man”



Night fell. The time for sacrifice grew near and The King's daughter exited the castle, alone. A crowd had gathered in front of the palace, watching the Princess. None, however, saw the shadow that trailed in the Princess' wake.

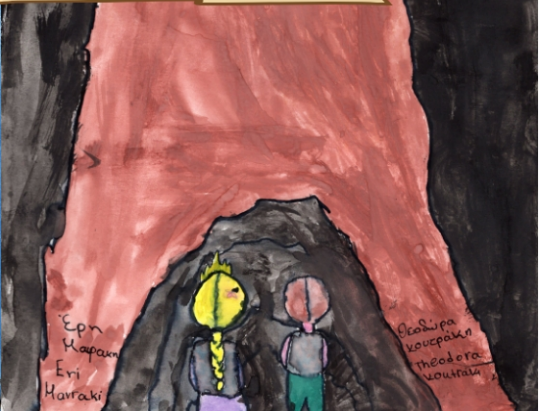





Tell me, Princess - what kind of monster is it?



They climbed higher and higher into the mountain

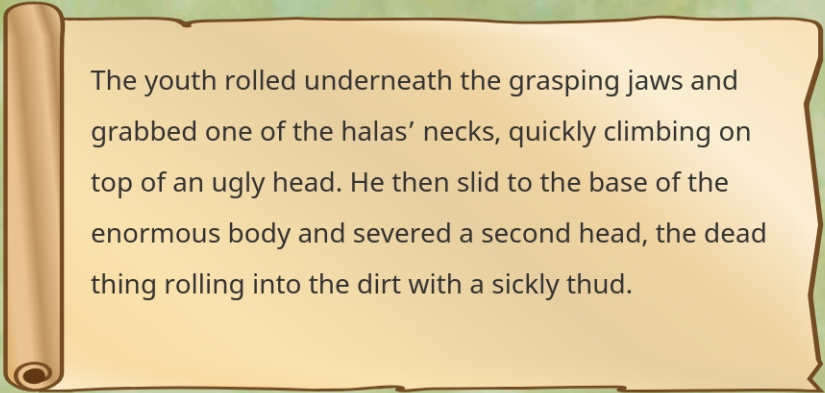




" The monster will die if its heads are slain."

Manos
Foukarakis



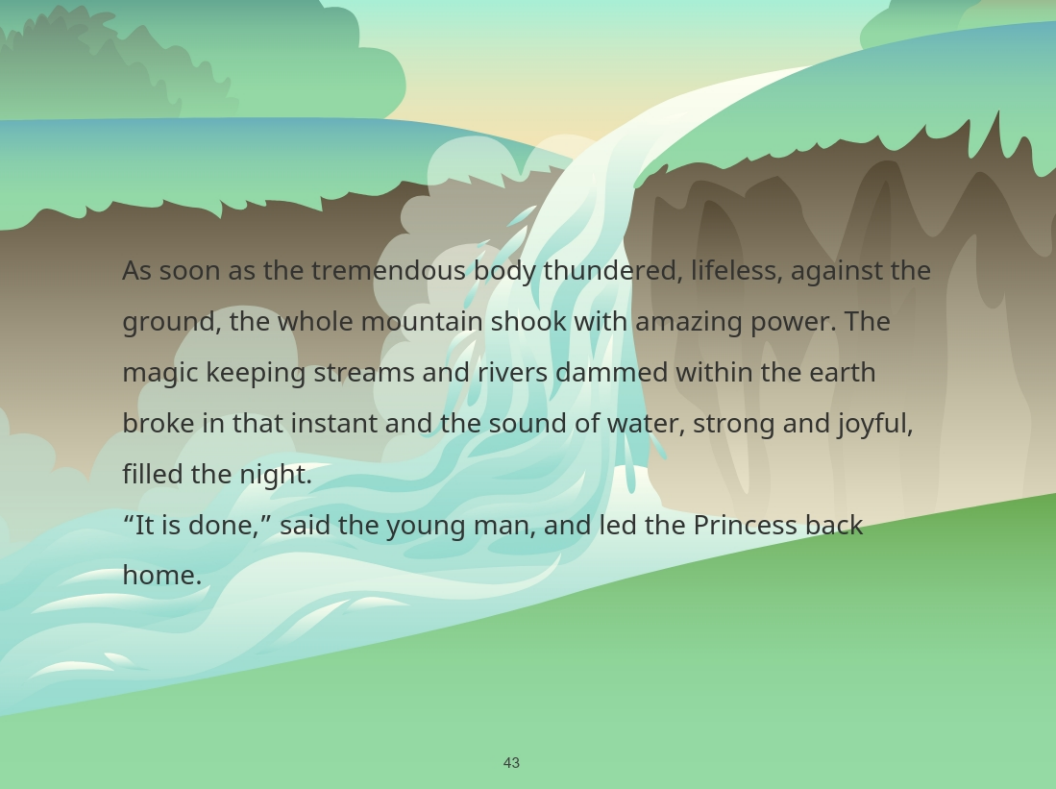


The youth rolled underneath the grasping jaws and grabbed one of the halas' necks, quickly climbing on top of an ugly head. He then slid to the base of the enormous body and severed a second head, the dead thing rolling into the dirt with a sickly thud.



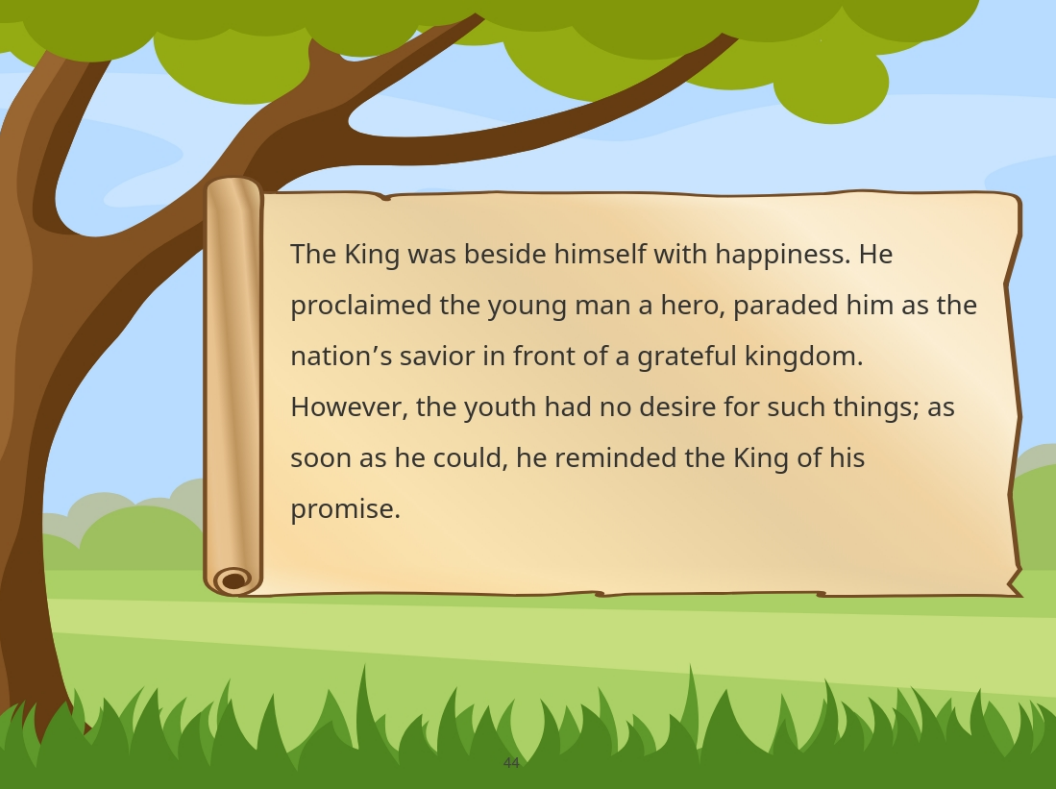
The hala was dead





As soon as the tremendous body thundered, lifeless, against the ground, the whole mountain shook with amazing power. The magic keeping streams and rivers dammed within the earth broke in that instant and the sound of water, strong and joyful, filled the night.

“It is done,” said the young man, and led the Princess back home.



The King was beside himself with happiness. He proclaimed the young man a hero, paraded him as the nation's savior in front of a grateful kingdom. However, the youth had no desire for such things; as soon as he could, he reminded the King of his promise.



“Leave? Why would you want to leave? I plan to give you my daughter’s hand, to make you a King in my wake! Surely that is enough reason to stay?”