

Zeus on the Loose

It all started at school. We'd been learning about Ancient Greece, and now we were doing a project about Greek gods. In this particular lesson we were making model temples.

I was doing a temple of Zeus. Really good, it was. Looked just like the genuine article. Except smaller, of course. And the real temple probably didn't have FREE INSIDE! GREAT SPECIAL OFFER all over the roof, because it probably wouldn't have been made out of a cornflakes box.

But other than that, it was really good. Everyone said so.

Even Troy. Troy used to be horrible, but he's been trying ever so hard to be good this term. So instead of telling me it was rubbish – like he'd have done last year, when he was mean to everyone all the time – he made a joke of it. He picked up my temple and started speaking into it in a big deep funny voice:

"Hey, Zeus! Are you in there? Come and look at this really great temple that Alex made for you!"

Everyone laughed – even Miss Wise.

I wouldn't have laughed if I'd known what was going to happen.

After school I stayed behind. My mum works in the school most days, hearing children in the infant classes read, and I usually stay till she's ready to come home.

So I was tidying up for Miss Wise, who was in a staff meeting, when suddenly, behind me, there was this big booming voice. You know when you go to the cinema, and they have the trailers, and a man with a very sore throat tells you about the film they're showing soon with exploding helicopters and someone saving the world? It was like that, but even more boomy and echoey. And what it said was:

"IT'S A BIT SMALL. ISN'T IT?"

Boy, did I jump. When you're in school, the scariest voice you expect to hear is the headteacher's – but she can't do a voice anything like this one.

I turned round. There, standing on the display table, was a man. A great big bearded man, in a sort of Ancient Greek tunic, with a temple on his head. My temple.

