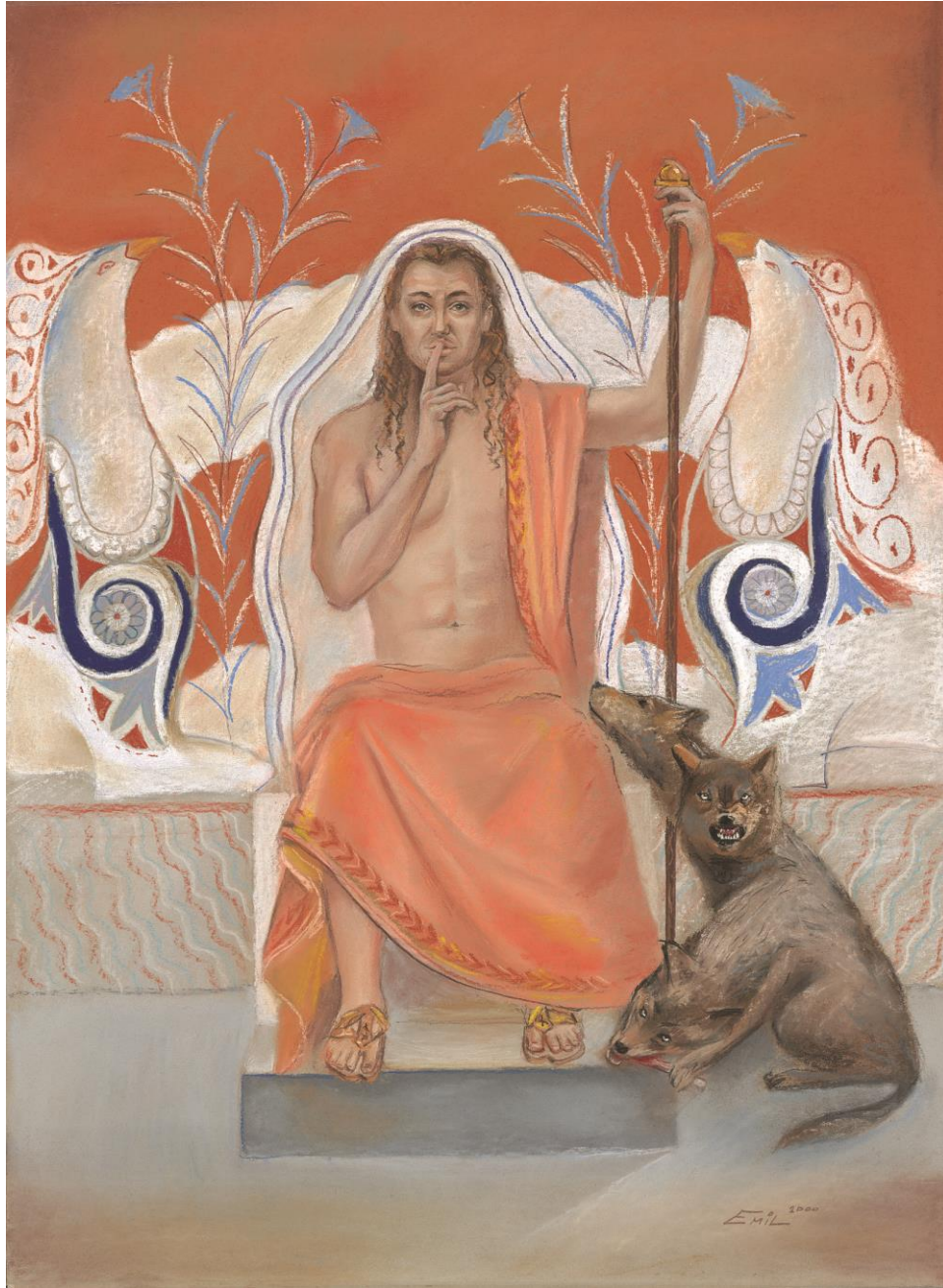


# THE LEGEND DETECTIVE.

Legends may be legends but they can hold the truth

A time traveller I will be,  
would you like to come with me?



Imagination is more important than knowledge and the important thing is, not to stop questioning .... **Albert Einstein.**

## **Cerberus and Odysseus found**

I, or rather we, didn't go to Egypt to find Hades and I, or rather we, didn't go to find Odysseus. We went to let ourselves slip back in timelessness that can only be Egypt and by accident found them both. Yes, there will be skeptics but I say onto them, for something that has never before been found, then read on and in reading, see how easy it is to digest.

For those who have not yet visited Egypt, I strongly recommend you do – and don't leave it till your seventies- the desert is very hot! When you're there, listen carefully and you'll hear tiny ringing sounds, the singing of desert stones as they heat up and expand after the cold nights. Wake up on your riverboat at five thirty a.m. to greet Ra. as he rises, full red and roaring, into the morning sky, swiftly dispersing the river mist, much as Pharaoh once dispersed Egypt's enemies. The sun comes up quickly in Egypt, at about 6 a.m. It goes down promptly a six p.m., on its journey to and through the underworld.

As you travel in luxury up the Nile – perhaps taking breakfast at seven a.m. (with as many international dishes as anyone could wish for) – you find yourself cast back further and further in time. Even the graffiti on the walls of the tombs are 3,000 years old, for this is the ever unchanging Egypt (it is said that even time, holds the Sphinx in awe!). Soon after breakfast you disembark and are off into the desert. Ra is racing towards the west, while you're on the west bank visiting the palaces and houses of the dead. To most people, that is all the west bank amounts to – a reliquary for the dead – but to those very few who can work upon their imaginary forces, there is something to be heard – there are whispered words upon the wind.

So, it came about I was in Egypt up the Nile, as far as Luxor (Thebes and Karnack being one and the same). I had visited the tombs in the Valley of the Kings, which is westward over the river and into the land of eternal sleep. I had, in common with many other Thousands, marveled at Egypt's glorious past. I had shuffled down through the hot miasmic tunnel to Tutankhamen's tomb, there to gaze down on his body and face – a face that had not seen the light of glorious Ra for over 3,000 years. The perspiring bodies of all my fellow tourists, jostling to get a view – and muse upon their own demise – before resuming their laborious itinerary themselves, wasn't something to put me off, though I still feel the moisture from hundreds of sweating bodies and the heat from the artificial lights, combining to sustain the bacterial growth already evident on the walls of the tomb. We have indeed allowed an onrush of time, which leaves its mark on those who sought eternal life. Aware as I am of tourism being the lifeblood of Egypt, I think perhaps we should all take heed, that as you sow, so shall you reap. Here lie the Lords of upper and lower Egypt, and of time itself – so could we not do more to aid their preservation?

As we journeyed southward up the Nile, we came to Aswan. At Aswan is an enormous dam built by Russian engineers, with Russian money, to control the great river with her annual mighty flood. Herodotus, the father of history had been here in c 450 BC – Elephantine, as it was then called – not because there were elephants, but because the rocks and boulders in the Nile looked like elephants. I was staying at the Hyperion Hotel – on an Island in the river with my travelling companion, a certain Mrs G. We had visited the town, and with the going down of the sun it wasn't long before the lights of Aswan also went dim (in Egypt, once you have left the capital, life still revolves around the sun's up and sun's down). We walked to the Jetty and awaited the hotel ferry, of modern design and construction but made in the shape of the reed boats belonging to ancient Egypt. We boarded and paid our few coins, then momentarily a kind of revelation consumed me – that the Nile was the mythical river Styx, and I had just paid Charon, the aged ferryman, the two coins, to take us over to the land of the dead. It occurred to me too that I might already have visited Hades when in the Valley of the Kings. If I remembered my Homer, hadn't Odysseus found a hole in the rock leading downwards into Hell? Here the three-headed dog Cerberus kept guard, sniffing out the living from the dead.

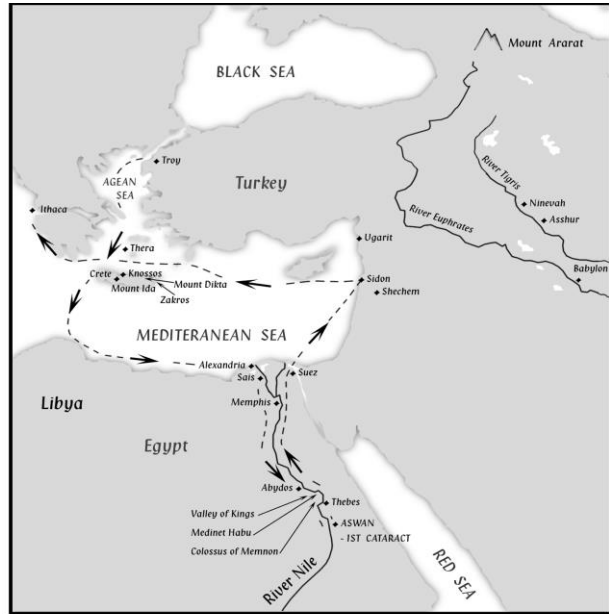
Again, lightening sparked in my consciousness, for in the tomb of Tuthmosis III I had seen a three-headed snake, in reality three snakes lying side by side, all with heads raised at slightly different angles. Now – would I be right in

thinking that Odysseus had seen a similar picture painted on the wall of a tomb? A picture of three Anubis, the black headed jackal god, who guarded the dead in their everlasting journey with the sun?

Homer had written both *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*. The first of these is the epic of the Trojan War, a war which lasted ten years, which up until the nineteenth century scholars and readers alike had thought of as simply a good tale, peopled by gods and heroes of ancient Mycenaean Greece. It was an amateur, and not a professional scholar, named Heinrich Schliemann, who uncovered the ruins of Troy, so that for the first time in approximately 3,000 years, it emerged, into the pages of history.

Is it worth asking, that if Troy existed, why couldn't those heroes of old? The oral tradition has ensured that the story of the Trojan War has been passed down to us through centuries, Homer, between about 800 and 700BC, setting it down for the first time in writing. What an epic both of these books were, full of detail, more than what imagination could conjure up so that I have come to regard them, as an on the spot record of Mycenaean Greeks and Trojans at war – by which I mean, I think it unlikely that this could ever have been a complete fiction. All this I was convinced had happened but with no other proof than Schliemann's discovery of Troy there it must remain, but what of the *Odyssey*? If Hades could be found then there was a chance to establish the origins to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

Who were these Mycenaean Greeks? It is I believe better not to think of them in any classic sense, since in truth they were brutal killers. I liken them to the Vikings of the ninth century AD – just as touchy about their pedigree, and keen to be identified as the sons of one god or another. Mostly they were bullies, and acted with heroism only when holding the trump cards. If they wanted to flee the field then they did so without loss of honour, provided it was understood that this was according to divine instruction. However, whether heroes or bullies, they were at least sincere in wanting to die a glorious death in battle, just so long as it was highly visible and likely to be sung for centuries to come. Thus they have made their impression, surviving as seafaring heroes, after whom we still name battleships, cruisers and destroyers. So, live on, proud Agamemnon, cunning Odysseus, brave Achilles, and formidable Ajax! Don't allow the shadows of Hades to dim your glorious past.



Odysseus' Route circa 1190BC - - - - -

After *The Iliad* comes *The Odyssey*, a narrative describing the ten years of Odysseus's wanderings after the Trojan War. According to Odysseus, the gods in their anger made him travel all over the Mediterranean, in every conceivable way, except the way home to Ithaca, where his beloved wife Penelope and son Telemachus awaited him. What a wonderful story this is. For centuries those who sort to substantiate the *Odyssey* have been searching for the mythical places he visited – places he was either held captive by giants or entrapped by beautiful enchantresses. In my view none of these places exists – not at least in the way they're described. To understand this we must understand Odysseus. To have called him a liar, a cheat, devious, double dealing, and above all cunning, would have been to see him weep with pleasure, for all of these he certainly was. A close reading of *The Odyssey* shows clearly that when Odysseus is supposed to be telling the truth, he lies – when he tells a lie, he in fact tells the truth.

It is here gentle reader I have let my story drift, for I am still hot on the trail of finding Hades. Drift I have but do not forget our hero Odysseus, for he was one of a few that visited this dark realm and it will be him who will substantiate it, as well as tell us that he was there and was in Egypt. Likewise, Odysseus in his lies, which is his truth, gives us directions of how to get there.

Firstly, you must cross the river Ocean, a mythical river that encircles the world. He was then to beach his ship on Persephone's shore. From here Odysseus would find the river Styx, the river of the unbreakable oath – by which the

gods swore. There you waited for Charon, who for the price of two coins would ferry you across the Styx to the land of the dead. Once over the other side, you sort out the most secret part of the land and there you would find a hole in a rock, this was the entrance to Hades the entrance to Pluto's dark realm. Here within, he would find blind Tiresias who would tell him the directions of how to return home.

So now is the time to play upon my imaginary forces. The river ocean I suggest, is the Mediterranean Persephone's shore, is Egypt, because Persephone was the corn Goddess and since Egypt was the bread basket of the ancient Mediterranean world this seems logical, especially as Odysseus says he was held captive of 8 long years in Egypt. Likewise, Persephone was the wife of Pluto, who was also called Hades. Wife that is, for 6 months of the year, the 6 winter months, when Pluto kept her with him down below. Then when the 6 summer months came, Persephone returned to the sunlight, as the young green corn shoots springing up from the rich fertile soils. But Pluto was not to be denied and so as autumn came, Persephone slowly withered away, as Pluto, her dread lord and husband called her back to his dreary realm.

If Egypt was our land, then the river Nile was the river Styx, for it did indeed separate the living on the east bank from the thousands of dead, residing wrapped in eternity on the west bank. Was the Nile the river Styx, where the Gods swore their unbreakable oath, that this river would flood annually, bringing down its rich bounty of fertile soil to replenish the land? It was there on the east bank, that we too paid the ferryman, to take us over to the other side.

But who else was said to have visited Hades. One was Herakles who seems to be the first to have named the three-headed hound that guards its entrance, as Cerberus. We read that he stole the hound but was forced to return it. Then there was Theseus who tried to steal Persephone but had to be rescued by Hercules. Orpheus went down and charmed Cerberus with his soft gentle songs. Psyche visited Hades and mollified Cerberus with a cake. Giving cake and other foods to the dead was very Egyptian. A family would leave a pot or receptacle outside the tomb, so that the dead ancestor could receive offerings – much the same sort of custom as ours, when we visit the graves of our friends or relations with flowers. In fact to get to Hades, Odysseus had to offer up a ram so that the blood would briefly bring the ghosts of Hades back to life. We should not forget this sacrificial ram, sacrifices are generally for the priest hood. Gods gets the sweet savory of the burning fat, whilst the priest gets a dainty barbecued dish. True this ram wasn't to a God but my logic tells me it was the entrance fee to go and see a certain man's tomb. You could call it Baksheesh, the payment that Egyptians will always ask for, whether it be carrying you bags or swatting your annoying fly.

But where could the most secret part of the land be? Considering the Egyptian dead were buried all along the east bank from the Pyramids to Aswan, the only real choice was the Valley of the Kings and if Menelaus says he was at Thebes, then our hero crossed here and if he's told to seek out a hole in a rock or ground, then I suggest this is the entrance to someone's tomb. Now as there are more holes in the Valley of the Kings, than holes in a colander, this seemed an impressive task.

When I was there, all I had to do was open a rusty corrugated iron sheet (a door) and pass through a hole in the rock. The passage was black as pitch, but sensibly I was armed with a torch and a Duracell battery (for no other battery would do). There I found full size portraits of the dead in the act of meeting their gods, and deeper in the tunnel the burial chamber itself. The traps that had once been set, in order to foil any would be grave robber, had long been deactivated. Also, the tunnel wasn't straight. It turned several corners, making it likely that any intruder would demolish the wrong wall. Everywhere there were paintings of people with arms raised in supplication to the Ra and Amun. With hindsight we can ask, what would these pictures have looked like if one had only a flickering oil lamp of the kind that Odysseus would have used? Would he have seen, in the play of shadows, the movement of limbs, say, or the turn of a head? In this light it isn't difficult to see how Egypt's west bank could have come to be viewed by the Greeks as Pluto's domain. When I thought about this further, it did present a predicament, for how could Odysseus see into any of these tombs ten years after the Trojan War? Of course, he couldn't, because they wouldn't have been open, and that apart, would a stranger be allowed to roam at will, through the Westminster Abbey of ancient Egypt, pharaoh's tomb? I must have gone down 10, before it struck me that although these are open to tourists now, they'd have been shut uptight and even lost to memory in Odysseus' time, so the only one open would be Ramesses III, who was still living, so we went down this hole in my search for an item. And the item was a three-headed hound the Greeks called Cerberus. This three-headed dog was the only indication, if I found it, that I'd found the right hole in the ground, if I was to establish some truth to Odysseus' existence. But worse still there is no mention of Cerberus in

the Odyssey, except a teeny snippet, where Odysseus later meets the Ghost of Herakles who says to him, *'Did you meet that hell hound down in Hades'*. This was my thin thread of hope to find one. So, in going down Ramesses III's tomb there was painted on the wall, a man with a dog's head. This was Anubis, the Jackal headed God, who like Cerberus, sniffed out the living from the dead. If alive he barked you out, if dead he let you in, but then wouldn't let you out. But then again, the little grey cells went to work, for I just not see how anyone, least of all a prisoner of war, for that's what he was as you will shortly learn, would be allowed to go down pharaoh's tomb. So how could a poor man go down into a tomb, a tomb that would be open at this time. The answer was a poor man's tomb and if a tomb then the owner would be an Egyptian. Again, it was time for thought but Ra was racing to the west and so back to our hotel, the Senesta St George, for our swim, our dinner and to fold ourselves (in separate rooms) into cool white Egyptian cotton sheets.

Sadly, no Gods came in the night to enlighten me, but at breakfast with strong coffee and two fried eggs, sunny side up, we once more set forth into the heat. I was, I admit, getting lazy, and opted for a taxi – which turned out to be far from luxurious. The thing had seen better days, and probably had a lot less life in it than a dead pharaoh. The gears grated, and one *assumed* the existence of brakes, through the presence of a pedal. Thus, with Mandu, our Nubian guide (and novice driver) that we set off into the heat. I did see more tombs in the valley, some of which were really hard going – such as that of Tuthmosis IV, and the steep one of Merenptah – but in terms of my theory this was to no immediate avail. Without my Cerberus, no one would take me seriously. Then suddenly like thunder – and whether the sun had cooked my brains, or whether the souls of the departed looked on me kindly – I had another inspirational moment. I was watching a falcon rising towards the sun, then I looked up into the hills at the ancient track leading from the tomb builders' village to their place of work, the great Valley, tracks made there all those years ago, as they trudged to work on those tombs, as fresh as though trodden but yesterday, for here is no rain to wash it away. I asked myself, what if my Dog was not in pharaoh's tomb but in the tomb of one of the tomb builder. Gears crashing, we drove up to the village, where there were just two tombs open to the public. Both were of foremen or overseers – one of the nineteenth dynasty, belonging to Sennudjem, the other of the twentieth, that of Inherkhua. They were only ten yards apart.

For my purposes, Sennudjem was too early in the nineteenth dynasty dating from 1319 to 1196BC. That of Inherkhua however was of just the right historical moment, since he had worked on the tombs of both Ramesses III and IV, from 1194 to 1156. On Ramesses III's tomb he was foreman of the right-hand gang. His job was to see the excavation of the tomb, and the plastering and painting of the right side. Even had he died in the year when Ramesses IV came to the throne, this would still be 1163, and therefore he had to be alive in 1188, when I suggest Odysseus first arrived in Egypt. Heart a flutter, we began my decent into the underworld, Sennudjem's tomb. It had been discovered in AD 1884, and was in a good state of preservation. This perhaps was due to the vigilance of its builders, and the possibility that it had never been robbed. The builders would all have been related to each other, so it is probable that this was the tomb of one of their ancestors. Its treasures, if falling short of the very high value of those in the tombs of the pharaohs, they would nevertheless wish to preserve. Scenes depicted, were those of fields and cattle, tantamount to paradise for those who in life, never owned land or livestock, and laboured incessantly in the sterility of the desert. That said, one thing common among all Egyptians tombs, whether for a pharaoh or a worker, was the pale blue flower of the lotus plant, which was painted on the walls. Were these the asphodels that blanketed the ground, which I have referred to earlier? It was just a thought, but where did the idea of the after-life and the Elysian Fields come from? I have no idea when the Elysian Fields entered Greek mythology but those Elysian fields were the pastures, where heroic warriors went to repose in the next life. Gentle pastures, just as we are told in the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm, *'He maketh me lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside still waters, he restorith my soul, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil'*. The Elysian Field we know to day, as the Champ d'Elysees in Paris. So is it possible that this legend could be the theme of this Psalm.

Cerberus definitely belonged to the legend of Hades, although it has to be said that Odysseus only just mentions him. I was left with my last choice, Inherkhau. With all the usual gestures, secret confidences, etc., I was told by the tombs' unofficial tour guides, that I could take photos, if I paid Baksheesh. We agreed a sum of ten Egyptian pounds.

I went down, and like Sennudjem's, this was a small tomb, well preserved (not in fact discovered until 1946)



There were no fields depicted, but there were representations of Inherkhou and his family doing the things they had enjoyed in life. There was painted on the wall of a picture of a harpist, who would instantly the tomb owner died, would play music for him into eternity. Paintings of food and beer, again edible, to the ghost of the deceased. Here was a painting of Inherkhou and his family, a never-ending party, once you'd crossed over



Oh, joy upon joy and there he was, my Cerberus, painted large upon the tomb's wall – not a three but a four-headed dog or rather four Anubis, standing side by side, directly behind each other, looking as one, but with their heads raised at different angles. Good light made it possible to see that there *were* four. More easily distinguishable were three heads. So, would my discovery be accepted would it aid those seeking the truth in legends. I doubted it but it was a hell of a piece of detective work. So, we'd both seen this apparition and as we scrambled out, past our two unofficial guides at the tomb entrance, I remembered the Baksheesh they'd ask for and then I remembered



Odysseus had also done the same. Someone had convinced him that here was the entrance to the underworld, of which it was, the underworld or afterlife of Inherkhau and a little Baksheesh being a ram he too if he paid it could go and have a look at what the afterlife looked like. And so, I suggest Odysseus paid for a look see and as with all sacrifices, someone ends up with a leg of lamb and I suspected Inherkhau had pulled it off. Nevertheless, I for one consider there is no other hole in the ground where a three or four headed hound can confront you and of course it wasn't Cerberus, it was the Egyptian God Anubis and he was doing what he was supposed to do, which was to protect the guy on his eternal journey.

But the question remains, being the only snippet of this, is Herakles' ghost saying to Odysseus '*Did you see this hell hound down their*'. Why didn't Homer make more of this, if the Odyssey was his creation, for like Mrs. J.K. Rowling she certainly made merry with Fluffy, the three-headed hound, who lived in the basement, in one of the Harry Potter stories. So why didn't Homer or Odysseus expand on this? At this stage, I had no answer but now that time has passed, I think I can give you an Answer.



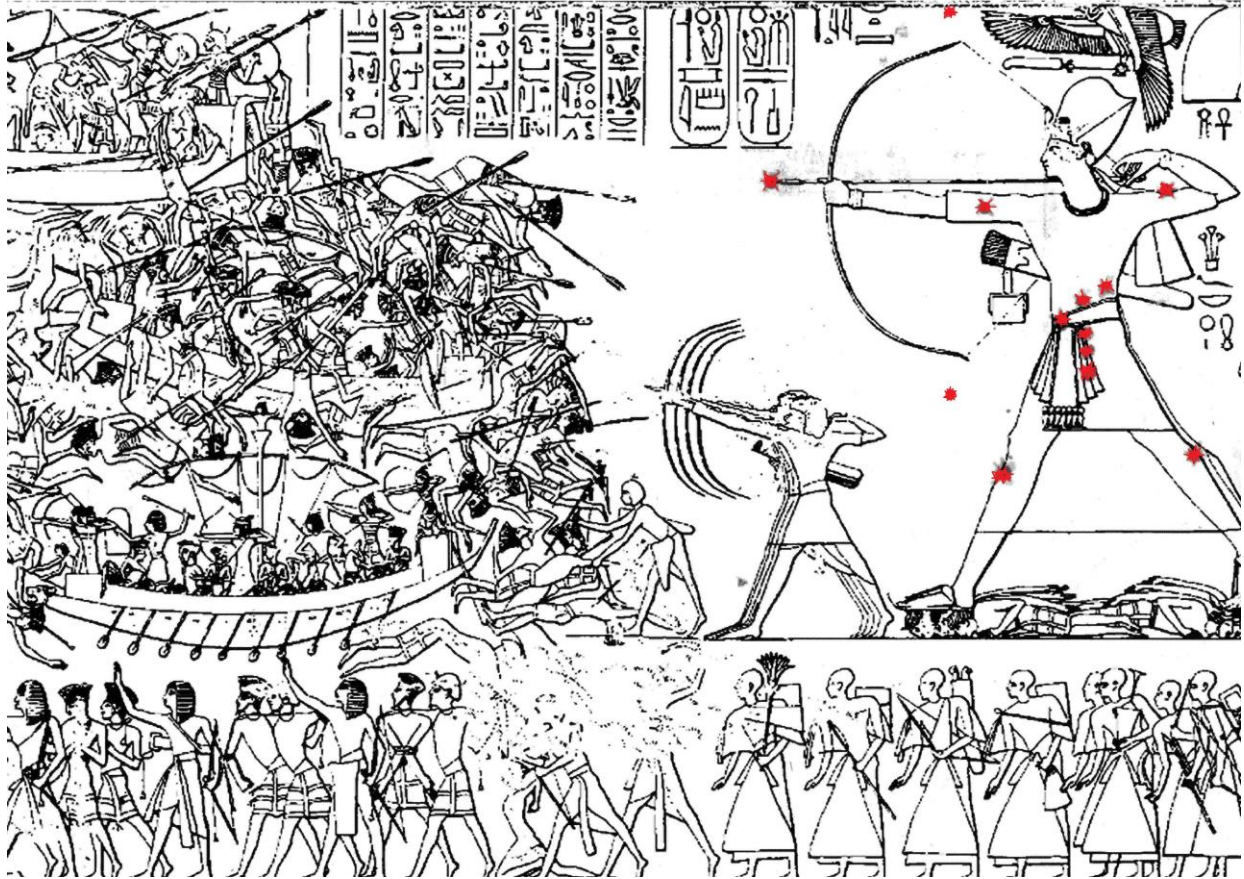
So we came out of this tomb into the light of Ra, purchased two bottles of water from our Baksheesh guys, to go with our lunch time picnic, being two boiled eggs, bread, butter, cheese and a few dates, the leftovers from breakfast. Then an inspection of this famous village, taking note of track ways that seemed to stop at nowhere and consider these, as possible entrances to other undiscovered tombs. Then with our charioteer Mandu, a truly courageous person, for we discovered he had only started driving the day before and had subcontracted this heap, masquerading as a taxi, to try and earn more money than what the rent of the heap was costing him. Likewise, I trust you can see his relief plus pleasure when we returned from that down

below to once more relieve him of his financial pressures. Consequently, we were treated in a most royal fashion by having our seats dusted off before we set forth to Medinet Abu and the colossal Ramasseum of Ramasses III. The very pharaoh I say, who took Odysseus into captivity. The Ramasseum is the mortuary temple of this pharaoh and was meant to show in detail the great victory that Ramasses III had against the Sea People. Every square meter showing his might in judgment and in battle. On one wall there was carved a pile of penis', another a pile of hands, whilst on another there he is on his chariot charging the enemy, on another, there he stood with bow bent, arrow in the notch, ready for the flight, glaring fiercely, for in front of him this great battle raged.

Then it was, Athena, the bright-eyed Goddess, opened my eyes, for I had read those words before. They were the words Odysseus spoke to Penelope, after he had slain the suitors. She had asked him, no doubt when snuggled up, as to where he'd been for those 10 long years after Troy. To which he had replied, he'd been to Hades, then on coming out, met the ghost of Herakles who had asked if he'd seen that hell hound down there. I assume Penelope was thrilled at her brave husband's adventure and feeling heroic, Odysseus describes this ghost as such,

*'There he stood dark as night, naked bow in hand and arrow ready on the string, glaring fiercely like one about to shot. His breast was bound with a baldric. A striking work of solid gold, marvelously wrought with images of bears, wild boar and bright-eyed lions, of fights and wars, slaughter and murdering of men'.*





True this is an artists impression of what is exactly shown, it can be seen clearly on the Ramasseum but because of the light and pale stone work is hard to photograph. But this wasn't Herakles but a scene of Ramesses III, three times life size, with images of fights and wars. Yes, I know, it doesn't sound feasible, that I of all people could knowingly be standing where Odysseus once stood, that here was proof that Odysseus did exist. This was archaeology. Archaeology is finding some small object and from its design dating it. Here was the same, except the object was massive and very dateable. I thought and thought, munching on my liberally salted boiled egg, for maverick archaeologist that I am, one still didn't wish to appear 'Loopy' when shouting one's discoveries from the roof top. Could there be something else in the world that could fit this description.

Let me put it another way and this has nothing to do with history but rather geography. Please tell me where you think I am, from the description I give you below.

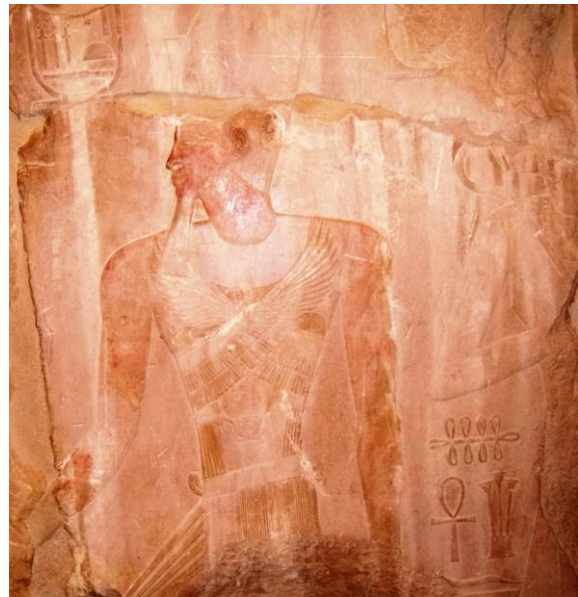
1) I'm at sea. 2) I come to an island. 3) On this island is a figure of a woman. 4) She is 152 ft tall. 5) She is clothed in a mantle of Green. 6) She holds a flaming torch in her right hand, high above her head. 7) She carries a tablet in her left hand. 8) Around her head is a crown of spikes. 9) And she stands before a great metropolis. This gives us 9 reference points. Get one of them wrong and you don't win the lottery.

Yes, it's the Statue of Liberty and although there are many of them, there is only one that fits this exact description.

Let us now break down this ghost, to see how many references we have. **1) There he stood. 2) dark as night, 3) naked bow in hand. 4) and arrow 5) ready on the string, 6) glaring fiercely like one about to shot. 7) His breast was bound with a baldric. 8) A striking work of solid gold, 9) marvelously wrought with images of bears, wild boar and bright-eyed lions, 10) of fights. 11) and wars, slaughter. 12) and murdering of men'.**

Items 2, 7, 8, & 9, are missing but from the pin holes in the masonry, I suspect such spender was hung from these over the carving, whilst the rest was painted with vivid colours, as those are to this day, which have not been exposed to 3000 years of wind blown sand.

And yes, it was the, '*As dark as night*', that threw me. Threw me so much, I went back to Egypt 2 years later, just to see if I could find flakes of black paint upon pharaoh's face or body, for black was the colour of death. Searched just as Sherlock Holmes would have done, with my magnifying glass but to no avail, that is until reposed after dinner, enjoying one of those items called a cigarette and staring up to the millions of stars glittering in the clear Egyptian sky that I did spy, the constellation of Orion. Once again Athena, the Goddess of reason set my little grey cells to work. Dark he certainly was, set in the darkness of outer space, Orion the hunter. Take him out of the heavens and superimpose him over my Ramasses, my ghost, and he fitted perfectly. See the red stars on my image. So, this satisfies No 2. Whilst 7, 8, & 9 could be satisfied with a carving of a warrior pharaoh below who has such a baldric, not of bears, boars and bright-eyed lions, but the crossed breast plate of Falcon wings, not of feathers but something I suggest more protective. At the same time, I suggest we don't dismiss the bears, boars and lions, for we must remember Odysseus is now home, reciting this scene. So, he's now talking firstly to his wife and then later to the public. I therefore suggest he has added the bears, boars and lions, for these are animals his Mycenaean's would have understood.



Yes I know I'm living 3000 years into the future but did Odysseus know of the Orion constellation?. He most certainly did, for he was told that if he wished to leave Egypt, he must keep Orion on his right side. And it's on that happy note that I will show you how Odysseus' lies of his adventures, which he is now pouring into sweet Penelope's ear, are in fact the truth. But before doing so what think you of those references of the image of the ghost of Herakles to that of pharaoh. Out of 12 references, 11 and possible 12 hold water, if you didn't see the murdering of men, I trust you saw the bound captives trodden down upon by pharaoh, awaiting a fate that can only be described as murdering. So, what are the odds that my ghost of Herakles, is not that of Ramasses III. I trust you see, that once there were no odds-on Odysseus ever existing, now from my discoveries, the odds are certainly in favor that he did. No, this is not earth shattering, but it does help those who have the technique to go searching further. Likewise, it helps those who see Homers' Odyssey and his Iliad as being all of Homers creative mind, when in fact it is an accurate recording, first in the oral, then written down by Homer but nothing more than that. Scholars have written reams on the workings of Homers mind as to what he was trying to convey to the Greek populous of his time, when in reality it was a wonderful real-life story of bloody wars and the murdering of men.

Another archaeological artifact I discovered on the Ramasseum was this carving of a fellow of as far as I could see of unknown origins. Yet Odysseus tells us his men, being sailors to don their dog skin caps. So, let's explore this picture of such a fellow below.

Firstly, caps have a bad habit getting blown off in sea winds. So, you need a strap that doesn't come off, so what better way than the skin from the rear of a dog. Skin it and take out the two leg bones and you have a strong tie down cap,



no stitching required. Was this one of Odysseus' men, held captive in Egypt and working on the erection of Ramasses mortuary temple? Did this edifice take 8 years to build and if so, was this why Odysseus decided to escape in the 8<sup>th</sup> year, because by then he and the other prisoners would only be worthless men to feed.

So now it is time to look into the adventures he tells Penelope, of how he got home from the enchantress Calypso's, who held him captive, in her warm embrace, for 8 long years. Calypso, an interesting name, could it actually be Kalupto, the Greek word meaning to cover up, because this was very much a cover up story. We read Odysseus escapes even though he admits he was given many gifts He escapes with his men and with Orion on his right-hand side. Except because of the earth's rotation, Orion can in the evening, be on your right-hand side and you'd head north but in the morning Orion would be on the other side, so you'd head south. I suggest he headed south for the first monster he meets is Scylla and Charybdis, the two monsters, one who sucked you down into the water and t'other, who spewed you out. Could this be the great cataract of the Nile at Aswan,

where the waters of Africa come boiling and surging over the great rock at Elephantine. Water so violent, as no ordinary seaman would have seen. Up river from here is not an option and so he is forced to turn back. Coming back to Luxor, you carry on to the great temple complex of Abydos. Here it was said that Osiris, the great God of the dead and resurrection was supposed to be buried. Here was the St Peters of Egypt's cult, everyone would want to be entombed here. Here Odysseus meets the Sirens, those fabled maidens who sang so sweetly enticing men to their shore, only to devour them when they did, evidence being, all the dead they had consumed, lying there upon their coast. Odysseus passes by, telling the men to tie him to the mast, fill their ears with wax and row on, whilst he, bound to this mast, can hear their song but can not go to them. One thing we can say is on the west bank of the Nile, at Abydos, there would be many bodies awaiting internment, whilst in the temple there would be the sweet singing of priests and priestesses. But more practically I think it wasn't the crew's ears he had filled with wax but the oars were oiled and waxed for silence, as the crew rowed past going north, in the night.



Now comes an interesting lie, although again the truth. We read Odysseus is at sea and he and his crew are hungry and comes to an island on which grazes the sacred bull of the Sun. Against our hero's instructions, they slaughter the bull, roast it and devour it. So, it is that in the past others have gone a searching for such an island and never found it. But what if Odysseus was never on, or at least whilst escaping from Egypt, on the blue Mediterranean Sea but on the wide Nile, and what if in the broad Nile at Memphis, there was an island upon which the sacred bull of the Sun grazed. What if that Bull was the sacred Egyptian Apis bull, sacred to the Sun. Well that's exactly where this bull grazed, in pampered

tranquility, to live and die, then be mummified and entombed in the vast cavern of the Serapeum, where all previous Apis bulls ended up. Now I trust that if this bull was eaten then it stood a good chance of not being mummified and one way to find out, is from the ancient Egyptian records. I was so convinced I was on the Aerial view of Ramasseum. **(Red circle is where it can be seen) and where Odysseus must have stood right track, that the answer I received didn't cause jubilation. For there were two Apis bulls in the reign of Ramasses III but only one mummified? So where was t'other?**

Now it came to pass that there was a certain Giovanni Belzoni c1800 AD, a collector of antiquities, for collectors and museums. Now it was he, who removed many things from Ramasses III's tomb, our very own pharaoh and from that tomb he took the sarcophagus of this pharaoh, sending the lid to the Louvre in Paris and the sarcophagus to the Fitzwilliam museum in Cambridge, or possibly vice versa. Nothing here to get excited about, except he also took out of that tomb, a box of Ox bones. Ox bones now lost and can't as yet, be found. Oh, my Athena, my Goddess of Reason, what could a box of Ox bones be doing in this royal tomb. Could they be the bones of that Apis bull, no longer worthy for mummification, but sacred enough for Ramasses to protect them in his own tomb? Perhaps one day they'll be found, probably stashed with other unidentifiable objects in the store rooms of the Cairo museum. If they are ever found, I beg them search for signs of butchery marks on those old bones and if found, could they have been what Odysseus dined upon, so long, long time ago.

So, Odysseus is still heading north to the Mediterranean Sea and home, but once again he is confronted by Scylla and Charybdis. Where have they suddenly come from? May I suggest, that from my enquires, it appears there was another ancient cataract near the mouth of the Nile. Somewhere around 1800 AD the Egyptians put a dam across it with locks, there by my Scylla and Charybdis were never seen again.

Finally, I expect those more specialized in the Odyssey, are wondering what happened to the one-eyed Cyclopes. Did he exist? He did but in form not in body. There are thousands of Cyclopes in Egypt, they are all the side views, of Gods, Pharaohs and people, all showing one eye. Odysseus' idea of art was sticklike figures, this must have made him wonder and wonder enough to remember it and add it into his alibi. Odysseus tells us in the Odyssey that when at last he gets home, he confesses to his swineherd Eumaeus the following, when Eumaeus asks who he is.

*'I will be plain with you, (can you hear the lie coming). Let me admit to be a Cretan, son of a rich man ... but labour I never could abide, nor the husbandry which breeds healthy children. My fancies were set upon galleys and wars, pikes and burnished javelins, the deadly toys that bring shivers to the men of ordinary souls.'*

There I think we have the true Odysseus, not in name but in the guise of a Cretan. He then went on to say:

*'Before the prime of Achaea went up to battle against Troy, I had nine times commanded men and warships on foreign expeditions... Consequently, when farseeing Zeus finally imagined this dread course (the Trojan War)...it was for me and famous Idomeneus to lead their fleet to Ilium.'*

These were the voyages Odysseus had with his father before Troy but he now weaves them into his escape adventures, to keep his wife Penelope from ever finding out her husband was in Egypt and as well as a lowly captive. Whilst Ilium, was the Greek name for Troy.

Odysseus continues:

*'I fought in the Trojan War for ten years, then I spent a month with my children and faithful wife and goods. (This is a lie) Then my heart prompted me to take my faithful companies and sail against Egypt. I commissioned nine vessels. Crews I rallied quickly. For six days we feasted, and on the seventh set out for Crete. Five days later we made the smooth flowing river, which is Egypt, and into the stream I brought our fleet. I anchored it there and ordered my trusty fellows to stand by on ship to guard, and I put out watchers into picket posts about. But the men gave themselves up to their baser instincts and the prompting of their passions. In a trice they were ravaging the rich Egyptian countryside, killing the men and carrying off women and children. An alarm went up in the town, and a war cry raised the people, who poured out against us at the first show of dawn. The entire valley filled with foot and horsemen and the glint of bronze. Thunder loving Zeus crumbled my men into shameful flight, leaving no single one of them the courage to stand firm and face it out. Disaster seemed to beset us on every side. Many of our company perished at the Egyptians' keen*

*weapons, many others were led living into captivity, there to labour under duress. As for me, I had an inspiration from Zeus himself – yet would rather I had then died and met my final end in Egypt, for since that day my abode has been the house of sorrow.'*

*'My well wrought helm I hurriedly did off, and let fall the shield from my shoulders. Away went the spear from my hand, while I ran over to the king's car to embrace his knees and kiss them. He drew me to him and had mercy upon me, seating me all tearful as I was on the floor of his chariot. Then he took me to his palace, through the hate maddened throng, whose blood lust had set ever against my life. He drove them all back in his reverence to Zeus, whose wrath soon rises when strangers in protection are outraged. So therefore, several years I remained, amassing great wealth, for all Egypt gave me gifts.'*

Now before continuing with finding the Cyclopes theme, what you have read above I will put into historical context of what we know today. We seem to agree that the Trojan war was from 1200 BC to 1190 BC. If Odysseus has just left Troy and landed in Egypt, then this is in 1189 BC. We know from archaeology that in the 5<sup>th</sup> year of Ramasses III's reign, the confederation of the Sea People invaded Egypt. Now I don't think Odysseus was part of that invasion. I think he was on his way home and just making a quick raid into Egypt. A quick snatch and grab for some 'goodies' for his wife. Call it popping into Harrods on the way home from the office, except he'd been away 10 years and thought a nice gift might give him a 'promise'. So, the way I see it is, Odysseus arrives in the right place but the wrong time, for Pharaoh is in town, with all his might. There's no way Pharaoh is going to be there with such a force in such a short time, unless he's already there waiting for the Sea People.

This in itself brings up a tantalizing item. Archaeologists and scholars all agree that the Sea People came down from Turkey, down the Palestinian coast to Egypt, all within a year of Troy's defeat. But Troy is in Turkey and on the coast. We know that the Sea People were a confederation of a number of peoples. So to me it has to be it was the Sea People who defeated Troy, the Greeks were only a part of it and we don't hear of Sea People, because it is the Greeks telling their story and for their glory alone. Yet there is a snippet, Odysseus mentions the Danaans, those with the love lock hair style, which puts them as chips off the Minoan block. They too were at Troy, fighting comrades with the Greeks but they end up in Canaan, with the Philistines, who were part of the Sea people when Pharaoh threw them out of Egypt. So, if they were part of the confederation of the Sea People, then so were the Greeks.

So back to our one eyed giant, the Cyclopes. It is where Odysseus says they landed in Crete that interested me. For those who have read this epic, this Odyssey, we read Odysseus lands on a small island very close to the mainland of Crete and across the water they see fires and go and investigate. It isn't hard to imagine they started stealing sheep and when the Cretans come home and found them doing it, they're not happy. So yes again, I want you to use your imagination, the Cretans are back, so they drive Odysseus and his men off. Sounds unlikely for Odysseus' men are hardened warriors, nevertheless they're vulnerable because they're foot soldiers, armed with shield and sword, whereas the Cretans have been known throughout history, as the greatest slingers and there's one thing soldiers don't



like, it's missiles from young shepherds, who can quickly move from rock to rock, slinging rocks as they go. So, because Odysseus says the Cyclopes made Odysseus and his men flee to their ships, is because the Cyclopes were throwing rocks at them, which makes me consider this story originated in our hero's mind when he fled Crete under a hail of sling shots from angry Cretan shepherds. I further see no reason why these shepherds can't call out 'Who are you'. To which Odysseus calls back, 'My name is Nobody, tell your brothers, Nobody did this'. For my reasoning is, he didn't want other seafarers calling in to Crete, to hear that Odysseus, King of Ithaca, had become so low, as to be a sheep stealer.

There is still one last adventure in the Odyssey that I say Odysseus never had. I would even go so far as to say, this has been added in to the Odyssey story somewhere after 250 BC. The voyage to the land of the Laestrygonians, the land where Odysseus is reputed to have said, it is here where a ploughman could earn two wages a day, for here the dusk meets the dawn. Correct me if you disagree but this is a journey to the Arctic Circle during the summer

months. Odysseus could never have made this journey due to the lack of maritime technology. But 800 years later a Greek by the name of Pytheas did.

### **Your One-eyed Cyclopes**

Pytheas slipped through the straits of Gibraltar c 250 BC and headed north. He says he got to the river Themis, the same name Caesar gave to the Thames. He actually gave these islands a name Briton. That he saw floating land, possibly icebergs. He seems to have landed in Ireland for he described the customs that coincide with archaeological findings. He gives a good description of Fingal's Cave on Staffa and of course he would have seen the sunset followed rapidly by the dawn. But poor Pytheas, like Marco Polo, another of history's great travelers, who on their return, with these unbelievable adventures, were branded liars. Marco Million, Marco of a thousand lies. So, I suggest this tale has been inserted into the Odyssey c 250 BC. And why not, it's a very interesting sailors yarn.

Once more dear friends into the breach, for my first reaction was Odysseus was escaping with his men but then they'd have to steal a ship and that's not easy, with some 800 miles of river to go down. But then we read Odysseus gives gifts to some Phoenician traders who promise to take him home, except they intend to rob him and toss him over board but before that happens a storm comes up and the ship is sunk. Odysseus survives clinging to wreckage and is, so it reads, flung up on an unknown shore, where a river comes into the sea. We then read the King's daughter and her maids come to this river, to laundry all the royal cloths and so find him. They clean him up put him in a cart and take him back to the king's palace and the King, is the King of Sidon, a Phoenician city, although Odysseus tries to disguise it by saying the King was a Phaeacian King. It is this King, we read, who has Odysseus taken back to Ithaca. So how true is this?

To save one the expense of travelling to Sidon, I suggest you Google Map this city. You will see it has two harbors, just as Nausicaa, the King's daughter says. Also if you look 2 km north of Sidon, you will see a river, the river Awali, coming into the sea. If we assume this was that very river where long ago a king's daughter went to do the laundry, for only fresh water will do, then if one walks back to Sidon you will see an island to one's right, just off the harbor. You will see it is long and thin, you could say it was in the form of a ship. You will also read, and once again our hero is lying, for he says on his return to Ithaca, that Poseidon is so angry with the Phoenicians for taking Odysseus home, that Poseidon turns their ship into a rock just as it was about to enter Sidon's harbor. The point I wish to make is, this is another case of Archaeology of the sight, for surely somebody saw this ship like rock, outside of Sidon's harbor. Where ever this passage came from it could only come from someone who'd walked that road. Was it blind Homer or Odysseus himself. If Odysseus then here is another case to show Odysseus existed.

But before we leave Egypt, the guardian of time itself, let's try and see what Odysseus was doing for those 10 long years. Firstly, if he's gone down that hole in the ground and see Inherkhua's Anubi, the Greeks Cerberus, then he's on friendly terms with the tomb builders. If he's stood, where I say he stood, as shown in my photo of the Ramasseum, then he seems to have freedom of movement. He says the Egyptians gave him many gifts but those Egyptians have to be the tomb builders at their isolated village. I'm sure he'd have visited his men who with the other Sea People prisoners would have been building this Mortuary temple. A temple that could not have started before 1188 BC and was probably near completion in 1180 AD, hence the 8 years Odysseus says he was in Egypt. So, he's roaming reasonably freely in the Valley of the King and if others can see merit in my reasoning, then our Odysseus is a Necropolis Policeman. Policing the valley against tomb robbers, this seems illogical, until you realize pharaoh can't trust his tomb builders, because they are like one big extended family. Pharaoh wants strangers and what we do know from findings, is that there were already foreigners working there, as policemen. We even have a snippet from Herodotus 400 BC, who says two soldiers were sent, during Ramasses III's reign, to apprehend a thief but the thief got then drunk and tied their beards together. This was dismissed as a lie, by a certain scholar, because he declared, Egyptians didn't have beards. How observant he was, except Mycenaean mercenaries did, of which Odysseus was one. What pharaoh doesn't know is that Odysseus is the biggest thief of them all. So, Odysseus is receiving many gifts, which he uses to pay the Phoenicians, to aid his escape, suggests this policeman, is turning a blind eye to nocturnal diggings. From archeologically finds we know that within 40 years of Odysseus time, tomb robbing has become a cottage industry for the tomb builders. Could it be our hero had planted a seed of thought into the tomb builder's heads? So bad was it, that it became official practice to officially rob the tombs before the tomb builders had a chance too, even moving the bodies to a safer cavern, or another tomb, after first removing the goodies into the royal coffers.

So, who first wrote the Odyssey? Homer did, but he didn't create it. The creator couldn't write, but he could recite, compose, play the harp and sing for his supper. His name was Phemius son of Terpes and I'll tell you why I think he's our man.

And in the night of winter,  
When the cold north wind blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Aligidus  
Roar loudly yet within:

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the fire brands close;  
When the young girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the Goodman mends his armour,  
And trims his helmet's plume;  
When the good wife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told?  
How well **Odysseus** told his tale  
In the brave days of old

It would some time after Odysseus had killed the suitors, now all is tranquility and the cold nights of winter are drawing in, it is the time for harpists to sing, wine to be drunk, and adventures to be told. So, I put this to you, my readers, we now read that Odysseus slew all the suitors, but he didn't, for there was one man present who had been present every night, whom Odysseus didn't slay, because although he appeared to be a suitor, he was in fact a harpist, forced to sing to the suitors as they feasted and drank on Penelope's charity. So, Odysseus didn't and I think we can say although Odysseus didn't, he did ask for something in return and that my readers is, that Odysseus would tell his story, Phemius would remember it, compose it and sing it, whenever old Odysseus desired to hear it. As the next 300 years went by, more and more harpists, teller of tales, began to recite it, until c 700 BC a certain poet named Homer, set it down as the written word which has lasted over 3000 years. Now there's immortality for you.

Now the main point of all this writing is, is it worthy of reading. Have I given you food for thought? If so I will finish with one topic that has puzzled me from when Herakles ghost says 'Did you meet that Hell hound down there', there being Hades. Why didn't Blind Homer make more of this. What a horror story this could have been. But then Homer was supposed to be blind so he would have seen it. In fact, most bards, poets and harpists were blind and probably blind from birth, for this is the only occupation open to a blind person, if he wants to earn his daily crust. It wasn't expanded on because Odysseus recognized it for what it was, a wall painting. But we must remember, it was Herakles who first brought this three-headed hound into legend and it was the ghost of Herakles who mention this hound again. Now I trust dear readers that I am dragging up theories where no theories existed before so I thought, and in thinking I remember it was Herakles that was part of the crew on the good ship Argo, captained by Jason on their quest for the golden fleece. But another of that crew was Laertes, father of Odysseus. Also on board was Orpheus and Theseus, so add on Herakles and all three have been to Hades, followed later by Odysseus. We are told Herakles came to Egypt, could Orpheus and Theseus have been with him in Thebes and the Valley of the Kings. Could they have all been 'Conned' into paying a little Baksheesh to go down to Hades, if so, Orpheus would have

seen himself painted on the wall, as the harpist ready to play when Inherkhau died. So, if my finding Odysseus is right, we then have a date for him being 20 in 1200 BC. Better still we have Odysseus being a fighting comrade to Herakles' son, also called Herakles. Therefore, Herakles senior would be born about 40 years before 1200 say 1240 BC. If Laertes has told Odysseus about this voyage with the Argonauts, I think Hercules has already been to Egypt and as already told of his adventures into Egypt to Laertes and the Argonauts, whilst he was a crew member, because that's what sailors do. And because sailors brag, I don't think Laertes was that impressed with the bragging Herakles. Nevertheless, it's a good yarn to tell his young son Odysseus. This is why I don't think Odysseus got carried away with what he saw of Cerberus, in Inherkhua's tomb. Yet think again when Odysseus was young and betrothed to Penelope, is it possible old Laertes had already told this yarn to Penelope. If he had then the last thing Odysseus wanted to do, is reminder her he's in Egypt. Could that be why he doesn't expand on the Cerberus theme? So, I suggest the three men already mention, went down that tomb when Herakles was about 18 which would be about 1222 BC.

My shaky proof that Herakles was in Egypt is, later they put a temple up to Herakles at Canopus, where it seemed all Greeks, including Napoleon, landed. As well as this labour of his, which was, his cleaning out the Kings stables, where the legends say he diverted a river to do it, which I suggest was the Nile, during a high inundation. I further suggest that the king's stables were those of the Pharaoh Ramasses II, known as the Great. For Ramasses II is known, from archaeological finds, to have had stables for 460 chariots, which is certainly possible as Ramasses II was involved in the great battle of Kadesh, a battle between chariots. If Ramasses II died c 1213 BC this would match up to Herakles being there in 1222 BC. So, was that tomb of Inherkhua open in 1222 BC for Hercules to see the Anubis painted on the wall?

Working on the basis that 20 years is the accepted number of years for a generation and that Scholars say Inherkhua's great grandfather was working on Ramasses II tomb (Ramasses II lived from 1303BC to 1213 BC). Let's say the grandfather was born in 1300 BC. So, by 1280 BC, Inherkhua's grandfather is born and by 1260 BC Inherkhua father is born, then by 1240 BC, Inherkhua is born.

As it appears Egyptians started their tombs at an early age, so let's say Inherkhau starts his tomb when about 10. If Inherkhau was born as I suggest in 1240 BC, then that painting of the Anubis on his tomb's wall, can't be started before 1230 BC. Therefore, if Herakles is to see it, he has to see it after 1230 BC. Interestingly, if as I have already suggested, he's there in 1222 BC, then that tomb of Inherkhua's had already been worked on for 8 years. The question is, was the Anubis already painted?

If Odysseus was there in 1189 then Inherkhua is 51 years old. So, when did Inherkhua die? Scholars say Inherkhau could have lived to Ramasses IV time, which would be in 1163, making him 77, unlikely but still feasible. Nevertheless, the dates are so closely matched and together, that one would be wrong to ignore their connotations.

So here we have it, Herakles is 18 and seeking adventures, by chance he's in the village of the Workers, and I say that, because there isn't many places where you find a picture of a three headed hound. He's there and he meets a young lad that will show him the entrance to the next world, for a little baksheesh. I'm sure Herakles pays something, just as you will when you go, just as Odysseus did. I expect mighty Herakles was taken aback when he saw this hound, after all he has no Duracell battery operated torch, he's got a flickering oil lamp and most likely fish oil fueled lamp, which gives off little light. So, for a short while this hound will move with the flickering flame, adding to the tension but then once relieved, one can almost here the story Herakles will tell his Mycenaean audience once home gain, of how he stole it but it was so fierce he had to take it back.

Now I agree it's not often one can show you the entrance to Hades, which is not necessarily the hell we are told to expect. So, I expect there will be those who will reject it. But be fair, how many holes in the ground do we know that lead to a place of eternal repose, an everlasting after-life. A hole in the ground that to get there, you first must first pay the ferryman to take you across that fabled river which divides the living from the dead and when you go down it, you meet up with a three-headed hound. Better still, this hole has to be in Egypt. If the scholarly world agrees that this is the entrance to Hades, then this means Odysseus existed and Homer was not the creative mind to have made the Odyssey up from his thoughts alone.



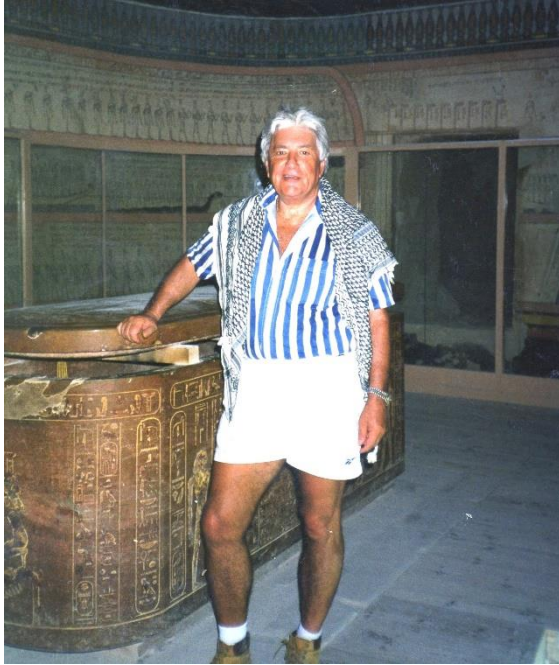
So, there you have it, an adventure that should resolve the legend as to where Hades can be found and to show that Odysseus did exist. I trust I have given you the evidence for you to be the detective and come to your own conclusions. In recording this, I'm sure I have savaged all the rules in composing a literary article. I can only say I have come to bring knowledge and understanding, not to compose another Homeric classic.

### **Footnote**

Now not a lot of people know this, said Michael Caine but if we have shown that the Nile was the river Styx then we're reminded of Achilles and his heel, if boys do not, then girls would have remembered Brad Pitt, who played the part of Achilles, that famous legendary warrior of the Trojan war, as in the film Troy. Even if more inquisitive, to discover in mythology, that Achilles' mother, Thetis, had dipped her baby son into the mythical river Styx, the river that separated the living from the dead and in doing so making him immortal.

Immortal, except she forgot to dip in his ankle, as she was holding onto this, during the dipping. Wouldn't it be fine if we could find the river Styx? But we think we can, it is the river Nile that separates the living of ancient Egypt on the east bank, from those of the dead, now entombed, on the west bank. So, it was, at 62, I decided to plunge myself into this river, head and ankles included and do you know, I'm no more uglier now at 82 than I was then. But beware, don't do this if you have sores or an open wound, for there are certain parasites who also swim this sacred river and an open sore is an invitation for the ferryman to come and claim those who do.

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**The Author Don Cox**



**Mrs G my trusty companion**

It was in the parish of Kidderminster on the 26<sup>th</sup> March 1935 that a beautiful boy was born. “It was I,” says the author. Educated at Seabright School, Wolverley, between 1946 and 1952, he was considered good at skipping, having skipped most things – until he was introduced to history, maths and geography. Destiny beckoned him into the worlds of the military, the farmer and the explorer. He became a professional soldier in 1953. He went on to try his hand at farming, but found himself too much in sympathy with the animals, and so became an engineer, studying at chance Technical College, Birmingham. He spent his holidays on archaeological digs or historical explorations. In the hope of living forever, he became a father in 1970, and a grandfather in 1995. His cup has been full, sometimes to overflowing but now that Charon the ferryman is beckoning him to come aboard, it is time for him to record his findings – and here some of them are.

Further reading.

	<b>Place</b>	<b>Timeline</b>
The date and the birth place of God	<b>Crete</b>	<b>1660 BC</b>
The Phaistos Disc	<b>Crete</b>	<b>1400 BC</b>
The day Noah puts to sea	<b>Crete</b>	<b>1435 BC</b>
Moses from birth to exile	<b>Egypt</b>	<b>1224 BC</b>
Moses from: Exile to Exodus	<b>Egypt</b>	<b>1196 BC</b>
Moses from Exodus to death	<b>Sinai</b>	<b>1188 BC</b>
Is this the face of Memnon killed by Achilles at Troy	<b>Egypt</b>	<b>1192 BC</b>
Hades and Odysseus found	<b>Egypt</b>	<b>1189 BC</b>
Noah’s ark not what it seems to be.	<b>Palestine</b>	<b>500 BC</b>
The day the sun changed places in the sky.	<b>Africa</b>	<b>600 BC</b>
Found the fabled Mountain to the Moon.	<b>Africa</b>	<b>70 BC</b>
Found Kind John’s Lost Treasure	<b>England</b>	<b>1216 AD</b>
The End of our World	<b>England</b>	<b>2017</b>