

## A Game of Fetch.

I am SO bored. Bored, bored, and yet more bored.

*Whoa, hang on: you have to introduce us first. You can't just jump into the story like that!*

**What story? This isn't a story, is it?**

*Of course it is. This is being recorded down on paper.*

**Oh. In which case, why does Centre have to start the tale? We want first word!**

*Yeah, good point!*

**Thanks.**

*You're welcome.*

Oh, be quiet, both of you. All right then: I am the Centre Head of Cerberus, Immortal Guard Dog of the Underworld.

**And I am the awesome Right Head...**

*And I am the Left Head (the best).*

**Excuse me? Everyone knows that I'm the fiercest.**

*But I think that we all appreciate brains more.*

I'm the most courageous one; that definitely makes me best.

**Since when Centre?! You are so—**

*STOP! We're fighting again. We can't do that; especially not when people can read this. If we carry on like this, then the master might be angry.*

Oh, yeah.

**Sorry.**

I'm sorry too.

**Of course, the master never checks on us...**

*Careful! He is the Lord of the Underworld after all.*

**Yeah, but it would be nice if he dropped by once in a while to tell us good job, or pat us on the heads.**

*Well, I suppose it's a dull job guarding the gates.*

That's what I started off with! If you'd just let me explain...

*But you always start without context. There's no point in leaping into it without planning, and—*

**Hey, guys! There's a live person getting off the ferry! Nab him!**

**Grr! Snarl! Snap! Growl! Slobber! Aiee! Howl! Scream! Bark! Yell! Shriek! Bay! Woof! Grab! Squeal!**  
Yap! **Roar! Ruff! Squawk! Shout! Yip! Bellow!**

There we go. He shouldn't be back again. Sorry about that.

**What were we saying?**

*I think it was Centre's bad planning skills...*

No it wasn't! It was, uh, how we should really, um; ooh, really have more rights!

*No, it wasn't. It was—*

**I don't think it was that, but that topic sounds good, and remember: we mustn't fight...**

*Fine; but why are we called Left, Centre and Right?*

It was because no one bothered to give us separate names: duh! They thought: one dog body, one name. And that was that.

**I'm offended.**

*Yeah: me too. Three heads, three brains, three different people...*

I know, I know.

**But how about we name ourselves? That'll work.**

How could we do that?

*Well, I've always liked the name Tinker Bell...*

**You're a girl?**

Oh. Never knew that. Not an issue, but that doesn't excuse such an undignified name for a guard dog!

**Yeah, but... we share the same body. And it's a boy's. I DEFINITELY know that.**

*I've got a girl's conscience. Just live with it, ok? It's complicated. And I want to know what's wrong with Tinker Bell.*

**A lot. But, OK then, Tinker Bell. I'll be Flesh-Render.**

*What kind of a name is that?*

**What kind of a name is Tinker Bell?**

*Watch it.*

You two: just shush. I'll be Butcher. It's an awesome name.

**I suppose so. But not as great as—**

*No fighting, remember?*

**Wasn't fighting...**

*I heard that.*

So, anyway: what to do now? I'm SO bored I could gnaw my own paw off.

**How should I know? TINKER BELL'S the clever one.**

*Stop it, you annoying fur ball!*

**Hey! Oh, wait, hang on a moment: another live man just disembarked Charon's boat! Shall we kill it?**

Hold your fire: is it just me, or is that THE famous Heracles?!

*Oh my. It is!!*

He's coming towards us; the gates though... We need to protect them.

*Who cares? Let's see what he wants. He's my hero!*

**Girls... Heroes' charm always goes to the head with them. No pun intended.**

*Shut it! Ooh, he is coming towards us.*

He's getting the lead. He's getting the lead!

**Is he going to play with us? WOW! We'll be able to run, and fetch, and have a life!**

*The chance to be a proper dog: this is going to be amazing- and with Heracles himself!*

**Do you think this is our ticket out? Then we don't have to guard this hellhole: with the damp; the stench; the death...**

*He's putting the lead around my neck! We're going to see the sunlight again!*

Finally: a real life. For us. Today.

Epilogue: the sad thing is that Cerberus was returned to the Underworld. Heracles never meant to keep him.