

# LEGEND OF THE LOST DOOR

excerpt from *Little Known Myths of Ancient Greece*  
translated from the Greek by Stephanie West

IN ANCIENT TIMES, WHEN THE Gorgon sisters counted three in number, the great guardians stood sentry at the door between Abyssos, the realm of monsters, and the human realm, called Panogia. Theirs was a duty of such vital import that, for their protection and the safeguard of both realms, few among even the highest ranks of Olympus knew the exact location of the door.

When the assassin-hailed-hero Perseus murdered the mortal Gorgon Medusa, rendering the door vulnerable, the gods of Olympus sealed the opening with the greatest of rituals. Only a select audience was granted attendance: the three god-kings—Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades— and a trio of priestesses loyal to them, as well as the two immortal Gorgons and their clandestine guest—an oracle steadfast to the Gorgon cause.

In an act of supreme magic, the door was sealed, locking all monster kind in the dark realm. Realms that were meant to exist in harmony were separated. Creatures with the wretched misfortune of the slightest inhuman appearance were quarantined, locked away like hideous, bloodthirsty beasts. The world tumbled into imbalance.

Either by design or negligence, however, the ritual was imperfect. Fissures in the seal soon allowed daylight escape by creatures not content to remain in the bleak prison realm. Sentinels still were required to secure Panogia against the beasts of Abyssos. Medusa's greatest secret became humanity's greatest defense. Her children, her

children's children, and generations of children since—daughters all—took up the charge of protecting man from monster.

None beyond the Gorgons and their oracle knew the truth of the bloodline: that Medusa's powers—and those of her sisters—passed down to her descendants.

Just as none knew of the prophecy secretly entwined into the sealing ritual.

Upon the sealing, sands in the hourglass of eternity began to fall, counting down to the time of the Key Generation. The three foretold would reunite and the magic would fall way. Layer by layer, rite by rite, the powers holding the seal in place would vanish as smoke in the wind until the moment of decision.

Since the sealing ritual, countless grains have streamed through the glass. Generations have come and gone. Details faded into lost memory. Eventually, such time passed that the most significant and dangerous detail of all was forgotten by the very last. Panogia grew up around the door, changing and building and shifting until not even the Gorgons themselves could recall its location. The door had been lost.

And so shall it remain until the Key Generation arrives, seeking answers to questions long forgotten. Until then, the fractured seal struggles to separate man and monster. Until then, those who remember the past can but hope that the magic holds.