



CBA 1 - STORYTELLING USING MYTH

TASK

The student invokes established mythical characters and adapts well-known stories and relationships to create a new myth, underpinned by a thoughtful moral message, presented in a written narrative.

FORMAT

Written narrative.

TITLE

'Zeus and Hephaestus'

TEACHING AND LEARNING

For CBA1 *Storytelling using myth*, students develop their storytelling abilities and learn how to bring an idea from concept to realisation by engaging creatively with the concept of myth in any approach or format, or combination of same, of their choosing.

The myth can be presented in a modern context, or in the context of the ancient world, but must adhere to the conventions and techniques of writing a myth as explored in the classroom.

Through this Classroom-Based Assessment, students will explore:

- the benefits and purposes of using myth as a form of storytelling
- the key features of a well-told myth
- how to develop a myth and prepare it for an audience
- how to develop and refine their storytelling ability through the medium of myth.



INTRODUCTION

These exemplars are drawn from work completed by 2nd year students from different schools over a three-week period. The annotations provided for each exemplar refer to the three sets of Features of Quality set out in the Assessment Guidelines for each level of achievement (*Exceptional, Above expectations, In line with expectations*).

SAMPLE 4: ZEUS AND HEPHAESTUS

This written piece creates a new myth based on the adaptations of characters and mythical stories already in existence. Hephaestus hatches a plan with Proteus to exact revenge on his father Zeus for the poor treatment he has received at his father's hands. However, when the plan goes awry, it has unexpected results, and sees Zeus and Hephaestus transformed into each other's body. As the plot unfolds and is resolved, a powerful moral message is revealed about the importance of recognising inner beauty and character over superficial, physical looks.

EVIDENCE OF WORK





One day Zeus lay on his almighty throne, and looked down at Hephaestus. His piercing blue eyes lay half closed, his mouth wide open mid yawn. “Hephaestus, my son, I seem to have got myself in a bit of a sticky situation”. Hephaestus sighed and looked up at his father. “What have you done now?”. “Well, I was visiting my brother Poseidon, and I came across a young, white sea horse. I thought she would make a stunning human and-”. Hephaestus stood up a little straighter, “And what?”. Zeus shifted in discomfort at the look of judgement that was coming from his son. “I transformed another one, and....”. Zeus seemed to realise that he was talking to his own son and stopped mid-sentence. “I mean we... enjoyed each other's company. Well now she wants to go back to being a seahorse for some unknown reason, honestly the human form is by far superior. “But?”, Hephaestus said slowly. Zeus sighed, “But I can't seem to figure out how to reverse it, fetch Proteus for me again, will you? He'll know what to do.” Hephaestus seemed to get angry at this, “Why do I have to go get him, isn't it your fault, I'm not the one transforming women for my own pleasure and being disloyal to my wife.” Zeus lifted himself out of his throne and walked towards his son. “I am the king of



gods and you are a mere blacksmith, you hobble on one leg while I make people hobble in my presence. And do not talk about loyalty to your mother, have you so quickly forgotten what she did to you at your birth. Or would you like me to demonstrate.” At that Zeus glared at Hephaestus his blue eyes not lazy in appearance no longer but flashing like bolts of lightning. Hephaestus stumbled and fell hard on the marble floor. Zeus walked back up to his throne and sat down. “Give Proteus whatever he wants in return for fixing my problem”, with that he closed his eyes again and started to snore.

Hephaestus reluctantly got up and made his way to the door bitterly glaring at his father asleep in his throne. Hephaestus had had enough of Zeus pushing him around all the time and began to scheme his next big plan. The next day Hephaestus left Olympus and began his voyage to the sandy island of Pharos, in search for Proteus. But little did he know he was not planning on telling him to turn anything back to the way it was, rather to something new.

When Hephaestus reached Pharos he spotted Proteus stretch out on a sun lounger eating grapes and sipping wine. "What brings you to Pharos Hephaestus, God of fire son of Zeus?"



"Proteus asked." I am here to ask for a favour, Hephaestus explained. "Proteus sat up in intrigue, "what do you have in mind?". Hephaestus shuffled over to Proteus and sat down beside him, Hephaestus's anger overtook him and he forgot all about Zeus's problem because he had something else in mind, "I'm sick of Zeus always making me fix his mistakes, I'm sick of being pushed around, I don't want to be his slave anymore, I just wish I could be as powerful as he is so that I am no longer trampled on. Anyway it sounds silly". Proteus smiled, "Over the centuries I have converted and switched life forms for Zeus I am beyond sick of him too." Hephaestus sat back and looked out to sea, a creepy grin began to appear on his face" what if we did something to get back at him, what if we did something to change his ways, he needs to be taught a lesson and we need to teach it to him" Proteus laughed, "He is the king of the gods, there is no way we can even attempt to change him". Hephaestus looked at proteus and said " ah.. but after all you are the god of shapeshifting" With that sentence, a mischievous grin spread on both their faces and a plan began to form.



One night while Zeus was sleeping, Proteus and Hephaestus snuck into his palace. They were taken back by a sound of thunder coming from Zeus's room, as they crept inside they soon realised it was nothing as dramatic it was just Zeus snoring with his mouth wide open like a Venus fly-trap. Hephaestus and Proteus's plan started to fall into place they were planning on turning Zeus into an apple. Proteus grabbed the potion that he had been brewing for days. He flipped open the lid and poured half the contents into Zeus's mouth, with the other half still in the bottle. Hephaestus took the potion from Proteus and fetched an apple for the conversion. As Hephaestus was making his way downstairs to retrieve the apple, he lost his footing and went flying down the stairs. The Potion was tumbling in the air slowly but surely making its way towards Hephaestus. The potion crashed and broke on Hephaestus's head, the contents spilling down his face. Proteus ran down the stairs to see what had happened. He saw Hephaestus soaking wet sprawled across the floor, the potion slowly absorbing into his skin and Proteus knew then and there that the plan was about to change completely.



Proteus was shocked he wasn't completely sure what would happen next, all he could do was wait. Hours went by and Hephaestus and Zeus were still in a state of unconsciousness and Proteus began to get worried. He fetched a bucket of water and poured it over Hephaestus's face. Hephaestus awakened quickly with a confused expression all over his face. "Proteus? Is that you, what are you doing in my palace?" he asked. Then and there Proteus knew what had happened. Hephaestus was in Zeus's body and Zeus was in Hephaestus's. The potion had worked to an extent. With what 'so called' Hephaestus had said Proteus shot up-stairs in a flash, rushing and running into Zeus's room, to tell newly found Zeus what had happened.

Proteus told Hephaestus to go downstairs and explain to his father what had happened. Hephaestus reluctantly walked downstairs stopping in every mirror to gaze at newly formed appearance. When he finally reached his father, Zeus took a double take, his jaw dropped to the floor "Is that you Hephaestus, you look amazing, you really grew into yourself" Hephaestus glared at his father and handed him the mirror. Zeus screamed and ran towards the hall mirror "I'm



you?" And your me?" Zeus said. "Proteus very funny, very funny, now turn me back."

Proteus explained to Zeus that he had enough of his bossiness and he would only turn him back to normal, when he had learned his lesson. But Hephaestus didn't agree to this new plan he liked his new form and didn't want to change back to his normal self. Proteus argued with Hephaestus for days, begging him to agree because everything would start to fall apart. Hephaestus was adamant and ran away. Chaos broke out lightning bolts uncontrollably flying everywhere destroying Mount Olympus and Zeus's Palace. Proteus didn't know what to do, Hephaestus had gone crazy and Zeus the King of gods was no help. He lay in front of the mirror crying constantly. All Proteus could do was wait and hope that Hephaestus would do what's right. So proteus set out to make another conversion potion to restore their natural forms.

While proteus was making the potion, Hephaestus had plans of his own, for now he was powerful enough to plan his revenge. It was 4:32 noon sharp Hera was in her robe ready to take a beautiful bubble bath when Hephaestus burst through the doors a stern angry look across his face "Mother it is me Hephaestus, I've been transposed in to fathers body and we need to talk.



I have been nothing but good to you my whole life. I idolised you, I loved you, and you always cast me aside. You say I'm too clumsy to go to dinner parties, I'm too weak to represent our family, I'm too ugly to be your son but maybe my ugliness represents your heart. I'm sick of you and father treating me less than others, it's time for me to make you feel the pain that I've felt my whole life" Hephaestus lunged at Hera grasping her arms and legs and hoisting her over his shoulder. He made his way to the edge of Olympus. Hephaestus dangled her body over the edge while she screamed and struggled. He let go of her body and she plunged into the abyss. Regretting what he had just done Hephaestus burst out in tears. He didn't know what was wrong with him, he didn't know why he was so angry, had the power gotten to him, was he starting to turn into his father?

Hephaestus slowly made his way back to Proteus and Zeus. He agreed to switch back to his normal self, because he knew that he would rather live in his twisted body than be twisted and cruel in his fathers. Zeus and Hephaestus drank the potion and in no time everything was back to normal. Hera agreed to treat Hephaestus as a son, Zeus agreed to treat him with respect and Hephaestus learnt the most valuable lesson unlike physical



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Model created by student as a visual to support myth



TEACHER ANNOTATIONS

The work shows exceptional awareness of the nature of the gods and how they are represented in classical myth; for example, the problems caused by Zeus being a womaniser, his fraught relationship with Hephaestus, Hephaestus's resentment at his treatment at the hands of his mother Hera and his sense of insecurity due to his appearance.

The piece of work skilfully blends all that background knowledge into the student's own creation of a revenge plot. The integration of the student's creative piece with the contextual knowledge and background is exceptional.

The piece is written to a very high quality – but it also has authenticity. There are some minor flaws in expression, but the sustained quality of the piece engages and entertains the reader throughout. The dialogue is inventive and engaging throughout and is also rooted in a deep understanding of the nature of the gods and of mythical storytelling.

The piece consistently shows acute awareness of the features of mythological storytelling and stylistic conventions, (for example, when Proteus asks, 'what brings you to Pharos, Hephaestus, God of Fire, Son of Zeus?'). The work has examples of excellent attention to detail. For example, 'At that Zeus glared at Hephaestus his blue eyes not lazy in appearance ... but flashing like bolts of lightning'.

The piece ends on a meditative and reflective note, showing awareness of the importance of moral messages in myth. The moral offers an insight into the nature of beauty: 'Zeus agreed to treat him with respect and Hephaestus learned the most valuable lesson: unlike physical beauty that might initially attract, it's inner beauty that is true beauty, found in our character and soul.'

OVERALL JUDGEMENT:



Exceptional