

THE DISK CHRONICLES

LOUKAS & LYDIA
AND

THE SECRET OF THE DISK



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LOUKAS & LYDIA AND THE SECRET OF THE DISK

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SCENE ONE — THE WELCOME COMMITTEE

Context: The family walks from the parking lot toward Knossos; buses, kiosks, and sheep turn the road into a parade.

...The walk from the parking lot to the gates of Knossos felt like someone had dropped an ancient palace into the middle of a street fair and hoped for the best.

First came the tourist buses. Massive, white-topped buses angled into impossible parking spots while drivers shouted to one another across open windows. A group of retirees unloaded in matching hats. A tour guide tried to corral teenagers with a polka-dot flag. Somewhere behind them, a phone was playing tinny bouzouki music through a cracked speaker.

Then came the shops.

Both sides of the narrow road were lined with tiny stores and kiosks exploding with color — postcards, ceramic plates, olive wood spoons, evil eye charms, tiny worry beads, magnets shaped like amphorae, “I Love Crete” aprons, and museum-style statuettes that someone forgot to drape.

One stand sold handmade soaps that smelled like wild thyme and lemons. Another had statues of Athena next to snow globes of Santorini.

“Best quality! Real Minoan style!” a shopkeeper called, holding up a plastic bull figurine that definitely had glitter in its horns.

“Special price for the nice girl!” another shouted to Lydia, who blushed and ducked behind her mom.

“We’re here for the regular price, thanks.”

Loukas didn't mind. He was already calculating how many postcards he could get with twenty euros and whether he could smuggle a miniature labyrinth through airport security.

They were almost through when chaos truly arrived — on four legs.

A shepherd appeared at the end of the road, completely unbothered, staff in hand, ambling behind a flood of bleating sheep. Dozens. Maybe hundreds. They came like a woolly avalanche — hooves clattering, tails wagging, noses twitching. Cars honked. Tourists stepped back. A waiter lifted a tray high over his head and waited for the wave to pass.

"This is Crete," their dad grinned. "They come with the olives."

"Oh wow," Loukas said, staring. "One of them is definitely our lunch tomorrow."

Lydia gasped. "You take that back," she snapped. "They're majestic."

"I mean, look at that one," Loukas pointed. "It's practically seasoned already."

"That's disgusting!"

"That one just pooped. Majestically."

Their mom pressed herself against a souvenir cart, muttering, "Please no — I don't do hooves."

Their dad just laughed. "They're coming from behind, too."

Which they were.

Behind them, another wave of sheep appeared.

"They're flanking us," their dad announced. "Brace for

impact.”

Loukas snapped a photo. Lydia clutched her sketchbook like a shield. And somehow, as the herd parted around them, a path to the ruins appeared — sunlit, ancient, and waiting...

SCENE TWO — STONE, SILENCE, AND THE DISK

Context: The tremor, the fall beneath the Queen's staircase, and the hidden room with the glowing Disk.

...There was no warning. No sound of cracking. No time to shout.

One moment they were crouched under the Queen's staircase, waiting for the tremor to pass and meet their parents and the guide on the other side. The next, the floor just wasn't there anymore.

It swallowed them in silence.

They landed in a pile of something soft and dry. A sigh of ancient fabric, maybe. Loukas's elbow hit wood. Lydia's knee smacked something harder.

“Ow,” Loukas groaned, rolling onto his side.

“You okay?” Lydia sat up slowly, brushing dust from her arms.

“Yeah. No broken bones. I think I broke history, though.”

They tried to laugh, but it came out thin.

Lydia looked up at the black hole above — except it wasn't there anymore. Just a ceiling. Solid, sealed.

Her voice came out smaller than she wanted. “Do you

think... they're looking for us?"

Loukas was quiet.

"They're probably panicking," she whispered. "They think we just— vanished."

Loukas sat up straighter, as if trying to sound older than ten. "We didn't vanish. We just... fell to a lower level. Sort of."

He reached for his tablet like it might make the moment normal.

"We'll get back."

But his voice had a wobble in it.

The space around them was pitch black, but as they blinked and coughed and adjusted to the silence, they began to feel the room more than see it.

The scent hit first. Earthy. Faintly sweet. Old.

Then, above them, the echo of the stairwell collapsing; a muted thump of heavy wood sealing the hole.

They were alone.

Lydia stood first. "There's a door... or what used to be a door," she said, pushing through splintered wood. The room beyond was slightly larger. Cold air lingered, unmoving.

Then they both saw it.

In the farthest corner, on a well preserved table, something glowed. A soft, dull red. Faint, like embers under ash. And round.

"Wait," Loukas whispered. "Is that..."

They stepped into the room, slower now.

As their eyes adjusted, the rest of it began to emerge from the darkness. The dust around them didn't. Specks from the fall still floated in the air — frozen, unmoving, as if the whole

room were holding its breath.

“Loukas,” Lydia whispered, brushing at the glittering motes. “It’s like... time stopped.”

He swallowed. “Maybe it has.”

The walls were painted. Murals — dolphins leaping over swirling seas, birds perched among lilies, entire forests blooming in deep, stylized color. It looked like a child’s room... but rich. Important. Almost royal.

There was a small bed against one wall; the legs curved like bull’s horns, the frame smoothed by hand. The mattress had collapsed inward, but it was still covered by the frayed remains of what might have been linen. Beside it, a low table, carved from a single block of wood. The edges curled in a way Loukas had seen in museum replicas; notched legs, maybe even painted once.

All around them were objects:

Ceramic jars, some upright, some shattered from long-forgotten tremors

Delicate cups like the ones their guide said came from the Kamares cave

Small figurines of people with outstretched arms and odd head shapes

Beetle-shaped toys

Wicker baskets with curved handles, faded but intact

Lydia bent to pick up a little toy beetle. It crumbled a little in her hand.

“This kid played here,” she said softly. “Like... actually played here.”

She set it back down gently. “What if they were trapped

too?”

Loukas was quiet for a second, scanning the corners.

“I hope not,” he said. Then added, “I mean... I don’t see any skeletons.”

Lydia gave him a look.

“What? I’m just saying — that’s kind of good news.”

“This room’s been sealed for... what, three thousand years?” Lydia whispered.

“Maybe more,” Loukas said, already moving closer to the glowing object. “And somehow... that thing still works.”

The Disk was about the size of a small frisbee. Same spiral shape as the one in the museum, except this one was no terracotta brown.

It shimmered with an inner glow, something between bronze and obsidian. And the symbols weren’t just etched, they were pulsing....

SCENE THREE — THE DOOR AND THE CANE

Context: Mechanisms stir; a figure enters; we end on the held breath before the outcome.

...Not the harsh gleam of his flashlight. This was soft. Flickering. A pale gold, like candlelight playing on water. It lured him forward, bouncing along the stone as he moved.

The tunnel opened into a massive chamber.

He blinked, awestruck.

An outer circular corridor stretched around the room’s

edge, almost like a moat without water. It was ringed with small rectangular openings cut into the inner wall—windows peeking into the center. The floor beneath his feet was smooth, grooved with arcs that formed perfect circles.

Four doorways opened from the ring. He turned slowly, shining the flashlight toward each.

Above the one he'd entered: two serpents, heads facing each other.

Next: the double axe, sharp and symmetrical.

Then: bull's horns—massive, curled like a crescent moon.

And last: the poppy flower, petals carved with delicate precision.

But the center—the central inner chamber—was what drew his eyes.

A faint golden glow shimmered from within. The walls sloped gently inward, like the inside of a bowl. Symbols—dozens—covered them: spirals, sunbursts, spiraling fish, leaping goats, shapes he couldn't name. All perfectly arranged.

At floor level, surrounding the inner circle, were seven low benches, not for sitting but for kneeling. He could tell by their height. The eighth position held a larger bench, with a wooden stool behind it, draped in fabric—red, blue, and gold.

And in the very center, the floor changed. No stone. Wood.

Loukas stepped carefully around the outer ring, looking for an entrance to the middle.

There—on the side beneath the double axe carving—a wooden gate, reinforced with old beams, slightly ajar.

He edged closer.

“They’re trying to keep something in there...” he whispered.

His hand pushed gently.

The door creaked, then gave.

He slipped inside.

The moment he crossed the threshold, the air changed.
Cooler. Denser.

He turned in place, soaking in the scene. The symbols on the wall... not just decorative. They were arranged, maybe even sequential. The benches... ritualistic? He stepped closer to the center, crouched, touched the edge of the wooden platform.

And then—

Footsteps.

Rhythmic. Multiple.

No time.

He bolted back through the gate, pressed himself into the outer corridor, ducking low behind the nearest carved window—the one under the snakes. Just barely enough to see inside.

Shapes emerged from the doorway with the bull’s horns on top. Eight figures, gliding into the chamber. They moved like shadows, slow and synchronized. Each wore long black robes, embroidered with golden threads at the sleeves and front. And each wore a bull’s mask — not simple carvings, but full-face ox masks, complete with horns....

FOR EDUCATORS

Grade band: 4–8 (upper MG)

Time: 20 minutes (discussion) + 15 minutes (activity)

Focus skills: citing evidence • inference • theme & character motivation

Discussion Questions (text-dependent)

1) Curiosity vs. Caution — What drives each sibling?

Prompt: In the stairwell and hidden-room scenes, how do Loukas and Lydia react differently to risk and mystery? What specific lines show their motivations?

Evidence cues (students might cite):

- Loukas reaching for the tablet / “I think we activated something.”
- Lydia noticing the frozen dust / “It’s like... time stopped.”
- Banter that masks worry (“We didn’t vanish. We just... fell to a lower level.”)

Why it matters: Distinguishing motivation and tone builds inference and characterization.

2) Setting as Pressure — How does place raise the stakes?

Prompt: Choose two details (e.g., the sealed ceiling, the glowing Disk, the carved symbols, the mechanism/cane at the door). Explain how each detail adds pressure or changes what

the characters must decide next.

Evidence cues:

- “It swallowed them in silence.” (isolation)
- “Five symbols... pulsing.” (mystery with rules)
- The latch/cane “countdown.” (time pressure)

Why it matters: Students link concrete details to abstract “stakes,” a key ELA move.

Extension (optional): In 2–3 sentences, predict a non-spoiler next step each sibling might take that fits their personality—and justify with a quoted phrase.

Quick Activity (choice of ELA or STEAM)

ELA (15–20 min): “Evidence Ladder”

Students work in pairs to build a 3-rung ladder:

- Rung 1: Quote a detail (e.g., “the dust... frozen, unmoving”).
- Rung 2: Tell what it shows (e.g., time feels altered).
- Rung 3: Why it matters (e.g., raises the risk of touching the Disk; changes decisions).

Share one ladder per pair.

STEAM tie-in (optional 10–15 min): “Five Notes”

Play (or hum) five black-key notes (pentatonic). Have students create a non-musical pattern with five steps that could be “read” in order (e.g., symbols, colors, motions). Connect: the Disk responds to sequence, not just individual notes.

Differentiation

- ELL/EML: Provide a mini-glossary (amphorae, mural, corridor, pentatonic). Allow sentence frames: “When _ says _, it shows _ because _.”
- Advanced: Ask for a second interpretation of the same quote (how one line can suggest two ideas).
- Accessibility: Allow oral evidence ladders; accept underlined evidence instead of quotes if using printouts.

Standards (pick the grade you teach)

- CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.4.1 / RL.5.1 / RL.6.1 — Refer to/cite textual evidence to support inferences.
- RL.4.3 / RL.5.3 / RL.6.3 — Describe how characters respond or change; how plot unfolds.
- RL.4.2 / RL.5.2 / RL.6.2 — Determine a theme and summarize without personal opinion.
- NGSS Science & Engineering Practices: Patterns; Analyzing & Interpreting Data (pentatonic/sequence activity).

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