**mr. sandman, bring me a dream.**

*by MostlyFandomTrash*

**Summary**

write me a tragedy and give it a happy ending.

or, how hypnos met pasithea.

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* sandman, bring me a dream.  

* ( mr. sandman, bring me a dream 
* make her the cutest that i've ever seen )

the first time hypnos saw pasithea, he had just barely come into his spear of power -- he was maybe five hundred, and his brother had rushed off to follow eris and left him all alone in red poppies that sprouted where he walked. she was picking flowers -- blue orchids and white daisies and yellow poppies, from the look of them -- and weaving them through her long brown hair. the first time hypnos saw pasithea, he disappeared before she could see him.

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* ( give her two lips like roses and clover 
* and tell her that her lonely nights are over )
the first time pasithea saw hypnos, -- she was maybe nine hundred -- she was sitting with her sisters in the gardens of mount olympus and she watched as he appeared with his darker brother to the lady hera. the pale haired boy spoke in a voice too soft for her to hear him, and the queen of the gods scowled and threw up a hand to maybe hit him but the other boy glared. the queen dropped her hand and glared back, the pale haired boy turned. the first time pasithea saw hypnos, she looked towards her sisters with pink cheeks before he saw her stare.

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( sandman, i'm so alone 
don't have nobody to call my own )

"if you put the lord zeus to sleep, you will have that which you desire, sleeping one." the lady hera announced suddenly and with so much conviction that all of hypnos' attention was then on her. thanatos, ever the careful to his own carefree, placed his hand on his brother's shoulder. "do not listen to her, brother, the wrath would be too great." "i wish for you to swear it, on styx, on the river of oaths," he muttered at the same moment, eyes catching sight of whom she spoke.

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(please turn on your magic beam 

sandman bring me a dream )

one of her sisters, cale or thalia or maybe aglaea, laughed when pasithea turned towards the rest with tinted cheeks and she blinked a few times at the sudden sound. “youngest sister,” peitho breathed, and she sounded like she knew something the others did not. “you are staring at an underground.” 

“i do not see the problem with that, she may stare at who she likes,” another one, auxo, declared. there was, for a moment or a few, a seeming agreement, until pasithea shook her head.

“i do not stare at any, i was merely observing.” her sisters all grinned -- “of course, pasithea, of course.”

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(mr. sandman, bring me a dream 
make her the cutest that i've ever seen )

the short trip back to the underground was one of silence between the brothers, until the restless god
of sleep broke it, “you are angered with me.”

“no,” the breathless god of death replied, “no, i am merely shocked that you accepted. there are other ways of getting what you want, brother.”

“not a better one than this, thanatos,” he shot back, his voice low, “you know that.”

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( give her the word that i’m not a rover 
and tell her that her lonely nights are over )

their mother made almost no noise as she entered the courtyard of olympus, “daughters,” the queen of all spoke, and the graceful girls appeared before her, bowed.

“mother hera,” euphrosyne said, voice as clear as it should be when talking to one of higher standing than you are.

The ox-eyed goddess nodded her head once, allowing them to all stand before her, “where, is pasithea?”

the grace of rest, of relaxation, stepped forward, bowing her head again as she spoke to her lady mother, “here, i stand, for whatever you need.”

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( oh, sandman, i’m so alone 
don’t have nobody to call my own )

“please, hypnos, of course.” said the lady goddess persephone as the winged god came from above to tell her of the situation. “you, and any of your loves, are welcomed in this realm.”

“and what, i dare ask, will the lord hades say about this?” the god hypnos intoned, his eyebrow raising in a question. “i should’ve went to him about this first, my lady.”
spring laughed, and sleep took a step back. “you leave my lord husband to me, dear hypnos, understand?”

“yes, my lady, of course.”

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(so please turn on your magic beam
mr. sandman bring me a dream)

“you can not!” / “no!” / “mother, please!” / “how could you?” / “absurd!” / “this is blasphemous!” / “what?” / “why?”

“i, your highest lady mother and queen, gave you an order. it was not an option, and it was not toward any of you. pasithea, what say you of this?”

“if it makes my mother happy, then i will marry the god of sleep.”

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(oh, sandman, bring us a dream
make her the cutest that i’ve ever seen)

hypnos of erebus bowed his head to hide his smile and spoke, “lady pasithea, it is a pleasure to finally meet you.”

“lord hypnos, i assure you, the pleasure is all mine.” pasithea of olympus lifted her chin to look him in the eyes.

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(give her two lips like roses and clover
and tell her that her lonely nights are over)

“i now, by my own blessing, pronounce you enterally one for forevermore.”
the first time hypnos kissed pasithea, he was well into the mastery of his spear, and he could control the red poppies that bloomed in his wake. he was well over one thousand years old and to him she tasted like raw nectar and the sweetest honey he had ever known. the first time hypnos kissed pasithea, he married her.

the first time pasithea kissed hypnos, she was exactly one thousand, four hundred, and two and she was almost sure she was in a dream. she kissed him and he tasted like godsblood and pomegranate seeds and she found that she liked the combination. the first time pasithea kissed hypnos, she married him.

“wife, i ask, where do you wish to live?”

“the underground, has always made me curious.”

as she stepped through the threshold, she saw her sons in a tangled, sleeping mess on the floor, and pasithea smiled to herself.

hypnos tucked a poppy behind her ear. “welcome home, wife.”
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