**LION GOD**

By: Richard Saunders

Creative Writing

Katie Hayes

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STORY SUMMARY: This is the story of one of Rosca’s main ancestors. This is why he and his brother Damion had powers. After time, they would understand this legendary story said from their father Rexford. Their insane, good humored family was always a threat to somethinig, and they would be the best they could be.

In the story. This is the Epilogue. The pre story before any of them become involved. I will have another title that has the story switch to ACT 1: Peasant. That will detail Rosca’s life at some point.

WARNING: THIS STORY CONTAINS FOUL LANGUAGE, SUGGESTIVE DIALOGUE AND A WHOLE LOT OF POLITICALLY INCORRECT THINGS THAT YOU WOULDN’T TELL YOUR PARENTS ABOUT.

READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED

**Location: Mount Olympus**

*“We the consul of Mount Olympus have your name on file”*

I’m sitting in front of them all. Zeus, Aphrodite all those mainstream gods for you hipsters out there. I’ve waited a long time for this God status. This was the day I’d be granted to walk amongst them all.

Oh it gets better. Watch this

*“Anyone in favor say yay”* –

Nothing. Not a word.

*“All against say…”*

Nays all around. God’s who I’ve done favors for, partied with, and handled dirty work for. All said no as if loyalty meant nothing to them.

*“Even Pegasus!? Oh come on!”*

The winged equine neighed once again as if to flip me off.

I screamed and yelled at them. **“I AM THE LIONGOD AND ONE DAY YOU’LL SEE”**

They paused. All of them looked at me and started to laugh collectively. Once again they thought he’s joking! He’s trying to make us laugh again! I was escorted away from the meeting. And by escorted I mean forcibly removed. And by forcibly removed I mean beaten and thrown off Mount Olympus like they did to that guy off the Lion King.

Science fact kids: Once you fall from a very high point you’ll start to not even notice that you’re falling. You’ll be unconscious before you even hit the ground.

But what there’s one thing those science guys ever seem to get right.

The thud.

Mount Olympus a place that seemed so grandiose and divine, turned into a crack house the second their decision about me was made. I’ve never seen a drug dealing god before, but the bullshit they were on would kill an addict within seconds. They’ve placed the Jester hat on my head and once they realized that I’ve taken it off, it will be too late.

Location: Unknown

And I was awake. Blood everywhere, Eyes legs all of that gruesome shit. A regular mortal would have been crushed by now. I’m sure those Mt. Olympus fucks were laughing at my predicament. I wasn’t hanging out with Hades just yet, but it surely felt like it.

I couldn’t move my hands. I was shackled like a slave. All I could hear was screams of agony and lots of it. Opening my eyes would take a ….

Wait wait there they are!

So I opened my eyes and had a only a fraction of

“Where the fuck are they taking us!?” I yelled to the mortal beside me. He was shackled, I was shackled, and everyone in this damn horse carriage had some steel on their hands.

He said nothing. Poor man looked beat down as it is. I couldn’t blame him. All the horrors of life would make a mere mortal stay silent. The screaming had gotten even louder and to make it worse we were thrown from the carriage we were in.

Location: Athens, Greece

Here I was. Shackled up and in a stadium with thousands of mortals screaming, dancing, exposing their breasts and clashing cheaply made ale (trust me mortals sucked at brewing at this time). Took me a while to realize that I was not able to party with them and watch others get slaughtered. Not this time, I was now the sport and not the spectator.

Oh well, they want a show?

*“You are all slaves! But today one of you will become legend! The rest of you will be corpses that will be forgotten! Nothing but rotting meat to feed the ground!*

*FIGHT TO BE LEGEND. OR DIE AND BE REMEMBERED AS THE POOR SOUL WHO CANNOT HOLD HIS SWORD! FIGHT TO LIVE OR FIGHT FOR GLORY, FAIL AND BE REMEBERED AS THE FOOL WHO COULD NOT DO EITHER.*

*The winner goes the spoils, to the losers the ground- live by the sword or die by it…*

*The choice is yours”*

They unshackled us, gave us weapons and dragged us out to the stadium. The cheers and shouts were all for me. I knew it. They needed a new god and I was okay with that spot.

(Hey kids if you know what YouTube is, search and play “The Dark Side of Phobos – The Glass Moon (E1M8)” Or whatever song you like!)

Back to the story.

I am arrogance. Arrogance is me

“Out of my way amateurs” I say pushing through the mortals who were sent to the stadium with me. I walked with the smallest weapon I could find. Big axes are too mainstream.

I don’t even remember how they died. Guess he was right. One leg flying in the air, a few skulls on the ground, a dislocated shou … dislocated arms I might add, eyeballs and red blood cells on the ground.

And none of them belonged to me.

The crowd stared at me as if I had done the impossible. Cheering occurred even louder and I relished in it. My arms out wide, my eyes looking at them all. I was their new go ….

“*SEND IN THE LIONS*”

Once again my glory phase came to an abrupt halt. If it isn’t the gods, it’s some bastard mortal who thinks he is important. This is my show not his.

The giant fur balls came out of the gate. Hungry for blood. Lions and I have a lot in common. Always viewed as regal, strong and have a high sense of pride. I felt their pain when Hercules killed one of their own. I’m sure they felt the same way about a poor demi-god like me, being thrown off a cliff. To a mortal they were ferocious. To me, they were my friends.

I looked at the lions. They looked back. My eyes stared into them, they stared back at me. Once again, the eye contact turned from a competition into a forming secret handshake.

I pointed my finger right back at the garbed man. All of his jewels and rare trinkets that would take years for a poor pleb to obtain. Whatever. I pointed at the mortal and yelled.

“*SEND IN THE LIONS*”

And boy do they run fast. The cheering crowd turned into a flurry of horrified mortals just hoping to get home. But it was a pretty funny sight to see if you ask me. The lions were like linebackers tackling some nerdy kid with a football in his hand. Only a little more tragic. They were mauling each and every one of them as if to voice their opinion of their little coliseum event here

I’m having a great time at the stadium while this is going on. Dancing, strutting, petting some of the lions and feeding them skulls and bones throughout this football play. There’s nothing better than to see those who doubt you fail due to their poor judgment.

Greece was a sheep like country with sheep like people herding to other sheeps because they would starve if left alone. If you did not act like a sheep, they would bleat until you got away or until some stronger sheep tries to take you down. Sheep sheep sheep sheep. You get what I’m saying here.

Lions like sheep.

I began to walk towards the pulpit that guy who was making that stupid speech that he probably had a friend help him write. I held their leader in my arm. Deathlocked so he couldn’t even think of escaping. That tiny little dagger in my hand.

This was a rehearsal. First the mortals would bow down to me. Then the demi-gods. Then the gods all the way to Zeus himself. I was main character in this damn story, so I was going to get what I regardless of what opinion you have to say about it.

“*Give me all of your attention.*

*Obey my orders…my monetary orders*

*Don’t do it and face the consequences.*

*Give me all of your $$*

*Or credit cards, debit cards, Pay-pals, Bitcoins, Golden Dragon Scales it’s all acceptable.*

*Do it now Do it now.*

*Gained my power from the emptiness*

*Origins weren’t silver spooned.*

*Damn it feels good to be a God.*”

I stopped my speech abrubtly, waiting to see whoever was alive was ready to follow me instead of those fucks at Mount Olympus. I showed them their leader, his face wrapped in fear and continued

“*Doh!*

*Out of donuts like Homer Simpson.*

*Going to give the donut thief the Bart treatment.*

*Doh!*

*Overwhelmed with the power I just gained*

*Going from 100 to 0 real quick.*

*Doh!*

*Oh the error of our ways!*”

I was toying with them. Imitating their screams and the horrified voice from their leader’s mouth. My insane humor still intact after all that has happened.

But it was time to take that Jester hat off once again.

*“Guess we cannot stay gods forever”*

Now his head was on my hand. I have dethroned their ruler just like that. The lions were happy, I was happy. This was only the beginning part of my plan, but so far so good I was happy with the results. If the gods were to kill me the next day, I wouldn’t have even cared.

I had taken their leader’s jewelry and whatever royal stuff on him that looked cool on me and proceeded to sit on the throne that he had previously sat on. This was just a rehearsal. If I could dethrone him with ease, I’m sure the gods were going to get their spot taken as well.

I was no longer a demi god. Nor a god.

But the Lion God? It had a good ring to it.

# ACT 1: PEASANT:

Summary: This chapter starts with Rexford and RM (Rosca’s mom). Rexford is a pirate who was actually benevolent and calm to his ship crew. But, he was cold and calculated during battle. He was a cocky, funny personality about him. It was always backed by his strategies and planning.

RM is a Bard and is a powerful singer at the estate. She often follows Rexford for pirate plays (stealing, ransacking other boats, hunting). She was calm, and more approachable than Rexford, but had small bits of insanity. While her and Rexford would argue over tactics, she was agile and quick being able to have circus lion level of athleticism.