

### **Athamas & Ino**

*From:* @JUNO

*To:* [EMPTY]

*Cc:* @ALECTO\_FURY; @MAGAERA\_FURY;  
@TISIPHONE\_FURY

*Bcc:* @JOVE

*Subject:* ATTN: Me Again — Answer ASAP

*Received on:* AVGVST050608

*Opened on:* AVGVST070904

*Content:* reveréd furies, <br> hello, its me juno (you know that tho). <br> hows the underworld, small talk small talk small talk. <br> we know, we all know, that @BACCHUS has gained a load of followers of late—his most recent event broke records—and according to his analytics (that i was granted access to legally), his servers have received a continuous influx of traffic. now, you know me well, and i am no more vengeful than your average mod, but this is not an email vied on revenge. no, but on justice. for every bounty falling on the head of @BACCHUS and his kin = another mark of shame on my heavens forehead. now, i know what you three witches are thinking: hows that math add up then eh? <br> <br> <br> well allow me to refresh your all knowing minds.....@JOVE shoved his thunder somewhere he shouldntve (whats new) and the somewhere was @SEMELE. i took care of that, or rather it took care of itself hehehe. but still i feel shame, i feel it deep oh so deep down in my chest. and it is this recent success surge from @BACCHUS the descendants of @CADMUS celebrate and bask in that continue this shame because for everyone who knows their name knows about my husbands indiscretions. and that is a reflection upon me that i cannot have as the queen. a reflection when what i prefer most is no reflection at all. i know i know i know you three understanding all knowing witches will sympathize with my burden. i know i know i know you three unflinching exacting understanding all knowing witches will strike up just the right bit of foul tasting medicine for the bitches sister @INO and her minyan king her betrothed @ATHAMAS. and i think thatll do for now<br><br><br>with love and thanks for expected results, your queen.

*From:* @THE\_FURY

*To:* @JUNO

*Cc:* [EMPTY]

*Bcc:* [EMPTY]

*Subject:* Automated Message: We have received your request.

*Received on:* AVGVST070904

*Opened on:* AVGVST070906

*Content:* NOTE: Your email has been forwarded from @ALECTO\_FURY; @MAGAERA\_FURY; @TISIPHONE\_FURY to our new address @THE\_FURY. The old email addresses we used are now defunct as we have all merged to make our jobs more seamless. Please address all future emails to @THE\_FURY. Thank you for your anticipated participation and understanding.  
<br><br>Dear thouest bent on revenge, <br> We have received your request. Your concern is important to us. Please login to our website ([www.thefuries.gov](http://www.thefuries.gov)) to see the status of your request. Your concern is important to us —however, due to the constant influx of hate: our turn around might fluctuate from person to person. If you have not already, create an account on our website ([www.thefuries.gov](http://www.thefuries.gov)), and check back frequently to see the status of your request. You can also read testimonials and participate on our message boards. You are a valued customer. Please refrain from sending any follow up emails. You are a valued customer. <br> Sincerely, your Fury.

*Clinton Studies How Best to Ruffle Trump's Feathers Face  
to Face*

*Do you feel helpless in your own home? Open for attack?  
Violence?*

*Life Insurance is cheaper than ever with super high  
paydays for the survivors.*

*Protect your loved ones even in death.*

*At Fast Forward Capital LLC., we help you move on with  
money.*

*#SorryIRUined // #Messagesthatgotlost //  
#CongressionalPrimary*

*Nearing our 3rd Century of Strife Free World Economy  
Come Celebrate with us by joining our live feed!  
#WorldPeaces*

*Don't Let the Real World Impinge on the Perfection of Your  
Virtual World!*

*Comptroller positions available in nearest office.  
Lightning Strike Kills More than 300 artificial Reindeer in  
Norway*

*Population of artificial scavengers has dropped. Hiring  
Hunters.*

*#TBT Leggings & Uggs: Once Upon a Basic  
Can We Save Venice Before it is Too Late?*

An unusual heavy wetness fell upon a sleeping Athamas, forcing his eyes to crack open, his spine to ignite his pelvis into a spin, pushing him upwards and onto his feet, crouched. There was no bed below him, no wife beside him, no walls around him, no computer inside him. Athamas was surrounded by what was quite the sight to this modern king: trees, leafage, green. Vines slithered around his feet, vegetation stood to his knee, and trees with bark so large and cavernous it could swallow ten human bodies whole trapped him. In between the trees directly around him hung nets, at the floor snares hidden by bloodied spotted pelts. He tried to communicate with his artificial intelligence (or as he called it his second intelligence, the better intelligence), but there was no answer, no response—there was nothing in his head but him. A violent roar beat against the depth of the trees, bouncing from one dense body to the next, jittering off towards the sky. Another roar—Athamas attempted to follow the sound of the roars, sweat building around his eye sockets and bare chest, trying to grasp his surroundings, trying to grasp himself. His eyes followed the roar from tree to swaying tree, up towards the lurching forest ceiling, and through the crack in the leaves a true and pure sun beat on through and pierced his very soul. Another roar—his stare was shattered and he crouched once again, running towards a tree, he placed his back towards the bark and his eyes jutted around in engulfing fear.

//// @INO // AVGVST090802 // CONNECTED x  
[HOME] // sorry to disturb you but your husband and king  
is loosing his mind, or maybe he is sleep walking, though  
his mind does seem to be quite lost. he is pacing all around  
the apartment. what else is new. he has lost his mind. he  
has lost his mind and his nerve a long time ago. breaking  
eye contact with that worm from thebes. let me sleep.  
and please do not disturb me with what i can not change or  
help or stand or care to help change or stand. miss, i  
implore you to open your eyes. youre always imploring.  
fine. this is not bed, not my bed and no bed at all. where  
am i. you are HOME, miss. according to my navigation  
system you are home and safe, tucked in to your bed.  
it is your husband that is our concern, your husband and his  
mind. this does not look like any home of mine. "honey.  
honey, where are you." what do you see? mist and fog so  
thick i cant breathe. there below me is rock and dirt. the  
wind is throwing me and my nightgown around without  
concern. this is none of my settings. seems to be an error  
on your end. i cant see to either side of me i can not  
see before me but above me i can see. i can see the  
heavens light trying to beat through this murk and  
muck. looks real so real. there he is. he is crawling on the  
ground naked bared knees. "stand up fool why arent you  
dressed fool youre going to bang up your knees even more  
and need even more pain medicine. did you listen to  
ambien again. you old arthritic bastard. i love you but  
please where are you going. [i am having trouble syncing  
with the other members of the household. can not locate  
@ATHAMAS; @LEARCHUS; @MELICERTA] stop  
turning from me. where are the children. my god." my  
mod @BACCHUS hear me now. you know the length  
and width of my zeal.

//// @LEARCHUS // what is the fucking racket.  
what time is it. who is up and screaming  
like this. your mother does not like when you  
curse. i dont like when mother touches my  
settings. parental control is one of the most  
statistically proven benefits of post singularity child  
rearing. an unkempt child. stop. an unkempt child.  
stop stop railing off wiki pages or some statistic to  
me. is my sister awake turn the lights up in our  
room setting 2. she is not in her bed, sir. i see that.  
fuck. sir, i must warn you that continuous  
expletives, 3 consecutive expletives to be exact,  
will result in tiny shocks to your right wrist.  
another 3 beyond that and “then they start to hurt.”  
dont mess with the setting again mother i wasnt  
watching anything dirty come dumpster just doing  
my studies is all. yes, then the pain threshold  
setting is increased in increments. “lions. lions. i  
am surrounded.” father is screaming. why. why is  
he on the floor crouching jetting from wall to wall,  
turning corners and roaming the halls. she  
is standing in the corner and screaming. she does  
not see me. “mother mother where is  
@MELICERTA.” i hate when she cries. yelling at  
her berating her for loosing her jewelry. when she  
thought she lost her jewelry but it fell behind the  
bureau. “i dont know. i cant stop your father he  
threw me against the wall. his eyes.”

Athamas found a discarded shield on the ground rolling across the forest floor from one bit of cover to the next as the lions circled and toyed with him. The shield was round and cavernous, if Athamas kneeled into a defensive position the shield would be able to cover the entirety of his body. Athamas found the shield just in the knick of time as one of the younger lions, or rather one of the lion's cubs jumped into the defensive circle Athamas cornered himself in, and the cub lurched forward towards him with a hunger and ferocity Athamas had not seen since his younger years in the Senate serving, or rather—dealing, with the lower class. The branches and brambles hanging over this standoff cleared for a few passing moments with the strength of a strong wind and light bled through throwing itself cross the face of the lion cub. The cub's fur was glossed with oil, his mane just barely showing around his head and neck. As the cub's eyes passed through the beam of light from above, Athamas saw himself in the cub's face for a moment just before the lion cub jumped forward using all its mass and strength of its body to pounce onto Athamas. He fell onto his back and using the human strength in his legs he was able to deflect the lion's advance, throwing the lion just feet from him, onto it's side. Athamas, with anger overtaking fear, return lunged onto the lion, shield first and bashes the hard edge into the cub's throat, each time lifting the shield a bit higher and slamming it down a bit harder until the fur was matted with blood and the flesh began to separate.

@LEARCHUS disconnected from [HOME] network.

//// @INO // AVGVST090803 // CONNECTED x  
[HOME] // the fog clears from a strong wind sudden with  
an eastern gust. a cliff. jutting in all directions and the  
sound of crashing waves from down below. my feet ended  
up just near the edge. thank bacchus i didnt take another  
step forward in the blindness of the fog. my toes peak over  
the empty abyss. the water is blue. and this cant be real.  
oh my. i cant stand. my knees feel weak. would you like  
to listen to a nice soothing dose of diazepam? that will ease  
your stomach queasiness and the wobble in your ankles.  
miss, for your own sake avert your gaze from northward  
bound. he is slamming his sons skull against the rocks at  
his feet. he used to fit into my palm. cradle cap. slamming  
our poor sons head time and time again. “where is  
melicerta. oh my baby. where are you.” sit with your  
legs crossed. there bring a soundness to my mind that  
fights the madness. the crunch and the crack of skulls.  
cleansing rain falls from the sky in buckets and sandpales.

//// @MELICERTA // they wont find me in my hiding place. never have before and never will. ill stay here right in the closet under mothers old dresses and halloween costumes. they wont find me here. my brother. threw a frisbee into my face gave me a blackened eye and she had to put her makeup onto my face so i could facetime into class and i looked like a dumb idiot. a big dumb idiot. if not for him ida failed the long division test. skeleton has a second e. but he cracked his head wide open. she always said to stay close to my brother and far from my father. stay clear from empty rooms. but he lost his edge. his age swallowed his violence and passion. she said passion sometimes came out of us in weird unexpected ways. hush now, be quiet my dear, calm your mind. this is the unfortunate circumstances of human interactions. sometimes, and just sometimes, things do not work out as well as expected. will they find me. will they. you can not hide for ever, the screaming is through. your brother has been logged off the network, and your parents heart rates have returned to normal. your father is locked in his place, your mother has gone to the restroom to sink in despair. she calls out to you, go to her.

this is water. just waves and water and crashing. he never wanted a boy. another mouth to feed he said. another mouth. he didnt want a challenge and thats the truth isnt it. theres whats said and whats truth. another mouth another ego another big old male ego. get over yourself. dislocated my boys shoulder but they were just playing then. i know the water. our day at the beach. the florida keys. the kids were much smaller back then werent they. and yes, she used to be taller then him until he shot up and leaned up pork chop. not quite a sand castle. a sand village individual sandpales spread across our living room. the apartment felt so much bigger then. and he held me then nuzzling my neck. storm clouds washed over us and the kids turned back looking frightened he barked and all the clouds went away and we returned to the glory of just moments before. the beach was so quiet. for hundreds of feet on either side specks of human flesh and yellow blue golden green danced splashed never drawing closer. his kisses smelt of morning sticky and strong and the night befores dinner. wheres the fog now to hide this mess. to sweep me of this mountain and drown me at the rocky break below. where is it now and where is my daughter. “mother. we cant stay here. not anymore because im so scared.” she rushed to me and wrapped her arms around my hips her hot breath moistening my nightgown her arms couldnt clasp behind me. shed grab my finger and look right into my eyes toothless and gummy. “mother.” i lifted her into my arms into my embrace and we stood right at the edge of the cliff and her father stood far behind us in the distance sopping in the blood and sweat of our departed son. “mother the tub turned on by itself. now the sink. its spilling all up and over onto the floor” this is water. nothing but water.

//// @MELICERTA // i cant breathe. send a message to my mothers ai. miss, she is unavailable. she is not at her desk right now, please try again later. miss, she has your best interest at heart. try your best not to breathe in. you do not want the water to get into your lungs. miss, try and slip your thumbs into your mother's eyes, try and hurt her so she will loosen her grip just for a moment so you can slip away. do not fret, miss, because for although we might try the best we can, sometimes the best we can is simply not good enough.

In the moments taken for Ino and Melicerta to fall from the cliff's edge to the shattered and battered rock below, Ino held her daughter so tight that for the first time since her daughter's birth she felt as one with her child. Athamas never asked much from Ino in their relationship as husband and wife—though he did ask she give him strong children (preferably female), raised them to the best of her ability, and kept her body tone and taught. In those moments, those final moments during the fall, she believed she managed all three (the last being important to herself, with no concern or question of Athamas' opinion on the matter of her body) with dignity and grace. The waves swallowed Ino and Melicerta whole; the sun reemerged from the trees blocking above to cover Athamas in victory, defeat, and salvation. Athamas stood erect and allowed the light to immerse his body before the light withdrew and collapsed within itself. The dead lion cub before him fell apart, piece by piece retracting and skittering across the floor and then to the sky. The trees became the glass walls of his apartment, the sky darkened further and all around he saw nothing more than his reflection. Before him laid the fractured body of his son Learchus. Athamas scooped him into his arms; Learchus' body flailed, his neck wobbling to and fro, his legs limp and dangling. "Ino! Ino! Ino! Learchus is hurt! We need to get him help! Sweetheart, where are you?" Athamas screamed, running from corner to corner, down the corridor—his feet slid apart as he ran into a pool of water collecting and spilling down the hallway from within the bathroom, but he clenched his thighs tight and maintained his balance. He slowly lumbered into the bathroom, ragdoll son in arms.

*For years fads have come and gone on the secret to fat loss  
—however!  
there is only one tried and true way to trim the weight  
holding you back  
from achieving all your hopes and all of your dreams:  
Spend More Than You Use! It is so simple.  
The past just doesn't seem to let go & the future shakes on  
the Horizon:  
Ask your doctor about Valdutrex—comes highly  
recommended by the pharmaceutical community.  
Depression and Anxiety are man made constructs, don't  
feed into the hype.  
We are looking for writers to create sponsored content for  
many different brands:  
(pay starting at 0.00087BTC/word)*

*From:* @JUNO

*To:* @NEPTUNE

*Cc:* [EMPTY]

*Bcc:* [EMPTY]

*Subject:* its been awhile

*Received on:* AVGVST100102

*Opened on:* AVGVST100308

*Content:* neptune, sweetheart, how are you? bet the shit never stops pouring in hahahaha (i know that joke is probably old for you, but it isnt for me, not yet, never will be, no). jove sends his regards, his sitting over me as i type this—nosy prick he is. bet you know all about that. anyway... <br> this email is business, personal business. Athamas, king of thebes (hows that place even still around? god knows), lost his wife and children of recent. and i'm feeling something of guilt bc for altho they definitley had it coming, i did play a hand in it and it kinda went further then i expected. this is not to say im not gonna sleep easy tonight or anything, but while it was fresh in my memory i wanted to reach out to you and ask for you to help him out in some way..you know maybe a free month of water could be the light that shines thru the darkness for him or something. anyway whatever you decide to do i appreciate it. <br> lets get together soon! =) <br> your faiitful sisterinlaw juno xxx