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**Minerva & the Muses**

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Ah, another son of @MINERVA falls victorious upon the backs of those stuffed neck high with doubt. @PERSEUS, your prayer has been heard, your offering noted accepted filed under the unforgettable. You've been weighed measured and marked worthy. Victory reigns. And your journey, the dark decrepitude luring thou to battle and steal the <head> of the @MEDUSA proved positive. Count that as a plus, love. Send @PERSEUS [thank you email 3]. {Yes, send now?} Now. Stick with me, eh. No flakes. And let this be a lesson to the people over whom we moderate. Follow us, stick with us, and be rewarded. No fair weather acolytes. Post that last sentence to my timeline.

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@MINERVA: darlings, dears, and dolls, how liveth the inspired life? Oh the wonder, the merriment gifting the mighty poet the blind poet or the layman alike with words, words cascading into narratives if added up and rendered whole. I'm writing in reference to the @PEGASUS. Well, I'm writing for more than one reason I suppose, for deux raisons actually. The @PEGASUS reemerged in my old head after seeing its mother the snake headed bitch's <head> used by a disciple of moi and then I suppose the second reasons comes about only after visiting your website recently and seeing a stickied thread a thread challenging YOU the @MUSES to storytelling contest. What poor pathetic patrons could have dreamed up such a folly? Regards, Pallas.

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@MUSES: Oh mighty Pallas, to hear from you brings us great pleasure. Yes, yes, yes. Great pleasure, indeed. We oft discuss how the thought, let alone the sight thou, fills the limbs, the digits, and the threads holding all of thee together with a tingle tense and taut. <br> @PEGASUS, the mighty steed, the wingéd stallion. Yes, spawn of the @MEDUSA virus has passed through our realm. This ungulated beast and his hoofed print shattered one of our pages leaving a giant gap which sends a bold welcome for the suspectful shady characters that populate the globe to access information they are not privileged to. Tis all fixé tho, never you mind. We are sure you can access more of the beasts happenings through Time Machine©. <br> As for this storytelling challenge—ha! We sit so far above those who question us, and questioned why bother, but we thought it best to answer nonetheless so we can insure that no one questions us again. The @PIERIDES sisters have gaping mouths from which nonsense pours. We could not allow them to hold us captive as the @KING\_PYRENEUS tried so hard to do, locked us in his tower forgetting we had wings and then jumped forgetting he did not. Plummeted he did. Plummeted the sisters did too.

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@MINERVA: Oh joy! Joy in summer! A way with words you @MUSES have. After their loss, what became of the @PIERIDES? This tale has inspired me to act upon a lowlady who thinks thou too big for her britches. She spins webs with fingers useless.

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**STICKIED** We the @PIERIDES challenge the ‘holy’ @MUSES to a contest in which one sister and one muse each weave one narrative. The narrative will be voted on by the nymphs as they be fair and true as they swim somewhere between man and mod. [*Contest ended, Thread close, @MUSES declared victors on DATE*].

@MUSES: Challenge accepted. Please, be our guest and go first. Please.

@PIERIDES: {Content Removed. There tale was woven with many factual errors}.

—If the @MUSES deemed it false, it must be so!

—A tale of Giants and Mods, epic!

—When will we do away with the overstated ‘epic’?

@MUSES:

Oh, nothing brings tears to our poor eyes like the Rape of @PERSEPHONE. @PERSEPHONE, daughter of @CERES who first turned up soil, first ripened crops and produced produce for us to lock our tiny mouths upon and grow. My song is for her and for her lost daughter who fell through the earth.

A crack in the holy earth shone its crooked face, and @PLUTO saw this crack from below, he heard the crack before seeing it though as giants wrestled over servers and tried to hack one another thus causing a rupture and split in the fabric of our reality. @PLUTO rode a fiery flaming chariot to repair said tear, meanwhile behind veiled curtains @VENUS watched and sent her son @EROS to send a bullet through his uncle's heart as he passed over @PERSEPHONE picking petals of violet in a field of her mother's.

@VENUS intentions are unclear, but @EROS' bullet was not—it pierced @PLUTO and he saw the virgin in the field just below him, @PERSEPHONE minding her own mind, a basket full of violets as she did not want the other girls to beat her at picking violets. @PLUTO descended on her, tore her dress, and spilt her flowers on the ground as he loved her the way a loving uncle might. @PERSEPHONE mourned the loss of her flowers just as she mourned the loss of her flower.

@CYANE, a nymph, watched the crime of flowers, but could not do a thing, no thing at all until the crime scene was erected and she posted a photo to her timeline of @PERSEPHONE's girdle floating on an iridescent lake.

All cried for the loss of @CERES' daughter, especially @CERES—but alas, tears can not makes crops grow, and someone needed to make sure all the machines and machinations of the food processing plant was running. The Earth began to die.

@CERES tried to make allies with @JVPITER, but his brother is his brother and nothing feels better than blood on blood. Plus, @JVPITER argued, she could've been ravaged by someone less powerful and wealthy. He argues she made a good choice with his brother. She will have a good life, he says. @CERES cannot be moved and finally @JVPITER makes an offer, a deal, if you will that if her daughter has not eaten anything that tethers her to the world underneath she can return to the world above.

@PERSEPHONE snuck seven pomegranate seeds, however, and she was bound to her husband by javascript.

Her physical person could not be removed without rewriting an entire <body> of code.

@JVPITER had something of a heart that day and went into his terminal to change the code himself, but there had to be some sort of compromise, and a compromise is only a compromise when neither party is happy. Six months above, six months below. That was the deal. And this is why we have fall and winter.

@CERES had the comfort of friends in the while in which she could not see her daughter. @ARETHUSA, a cool wifi spring, was once a nymph and told @CERES the story which changed her form. She also fought off the unwanted advances of a man who spied her naked in a body of water. She learned and learned quick that be it unwanted by the woman and wanted by the man washes the want one way and one way only, the tides move toward the wishes of the man. To alleviate the depression of her workload, @CERES took on some interns and gave her magical plow to @TRIPTOLEMUS in order for him to spread bountiful seed worldwide, only to fall asleep in Scythia and an attempt on his life by the king of aforementioned kingdom. @CERES intervened, and thus is the life of a mod—filled with trial upon trial. Enjoy your simple life, lowly folk.

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I, the holy @MINERVA, challenge the lowly @ARACHNE to a basket weaving contest. Another big head must be squashed under the booted heel of a higher up. Don't think I did not hear the whisperings of this mortal's boasts that rang around the globe; nothing passes by the ears of Pallas, nothing, especially whispers of disparagement. Dare she accept? Dare she? The terms of the contest: Each competitor has 24 hours to design and print their said design rendering their project in plastic 3d glorious glortitude. This offer self destructs within 90 clicks, and you feel my wrath irregardless. Pallas.

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Opened my mouth and now I must back up my claims, my claims that my hands can weave a thing that lasts, that demands the attention of time and of age, and of time and of age past and future and now, today here and now I strike with vigor and fury. I accept knowing that my fate already be decided for even if I win I lose. No moderator ever loses, but I have my moment to inflict shame and rose red fleshiness upon the @MINERVA head, pangs of embarrassment will lash her face when she sees what I have come to be. To show the unfairness of this plane is my aim and my ambition. To hold a mirror up to the modhead so they can see their error. No, they don't ere though—that is how they see it anyway. I remember my fingers touching the keys for the first time, designing from birth, I did. Father was proud that his daughter struck a path separate from him, that I could use my brain instead of his brawn. A daughter of @MINERVA, he said. No, I said, I am his daughter and his daughter alone. We are whole and we are worthy without their influence. Please pull up [rape\_scenes.ai].

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Oh, can we see the power and strength and vision in @MINERVA's work, she is indeed a natural, and the true and tried talent of weaving—Quite obvious this art stems from her blood. Classical and iconic. Her basket centers on the hill of Mars in Athens, the war that raged over the name of the land—on this hill sat the 12 great mods of the highness above below and all falling in between: @JVPITER presiding royally above all the well known avatars, @NEPTUNE smiting with three pronged trident in stride moving sea to clash with earth. Of course, @MINERVA worked herself into the piece, she bears a spear and a helmet, from her foot a green olive tree sprouts and hangs thick with fruit. Surrounding the centerpiece are four distinct images. One corner shows the twin peak mountains Haemus and Rhodope who were once audacious mortals assuming the names of mods; a second and third corner carved with a pygmy queen turned crane beside @ANTIGONE turned stork, both who met their fate reckoning with @JUNO. The fourth corner: @CINYRAS tries to embrace the temple steps which was once his daughter. The whole piece is surrounded by an olive vine. Their is a clear narrative to the entirety of the work; what do you guys think? Ominous...  
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I don't want to speak ill of @MINERVA, or by complimenting @ARACHNE degrade the power and might of @MINERVA's work, but @ARACHNE's basket is gorgeous gorgeosity and might very well be superior to the inventor of the craft. This is practice and skill hours versus natural talent, this is the combination of the two. @EUROPA taken by the bull, @ASTERIE lifted by the eagle, @LEDA lying in the embrace of the swan, @ANTIPOE loved by the satyr, @ALCEMENA fooled by the semblance of her husband, @DANAE reigned on by a shower of gold, a flame burned @AEGINA, @MNEMOSYNE herded by a shepherd, @DEO's daughter tangled by the snake—@JVPITER in every instance coming unwelcome, coming with force and with no purpose other than lust and taken what he thought he deserveth. But his brother @NEPTUNE was no better, no, he was worked into the basket, also as a bull, a river, a ram, a stallion, a winged creature. @APOLLO took woman as a shepherd, a country boy, a hawk. @BACCHUS making masses drunk and falling asleep, ripe and ready for the taking. Flowers and Ivy run round the whole scene. I'm having trouble deciding on who the victor is.  
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What a light she has painted us in, highlighting moments when we, well the male we, gifted our love to the mortals in the only way we, the male we, know how: with force. Tis awful of her to both challenge and then shine light upon our heads in such a daring display. Her skill is clear and true. Nevertheless, she loses as winning against me is an impossibility. Revoke her access to [ILLUSTRATOR] and block her username and password so she can no longer print anything but dust and web. {@ARACHNE access to software and hardware removed}.