

//// @PERSEUS // JANVARY150709 // BLOG //

Tis hard sitting still with wings at your feet, with wind lifting and rising you above the land below, thrusting forward, cutting through warring wind and whirring expectations.

Tis particularly peccant staying motionless when the world above below left right center is just ahead, when your hands are closing in on the bounty that is worldly pleasures, when you are a young man, fit and agile—tis a sin! A sin to let such gifts rot through atrophy, be it lack of use or otherwise! A sin, I say.

Son of a Mod, born of a Golden Rain—mediocrity is not in my deck of cards. They call me bastard, never to my face—but bastard nonetheless. However, I care naught. Jealousy spews from locked lips of common men.

With Medusa subdued and stored on my harddrive: unstoppable I am. The world is my oyster. I am going to paint the town red. Are there other cliches? Over Libya Niger and Nigeria, through the immense ocean blue, and to the West's edge.

@HELIOS in all his glory sets and all that was once filled with color is sucked to grey and shades of black. This is no setting for me or glory or travel, or any combination of the three. Ahead I see the great and mighty @ATLAS, upon who the heavens and the web rely. Surely, he will afford me some place to rest my head. Onwards and Upwards my fair followers and listeners. Until next time.

//// @ATLAS // JANVARY150800 // AUTO REPLY
MESSAGE //

I'm outta the office, went to Bora Bora with the wife and kids! Catch ya' on the flip side.

Just kidding. I'm there with my mistress, emptied my bank accounts, packed my bags with loads of cash, and won't ever be coming back!

Just kidding. This is a full time service; unfortunately, we can not be contacted due to technical difficulties. Chances are: if you are receiving this message we are hard at work fixing the problem that currently plagues us all.

Do not reply to this message. We would not see such response, and even if we did we would most likely not read such response (we definitely would not).

//// @ANDROMEDA // JANVARY220802 // To a metal sheet, a piece of surface upon my father's castle, I am bound discarded. Tis unfortunate the fate of virgins in our day and age. If only I was ravaged sooner. Yes that might've helped this situation. Rendered myself useless to the bargaining of mods and viruses and men and any amalgamation of the trinity. Tis regrettable the parent's sins falling upon the heads of their offspring. Seems it's all been left up to destiny these days. Well I suppose I can kiss this life goodbye. Farewell! I bid you adieu. Translate: "Adieu." {"Adieu" is English. Comes from late Middle English: originally Old French from à 'to' + *Dieu* 'God'; clear? } Clear. Interesting and clear. Surprised and clear. {I'm picking up on an approaching force, miss Andromeda. "Greetings, from Ammon," it reads. } Ah, one from the sea and one from the sky. This pale sunlight wants me to wave, surrender, sunder to the force of inconsequence. What approached from the sky?

//// @PERSEUS // JANVARY220803 // There she was.
She. Her. Doomed. Mounted, potentially insurmountable.
The she of now not the she of later. Of the moment.
Strike, fool! You can be a hero, a saviour, someone's at
least. Maybe not to them all but to someone. One person
at least. Make daddy proud. Proud as a father, proud as a
moderator. Is she a virgin? { She's a virgin, sir. } Ha,
would've fucked her regardless. Privately of course cause
carnal pleasure is for private, that's between and a man and
woman and sometimes between a man, woman, and a
man's fist. Glory is public. Cue the cameras. { I have
synced you with local video equipment. Recording. }

//// @PERSEUS // JANVARY220804 // BID:
@ANDROMEDA // 0 CREDITS // ADDITIONAL
NOTES: This is my bid on the hand (and the rest of her
parts) of your daughter: You don't offer money for
damaged goods, my dad always said. I'll save your virgin
daughter if she is to marry me. I don't see what other
options you have. Well, except the one you've already
chosen. My option keeps her alive.

//// @CEPHEUS_KING // JANVARY220805 // BID
ACCEPTED: @ANDROMEDA // ADDITIONAL NOTES:
Is it true you hold the @MEDUSA virus?

//// @ANDROMEDA // JANVARY220805 // relationship
status changed to ‘engaged.’

//// @PERSEUS // JANVARY230304 // TIMELINE // Oh allow for merriment to unfurl! Oh how fair and true the fates of this world! Oh never let them say how privilege, birth right, lot, nor bloodline contributes to the success of those entitled to such benefits. Tis how the cookie crumbles. I would like to introduce my followers to my soon to be wife, @ANDROMEDA. Her family and father @CEPHEUS_KING will be hosting something of a glorious banquet for the ceremony. Details will follow, I will post the event to my timeline. Allow me to take a moment to make an offering to @MERCURY, @JUPITER, and @ATHENA. I knew you would deliver me serenity. I hope I've made you proud, father. Heifer sacrifice in the comments below.

//// @CEPHEUS_FAMILY // JANVARY230505 //
EVITE //

YOU'VE BEEN INVITED!

We humbly invite you to watch the live feed of the marriage between @PERSEUS and the kingdom's very own daughter @ANDROMEDA.

All the kingdom's celebrities will be attending. Tis a truly red carpet event! See them in the latest fashion. See who is awkwardly avoiding who. See who makes eye contact from across the room. Why isn't he wearing his wedding band, you may ask yourself? Tune in to find out.

Everyone who attends the event will be synced with the castle's main service, allowing users to switch from camera to camera. This means you'll be able to look through ANYONE's eyes! It'll be like you are there! Oh my! RSVP below.

//// @PHINEUS // JANVARY250704 // Rattle on rat. This pathetic kingdom is filled with a bunch of cows. Spineless wormy fucks, did you all forget she was mine before her whore mother opened her mouth and infuriated @AMMON with vanity? How quick we forget when cowards masquerade as heros. He won't pipe me out of town, however. No Gorgon death story impresses me, or eye thievery, or the scrotum from which one busts forth, golden rain or not. Claim again what is mine, I shall. { That, sir, is a javelin. } Ah, pointy. Pointed. { Sir, you missed. }

//// @RHOETUS // JANVARY250704 // has been
disconnected from the network.

//// @CEPHEUS_KING // JANVARY250705 // Madness blown through the walls. Where is my wife? Fuck her. They can take the dog, take the old bitch down, the old bag. Down the hall, lock the door. Call on you, I must, @JUSTICE and @FAITH, and any other #MOD who care for host and guest alike. Need your eyes baring witness on the moments within which I tried to halt all this madness. I call you! And they're calling me, the entire ballroom, calling for my head.

//// @ATHIS // JANVARY250706 // has been disconnected from the network.

//// @LYCABAS // JANVARY250706 // relationship status changed from “in a relationship” to “single.”

//// @LYCABAS // JANVARY250706 // has been disconnected from the network.

//// @ERYTUS // JANVARY250707 // has been disconnected from the network.

//// @PERSEUS // JANVARY250706 // Oh, those sissy marys. Their love is strong, however. Can't sleight them for that. @LYCABAS falls at the altar of his beloved hairless twink plaything. Nothing revs me up like the hardened marbled bodies of youth running and tussling in the sun tossing and turning in wheatened fields no more, sweet sweat blood comes. En guard, glorious faggots and queers! Kill me here where I stand, or I will kill you there where you quiver! { To your left flank, sir, @ERYTUS approaches axe in hand. } Ah, fruit bowl, this is heavy, this will do the job. On to my heels, spin, 1, 2, 3.

//// @IDAS // JANVARY250709 // TIMELINE // I was not inclined to chose sides in this battle of jealousy. In fact, I was striven to fight on neither side! Foolish @PHINEUS has struck me with a javelin in the side of the ribs. Is this my farewell? I suppose. @PHINEUS will acknowledge the enemy he has made and will repay me wound for wound.

//// @ANDROMEDA // JANVARY250803 // The dinner was delicious at least. What I had to eat of the tender breast of a cloned duck, the chef said of which the species went extinct 200 years ago. I hope I picked the right menu items. Duck and lobster, chicken lacking? All your duck needs, the chef said. Vegetarian option, mom said. We don't cater to the weak of stomach, to the dietary restrictions of self important celebrities, dad said. Stuffed duck breast with a side of sautéed spinach and julienned caramelized carrots. Or. Lobster, triple the size and triple the meat of its natural ancestor, served with a side of ceviche filled with the most tender of sea scum. Despite the odd slit throat, bashed in skull be it by proxy of fruit bowl or fist, the wedding, my big day, has gotten off without a much of a hitch. To think, just three days ago I had no future, and now men are fighting over moi. Now I am hosting a wedding with nearly one million tuned in viewers. Perhaps every wedding needs a bit of a blood bathe to boost ratings. Mods know no one tuned into our dear sister's wedding last year, a real snooze fest, a real drag through the mud. At least she has me for her sister, just being here tonight will get her on the map again I bet. Oh dear! Bits of blood on my dress. He will have me tonight, he will take me once he relinquishes his foes. I guess I should say my foes, or rather our foes. Ah yes, our. Our. Look at our gallery of frozen treasures. Happy I never had to open my legs for uncle @PHINEUS. Now I can just look upon him from time to time caught in eternal buffering. Maybe they will say my husband reeks of cowardice, fighting from afar, using cheap tricks. Does not matter how one wins, just that one does.

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250704 // TIMELINE //
so this didn't turn out quite like the last wedding I played

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250705 // TIMELINE //
oh fuck someone got a fiery log to the face (how do you
even pick up a piece of wood on fire?)

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250705 // TIMELINE //
got first row seats to the massacre (maybe i should leave?)

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250705 // TIMELINE //
i'll keep playing tracks to the destruction of others, do my
job

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250705 // TIMELINE //
and keep live posting

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250706 // TIMELINE //
two just slipped in carnage and fell on each other's swords
damn idiots

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250706 // TIMELINE //
@PERSEUS just threw a mixing bowl at some niggas head

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250706 // TIMELINE //
annnnnd he just killed one of his boys, by accident i think

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250707 // TIMELINE //
stop throwing spears @PHINEUS you have shit aim

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250707 // TIMELINE //
bodies are piling up quick

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250708 // TIMELINE //
and an old babbling man just lost his head but the head kept
talking

//// @LAMPETIDES // JANVARY250708 // TIMELINE //
currently spinning: Soundtrack to the Departed