

The Irony Between the Lines

ACT I

Narrator

Apollo, was in a pickle. Wait though: the God of the Sun rather despised pickles and found their pungent taste quite vile. Those cute little greedy morons living down on Mother Earth seemed disgustingly enthralled with those things, even going as far to praise the healing powers of 'cured cucumbers'. Psh. Apollo knows better though, so: Apollo was in a cucumber.

Apollo wasn't literally in a cucumber, that would be appalling, no, but he was the focus of a rather abstruse conflict. See, the other Olympians find his poems and phrases childish and unbecoming of him as a God, and Apollo just doesn't get it, everything he does is absolutely perfect! How were they not blinded by the dazzling beauty of his work? Yes, he knows that humans look up to him (literally, he's the God of the Sun) and honor him by shrines and intricate ceremonies and whatnot, but Apollo just wants to be known as the creative hipster god, why not, like #YOLOSwag! The Sun God was thinking back to his meeting (intervention) with his twin sister Artemis and his father, Zeus on Mount Olympus. They all sat in the middle of the colossal throne room. The pristine, polished marble floor glared right back at him as he awaited what was sure to be a firm scolding.

Zeus

My dear son, how have you been?

Narrator

Apollo gave his Father a disbelieving look, for they had **literally** just eaten breakfast together not half a day ago at sunrise.

Apollo

I'm feeling absolutely splendid! I get to spend time with my beloved family, what more could I ask for than to have my life's work bagged on?

Artemis

Sarcasm is a sharp, bitter gibe that only insolent humans use, that is why we have called for this meeting. You are not living up to your responsibilities by creating petty works of...art, you will never meet your true potential acting this way, **stupid brother**. Men are morons. What does 'bag on' even mean?

Apollo gasped in horror

Apollo:

To bag on means to talk badly about, you just watch! It *will* catch on!

Narrator

Both of his relatives looked slightly puzzled and disbelieving

Zeus

What does 'catch on' mean my son? If it means what I suspect, then your ambitions are very laughable, 'bag on' will *catch on* just like 'in a pickle' did? Similar to the way 'hipster' did, or 'dude' did?

The Sun God pointed his finger accusingly at Zeus

Apollo

Who's using sarcasm now Old Man!?

Narrator

Zeus simply rolled his eyes. Apollo's entire being shook with frustration.

ACT II

Apollo

If you want me to stop talking like that then at least let me continue with my beloved poems, there's this new style I came up with, it's separated in syllables, the first line is five, then seven, then five again. I was thinking of naming it something exotic like Haiku or something. But there is this poem I thought up a few suns ago, let me recite it to you, I find it particularly crafty.

"Roses are red
Violets are blue"

Narrator

The two gods look at Apollo expectantly.

Apollo

That's all I've got, but I just know it will be famous! **he says with a goofy smile gracing his face.**

Narrator

Artemis scoffed and aimed a condescending smirk at her brother.

Artemis

Look at my clever Brother! He can name the colors of flowers!

Apollo

Bruh! I take offense to tha--

Zeus

I will give you a choice, son, you will never again recite these poems or phrases to anyone or I swear on The Styx, I will take away your powers and you will die a lonely, shameful death, I will not let you dishonor the Olympians no further.

Apollo

sucks in a breath and said through clenched teeth I understand your predicament and I agree to your terms, Zeus.

ACT III

Narrator

The God of Poems and Prophecy was far more intuitive and clever than anyone gave him credit for. Apollo agreed to Zeus' terms, but that didn't mean he could squeeze past them. Apollo never again recited his unbelievably dank phrases and poems but he *did* write them. He wrote them everywhere, on paper, in dirt, in books, on rocks. As Empires fell and rose Apollo adapted quickly and repeated his process, and it all paid off. Resistance was futile, for Apollo was the God of Prophecy and when he said his phrases and poems were destined to be famous, he wasn't messing around.

Apollo walked down the streets of Olympus with a rolled up note in his hand. Inside it read:

Apollo

Dear Father and Sister,

What Up! How's it hangin'? I'm not going to bother you two lovely Gods for long I just wanted to present you with my finished poem.

*Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Apollo was right,
So shame on you*