

# God War

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*The story is about Aclaeus Johnson who finds out he is the son of Zeus the king god of Olympus. His father tells him that a war is brewing between the gods, not only of Olympus, but between the Egyptians.*

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## 0 - Prologue

I never chose the name Aclaeus. My mom and my dad obviously did. I don't even know my dad. It means "power" in Ancient Greek. I am Greek. Whenever I ask my mom about it, she gets this faraway look in her eyes and say, "Not yet."

No one would say anything else. The morning I did find out about my name, my life took a completely new turn.

# 1 - I Miss My Bus

As usual, I awoke to my bus driving past my stop. Again. It was the third time this week and I was getting tired of it. Sighing loudly, I jumped out of bed hastily and threw on my wrinkled clothes from of my bed which is full of past clothes (I found something growing under there once!). My room is a mess. Now, Back to the story, I grabbed my pre-prepared book bag from off the floor beside my desk (which is also dirty). Then, going as fast as I could I flew down my carpeted stairs, skipping each step.

On my counter was a cup of orange juice. I stopped to chug the cup, but then continued sprinting outside into the crisp cold November air. You may be wondering how the heck I'm going to catch up to a bus going to 25 miles per hour. I could run full speed after and hope to get my bus drivers attention (which would never happen, considering that she's always focused on her jelly filled donuts). I'm smarter than that (I wish)! I live on Bluetree Avenue, which is the street that my bus comes to pick me up on (duh). After picking me up, the bus turns down Loraine Street to pick up more kids. Then, a right takes them on a road going parallel to mine.

300 feet (100 meter dash!) from my house is a back road that connects my street and the other. It is called Black Way. So, I ran to Black Way and turned down it. Running with all my might, I hit the parallel road right when the bus turned onto it. Bending down to catch my breath, I thanked God for cross-country. When the bus was close enough I started to jump and wave my arms around. Unfortunately the bus driver was too nice to stop for me, let alone wave (all the while engrossed with her jelly donut).

I walked home completely and utterly angry. My mom would have to take me to school. Again. When I arrived at my house, I was surprised to see my mom outside sitting on our porch staring at the sky. I waltzed up to her. "Whatcha doing mom? I've never seen you out here before."

"No, you haven't, Aclaeus. I have been out here every morning, starting on last Monday. You haven't noticed me in all your rushing." She paused to look at, her black hair still on her chest.

I nodded. "Well, um... I need a ride to school again. I... missed the bus." Why was I stuttering? Mom looked back at the sky. I walked past her heading to the door.

"Aclaeus. A beautiful name. Your father chose it well. It means 'power' in ancient greek." Father had caught my attention. "I loved him very much. He was an important man, the king of a whole empire. He left us because of family reasons. His brothers and sisters did not approve of him with-" She paused. "-us." I immediately thought of racists people (I'm black). "He said that he would take care of it and then he would come back to us, you and me. You were one year old, Aclaeus.

"There was a storm brewing the day he left. Almost as if it were reacting to him leaving. I remember turning away from him, sad that he was leaving and mad that his relatives would do this to me and him. Behind me, lightning struck so close, I could feel my hairs stand on end from the static electricity. When I turned back around, He was gone. Leaving behind a broken heart. That was 11 years ago. I've waiting out here every morning for him. HE was good man, Alclaeus." My mom looked down at her hands and said faintly, "He was a good man." I stood there taking in all that she had revealed to me. Then I went inside to eat breakfast.

All there was for breakfast was cornflakes. So, I poured out some of it in a bowl along with some milk. I wasn't half way through the bowl when my mom interrupted me.

"I'm ready, honey," she had said. I looked behind me to see if anybody was there. Nobody.

I picked up my bowl and set it in the sink. Then, I picked up my book bag and headed outside. Our 1970's Camero was up and running by the time I got outside. I couldn't wait until I got my Temps. The

car swayed under my weight as I got in to the old car.

"Well mom, lets go." The car reversed out of the driveway slowly, then righted itself and drove off.

I was late to school again, even with my mom's crazy driving (we got three tickets on the way. That's a record). For 1st period I have Honors English. Mrs. Brown is a hard teacher. She doesn't accept late work, no extra credit, and if you turn a paper in with a tear or a wrinkle in it, it goes into the garbage. Today, in my class we were reading a short story called "The Landlady". It's about a 17 year old teenager who travels to Bath England to go to a meeting or something. He gets tricked in to staying at a Bed and Breakfast with a crazy old lady who kills and stuffs him. Really nasty buisness.

Second period I have Pre- Algebra with Mr. Carlton. In this class we're learning about Formulas ( $d=m/v$ ). Third period is Social Studies, my favorite class. We were comparing the religion of Egypt and Greece. For som reason, I just love mythology. There's this girl in my Social studies class. She catches my eye alot. Boy, she's hot. Her name is Meredith. She's greek like me. Merdith and are are kind of like friends. we just don't like hang out or talk that much. Fourth period I have Industrial Tech. I get in a lot of trouble in Fourth period. I guess talk to much.

Lunch is next, with my eighth grade friends. Funnest time of the day! Mrs. Sherry is the Lunch aide at this period. She is the nicest teacher I have ever had. Then, I have General Music. Jamila's in this class to. I was staring at her the whole time that day. She was wearing skinny jeans and a red blouse with the sleeves rolled up to her perfect forearms (pretend I didn't say that).

My last class of the day is Science. This class goes so fast it feels like only 10 minutes by the time the bell rings. I usually bring all my books and homework to Science so I can just go straight to the bus and get a good seat in the back. Today I didn't have enough time. When the bell rings i had to go to my locker. I have a lot of friends there but there's this one kid named Bradon who ruins it all. He's really fast and is, weirdly enough, is always on top of everything. Like once, these to kids, Kris and Daniel got in a fight over a chicken nuggit. Bradon knew everything they said, every punch thrown as if he was there. He was at home sick that day.

Because I had to go to my locker, I got the THE worst seat of all. Next to Bradon. He talks so fast that his words like melt together in this volcanoe just spewing out words. I got a massive headache. He kept on talking about how he's perfect at all these things and has a 11:30 two mile. I only have a 12:43, and I'm faster than usual kids. Anyway, I was so glad when my stop came. As i walked off the bus some girl yelled, "Run after the bus!". Last year, I had made it a habit to run after the bus. A lot of times I could keep up with it. I heard Bradon say, "That should be me".

I decided not to. Before we go our seperate ways, my friends Eman, Demetri, and I talk over the days events. I, naturally, brought up what Meredith was wearing that day. "Did you guys see what Meredith was wearing," I had asked.

"Who didn't! Black skinny jeans, a blouse," Eman responded.

Demetri of course had no idea what we were talking about. "What does Meredith look like?" Eman and I stared at him.

"Thats why you need a phone."

We turned back to each other. Eman said, "That girl is fine! She could easily be the daughter of Aphrodite! Like in Social Studies."

"Yeah, right!" I looked back at my driveway to see if my mom was home. In the driveway was a new shining gold Potiac. I turned back to my friends. "Look I gotta go," I said. "Somebodies at my house." THEN, I turned around and ran started running home. The closer I got I could see this aura around the car. It was like pure lightning. at the edge of my driveway I stopped.

Like all kids, I got curious and touched the car. The aura reached out and touched my finger. It felt as if a rock hit both my rists. I jumped backwards, shocked (in both ways). I assumed that it was a electricity

field, but that made no sense. Why would a car have an electric field? I walked inside, rubbing my hand. I looked back at the Pontiac a few times. Still the car glowed.

I opened the door and walked in. "Mom, this car in the driveway just shocked me," I stopped when I saw him. I must have been the man with the car in the driveway. He looked just like me, other than the fact that he was caucasian. His nose matched mine and his eyes were gray also. He had medium long blond hair with strips of silver mixed in. He was wearing a business suit. "Who's this, mom?"

It was then that I noticed how happy she was. Her eyes were glittering and a smile tugged at her mouth. She had never been this happy, ever. Well, of course ever since dad was here... "Aclaeus, this is your-," The tall man shushed her. He was so gentle in how he did this, as if they had known each other forever. "I am your father, Zeus."

## 2 - Mount Olympus

The plane slowly accelerated, then took off gently on the fairly cold late November morning. You may think that this is perfect for a take off. I, on the other hand, was breaking Zeus' godly hand. Wait! I forgot to tell you what happened before! So.....

I stared him. He was smiling, but not the I'm just kidding smile. It was a happy smile. I thought that this could be his poker face, but still I believed him. "Dad? Is it really you?" I could almost feel a tear trickling down my face (how childish of me!). He nodded. I continued to stare at him. My mouth was on the floor. "Honey," my mom said. "Close your mouth before a fly flies in there. We don't want to have a repeat of last month." She stared at me sternly. I reached down and pulled it up closed.

Then, I remembered what he said in that same sentence. "Wait, you said something about Zeus. What is that supposed to mean?"

"Aclaeus, I am the great God Zeus, King of the sky and lightning, not mention all of Olympus." I stared at him, not in complete awe, but the "you got to be kidding me do I look like an idiot?" stare.

I exploded. "You've got to be kidding me! Do you think I'm an idiot?" He stepped back as if punched in the chest. It must've been my ferocity. "How the hell could you have the guts the come into our house and claim that you are my dad and the god Zeus! This is not my dad and not your husband, mom!" I pivoted around on the squeaky clean floors and stomped out the room.

"Aclaeus!" Mom got up to follow me but the man stopped her. He gently seated her back on the metal stool we had for chairs. "I'll show him." He reassured her. This got me even more mad than I already was. As I stomped up the stairs, I was sure that everything on the first floor was vibrating. I continued on into my room slamming the door behind me.

10 minutes later someone knocked on my door. "Who is it," i sadin as i continued working on my Social Studies home work. I had to draw a picture of either a Greek god or a Norse god. I had chosen Thor, the Norse god of lightning and thunder.

"It's me." The dude from downstairs.

"Why are you still here. I thought I told you to leave." This man was ticking me off.

"I'm still here and I'm coming in." He opened the and came inside.

"The door should've been locked. Mom is going to have to replace the lock, which means more hours for her at work." My eyes glanced at him from behind my paper.

"I'll replace it since I'm the man of the house." He smiled jokingly. I didn't think it was funny at all.

"The hasn't been a man of the house since my dad left," I glanced up again, "and I turned 13. So you can shut up and leave, Zeus." I could feel the fire in his eyes. I had almost pushed him to the breaking piont.

"You don't want to see me snap." I put down my piece of paper and looked at him.

"Oh really?" I put my hands over my chest. "What if you do?"

"Something bad could happen to you."

"So now you're threatening me, huh. Mom won't be to happy." I got off my bed and started to the door. I brushed past him, bumping my shoulder against his torso (he was really tall).

I guess that set him off because I could feel a change in the room. Like (this may sound wierd) there was a shift in the amount of energy in the area. Crackling errupted around him. I stopped in my track. An eriee blue light shown over the drawing filled walls of my room. I peered behind my shoulder. In his hand

was a lightning bolt. A real, pure lightning bolt. Electricity crackled around his eyes and blue smoke flowed from them.

"Now do you believe?" A smile flickered across his face like the lightning in his hand. I slowly turned my whole body around.

I still couldn't believe he was my dad. "So, you are Zeus." I felt as if my whole body was going to explode. I guess it was just the energy in the room from finding out that in my house is the one of the greatest gods in the world. I took a step closer.

"I would not come any closer, Aclaeus." Still I continued, and took another step forward. Suddenly, an arc of lightning split from the mass and flew towards me. I threw my hands up. I heard Zeus yell, "Aclaeus, no!". BUt the arc continued and then everything went black.

The first of my senses returned. "Aclaeus? Aclaeus?" It was very faint, but I could understand it. Then, I could smell. It was like singed hair and burning paper. It all came back to me. I had been electrocuted by Zeus' master bolt. Finally, I could see and standing right over off me was the Zeus.

"How you feeling, son?" I moaned and tried to sit up. He pushed me back down. "Stay down."

"Fine. Well, I can't feel my fingers, feet, toes, so on. So, over all, I feel like crap." I sighed. "So, Is anything wrong with me? Is my hair all burnt off? Do I have 3 degree burns on my arms and all over my body?"

My mom looked at Zeus. Then back to me. "Honey...." She sighed also. "YOur hair is kinda-"

"Burnt off!" My eyes exploded open.

"No, it's kind of silvery."

"What?"

"Aclaeus," Zeus said in a gruff voice. "The hair on your scalp is now silver instead of black."

"Nu-uh!"

"What is Nuh Uh?"

"Nothing. I am going to look at myself in the mirror if you don't mind." This time, Zeus didn't stop. I sat up and slowly got off the table. The gos ran to help me, but I brushed him away. "I got it," I had said.

Walking up the stairs made my head hurt.

"OW!" I brought foot up fast balancing on one foot. There was a large splinter in my foot. "Dang!" I quickly pulled it out and continued on my determined way to the bathroom. The next obstacle in my way was my bedroom door. I must went flying when I was shocked and had broken down the door. I peered inside and everything was fine. I walked into my final destination. The bathroom. I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I used to think that any color hair other than black wouldn't look good on an African-American, but boy, I looked good with silver hair.

I flexed in front of the mirror. I actually looked better. I walked back down stairs arrogantly, as if everyone wanted hair like mine. "So, how do I look?" I posed in front of mom.

"As handsome as usual." My mom smiled and I blushed a little.

"Like your father," Zeus said. The blush immediately vanished from my face.

"You are not my father and never will be." I pointed at him, tempted to jab my finger in his chest. I didn't want to get electrocuted again so I didn't.

"I guess," he smiled smugly, "you don't want to go and see my kingdom."

My eyebrows shot up. "Are you saying that you are going to take me to-"

"Mount Olympus."

So.... I was grabbing Zeus's godly hand because I had never been on a plane before and was kind of

afraid of heights.

"Um... Aclaeus. Are you afraid of heights?" He looked at me with a quizzical expression.

"Well, I have had some difficulties with the sky," I said through clenched teeth. "One of my highly suicidal friends decided to meet fall of a building right in front of me. Very traumatic." I closed my eyes. "I'm going to sleep."

Alas, sleep never came. 2 hours after my decision to fall a sleep failed, HTe plane started to jerk.

My eyes flew open. "What's happening?"

"Oh, just some naiads saying hi to their father." Outside the window I could see the wind shaping into human forms, then dispersing. Zeus waved at them.

"There're so many of them I don't remember their names." He waved at one, causing many people to give us weird glances.

"Um... why don't you stop." He turned to look at me.

"No one tells the great god Zeus to stop." Now that got many people to question his sanity. "We are almost there!" he suddenly yelped.

I looked out the window. I was nothing except the giant mountain in the back. The peak a few feet under us. That couldn't be it! "Is that it," I asked Zeus.

"NO! You think to small." He pointed out the window. "That is the great Mount Olympus." Beside the plane was a giant mountain, the peak no where in sight.