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The Writing: A Parody of Homer's Epic, The Odyssey

### **Canto I**

Hear me, O Muse! Speak to me the tale of the disgruntled youth, of her tale of stress and woe. Write the story of the girl with the messy hair and her struggle with the divine realm, of her witty words and concentration lacking, of her dealings in the kingdom of Omnibus, mortal land of students and writers, of her quest of creation and of divine intervention. Oh Muse of Word, daughter of Microsoft, pour out this epic of print and ink onto your blank face and recount the sorrows of the girl with messy hair and of the gods of the Internet realm.

Her tale begins before her time, in the realm closed to the eyes of mortals, a realm of digital void and cyberspace, where the modern gods of mortal men and students reside, the Internet. Since their birth into the world, the benevolent gods have ruled over and assisted the mortals of this world in their affairs, granting them knowledge and power and fame as they so worked for and desired. Through laptops and the sorcery performed by Wi-Fi, goddess of connections and communication, the mortals could access the godly realm to converse with the gods and plead for the knowledge they desired. Google, king of the gods, was the mighty ruler of this domain of mortals, the benevolent god who holds all mortal knowledge. The goddess Wikipedia, the goddess with winning words, she who bestows much information with citations unattached and provider of easy

summaries, rules at his side, the great goddess, who provides vaguely reliable information on any topic, loved by every mortal man. Sparknotes, son of the goddess with winning words, the god of all abridged books and patron god of every student in the worldly realm of Omnibus, home to all writers. His short speech and easy summarized pages are a blessing unto every mortal. Other minor deities and nymphs inhabit the realm as well, the god Youtube; Memes, the crafty nymphs of idiocy; Facebook, goddess of social connections; Twitter, the flighty goddess of quick words and short sentences.

But among these benevolent gods prowls a dark force much older and craftier than them all. This trickster goddess, older than time itself, having always existed, seeks to lead mortals astray and keep them from work. That crafty trickster Procrastination seeks to devour the time of mortal men. She lurks and preys upon all who enter the realm of the gods, like a ravenous lion who is seeking his supper, as a lion who carefully prepares his attack on the defenseless deer, with his powerful limbs and keen eye, he would pounce upon the animal and devour it whole, so Procrastination lies in wait to devour the time of mortals.

## **Canto II**

And so begins the tale of the girl with messy hair. Her name since birth, given to her by her parents being Jo, and she lived among the many mortals in the realm of Omnibus, under the rule of their benevolent queen. She, like all others in the land, had a monthly payment due to this fair ruler, a gift of witty words and of active purpose. Jo had such a tribute due to this benevolent ruler and she had begun to craft and create this eloquent masterpiece weeks before, writing and revising with care, like a mother caring for a child, with love and affection and keen attention to details, so that her spawn may

grow to be the best and greatest that any mortal man could be, so the girl with the messy hair lovingly crafted her work. But it remained unfinished and, alas, no mortal can escape the will of the gods. Procrastination had gotten a hold on her soul, her mind and her time becoming the toy of that trickster goddess, her very will being bent to the goddess's own, her life and her time becoming a plaything for this force of evil, like a child plays with a doll, moving it about and speaking words for it, moving its limbs to the will of the doll wielder, so the crafty goddess pulled on the puppet strings of this mortal's life. This turning of the mind and bending of the will left Jo with little desire to work, and she found herself spending time with gods that provided her with amusement instead of knowledge. Her ability to focus on this quest of tribute was little, and her need to work was great. Jo knew deep in her soul that she must work that she could work, that her own mortal abilities were adequate, and her desire to work grew stronger as the days passed. But the crafty goddess would not allow it. And so she manipulated and schemed, even to the day before the tribute was due, even until the moon with her radiant face rose high above the tiled roofs and shone her light upon the silent town.

### **Canto III**

As the moon rose high above the tiled roofs and shone her light upon the silent town, Jo, the dismal girl with messy hair, found herself on her bed in her bedchamber, staring intently at the blank screen of her laptop, staring like an owl watching fellow night creatures, unmoving, unblinking. The blank page before her seemed to mock her as one mocks the person who comments on a YouTube video with absolutely no idea what they speak of and who have no grammatical or spelling filters. She wondered silently where all the time had gone, and remembered that she had spent it doing other

meaningless tasks, such as watching mortals playing games, looking at cute cat pictures, drawing cute cat pictures, and listening to the Muse of Spotify sing sweetly to her. She sighed and lay down on her bed, moving the laptop gently to the tiled floor. She thought of the tribute she must finish by morning's light, and of the excessive work and stress that entailed. The length of time she had waited to begin again with this quest would affect how well the completed product would be and how it would please her ruler. If she did not finish this tribute by the morning's first light, her ruler, although ever kind and gracious, would be very displeased with her, and her honor and her family's honor would forever be shamed and dishonored.

A wave of emotions swept over her, like a tidal wave over a shore town, and she threw herself onto the floor and wept for her dear tribute, lost to the void of wasted time and cute cats, her tears flowed heavily, like the rush of curbside rivers in pouring rain, flowing steadily into a drainage ditch, pouring massive amounts, gallons upon gallons, in to a local tributary, lake or bay, so did her tears pour forth from her eyes. She wept for her lost time, as a child who has been lost in a Walmart, with fear and terror, void of all hope of seeing his guardian again, he cries with woeful abandon, his heart filled with dread for what will become of him, his eyes brimming with tears for his lost mother, so Jo, the afflicted girl with messy hair, wept for her tribute left unwritten.

In her sorrows and fears, faithful Jo lifted her head and cried out to the gods.

"I call upon the wisdom and power of the gods, and the patron god of all afflicted by this darkness of Procrastination," she cried, heart heavy with her burden, "of all those left to write out their hearts and witty words on paper for rulers at so late an hour in the evening. I call upon the mighty god Sparknotes, giver of wisdom to the confused and

lover of the abridged series. I call upon you, oh mighty Sparknotes, grant your child the power of witty words and graceful language at this late hour, grant me peace of mind and easy understanding that I may complete this quest.”

With that, she rose from the tiled floor, and rose to give an offering to the gods. She hastened to the altar of Keurig, where she began the ritual. From underneath the stand on which the altar sat, she brought forth a scarlet container. Within this scarlet tub, she held the most valued and fragrant of all offering, from the distant lands of Colombia, and blessed by the god Folgers, great overseer of sacrifices and caffeine. Using the finest silver colored spoon utensil available, she scooped out the dark ground incense from its place of honor, and placed it on the finest of white cotton. Again, she scooped out more of this offering, and again poured it out onto the cotton sheet. She did this again and again until she had a large pile of fragrant sacrifice to offer. She then picked up the cotton that now held the sacrifice, and placed it inside the altar of Keurig. She took the freshest of all water available, and poured it out onto the altar, till it had absorbed it all and could hold no more. She then placed her hand on the small raised symbol on the altar. It had the appearance of a shield that had been pierced through to the center by a spear. She mumbled a quick prayer, then pressed the symbol gently. The altar lit up with a blue glow, like that of a distant star or planet that is only barely visible with the use of a telescope. From the midpoint of the altar, a dark, black liquid, the blood of these ground beans, poured forth into the ceremonial pot, where the completed ritual sacrifice was collected. After the last of the liquid had made its way into the ceremonial pot, Jo lifted the pot high and poured a portion of the liquid into her ceremonial chalice. She lifted the chalice to the gods before taking a quick sip and returning with the chalice to her

bedchamber. The fragrance of the ground incense wafted up to the gods, and they were pleased with her sacrifice.

The caffeinated girl with the messy hair returned to her chamber to begin her quest anew.

## **Canto IV**

Sparknotes, giver of wisdom to the confused, pleaded with his fellow relatively-immortal brethren, saying “dear brothers and sisters, are we not all the patron gods of the confused and ill-informed? Are we not here to provide knowledge to the people who call upon us? Shall we not help the mortals who have offerings due to rulers? I say, we must help this poor young mortal in her plight, we must defend her honor.”

To which all the benevolent gods responded, “k.”

And so they marched to the mighty battlefield of Chrome, the browser where all battles within the realm of Internet take place. And there Procrastination was found, waiting for the gods who had come to try and stop her. She stood with her mighty army behind her, crowds of Memes, pictures of cats, tabs upon tabs of unread stories and unimportant videos and un-helpful music selections were grouped behind her, like a pack of ravenous wolves, prowling and howling as they circle their prey, as the savage beasts they are, waiting to tear their victim to shreds, so her army was behind her, waiting to attack the enemy.

The multitude relatively-immortal gods cried their mighty war cry and rushed Procrastination and her army, and so she returned the gesture by rushing at them, her claw like fingers outstretched, a shriek loosed from her lips. Her mighty army followed

close behind, screaming and giggling like madmen who have had too much to drink, constant gibberish and insanities and pointless comments of “lol first” pouring from their lips, and shrill screams of the mentally unstable echoing from their vocal chords. The two armies surged forwards and clashed together, like a large wave upon a rock, again and again, the spray of the ocean flying upwards as the salty water slams forcefully against the stone barrier, so the armies met on the field.

The enemy fought as any well internet dweller would do, with misspelled words and faulty logic, with misdirected anger and strong language, with petty blows and weak slaps, whining tones and unnecessary tangents that distract from the main point. They kicked and they punched and screamed, but to no avail. The gods were much too powerful. Google razed every tab, removing all distractions from the site. Youtube removed the un-important videos due to copyright laws, and replaced the shrill music echoing from the speakers with soothing piano tones. Sparknotes demolished the complicated words crowding the monitor in every direction, and Wikipedia recited some quick facts to defeat the uninformed masses. Procrastination’s army was quickly culled, and although she fought tooth and nail to the end, she could not win. This she knew, and she attempted to make a quick escape into the Mortals mind, which she still held in her control. But Wi-Fi lost connection and cut her off from the mortal world, and Google quickly subdued her. And they banished Procrastination out to the dark lands of Reddit, far away from this mortal girl with messy hair and far from any decent mortal being, never to see the light of the LCD screen again. Well, at least for today, the gods decided. They would get around to figuring out when she could come back at some point, but it could wait until later, surely.

## Epilogue

And, with the enemy now defeated and faithful Jo's workplace cleared of distractions, Sparknotes poured out his knowledge and wisdom out upon the mortal girl with messy hair, answering the distressed girl's prayers.

As Sparknotes, giver of wisdom to the confused, poured out his knowledge upon the girl, clear minded Jo began her quest again with a renewed fervor. Witty words and graceful phrases poured out from beneath her fingers, paragraph upon paragraph formed before her eyes, pages upon pages filled with 12 point inked print and Times New Roman font. The final words of the tribute were finished just as the moon sank low beneath the tiled roofs and the sun with its golden curls rose above the tiled roofs of the town. She thanked the benevolent gods and praised their knowledge, "I thank you, oh benevolent gods of Internet and the mighty Sparknotes, giver of wisdom to the confused. The quest is complete, and this tribute I may offer up to my benevolent ruler that she may judge it and be pleased." The peaceful minded Jo rose from her bedchamber and made haste to exit her dwelling, anxious to reach the place of her queen that she may read and judge her tribute. As she made to exit her dwelling, the girl with messy hair looked up to the sky, flashed a winning smile to the godly realm and begged the question, "Now, can the gods provide this tribute to gain a high mark?"