

(IRIS, the messenger goddess, writes in her journal. She is a pissed-off teenager.)

IRIS

Misery. Agony. Life is unending torment. I hate the clothes at the Gap this year. I went over to Apollo's mansion last night—he is so hot—but he doesn't want anything to do with me cause he says I'm too young for him—I'm 347 years old, I don't understand why I gotta be treated like a kid. If he knew the real me I know he'd like me, but he's too busy chasing after Aphrodite, who doesn't even know he exists, and she's just a cow anyway, you shoulda seen the shirt she was wearing yesterday, it was gross, boobs popping out everywhere, like 'oh, look at my chest, I'm the goddess of cleavage' I hate her. Bending over all the time. Slut.

I wish I was the goddess of something cool like volcanoes or skateboarding. Maybe then Apollo would like me. I hate my life. It sucks that I'm immortal. I wish everyone else would die. But they can't cause they're immortal too.

I don't even have cool worshippers. My high priest is this dork named Andrew, which is a lame name if you ask me, and he's all, 'Iris, Iris, let me worship you' and I'm like, 'ewww, get away.' Last night he sacrificed a sheep just to get my attention and I'm like, desperate much? I don't even like sheep. So I cursed him with all these boils all over his face to show I was pissed off and everything, so he sacrificed another sheep. So then I made him go blind and he walked off a cliff which was kind of cool, but then I felt bad about it cause my dad was like, 'you're not supposed to kill your priests,' and I was like, 'I didn't kill him, I just blinded him and he fell off the cliff on his own. I can't be responsible for that.' But then I felt bad so I went to Hades and I'm like, 'can I have my priest back?' And Hades was like okay as long as you give me the souls of the first-born of a dozen of your worshippers, so I'm like, fine, whatever, so now, I got Andrew back. But now he's like horribly disfigured from the fall where all the rocks hit his head on the way down and he still has all the boils and he's still blind, and he's supposed to be my earthly representative, right? And now he thinks I've raised him from the dead, so now he thinks he's gotta sacrifice a whole herd of sheep, and I'm like, enough with the sheep! Except now he can't even find the sheep cause he's just stumbling around in the field, so they're just sitting there laughing and baaing at him as he walks around with all these broken bones cause Hades didn't bother fixing him up at all, you know, so he's got one arm that's like pulverized and it's hanging limp from his shoulder and meanwhile there's like no worshippers at my temple, cause this 'tard's there, moaning in pain and drooling all over himself, but he's still got enough sense to say, 'Iris! Iris! Iris! I love you, ah! It hurts! The pain! Help me!' blah blah blah blah!

So then, just for kicks, Hephaestus curses my priest with immortality. Just to piss me off. So now I can't even kill him.