

Aquerulous



When Aquerulous, the god of peevishness, arrived on Mt. Olympus, many other deities thought such a god was inappropriate to life in their blissful überworld. They believed he represented unpleasant aspects of the new bacterial life forms that were evolving in the aqueous matter on the planet far below. But Hera, queen of the Olympian gods, championed him. Aquerulous moved into a cavern on the outskirts of Olympus and set up his business: a chain of grumbling parlors. Demigods and service workers who had bones to pick with those higher up in the mythological food chain could vent their frustrations in private without fear of reprisal. Hera liked the idea, and allowed Aquerulous to hire her brothers as business associates. Eager to raise money for anticipated corporate expansion, these aides fanned out across Olympus. Targeting every being with cash in his toga, these “aquerulouts” spared no expense in trying to sell the concept to potential investors. They wined them, they dined them, they gave out Aqueruparlor tee-togas. But then they gave them the contracts and snarled, “sign here!” This abrupt hard sell dissuaded many would-be financiers. And still his aides ran up huge tabs on Aquerulous’ letter of credit in the increasingly ill advised pursuit of venture capital. Eventually, his bill became due, and then way past due. The Olympus Collection Agency went to the cavern to collect the debt but found it empty. Aquerulous had skipped town, leaving no forwarding address. Worse, his letter of credit turned out to be as solvent as a candy drachma. Since Hera wasn’t legally obligated to cover the peevish god’s bad debts, the agency had to go after her brothers, the business associates. It was a long and harrowing struggle, one that would one day be celebrated in song as the dunning of the aides of Aquerulous.