



**Dear All The Mortals,**

I hope this missive finds you super optimal. I have been delighted to hear how many of you have enjoyed the **Who Let the Gods Out** chronicles, detailing my heroic attempts to save the world, helped (or usually hindered) by my hapless sidekick, Elliot Hooper. These publications have won me considerable acclaim in the immortal world, to the point that the Zodiac Council has invited me to be the lead story in its monthly newsletter, *The Endless Times!* All I have to do is write the story, take my own picture, design and print out the newsletter and post it to hundreds of thousands of immortals - it really is quite the honour.

Elliot and I have been at home for the past few weeks after a public health situation forced Call Me Graham to close Brysmore School. It was nothing to do with the coronavirus - Mr Boil's shower broke down and the whole place was starting to stink like a chimera's compost heap. We really are much safer at Home Farm.

There was some confusion when Elliot informed me that 'social distancing' meant I had to be at least two miles away from him at any one time. Fortunately, Dave-Dad stopped me as I was walking to Little Motbury and clarified that I was in fact allowed inside the house. I have, however, been quite happy to socially distance from the lavatory after Elliot has used it - two miles doesn't seem nearly far enough some days.

The Gods have been checking in by iGod to make sure that we are OK, and to keep us updated with how they are faring during the world's quest to defeat the coronavirus. Hephaestus is in London helping at NHS Nightingale, although the doctors are struggling with his plans to enable the hospital beds to fly and for the bedpans to play *Let It Go* every time someone does a Number Two.

Athene and Aphrodite have volunteered to deliver food and medicine to those who must self-isolate, although Aphrodite has frequently been chided by the Goddess of Wisdom for including some of her 'Fart the Alphabet' potion in the packages, and Athene has resisted her sister's suggestion to self-isolate 'forever'.

Hermes is determined to keep the immortal community fit by offering a live daily workout on Golden RaceBook. He says that being at home is 'totes no reason to end up looking like a Minotaur's Mother-in-Law' and that daily exercise will make everyone feel 'MEGA BOSH!!'. The fairies that follow his 'Flabby Things and Bingo Wings' workout on their phones certainly find it highly optimal.

Zeus decided that, due to his age, he should remain in lockdown on Mount Olympus and have his food delivered to him. Within two days he had proposed to Sandra, his representative from Meals on Chariot Wheels, and the two were due to have their wedding via Zoom earlier this week. Unfortunately, Zeus entered the wrong code and is now married to an entire toilet paper sales teleconference from Swindon.

But I wish you all well during this new adventure. I urge you to follow the Mortal Council's advice and stay at home, regularly wash your hands and keep two metres away from people when you leave the house once daily for exercise. A few years ago, the immortal community had a severe outbreak of Gorgon Flu and some suboptimal immortals didn't follow the same guidelines - let me tell you, that trip to the park didn't seem nearly so important when they were sweating green slime and coughing up snot sausages ...

I wish you all you well during these testing times and remind you that being a hero means doing what's right. For Perseus, it was slaying Medusa. For Hercules, it was undergoing the twelve labours. For you, it means staying at home and reading a good book - I have four I can highly recommend. I hope that you may hear more of my adventures one day, but might I request that next time, a different bard is chosen to recount my heroic exploits? The prose of Maz Evans (whoever he is) reminded me of a Cyclopes with conjunctivitis: heavy, clumsy and no real idea where it is going ...

Stay super optimal you little heroes,

Virgo

*Formerly Guardian of the Stationery Cupboard, currently Legend of Animal Crossing*

P.S. Elliot has just asked if I could use this communication to give a shout out to a good friend of his. He wants the world to know ... Ivor Bigg-Butt. So everyone - Ivor Bigg-Butt. Ivor Bigg-Butt, everyone.

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