

The Final Fire of the Greek Goddess Hestia



Las Vegas, New Mexico Feb 11, 2022 (Issuewire.com) - EPISODE 1 – Sing GoddessPreface – Sing Goddess of Hestia

What you leave behind is not what is engraved in stone monuments, but what is woven into the lives of others. Pericles 495-429 BCE

“[Sing Goddess of Queen Hestia](#) daughter of mighty Krónos,

Lost and wandering on the banks of the River Styx.”

Apollo sang as he stood at the water’s edge looking out at the sea. Reflected stars glittered on the smooth surface of the ocean. Looking up to the heavens, the Greek god of music continued his song.

“Though long worshipped by the people of ancient Greece,

The Goddess of the Hearth and her everlasting fire is no more.”

As Apollo’s melodic voice flowed out over the sea, a wave started to rise. It increased in height, responding to the heartfelt emotion of the song. When the last notes died away, Apollo glanced towards the edge of the sandbank to where Zeus and Poseidon stood. As the god of poetry, Apollo had composed the elegy himself.

Zeus nodded in appreciation.

Poseidon looked bored.

Zeus cleared his throat and began. “We, the immortal Greeks, have lost much in the last two thousand years. The worst is our recent loss of Hestia, the firstborn of the gods.”

Zeus took a moment to look at Apollo and Poseidon in turn.

“Hestia’s decline rests at your feet as many years ago you both claimed to be in love with her.”

Zeus paused and then frowned. The wave that had risen so high into the night sky now came crashing down on the sand where Apollo stood. Or at least where Apollo had been standing. As an Olympian, he was after all swift of foot. Also, Apollo was the Greek god of prophecy.

Zeus glared at Poseidon as Apollo swiftly arrived by his side.

“Brother?” The god of the sea shrugged innocently but his dark blue eyes were mirthful.

Zeus sighed but continued in a firm voice. “Hestia begged me to let her tend the sacred fires instead of marrying. Her sacrifice prevented a war in Olympus.” Zeus shook his head. “But the heroic stories, the myths that would keep her name alive never transpired. So, Hestia has died on this earth. Only her essence floats in the ether protected by a human guardian, a descendant of the temple acolytes of old. I have called you here to command you to find the mortal custodian of the sacred flame and to return Hestia to her true power.”

The sky boiled as the king of the Greek gods raised his hands to bring down the power that would activate his divine will.

“This is what will happen. You’ll each have one day to take Hestia on a date.”

“Really?” Apollo brightened. “I’m great on dates, I’ll so kick—”

“I’ll win,” Poseidon cut off his rival.

Zeus and Apollo looked at him. Apollo raised an eyebrow.

Poseidon crossed his arms and smirked. "Because I'll cheat."

Media Contact

Arwyn Nyx

arwenaston@gmail.com

Source : <http://arwynnyx.com/>

[See on IssueWire](#)