

God's Plan

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PROLOGUE:

Destruction. The once peaceful land of Mount Olympus had been completely ravaged, destroyed, and left in ruin. The culprits? Apollo and Artemis, the twin gods. For the past couple of months, their tempers had been flaring and arguments were erupting to the point that the inevitable result was all-out war between the two. This did not settle well with the other gods in Olympus, especially Zeus. As a punishment, Zeus condemned Apollo and Artemis to the human world as mortals. There they would lose all memories of Olympus and the power they had as gods. Zeus separated the twins, making them live their lives without one another. They could only return back to Olympus if they found each other and realized that they need to put their differences aside. Of course, Zeus would not make this task easy, by putting the siblings on the opposite sides of the United States of America. There in America, they would live a normal 17 year old high schooler life.

CHAPTER 1: MIAMI

Miami. Monday, April 2nd, 2018. 8:00 a.m.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

"Ugh," Apollo groaned as he lazily got up from his bed. Spring Break had finally come to an end, and it was back to the grind of school life while trying to juggle his aspiring rap career. For as long as Apollo could remember, music had always been his passion. Something inside of him resounded every time he made music, and it transported him into a whole different world. He had spent all of Spring Break grinding in the studio, staying up all night making beats and writing verses until his mixtape was finally perfected, and ready to be dropped on SoundCloud that weekend. Right as he had finished getting ready, he heard his mom yell, "Apollo! Get downstairs! The bus is here!" He ran down the steps, snatched a **Passionfruit** off the counter and hopped onto the bus just as it was leaving. Although Apollo wasn't thrilled about the loads of homework he was now going to have, he did miss all of his friends. Apollo was a popular kid at Miami Senior High, where many enjoyed his music and he loved the attention.

Miami Senior High, 10:30 a.m

As Apollo listened to his teacher dully drone on and on in economics class, he found himself dozing off, but was suddenly startled when Drew tapped his shoulder.

“Dude, have you checked your Twitter lately? You won’t believe who just tweeted you!” Drew exclaimed.

Apollo pulled his phone out of his pocket and saw that his Twitter notifications were blowing up. He couldn’t believe what he saw. His favorite rapper, his inspiration, Drake, tweeted the link to the mixtape he made during Break. “Don’t know why this boy hasn’t been discovered yet! These tracks are fire, everyone needs to check him out.”

“This is not real life.” Apollo blurted out. Everyone’s head turned to him.

“I can’t believe you’re basically famous now. THE Drake just tweeted you!”, shouted Drew. “Hey class, watch out for Apollo, his rap career is about to take off!”

The class erupted with claps and praise. Apollo was in utter disbelief. He was just one of the many aspiring rappers in Miami, and his following only consisted of his friends, family, and a modest portion of the school. How was it that Drake, of all people, discovered him? At this point, Apollo didn’t care. In the midst of his whole class cheering and congratulating him, a smile slowly spread across his face as he realized his life was about to change, forever.

CHAPTER 2: PORTLAND

Portland. Thursday, May 3rd, 2018. 12:05 p.m

Artemis, and her best friend, Ava, quickly packed up their supplies and walked to the cafeteria after 2nd period. Artemis was a senior at Westview High School, and for the past couple of weeks all she had been thinking about was graduation and the summer that followed. She couldn’t wait to be back out in the mountains of Oregon, hiking, camping, and exploring. Artemis always was happier in nature. Sitting by a campfire, surrounded by trees and flowers while listening to the crickets chirp under a full moon gave Artemis a sense of peace like nothing else could. But before that, she had one more month of school to deal with, and one more month of nasty cafeteria lunch.

“So Artemis, are you doing anything Saturday night?”, asked Ava, while waiting in the lunch line.

“Uhm I don’t think I have any plans. What do you have in mind?” questioned Artemis.

“Okay, so hear me out on this...”

“Oh no,” Artemis sighed.

“Now I know that you’re only into alternative music, but my favorite rapper, Drake, is playing in **Portland** on Saturday. My mom surprised me with two tickets and said I could bring a friend, would you like to come with me?”

“Drake? The famous rapper that everyone always seems to talk about?”

“Yes, him! C’mon you have to come, it’ll be so much fun!”

“Alright, alright, might as well. Don’t have anything else to do.”

“Yay awesome! I can’t wait for Saturday!” Ava exclaimed.

The girls grabbed their pizza and apples and sat down at their lunch table. Artemis sighed as she stared down at her food, wondering what she just got herself into.

“Guess I better listen to some of Drake’s music,” she thought to herself.

CHAPTER 3: APOLLO

Portland. Saturday, May 5th. 5:30 p.m

After soundcheck, Apollo went back to his dressing room and thought about everything that had happened to him since April 2nd. The past month had been a blur, everything going by so fast. After Drake tweeted a link to Apollo’s tracks, his following instantly skyrocketed, so much so that Drake himself asked Apollo to go on his nationwide tour. He was now the opening act for Drake, and already performed in Las Vegas and Los Angeles. Tonight’s show was in Portland, and Apollo had a special feeling about this one. Something told him it was going to be a good night. While he was mentally preparing himself for his performance, Drake burst into his room, disrupting his thoughts.

“Yo man, what’s going on? You ready for tonight!? I don’t know about you but I’m **Hype!**”

“Oh, yea man for sure. It’s going to be a great show.”

“**Portland** always has great **Energy** whenever I perform here and with all of the **Practice** you’ve had from the last couple of shows, you’ll definitely **Own It.**”

“That means a lot. I can’t believe I get to live out my dreams, and it’s all thanks to you.”

“You deserve it. Soon you’ll be in the **Headlines**. You should probably get ready for showtime, **Make Me Proud!**” exclaimed Drake.

8:30 p.m

The crowd was screaming so loud, Apollo couldn’t even hear his own thoughts. This was what he lived for. The lights dimmed and that was his queue to run on onstage. The beat to his original song, No Time, started and adrenaline kicked into his body. As he started spitting his sick bars, he scanned the crowd. Front and center, one girl with long brown hair with green eyes caught his attention. He stared into her eyes and time froze.

Portland. May 6th. 7:30 p.m

“No way!! You didn’t tell me your mom bought you PIT tickets!” exclaimed Artemis.

Ava chuckled, “Oh, did I forget to mention that? Yea, she’s the best!”

“ I’ve listened to a couple of Drake songs by the way. I have to say, they are pretty solid.”

“The concert is going to start in an hour. The opening act is a boy named Apollo. He’s from Miami and apparently our age.”

“Oh sweet, can’t wait to hear him!”

8:35 p.m

The opening act ran on stage and Artemis’ world stopped in time. It seemed like no one else was in the full arena except her and Apollo. They locked eyes and suddenly she was transported to a kingdom sitting on the clouds, a golden, glorious hill littered with marble structures across the countryside. There she saw Apollo, the god of music and the sun standing at the top of the hill. Memories started flooding back to her. Memories of her and Apollo, hunting, singing, and laughing in the the heavens above. Suddenly, a voice came to her.

“Congratulations. You have accomplished the unthinkable. You found each other. I’m impressed, really. Now that you have found each other, you shall go on an adventure. You must travel to St. Louis where the gateway to Olympus will be in plain sight. There you will face the most difficult task you have experienced thus far. Only when you find the powers that you once had and have made amends with one another, then you will be allowed back into Olympus. If you do not complete this task in two days, you’ll remain mortals forever. Good luck.”

Apollo must have heard the same voice going through his head because he stopped rapping and ran offstage. Artemis did the same, and ran out of the pit.

“Hey, where are you going? Drake hasn’t even come on yet!” Ava yelled.

“Can’t explain right now. Thank you so much for bringing me but I have to go.”

“What , wai-.” but the rest of what Ava said was cut off by the screams of the crowd. Artemis somehow sneaked her way backstage and found the door that was labeled “Apollo”.

“Well this has to be it,” Artemis said to herself and quietly yet quickly opened the door. There Apollo was pacing back and forth, talking to himself. When he saw Artemis standing at the door, he jumped.

“Oh, thank God it’s you.” Apollo sighed. “Do you have any idea what that was all about?”

“Whatever we did, we really, really messed up,” Artemis replied. “So, do you have any idea where to start?”

“No, none. I guess we are going to St. Louis? And soon, since we are on a time limit.” Apollo nervously paced back and forth until suddenly an idea sprang into his mind. “I know what we can do!” he exclaimed. “Why don’t we ask Drake if he can take us to St.

Louis on his tour bus? His next show is at Atlanta, so I'm sure he wouldn't mind stopping along the way."

"Yes! That would be great. We need all of the help we can get, *especially* since we're just regular mortals without any powers."

10:30 p.m

Apollo and Artemis were lounging on the couch, planning out their adventure when Drake came rushing in, out of breath. The twins jumped up quickly, they were waiting for his arrival.

"Drake, I'm so sorry I left the stage. Something crazy just happened. I don't know if you're going to believe me when I tell you this. I honestly don't think anyone would believe me if I told them this. By the way, is there any way you can take me and Artemis," Apollo pointed to his sister, "to St. Louis? Oh wait, I still need to tell you what's going on. You're probably very confused right-" Apollo was talking a mile a minute. So many thoughts were running through his head but he was abruptly cut off by Drake.

"Apollo. Calm down. Believe it or not, I understand what's going on." said Drake calmly.

"Wait, you do? How do you know?" questioned Apollo.

"It'd be easier if I could just show you."

Suddenly there was a bright flash of blinding light, and Apollo had to divert his gaze. He turned back and was left speechless. Drake had transformed into a shining, regal, muscular god, his palms set alight with scorching fire and his piercing red eyes burning with intensity.

"Hephaestus? What, how, why?" Apollo barely choked out his sentence. He and Artemis stood baffled.

"After I heard that Zeus kicked you two out after your whole... incident, I decided I would help. Zeus can be very harsh at times, and the task he gave you seemed almost impossible. Yes, I am the real Drake. He is my persona when I come into the mortal world. It's quite fun. I'm the god of fire and my tracks are hot and fire, as people frequently tell me. I come here **From Time** to time because quite honestly, the life of a blacksmith is pretty dull and boring. Down here, I can all get the attention I want, but sometimes it does get to the point where it's **Too Much** being a famous rapper.

"So, do you have any tips for us? After all, that is the only reason why you are here, right?" Artemis cut him off. They didn't have time for social hour.

Drake stood there in silence, thinking. "Yeah, **No Lie**, this task is going to be tough, especially since you don't have your godly powers. Fortunately, I do have something that might help you," Drake said as he handed them each a bow and arrow. "Use this only in time of a dangerous situation, if it comes to that point. The bow and arrow can only be shot once, so make it count. Take the **Shot For Me** when you utilize it. I spent a good amount of time working on these magical weapons."

The twins hesitated, but grabbed the bows and arrows, hoping that they would never have to use them.

“But remember,” Drake said, “you only have two days, and the clock is already ticking. On Tuesday before the clock hits 12, you must get your powers back or else you will never return to Olympus.”

“We better start now then,” Artemis claimed.

“You guys are welcome to take my tour bus. I’ll find another way to get to my next show. Enjoy **The Ride** to St. Louis. I am **Faithful** that you two will make it in time. I’ve helped you twins as much as I can, so it’s all up to you two now. Put aside all of your differences and I will see you in Olympus!”

“I think it is time to go,” Apollo said, and with that Artemis and Apollo were walking out the dressing room.

“Thank you for your advice and mentorship.” Apollo yelled back to Drake. They hopped onto the large tour bus and began their adventure to St. Louis.

CHAPTER 4: ST. LOUIS

St. Louis. Monday. 7:30 a.m.

After 30 long hours on the road which felt like forever, the twins finally arrived in St. Louis. They were both exhausted from taking turns driving and staying up late, but their mission had to be completed before the day ended, so there was no time for dilly dallying.

“Now, where are we gonna find the gateway to Olympus?” asked Artemis.

“That’s a good question. Should we just look around the city and hope that something catches our eyes? I’ve never been to St. Louis, so I don’t know what this city has to offer.” replied Apollo.

“Sounds like a plan.” With that, they spent the day walking around searching for clues that may lead them to the gateway.

By the evening they were at a standstill. Nothing seemed to point them to a certain direction. Apollo and Artemis decided to take a break for dinner.

Marvin’s Room Cafe. 5:00 p.m.

After Apollo and Artemis bought their sandwiches, they sat outside on the deck of the cafe. Searching for clues for hours took a lot out of the twins and they were quite disheartened.

“Well, what do we now?” asked Apollo.

“Looks like we should get used to this mortal world.” Artemis said while rolling her eyes.

“No. no. We can’t give up hope just yet.”, Apollo tried to reassure his sister. He looked off into the distance when Zeus’s voice came into his head.

“You must travel to St. Louis where the gateway to Olympus will be in plain sight.” In that moment everything clicked in Apollo’s head. As if it were a sign from the heavens above, standing tall right in front of the cafe was the Gateway Arch monument, the symbol of St. Louis, the gateway in plain sight.

“Artemis!”, he yelled.

“What? Wha-”, she was cut off.

“The gateway to Olympus is the Gateway Arch! It all makes sense! I can’t believe it took us this long to realize it. Oh my, we might actually have a chance of getting back home!”

“Wow, I feel stupid for not thinking of that myself. I need my godly powers back, being human is making me weak.”, groaned Artemis.

“But the real question is, where would our powers be on the arch?”, asked Apollo.

“How about we finish eating and go check it out. We only have about 7 hours left.”, replied Artemis.

Gateway Arch. 6:15 p.m

Staring up at the monument made the twins feel insignificant.

“Oh gosh that is huge.”, exclaimed Apollo, but Artemis couldn't hear him because she was focusing on the 630-foot monument. She was looking for anything to point to where the powers might be. The sun was setting, and a slight glow radiated off the top of the arch.

Artemis threw her arm up in the direction of the light. “Apollo! Look up! I think I found them!”

Apollo concentrated, and remarked. “We have to wait until the sun goes completely down and there are not many people around. I don’t want to cause a scene, and have another thing hold us up.”

“You’re right.”, agreed Artemis. “We should go back to the tour bus and plan out a way to get up the arch stealthily, and of course quickly.”

And with that, they walked back to the bus, knowing that the next couple of hours were going to decide their whole future.

Gateway Arch. 10:30 p.m

The time had come for Apollo and Artemis to embark on their final adventure.

“This is it,” said Apollo to his sister. “It’s now or never.”

“Yep. Let’s do this.” replied Artemis.

The twins grabbed all their stuff and headed over to the Arch. They got to the doors but found they were locked.

“What are we gonna do?” Apollo cried.

Just as Apollo said this, the twins heard the jingling of a pair of keys as somebody was leaving the arch.

“Quick, get around the corner!” said Artemis.

As they peeked around the corner, they saw a janitor walk out, whistling a tune as he strolled away. The twins were able to slip inside just before the door was about to close. Apollo breathed a sigh of relief as they walked through the lobby to the stairs. “Well, this is a lot easier than I thou- ”

Just before he could finish his sentence, he felt a gust of wind on the back of his neck and instinctively ducked down, right before a harpy was about to decapitate him with her razor sharp claws.

“Way to jinx us!” Artemis yelled. “Quick, grab your bow and arrow! This harpy probably wants our powers, and is going to do everything in its power to stop us from getting them!”

“Just run as fast as you can!” Apollo yelled. “We have to get to the the stairs!”

The twins sprinted to the door, rolling and jumping out of the way each time the harpy came in for a swoop with its deadly claws. The harpy was smart, however, and after a few ill-attempted dive bombs, it decided to guard the door, blocking the twins from getting to the top.

“This harpy isn’t going to let us pass, we have to kill it now!” shouted Artemis. She turned around, whipped out her bow, and just as the harpy was about to dive in, shot her arrow with perfect precision straight into the monster’s heart.

“Great shot, sis!” Apollo exclaimed.

“Well, obviously, I AM the goddess of hunting, with or without the special powers.” Artemis sassed back.

“Haha, very funny. Let’s get going, we still have a long way to go.”

Gateway Arch, 11:40 p.m

The twins finally reached the last step to the top and fell in exhaustion.

“We have less than 20 minutes. We have to keep moving.” Apollo gasped out of breath. They crawled back up and quickly found the exit hatch to the top. Apollo pushed the hatch open and climbed to the top, his sister following right behind him. There he saw the glow of their powers only 20 yards away.

“There’s our powers! Hurry up and grab them, we don’t have much time!” Apollo yelled over the roaring wind at the top of the arch.

Artemis carefully stood up, trying to keep her balance against the powerful gusts of wind.

She saw her powers inside of a box, so close that she could nearly grab them.

Unfortunately, she had only gotten a couple of feet away from the exit hatch when suddenly—

“Artemis! Watch out!” Apollo screamed, but it was too late. Another harpy swooped down from above and crashed into Artemis. She was sent rolling to the edge and fell off, but was luckily able to find a handhold just before she plummeted to her death.

“Artemis! Are you alright?!?” Apollo yelled as he tried to force his way through the wind to his sister.

“I’m fine! Don’t worry about me, just grab the box! And watch out for that harpy, it’s somewhere circling above!”

Apollo warily started making the way to the box, his eyes scanning the sky for the harpy, but it was nowhere in sight. He got within 10 feet of the box and suddenly saw the brown feathers of the harpy in the corner of his eye. He instantly ducked, hearing the whistle of the harpy’s razor-sharp claws missing his neck by mere inches.

“Apollo! You have to fight the harpy now! There’s not much time left!” cried his sister. He turned around, ready to face the harpy. He had no idea how to kill it but suddenly remembered the bow and arrow that Drake had crafted for him. As the harpy took to the skies, ready to dive down once more for the killing blow, he pulled the arrow out of his quiver and notched it into the bowstring. He only had one shot, and if he missed it he and his sister had no chance to make it to Olympus, much less make it out of here alive. Apollo drew in a deep breath, aimed for the harpy’s heart, and let the arrow fly.

“Perfect.” Apollo thought to himself as he saw the arrow pierce the harpy’s heart. The monster shrieked as it tumbled off the edge, once and for all dead. Apollo quickly checked his watch and breathed a sigh of relief as he saw it was only 11:58. They still had time.

“Apollo, hurry up! I can’t hold on anymore! I’m slipping!” cried Artemis.

“I’ll be right there!” he replied as he sprinted over to the box. He reached the glowing parcel and as soon as he undid the latch, he felt his powers surging back into him like a rapid flood as the magic coursed through his veins.

“Finally. I’m a god again!” said Apollo as he basked in the glory of being immortal again. His happiness was cut short though, when he remembered Artemis was still hanging 630 feet in the air. Apollo flew over to her and was about to reach her when Artemis lost her grip, and started plummeting to the ground below. Apollo swooped down as fast as possible and was able to catch his sister just before she smashed into the ground. The two flew back to the top and reached the box.

“Took you long enough.” Artemis remarked. Apollo just rolled his eyes as he watched her reach in the box and seize the powers which she had missed so much. They had done it. The twins made it out alive and were finally gods again.

They looked up into the sky and could see the clouds swirling to the left and right, creating an opening in the heavens. There they could see the golden light and beauty of Olympus. Apollo looked to Artemis with a smile on his face, saying, “Just **Hold On, We’re Going Home.**”

