
What's Athen-in?

Thracestock '69: kithara, lyres, no funeral pyres?

Well, if it isn't that old rogue Ares up to mischief again. What's he doing this time? So kind of you to ask – not getting himself imprisoned in an urn this time (such a shocker – no wonder that made *Olympus National News*). No, dear reader, this time the answer is even more remarkable. Ares, that bloodthirsty God of War, who never quails in battle, and doesn't deign to know the words 'self control', has finally turned over a brand new laurel wreath! He has unveiled plans to hold a new festival, the so-called *Thracestock '69*, and has reportedly ventured to invite all creatures, great and small, to 'like come and, you know, enjoy my, like, music?' The great god, out of his golden armour for the first time in centuries, was dressed in a simple chiton, decorated with hazy images of different flowers and symbols that he called 'like peace signs, yeah?' I have to say, we here at the magazine *What's Athen-in?* are loving this unexpected new look!

Due to some brilliantly coercive wind spirits, we have managed to garner an exclusive interview with Lord Ares himself, just two weeks before the festival, in front of his Thracian palace (which, I must add, has also undergone some new . . . developments. If one is a lover of squashy beanbags in the front garden, and statues of Cerberus cuddling up to his master Hades, all I can say is to pay Mount Haimos a visit whilst you still can.)

Q: So, Lord Ares, we here at *What's Athen-in?* are delighted to be able to talk with you today. I was just wondering, who exactly is welcome at Thracestock?

A: Like . . . cool question man, I guess. I mean, I've never been one for

discrimination myself, so, like everyone is welcome.

Q: By everyone, do you mean to include potentially disruptive creatures, such as hellhounds, or even (gods forbid) monsters like the chimera?

A: I mean, yeah, like that's all cool. I think, if we are friendly then like, we may even make some cool new friends. Peace and love, right man?

Editors note: I'm not sure, in this case, Lord Ares' lenience is best advised. In this particular situation, I do not believe that, well, extending an olive branch (as Athena would put it) is the best solution to our ongoing struggles with these beasts.

Q: Just to wrap up, could you tell us a little about what the festival stands for?

A : Thracestock, man, it's going to be one of a kind. It's just like to celebrate all of that peace and kindness that's out there in this world, y'know? I've handpicked the acts myself, and I think that they're going to be pretty chill, if I do say so myself. I announced Thracestock yesterday, and like a thousand minor deities have already bought tickets; love and kindness for all, my man. Anyway, I have to split now, because I'm pretty late for my massage appointment with this mortal guy - Hippo something? See you at my festival, man – it's going to be lit.

That's pretty much it, folks! To wrap it up, we'll leave you with a quote dreamt up just recently by the God Ares himself, no doubt compounding the inevitable chaos that is to come:

War and hate are for babies. Step up, become a real man, and, like, be free to do your own thing. (But please come to my festival, I could use the drachma.)