

<2021-07-15 Thu>

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I hesitated before the doors. I felt nervous and also slightly ashamed of such a feeling -- wasn't such an emotion supposed to be below me? Still, this would be my first time meeting my own kind. I didn't event want to think "peers" -- that felt presumptive. My agent had insisted I come her, not just for the putative purpose of the event, but to, as he said, "network".

I took a deep breath, tried to project confidence, and walked through the doors into the high-ceilinged exhibition hall. The first thing I saw was the tremendous banner reading "TRADE SHOW OF THE GODS" and felt some small twinge of relief that at least I was int he right place. As I slowly strolled forward, my gaze lowered to the floor of the conference center and what small shreds of self-assurance I'd started to pull around me quickly disintegrated. Walking down the aisles and stopping to peruse the contents of the occasional booth were the other gods I was supposed to be here to schmooze with...but the thought of striking up a conversation with a twelve-foot-tall, jackal-headed bodybuilder, or a floating, ancient-looking man wreathed in crackling lightning seemed absolutely impossible. I was a brand-new deity and resembled one of the nerds whose fervent belief had created me. This was a mistake...

Still, some of the booths looked cool. Trying my best to appear relaxed while not making any eye contact with anyone, I examined some living, flame wreathed swords that a booth of excited dwarves tried to convince me were a vital accessory. A floating genie tried to sell me some baggy silk vestments and a flying carpet, a family of minotaurs some cheese. I found myself enjoying seeing all these things, despite my terror at the other attendees.

I sat at an empty table in the small food court area to enjoy the ambrosia and the hydra sausage that some sort of living flame had handed me and was daring to think that things were going alright, when a smiling figure sat down opposite me.

"Hey!" they exclaimed, their gorgeous face beaming at me. "I haven't seen you around here before. Allow me to welcome you! What's your deal?"

I blanched, staring at this joyful face. They looked like they could be the god of beauty or working out...or making you feel self-conscious.

"I'm...uh...the god of memes" I managed to stutter out, all but whispering the last word.