

"Do you want to explain why I am summoned into your bedroom naked?" I scowled, whipping a blanket around my waist. "Girls, how did you get my summoning ritual so terribly wrong? Or why am I being called upon?"

"Math homework," Jane blushed, wringing her hands nervously. "But my friends really wanted to see the dark ritual of my patron eldritch god."

"You could've just called me on my mobile phone," I shot back. "Isn't there a God of Math or homework that you summon instead of me?"

"You're the god we know best," Hannah replied, shoving her hands into her pockets. "Word got around after Jane started her blog. You know...the one she titled *'Help! My foster father is an eldritch abomination!'*"

"It even has a Part 2 - *Yikes! My adoptive daddy is a tentacled terror!*" A third girl I was unfamiliar with chipped in. "So, I was super curious and begged Jane to introduce you to me. A glowing circle and flickering black candles as the lights around us go off, the roar of the Abyss, and swirling pool of darkness, they sounded like cool things I wanna see."

I sighed and rolled my eyes. "Alright girls, hand the math homework over and I'll look through it," I extended a tentacle to take that accursed math booklet from Jane. "Then, I'll check the summoning ritual circle and process to see where went wrong."

Grade school math can't be that hard, can it? I used to terrorize the world long before humans built civilizations, much less schools. Or started counting with their fingers, if I recall correctly. All I have to do is manipulate 'x' and 'y' equations to ensure there's only 'x' or 'y' left, and that would give me the number that the unknown variable represents. Which I could plug into one of the original equations to find out the value of the other variable...

"...And solved. There you go, little humans," I handed it back to her. "Time to look at how you messed up my ritual now."

They stepped back gingerly and I splayed my tentacles across the summoning circle to take measurements. The circle's circumference was four inches too small, explaining why I was squeezed out of my garments when pulled into the bedroom. I could tolerate one or two inches of error margin - I'm quite flexible like that, but four is too much. The goat's blood was a little stale, probably from lack of proper refrigeration. One of the nine half-moons was drawn in the wrong angle, causing me to manifest short a tentacle. Minor issue, with how many appendages I have. I swiped a notepad on Jane's desk, scribbling notes on the mistakes she made.

"What did you chant when calling upon me?"

Hannah shyly surrendered the crumpled note she had in hand.

"Do you have a pen I can borrow, or am I going to edit your summoning notes with octopus ink?"

Jane gave me a blue pen. "Daddy, could you stay for a while after this?"

"I have wishes to answer to, so probably not," I said, crossing out incorrect measures and writing the correct ones. "And next time, just call me on my mobile phone. Really. Don't waste time on a ritual circle unless you have no reception."

"You're the coolest, Lord Elvari," Hannah piped up. "Thanks so much."

"And you're silliest little girl I know," I frowned and jabbed Jane with a tentacle. "As for you, little squirt, I am confiscating all paint and chalk in your room. You're grounded and barred from conducting summoning rituals until further notice."