

HADES' FALL

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****A little disclaimer: A majority of the information regarding the Greek gods in this story is fictional and made-up. Character names and places remain true to the legends.****

It was a gorgeous day in the heavens of Olympus, the sun is always shining, the air is always cozy like a blanket with a slight hint at a breeze that makes everyone feel fresh and new to its touch. The smells that fill the air is crisp and moist like the morning after a storm mixed with the sweet fragrance of lilacs and lilies. The residents were bustling about, as if they are preparing for something big. What are they preparing for...?

"No, no, no, I told you that I want the golden swan statue over *there!* Yes, right there! A little to the left....perfect!" Barking orders one after another, Poseidon finally sits down and admires the view.

Two golden swan statues sit on either side of the entrance to a massive courtyard, a stream of water gently trickling out of their beaks, falling through the clouds that everything stood on. The clouds, they were enchanted to allow the gods to stand on them, the objects they created were supported by the clouds as well. The walls and pillars of the courtyard were made of the whitest marble; fruits, cheeses and breads covered the gorgeous tables carved right out of the oldest oak trees; crystal glasses sit at one end of one of the tables, ready to be filled with the most delicious aged wine.

All of this flamboyant and spectacular decoration, but for what? Well, the gods like to throw parties, even if it's for nothing. This time though, it was to celebrate a momentous

event that will go down in history, it was to celebrate the defeat of the Titans! Poseidon wanted to make this party one that all of the gods would remember for an eternity! He even planned on inviting his brother, Hades. Hades didn't like parties, or any of the other gods, so no one ever bothered to invite him. The only one he ever got along with Dionysus, the god of wine. *This time it will be different...*, Poseidon thought to himself *I hope....* He turned to his servant.

"You made sure to send an invitation to Hades, right?" Poseidon asked, "The party isn't complete without everyone here."

"He hasn't responded to the invitation, sir." The servant replied.

"Alright, I want you to personally deliver the invitation, please."

"Consider it done, sir!"

"Don't come back without him." Then Poseidon nodded him off.

Poseidon's servant approaches Hades' doorstep, unsure and slightly terrified. He knocks and waits for a response. There is mumbling coming from behind the door, and then the sound of footsteps. The door opens to a young lady.

"I'm sorry, Master Hades won't be seeing anyone today." She says meekly, staring at the ground in front of her.

"It is urgent, I have come to deliver a message of the utmost importance, Ma'am." At this, she looks up in awe. "Is something wrong?"

"No, I have never been called 'ma'am' before." She blushes, "Who is it that is asking for Master Hades?"

"I am Pyrcon, servant of Poseidon." He replies proudly, handing over the invitation, "Poseidon requests Hades' presence at the celebration, Ma'am."

"Wait here please..." She says quietly and ducks behind the large door.

Moments pass when mumbling is heard from behind the door once again. Except it's much more stressed. The mumbling becomes louder and angrier, until a sudden crashing sound is heard. *Shattering glass?* Pyrcon thought, he shakes it off. *That can't be...* He knocks on the door.

"Is everyone alright in there?" He says, "Hel-"

Hades' servant appears at the door again, shaken and distraught. She refused to make eye contact. Pyrcon was taken by surprise. *Poseidon would be upset to find out that Hades is abusing his servant...*

"Master Hades insists that you leave, now." She croaks, holding back tears.

"I demand to speak with Hades directly, Ma'am." Pyrcon says firmly. A righteous anger begins to swell inside him.

Without a word, she opens the door wider to allow him to pass. She then leads him to a large room. The room was large and dark, the only source of light was a soft glow from behind the scarlet curtains on the windows, giving a haunted feel to the room. A large, shadowy figure is sitting in a chair facing the dead and empty fireplace. Pyrcon steps into the room and the wooden floor groans.

"I thought I told you that I will *not* be seeing visitors?" Hades says impatiently, he stands and whips around to face his guest. A bottle of wine flies from his grip and shatters into the wall behind Pyrcon. "I TOLD YOU NO-"

He pauses at the sight of Pyrcon. He relaxes a little.

"What do *you* want?" He says sourly.

"I have come to personally deliver a message from Poseidon." Pyrcon replied.

"I don't want to listen to a thing that my filthy baby brother has to say. Now get out!"

"Poseidon demands that you at least make a humble appearance at the celebration, *sir*. He said-"

"Poseidon says a lot of things. 'We three brothers are equally powerful.' 'We are all so important.' 'We'll all get love and praise for defeating the Titans.' We. We. He always says "we", but it never really is. It never has been. Everyone always says that he is so kind and humble... They're all very wrong. He is selfish, prideful, self-centered, an attention leech. He doesn't even care how I have been doing. Are you even listening, slave?" Hades says abruptly. Pyrcon was staring at a spot on one of the walls.

"Yes, and I'm not a slave, I am a servant. There is a difference." He replied, "Poseidon told me not to return unless you come with me, so I'm staying until you clean yourself up and come with me!"

"I SAID GET OUT! GET OUT NOW! GO!" Spit flies from Hades mouth as he says this. His face is beet red from the pure and unbridled rage. He picks up a small wooden chair and throws it in Pyrcon's direction.

"Fine. But I hope you realize how much of a fool you are. And don't think I won't tell Poseidon how you treat your servant."

As he makes his way back to Poseidon, Pyrcon tries to figure out how he's going to tell his boss what just happened.

Back at the party, Poseidon is pacing back and forth. *Everyone is here, everyone except Hades and Pyrcon.* He silently wonders. *I just hope that everything is alright.*

He turns his gaze upward to the road that Pyrcon was traveling. He notices someone in the distance, but only one. He dashes out to greet him, only to be displeased that Hades is not with him.

"What happened? Where is Hades?" Poseidon asked as he walked up to Pyrcon.
"Where?"

"He isn't coming." He finally answered, staring at his feet.

"Not coming? What do you mean? I thought I told you not to come back without him? It is essential that he is here!"

"He was very... insistent...that I leave."

"Why do you have a cut on your face? What did he do?"

"He threw some things at me, and I know that he treats his servant like this as well."

Before Poseidon could answer, a large figure appeared behind Pyrcon. It was Hades. Poseidon quickly turned back to Pyrcon.

"Let me handle this." He said reassuringly. "Hades! I'm glad you made it!"

"I'm not here for fun and games, *Poseidon!*" Hades shouted. "I am no fool to your tricks, nor your lies!"

"I'm afraid I have no idea what you are talking about."

"It was never *us*, was it?" He stared at Poseidon right in the eyes. "WAS IT!?"

By this time, a crowd had formed. They all were all mumbling amongst themselves. Hades snatched a bottle of wine from the nearest table and continued.

"Y'know, people always say it's best to be the oldest brother, but its NOT! Because the younger siblings always take the glory, always *steals* the attention." He took a swig of the wine. "I'm always in my baby brothers' shadow!"

"I'm sure that there is a more civil way to handle this situation." Pyrcon stepped in and rose his hands when Hades threatened a punch.

"I told you to stay out of my way *slave!*" He spat the last word at Pyrcon's feet and let his fists fly. One. BAM! Two. BAM! Three. WAM! They kept coming til Pyrcon was on the ground.

"ENOUGH!"

The voice was like thunder booming from a storm cloud, piercing the sounds of the chaos and leaving nothing but silence in it wake. The middle brother came out from the crowd and peered down at Pyrcon and Hades tangled up with each other.

"Hades..." Zeus began, "I would have thought you to be the more mature one, considering you are older."

They both get up from the ground as Zeus steps forward, he turns towards Pyrcon.

"You are excused." He said, "As for *you*, Hades..."

"I did nothing wrong!"

"You lie. I overheard Pyrcon and Poseidon's conversation." He said as he started slowly pacing in circles around Hades. "According to them, you are a selfish fool who is very violent as we had just seen for our own eyes."

"That slave has done wrong in my eyes."

"The one who has been doing any wrong around here is you!" Zeus said calmly. "As punishment, I have decided to send you to the only place you can go--"

"No, not there..."

"I hereby banish *you*, Hades, Eldest Son of Kronos, to the Underworld for the rest of your well being. Do enjoy your stay..."

"NO! Don't do this! I can change! Really!" Hades plead.

It was too late, smoke was already rising around where Hades was.

"PLEASE NO! I beg of you! You can't keep me down there!" His hysterical cries for help were slowly fading along with him.

POOF

Hades was gone.

Eyes open wide and the smell of something rotten burning filling his nostrils, Hades quickly stood and took in his surroundings. The heat was sweltering, the lava was casting a haunting red glow that bounced off of the black rocky walls. The Underworld seemed to have been like a network of caves and tunnels all surrounding one big, dome-like lava pit. It was completely deserted except for a few inhabitants. If it wasn't for the dead-white eyes and they're pale and gaunt skin, they would look human.

"I- I can't believe they actually did that." He finally said under his breath. "They *actually* sent me to the Underworld?"

His faint giggle of disbelief turned into laughter, his laughter turned into cackling. His hysterical cackling echoes throughout the cave, the little "devils" as he called them, joined in his laughter. The laughter continued for who knows how long...then it finally calmed down.

"They will regret putting me here." He said with a chuckle.

Hades has been down there ever since, plotting his revenge and hoping that one day, maybe, he will be able to follow through.

THE END