

Straight down to Hades.

It happened on January 10, 2018. On my birthday. The day my perspective on life changed completely. And on death.

I didn't have any friends. I wasn't a people person. So I was spending my birthday with my new mom, and my new sister. My real mom was an alcohol addict, and had me when she was 16. She was too young to have a child, so they took me away. And landed me here. My "family" was nice, but I never felt that they were my family. We spent the day together and then I went to Culvers, by myself. I was eating my cheeseburger when a sharp, handsome dude came up to me and asked me if I would please show him where the trash can was. He was very polite, so I led him over to the other side of the building, where the the one garbage was inconveniently located. I was about to go when he whispered, see you around *son*. I didn't know if I had heard right, but it sounded like there was a lot of emphasis on *son*. So I said back, sir, can I get you a cheeseburger?

So, yeah, it was kinda dumb to ask a random guy if he wants a cheeseburger, but it felt like those shades were forcing me to ask. Also, he had already eaten, which made me seem just plain dumb. But soon we were both at the table, me eating, him staring at my face. I wiped a bit of ketchup from my face. Then in his low, smooth voice, he started to speak.

"Jack Cameron, I am your biological father, and I am a god. Hades, actually."

I am not ashamed to say I laughed in his face. My father and mother were dead. Or so I thought.

"You do not believe me?" he inquired. "Well then, we will have to tell you the hard way. Mr. Rodriguez!" he shouted suddenly. "Could you clear our trays?"

When a short man with a hood over his face erupted out of the ground I screamed, all the shock and anxiety bubbling up. It wasn't possible. I was overwhelmed and scared. He turned towards us and cleared our trays. I got a glimpse under his hood and nearly fainted. Turns out Mr. Rodriguez was a dead corpse. When Mr. Deadguy went to the garbage can, he just fell in and disintegrated to a fine black powder, some of which was dusting my lap.

"Still not convinced?" he inquired in his deep, smooth voice. "No?" Well then, I will show you what you can do, with what you've acquired through my golden ichor. Open your hand, and put your palm towards the floor. Now think about that gerbil your third grade teacher had, and imagine it resurrecting itself, dust turning to bones, bones knitting together, rising to your side..." and then it appeared with a little pop. The sheer

disbelief of what I had just done, just seen happen. I was insane. He was insane. I could not believe that my father was Hades, couldn't believe that the gods from my dusty old textbook were real. And that I was one of them.

"No, you aren't a pure god," he acknowledged, somehow knowing my thoughts. "You are a demigod. Half human, half god."

"You...lie..." I stuttered.

"Fine," he said, suddenly sounding cruel and cold. His skin was flickering, and every time it got steely and black I felt a sharp pain like a headache mixed with a nuclear explosion.

"I will pull out the last straw to make you see sense, to come with me and leave behind these mortals," he snarled. Now black veins were beginning to curl out from his feet, and seeping into the ground where he stood, his shades gone, his eyes burning with purple fire.

The flickering was getting more intense, and I could feel hate and rage in the stuffy air, along with wisps of dark black and purple mist. All my emotions bubbling up, hate, fear, shock all coming out and scaring me to death, almost literally. And then the building shuddered and I looked out the window. It was a big mistake. My father then screamed some unintelligible word and they all went dark. Now I couldn't see, and couldn't hear over the screaming of all the unlucky people who happened to be eating french fries at the wrong moment.

Then more light came, but it wasn't exactly light. It was eerie and cold. I looked around and saw that I was in the domain of Hades, my father, and it was completely real.

I couldn't help it anymore. I fainted and fell to my father's feet, as a good, boy should.

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