

The Tale of Empress Eerika

By Julia D

Sitting in my throne room has no appeal to me now. There is nothing left to conquer! A smile spreads across my face as I remember the day of my first big triumph, the day when I brought New York City to its knees at eight years old. I can taste the ash in the air and smell the burning fires that enveloped the once great metropolis. The terrified people gazed up at me, shocked into a stunned silence. My very being glowed with jubilation. A sigh flows through me. Those were the good old days, of conquest and glory. I rule the world now, but what's next? What good are my magical powers when I have no need of them? My mother told me, as a child, that I am the daughter of someone powerful; I inherited some of his abilities. *She* ended up dying of a 'mysterious' illness after she had outlived her usefulness.

Something curious is happening. My body is locking up, my joints stiffening. I struggle against it, but the resulting pain that invades my very soul forces me into submission. Fury surges through my mind. It is *my* job to force submission! I begin to levitate out of my throne and am laid out, prostrate, on the ground. My face presses into the cold marble of the floor as I hear a smooth, suave voice begin to speak.

"Hello, Eerika, darling. Oh, that's right. You can't see me when your face is on the ground." With that, I float again and am tilted upwards in order to see the speaker. A tall, well-dressed man is standing in front of me. He is handsome in a cold, calculating way. He looks to be my kind of person. However, I hate that he has power over me and therefore hate him.

"Who are you? How dare you control Eerika, Empress of the world?"

"You don't know who I am?" The man seemed surprised.

“What do you mean by that? Stop stalling and release me at once!”

He smirked. “As you wish, *Empress*.” I crash to the ground in a heap before leaping up to stand before him, defiant.

“That will be the last thing you ever do, you insolent wretch.” I blast him with a disintegration spell, my favorite of all magical offensive moves. Nothing happens. I do it again. He stays there, that infuriating, amused smirk on his face growing wider.

“Oh, Eerika, Eerika, Eerika. You really haven’t figured it out yet? I thought you were smarter than that. I am Loki, your father.”

All fury is instantly replaced with an unsettling emotion. What is it? Love? More like fear. Only the one who gave me my power would be able to best me. He is here. The only person who could restrain me is calling himself my father. It makes perfect sense.

“I am a little disappointed that it took you this long to take over the world, 12 years old, but at least you got the job done. I’ll take it from here.”

“What do you mean by that?” My blood boils before I remember to whom I am speaking. “I mean, what do you mean, Father?”

“I mean that you’ve been a very good girl in helping Daddy conquer a realm for himself, but now you need to go and visit your Auntie Hela for an eternity.” With that, he sends his own spell at me. The last thing I see on earth is Loki settling himself on *my* throne as my soul slips away and drifts down into the depths of my Aunt Hela’s domain to fume against Father. How dare he waltz in and take over my kingdom? If I could get back at him, I would, in a heartbeat. As it is, I’m stuck here with Aunt Hela, and she keeps pinching my cheeks. It’s so annoying. Meanwhile, my every waking moment I plot my revenge against dear, old dad.