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The Diary of Hades

By Anonymous, Camarillo, CA

February 1989

The Underworld

I had another row with Demeter about Persephone leaving the Underworld today. Demeter thinks that it is time for Persephone to leave since (in her opinion) its spring, yet I believe otherwise. After all I only get to see my wife one quarter of the year, and its only February! Our row went pretty badly, so nobody was surprised that chunks of my ceiling rained down on us. An angry Demeter glared at me and left in a flurry of wheat, leaving my throne room smelling like freshly made flour. After that said event, Persephone was able to stay for another month. My wife then proceeded to tell me that my temper was rocketing higher than Olympus (which is pretty high since after all, Olympus is on the 600th floor of the empire state building). Persephone placed a small compact pink diary in my hand. She told me that it was to relieve my stress. And I had to admit, I was feeling pretty stressed out lately. For instance, my helm of darkness was missing and I learned that Cerberus found it and buried my precious possession in the Fields of Asphodel. That made me furious and that day, the earth shook as I rumbled with outrage. I noticed the diary was pink and had flowers on it too! I hated the cover instantly, so I turned it into something more of my liking; a pitch black cover with a skull and golden engravings depicting hideous scenes of death. Now I have a place to vent my anger (on certain issues anyway).

The winter solstice was over a month and a half ago, I finally left my dark, miserable, depressing realm but for a day. I truly wish that I was the ruler of Olympus, the one in place of annoying old Zeus. He and my other sibling Poseidon just got lucky. Our mother Rhea had always favored Zeus, her precious baby boy. My other brothers and sisters along with myself were trapped in our father's stomach for quite a while before anyone busted us out. It was dark and unpleasant, more so because of Demeter, fussing about how the Titans had no idea how to harvest wheat, as if anyone else cared! After we escaped, war between the gods and the Titans broke out, - and that where the three powerful brothers, Zeus, Poseidon and I, Lord Hades got out symbols of power. Zeus received his lightning bolt, Poseidon his trident, and I my most beloved possession aside from my beautiful throne, my Helm of Darkness. The feature I have enjoyed the most for the past millennia is the ability of the helm to turn me into pure darkness, and it allows me to strike the most gruesome fears of my opponents into their hearts. This is something I enjoy doing especially to arrogant heroes- I detest heroes. Once the gods won the war, we proceeded to mount Olympus where my brothers and I, or the 'big three' as we are referred to by people, drew lots to see who gets which realm. So Zeus of course got lucky and got the sky and Olympus, while Poseidon and I got our respective sea and underworld. So yes, I was unfortunate to become the lord of the dead and the underworld, as well as the keeper of Tartarus.

February 1989, at a later date

Ah, yes where was I? Ah yes, well, I became the keeper of souls and lord of the dead. The job was alright for the first 1-2 thousand years, but after that, it just got depressing. The continuing stream of human souls just demanded a lot of attention. So to solve my problems, I had important mortals that might have done some good in their puny lives, like William Shakespeare, Thomas Jefferson and King Minos as judges for the dead. I decided that they could have the job of deciding whether a soul deserved the Isle of the Blest or eternal torture at the hands of the furies. Then there's Charon to ferry the dead from the mortal world to Hades.

Another matter I've always thought about why Gods and humans alike either fear me. At first, I thought it was my killer fashion. I literally mean killer, I had a Medusa and the gorgons rock band t-shirt that I got at their first performance, where they sung Cursed (the shirt was magically enhanced so that it would produce the same effect of turning people to stone). A couple days after I got the t-shirt, it was the winter solstice, and I decided that I would wear to Olympus. When I got there, Zeus and Poseidon were arguing like little mortal children, what were those things called, ah, kindergarteners, yes those. I was sure that it was another of their arguments saying "Mom was partial to you" and "Air disasters are more awesome than water disasters" and so on. I could see that inside; Hermes was stealing Aphrodite's makeup to sell on olympus.com. When I came in, there was a silence so heavy that if you dropped a pin, you could hear it shatter on the floor. My relatives were staring bug eyed at me. I think I overdid the dressing, since Ares, supposedly the god of war began hyperventilating and Hera gave me a murderous glare that would have made even Zeus wet his toga. The others just continued staring, completely dumbstruck at me. I scowled darkly as I swept along, giving anyone who dared to look me in the face, a look that could have come from the depths of Tartarus. I stood next to Apollo and waved my hand. My throne fused together from sacrificial human bones appeared. My Medusa t-shirt changed back into my black silk robes woven from "special souls". The robes alternated looks of extreme pain, tortured looks and sadness. I sat down and my shoulder length hair swung forward and I sat down, crossed my legs and steepled my fingers, with a dark scowl crossing my pale face. The other Gods gave each other tentative glances and Demeter gave me a sharp look. The meeting resumed as if nothing happened. Nothing incredibly important happened at the meeting, and I returned to my realm more depressed.

March 1995

I just received news awhile ago from a, erm, reliable source that I have. More importantly, the news is that there is a godling on the loose, a daughter of Zeus as a matter of fact. I am furious, and I vow to make this girl suffer for Zeus's mistake. After the Second World War, which was fought between my children, and the children of Zeus and Poseidon, Zeus and Poseidon bound me to a promise, no more siring of half blood children and we swore on the River Styx. To this



Image Credit:
Josh W., St. Petersburg, FL

The author's comments:

☺☺ This piece was inspired by Rick Riordan's Percy Jackson and the Olympians, a series i really enjoyed. I took a liking to Hades, who was in the first and last book, and decided to create his diary. ☺☺

day, I have kept my promise that I made. A promise broken that was sworn on the River Styx will not go unpunished. Due to the fact that Zeus is a god, he will escape, but the child will not. No son or daughter of Zeus or Poseidon will escape from me willingly. I released my most fearsome monsters out of Tartarus for the sole purpose of hunting Thalia, daughter of Zeus.

March 1999

I could say that I succeeded in destroying the daughter of Zeus, but she isn't quite dead yet. My furies and hellhounds chased the girl, her so called 'protector' and her two companions up the hill where camp Half-blood is. The four of them made an attempt to get into the camp, but the furies outnumber them. To save her friends, Thalia decided to sacrifice herself and allowed them to escape. As she lay dying, Zeus took pity on his daughter (bah!) and turned her into a pine tree.

Persephone left and I am more listless than ever. I despise any season other than winter; they're too happy and cheerful for me. I hear some splashing around in the river Styx, if Charon lost his oar for the ferry again, its not going to be as pleasant as last time. I want to go walk beside the Styx. My river is polluted from the eons of human hopes, dreams and possessions passing through. It's a pity that my beautiful river of hate is all polluted and messed up.

A week later

Hermes arrived today. I was having another walk beside the Styx when he showed up at the gates of the underworld. I granted him permission to enter and the furies escorted him to my throne room, where I arrived. Hermes seemed rather awkward. To be speaking with me in my domain when you are a god of Olympus must be unsettling for him. However during our conversation as I lazily reclined in my throne not particularly noticing what he was stammering out, that Zeus was unhappy with me for being responsible for Thalia's death. As if I really cared, about whether I upset Zeus. The worst he could do to me is threaten war, and he would not do that. Thalia was a mistake that he swore on the river Styx not to make and he broke it. Poseidon and Zeus both know that I feel no pity for half- bloods and I would willingly destroy them. I have my reasons for revenge on him especially, and things will fall slowly into place.

AFTER FOUR YEARS.....

The winter solstice, 2004

Today is our annual meeting day on Olympus again. It was previously decided by me, that I would just wear my silken soul-tapestry robe (black of course, my favorite color). I have decided against Medusa t-shirts today and for all future meetings to come. It is a mistake that the Lord of the Underworld will not make again. I wonder where Persephone is, it's nearly time to leave for Olympus. I bet that she is at the pomegranate tree, tending to it. She is constantly over there, arranging the leaves and blossoms just so. Where is that insufferable ferryman Charon? That fool has become impossible to manage ever since he found out about Italian silk suits. Now, instead of ferrying the dead to Hades, as he is supposed to, he spends his time stocking up on more expensive clothing. I'm growing more impatient by the second. What in Hades can be taking them so long?

-Later that day-

MY HELM IS MISSING!!!!!! And I did not misplace it this time! It could not have been one of the gods who took it, we are not allowed to take each other's symbols of power, not directly anyway. Augh! When I find out who the thief is, I will personally ensure that they suffer the cruelest, most awful punishments from the fields of punishment. I will send the most horrible monsters out of Tartarus to hunt down the thief, and once they perish, their soul will suffer for all of eternity at my hands. I must do everything in my power to retrieve my helm. I can ill afford for word to get out on Olympus that I have lost my most powerful weapon. I do not want to use up my last resources either, it would be risky. I will send the furies out for now, to catch the thieving scoundrel. And if I ever come face to face with him when he is alive, I will make him die a miserable, painfully slow death.

The next day

This could be good news or bad, Zeus is also missing his lightning bolt. The nerve of the thief, daring to steal from two of the most powerful gods! I highly suspect the thief is Poseidon's, though most will agree that thievery is not his style. It is hard for us to trust him, especially after he trapped Zeus in a golden net and made him promise to be a better ruler. I must admit, that event was rather amusing for some of us; I felt like laughing which of course, I do not very often.

A week later

I believe there is another half blood running around. The godling is in New York, Manhattan of course. He might be Poseidon's thief! I will have Alecto placed there at all times. He cannot escape me, even if he isn't Poseidon's thief, he must die. He could be the demigod in the prophecy made by the oracle, and that cannot happen. The boy is young and I am sure that he fails to realize his true identity as a half blood.

As for other news, Persephone wants to adopt a puppy. I cannot believe it, a puppy! Of all the ridiculous things to ask for, a puppy..... If she had wanted immortal servants to look serve her each and every bidding, I could have granted that wish. If she had wanted a larger, bejeweled throne, I could have given it to her to replace the one she has now. But a puppy, one of the terrible menaces of the mortal world is too much for me to handle. Aha! A puppy cannot exist in the underworld, it is a living being. If she does want a puppy that badly, I will try my hand at convincing her that Cerberus is a very large, drooling, three headed puppy. If she does not agree to that, then Los Angeles is going to have a rather shaky night.

Alecto is still following the boy. I am sure that Poseidon had him steal both the master bolt and my helm. I am aware that Poseidon is not normally considered a thief but his is too proud to say otherwise in his defense. Zeus wants his bolt returned to him by the summer solstice, and Poseidon wants his apology on the same date.

I was watching Hephaestus TV the other day, and there was a glitter woven version of the Golden Fleece available, so I decided to order a shipment. It came by Hermes instant delivery service, but it did have a little trouble getting in since Cerberus was chasing the winged parcel all over the place. The reason I ordered it was to please Persephone. She was upset over not being able to get a puppy. Well, even though she likes things alive, a pelt that glitters just might please her. If she does not want it, it's also good as a drape for my private chamber.

I believe Alecto has arrived. If she has failed again this time, I will not consider excuses. Catching a young demigod who has no idea what his true identity is, was a task easy enough for a dimwitted hellhound.

Later---

She failed to capture the boy! That insufferable old centaur Chiron saved him. The boy severed it in half with the infamous Anaklusomos and now my servant has returned to me in pathetic defeat. If the Centaur helps the boy make it to the camp alive, my plans for the prophecy could be affected. After much heavy deliberation, I have decided to play a desperate card. I am going to send Alecto to Las Vegas. There, she will check my half blood children, Bianca and Nico out of the Lotus Casino, and bring them to me.