

## The Heirloom

It was a normal day for 11-year-old Elizabeth Anastas when her mother pulled her aside with a grim look on her face. Elizabeth was both scared and confused. She had only ever seen her mother with that expression on her face once, when her grandmother died. That was years ago. Certainly no one had died this time... right?

"Elizabeth" her mother said. "Your father was hit by a car last night coming home from work. He died within 13 minutes. They are reading the will this afternoon." Elizabeth was speechless. "What?" she said quietly.

She went upstairs to her room until her mother called her down for the reading of the will. Everything was left to her mom except a few hundred bucks and an old rusty locket with a tiny window in it. She took the locket from her mother. She tried to open it, but it would not budge. She got some pliers from her mom's office and after some struggle the locket finally opened. A note fell out in her father's handwriting. It said:

*Dear Elizabeth,*

*I am sorry to have left you so soon.*

*What you are holding in your hand is a family heirloom dating back from the 1700's.*

*It has been in the family for 13 generations. It has been possessed by a dead soul for the last 12.*

*I spent my entire life removing the possessed soul. Wear it with great caution.*

*Love, H. Anastas*



Elizabeth flipped over the note to see if there was any more writing on the back. There was not. She put the note on her desk, stuck the locket in a box in the back of her closet, and went to bed.

Elizabeth woke up at 2 am to a scuffling noise coming from the back of her closet. She got out of bed and looked in the box with the locket in it to make sure it was safe. To her horror, the locket was gone. She went over to the mirror to see herself. What she saw almost made her faint. She felt a chain and a small round thing with a hinge around her neck. It was the locket! She tried to pry it off but it seemed stuck to her chest. Eventually, she gave up. She took a closer look at it, and realized that there was a tiny black orb moving around inside the locket. She suddenly felt lightheaded, then passed out on the floor. Five minutes later she woke up. She felt something on her hands, like gloves. When she looked down at them, she almost fainted again. Her veins were not pinkish-red like they were supposed to be, instead they were black. Now, positive that she was going to die, she went back to bed.

The next morning she got up and inspected her hands. They were back to normal. The locket was removable, and she felt better than she had in a long time. Just as she breathed a sigh of relief, a wave of nausea overcame her, and soon she had vomited buckets. She noticed something black in her puddle of puke. Since she was the opposite of a germaphobe, she plucked it out. It was a small, shiny black orb, like the one she had seen in the locket. The orb seemed to be saying something. She put it to her ear to hear better. Her father's voice answered. *Elizabeth. If you are hearing me, then you will not die. You are you are half god. I was the king of the underworld. The reason I never told you my first name was because I was Hades. You are the queen of the underworld.*



Elizabeth was overjoyed. She had always liked to pretend that she was a queen of some mysterious place, and she loved hearing stories about demons and gods. That same morning, she packed her all her belongings . Charon, the guardian of the underworld, lifted her up into his carriage and she rode away, never to be seen again in the mortal world.

#### Afterword

Elizabeth became the queen of the underworld and soon met her uncles, Zeus and Poseidon. They welcomed her and she lived forever, happily ever after.