Death must come

The juice dripped from her luscious, crimson lips like blood. She had made a dreadful mistake. She would not be going home anytime soon…

She stumbled back, suddenly wide awake to the reality of the peril she had so foolishly ventured into so eagerly, like a child. Sure, Hades was not that awful, but it was not his gloomy presence that she was doomed to endure for the foreseeable future that worried her. It was Demeter. Her mother would be grieving, simply beside herself with her sorrow. For Persephone knew. She saw. Everyday, she ventured up to the highest peak of her new home, and spied her mother, washing her robes in the River Lousios  which ran past her temple. Her flower garlands were drooped, her face sallow, tears mixing in a melancholy swirl of sorrow as she tried in vain to scrub out the sadness in her heart as if it were a stain. Afterwards, Persephone would watch her treasured guardian trudge back to her domain, trailing bunches of dried lavender and rosemary to stuff in her flowing  garments in her drying racks. The newly crowned queen knew this early morning ritual off by heart, and watching from a crack in her dark, dank underground dungeon was absolute torture. Achingly so.

The company of the dead is surprisingly enjoyable, for one could get quite carried away with the intriguing tales of the dead, once living. The more recently passed away often inquired about friends and family, the village goings on, and such conversations often got rather carried away with snippets of secretive gossip and disagreements. Although the older dead did not have much recent news to share, they still told equally fascinating tales, of the true times of old, the labour, the struggles and the rulers and laws. After a few weeks of chatter with her new subjects, she truly began to feel at home. Of course, if her domain came with the lovely, innocent souls of those claimed by disease, ill-fortune or just happy ripe old age, there would also be the not so decent souls. The murderers, criminals, charlatans, scoundrels, the thieves, the powerful men with all the wealth they could ever want, but the smallest heart known to man. And also the infants. The babes who died at birth, the ill children, the depressed adolescents.