

The Scale

# The Scale

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Who knew that white pearls and black diamonds would tell if your soul belonged in heaven or hell. P.S. Keep in mind that this was inspired by the book of Thirst (One of my favorite series.)



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# Chapter 1: Crimson Rivers and Hooded Men

## Crimson Rivers and Hooded Men

Waking up and seeing your body lying down on the floor with a pool of blood by your head and a twisted neck isn't what you've expected. So if you scream, shout, or cry is fine. Take it all out, because after all you are dead. You can't go back, you can't wake up; this isn't a nightmare. People walk around you and you try to grab their attention, asking questions only you can hear. And when nobody answers you, looks at you, and walks through you; you settle to ask yourself questions. After all, you can't remember right away why you are dead and haven't passed on.

*What happened to me?*

*Why am I dead?*

No answer comes, and you are stuck between the living and the dead. But where is that white light everybody says there is? You look around; nothing.

*There*, by your body there is a portal. The light is not as bright as they say, it actually looks like a tunnel illuminated by fire lamps. *That will do.*

Walking through the tunnel isn't what you expect; there are no angels playing the harps, no heavenly music. There is nothing but a long and dark hall heading down, opening to a huge cave with a river at the middle. The river isn't black nor blue, it doesn't head up or down but across to the other side. It is crimson red; serpents float the surface not touching the edges. If you walk closer you can see hooded men standing at the front of the floating black canoes beckoning you forth. If you are close enough and look directly into the darkness of the hood, you can see its' grinning face, its' skin burned away by acid, eyes mocking.

As you look this over, trying to find an exit and finding none, and knowing that your only passage are the canoes and the hooded figures, one thought comes to mind;

"I'm in hell."

## Chapter 2: Last and Future Sin

### Last and Future Sin

I walked towards the canoes, ignoring the leering grins of the hooded men. I looked around the monstrosity of the inside of might be a cave, and saw no other soul. Looking towards the crimson waters, the serpents are restless. Ignoring them, I approach the hooded man who wasn't watching my every move.

"Am I in Hell?"

He shook his head back and forth and beckoned me into the canoe. I stepped back, and looked him over. "Why?"

His hand fell down to his cape pocket and pulled out a syringe filled with blood. He lifted up to eye level, and offered it to me. I didn't take it, not trusting what it may be, and pushed it back. "What the hell is that?"

Again, he didn't answer. He shoved the needle into my face again; I jumped back avoiding its pointy end. "Screw this!"

Before I turned around and began walking towards the entrance of the tunnel, the hooded man spoke to me, in a raspy voice. "This is not Hell, but the beginning a journey. Only the scale will tell if you belong to the light or the darkness; good or bad, heaven or hell." I walked back to the hooded man, and pointed towards the needle. "This is your last and future sin. In order to cross, you may inject yourself or swim across and pray to the God you believe in, to survive."

"How can I believe you? What if all you are saying are just lies?" He didn't move a muscle, or felt hurt for me calling him a liar, which infuriated me more. "How can I believe you?"

And then I remembered what my Grandmother trying to calm me down when I went to her for advice. My fiancée had left me for my best friend, and I had lost hope in every human and inhuman thing alive, while she was making tea she asked me, "Liliana, what is the greatest quality a human being can have that can also turn out to be the most dangerous quality?" I remember thinking in silence, the only noise was the spoon mixing sugar in her tea, I answered 'Love' and she shook her head. "Wrong, my sweet. It is Faith."

I walked back towards the hooded man, and offered my arm for the injection. He shook his head and signaled for my eye. "The eyes are the doors to the soul." And before I could think twice, the needle went through my pupil and out in a second. I felt nothing, I was dead.

The hooded man helped me into the canoe and we crossed over to the other side of the crimson river. As I got out of the canoe, I saw the same light I saw back next to my body and so I followed it.

## Chapter 3: Dark Torches and Long Waiting Lines

There is nothing but torches guiding me forward, so I follow. The walls are covered with vines of the darkest green I've ever seen. The smell becomes more bearable. Finally a little breeze caresses my skin.

I see nothing until the very end of the torched darkened hallway. The silhouette of a person standing there at the very end, I pick up my paces until I began to run, reaching that unknown bodily force pulling down the dark road.

As I reach this stranger, I halted a few feet away from it. It moved from side to side, back and forth with a horrible cruel smile on its face. With a hand of ten fingers it signals for me to walk forth towards it, but I hesitate, afraid I might be devoured by it.

When it felt my hesitation and fear, it spoke to my mind as if a long lost connection between the two has been activated. It stared at me with its six coldness black eyes, and said, WHY ARE YOU SO FRIGHTENED, LILIANA?

I didn't need to respond, for he already knew why such fear course through my veins. SUCH FEAR FOR THE UNKNOWN. Shaking its four heads, it beckoned me forth again. This time I moved a foot closer and stopped. One of his heads cocked to the side, as if curious, and asked DO YOU KNOW WHAT IS THE GREATEST SECRET IN THE UNIVERSE, LILIANA?

I shook my head, and its eyes brightened. Walking towards me, it placed one of its hands on my shoulder and applied pressure. Instead of burning me, it calmed me, flowing serenity though my non existent body. THAT THE LORD AND HIS SECRET NAMES, MANTRAS, ARE IDENTICAL.

I took this over, mauling it until I could understand. And to my horror, I responded. "I do not understand." All of a sudden the fear, the disgust, the unknown washed away from me, and all that I had left was a beautiful peace and a sudden love.

IN OTHER WORDS, WHEN YOU SAY, 'ANUBIS', THEN ANUBIS IS PRESENT.

I nodded in understanding, and took hold of his hand with multiple fingers. He opened his arms and inviting me in, he wrapped me with all of his arms and whispered words only he could understand. Nodding in approval, he signaled towards the light behind me.

YOU ARE READY FOR JUDGEMENT

Letting go of the unknown, I walked towards the rainbow light and went through it...to reveal a line of people as me waiting for the scale.

"Do I have to take a number?"

## Chapter 4: Pearls, Black Diamonds; Sweet Chimes and Screeching Wails

The line of waiting souls goes down pretty fast. It went by so fast that only three people were in front of me. The scale was beautiful; gold rimming, bronze bodily color.

"Delilah Montgomery, fifteen years old."

The first girl of the three before me stood on the scale with her arms outstretched to its sides, palms down. A sudden light appeared, like a halo around her body. All of a sudden, on the left side black diamonds falls to rest on the plate of the scale. On the right side, pearls as white as purity took over. Sweet chimes appear out of nowhere, in the air, and a smile blossoms on her beautiful tanned face. A white hooded man takes hold of her outstretched hand and guides her to the right side of the room, where light permeates from its density. She walks through, confident, until the light consumes her and the next one in line is up for judgment.

This one doesn't go that well for more black diamonds fell on the plate of the scale than pearls. A screeching wail rebates through the walls, everyone including me covers their ears. He tries to run away from the black hooded men, but they take a hold of him anyway. All of a sudden there was no light on the left side of the room, only flames of eternal burning fire.

The eternal burning fires from hell.

"God."

"Tell me about it. I'm pissing my pants right now." The lady in front of me turns around and shakes my hand in greeting. "Paula McGraw." I shake her hand, the name sounding familiar but ringing no bells. When I was about to say my name, she nods and says "Liliana McGraw. You are quite the celebrity down here." Without further saying she steps on the scale and with arms outstretched, she says "Paula Linn McGraw, Fifty four years old." More pearls than black diamonds fall on its plates and the sweet chimes sings their victory. Before Paula entered the room, she hugged me, and whispered "You'll do good."

Being my turn to step up to the scale, I outstretch my arms and close my eyes. I can hear the pearls and diamonds fall to their judgment. All of a sudden screeching wails, and gasps from other souls is the only music to my ears. I open my eyes to see a black hooded man guide himself towards me, hand outstretch. A white hooded man takes hold of his greedy hand, "A word." While they all confer in the back, I take a look at the burning flames and squirm back.

Then I notice the problem.

My index finger is touching the left side of the scale.

Why was I feeling guilty?

I take a deep breath and lift my finger off of the scale.

Sweet chimes sounds at my ears, the looks of amazement and impossibility written on the faces of the hooded men.

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I see the light, and with the help of a very powerful hand, I walk towards it. But before I enter, the hooded man reveals its face to me.

"Grandma?"

She nods down at me, a beautiful smile tugging at the corners of her uplifted mouth.

"I'm so happy to see you, I..."

The look on her face shut me off, a painful tug at the corners of her eyes.

"You need to go back, child."

"Why?"

I didn't have a chance to get a response, for all I knew nothing really happened.

My body was lying on the floor before me, and my soul was being pulled to it.

I took a deep breath, searching for air.

"Erick!"

## Chapter 5: No Goodbyes and Hurtful Lies

Being back in your body after death isn't an easy thing to do. It is painful, you feel everything. My neck being broken was impossible for me to still be alive, which is why the faces of the people I thought I could trust were looking down at me. When Erick's eyes landed on mine, I remembered.

I remember me being pushed down the staircase, the laughter of multiple people behind me, on shrill scream. I felt my body being lifted from the floor and tears dripping on my skin. His eyes, a laughable beauty, loomed over my broken body.

"Why" I tried again, feeling weird with my new voice. "Why did you kill me?"

Without hesitation, or fear he says "Because It made me happy." A shrug of indifference, no care for the world.

I took my sister's face in my hands and with hurtful eyes I stared at her. As she cringed in fear, Erick took hold of Sarah's shoulder and pushed her back. "Don't worry love, we'll just have to do this all over again." Smiling down at me, he lifted my body to a standing position, my head lolling sideways from the broken damage.

With a strength that appeared from nowhere, I thrust my hand through his cavity chest and held his cold heart in the palm of my dead hand. His eyes of fear finally put a smile on my face.

"Why, Erick, I'm already dead!"

My soul separated from my body taking his with me as we traveled down to room of judgment where the scale held a broken Erick. More black diamonds fell to the left plate, the screeching wails screamed painful songs to my ears as the black hooded men took his soul to the burning fires of hell. As I was being guided back to the light, a black hooded man took me by the arm and whispered to my ear, "Too close, McGraw. Too close."

I smiled sweetly at him, and ran for the light.

That beautiful light; with a painful sigh I walked further in being greeted by a man of beautiful wonder.

"You are home."

*The hell I was!*

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