



---

Volume 15  
Issue 1 *Genesis* (2006-2007 Issue)

Article 12

---

5-1-2007

## Scarlet's Pandora

Kaitlyn Montague  
*Concordia University- Portland*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Montague, Kaitlyn (2007) "Scarlet's Pandora," *The Promethean*: Vol. 15 : Iss. 1 , Article 12.  
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol15/iss1/12>

This Story is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact [libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu](mailto:libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu).

## SCARLET'S PANDORA

*Kaitlyn Montague*

I am Scarlet's eyes, glaring with a smiling vengeance. I watch as the boy paces in front of me, avoiding contact. The ears catch something in the way of an apology, but my diagnosis is different. He avoids me, constantly fidgets, and takes frequent glances at the door or his knockoff Rolex. He's nervous and in a hurry. Not sincere.

I am Scarlet's flaming ears. Insults are burning. Scalding even. I hear the boy's fast paced footsteps on the wooden floor. I hear a muttered apology. I almost missed it as a person ignores the wind. "It was years ago," he finally says. "The pills were like an addiction. Like whiskey to an Irishman." The mouth spouts something about that being a racial stereotype and that the boy needs to grow up. He's got bigger problems than stereotypes. His words attempt the form of apology, but his bland attitude, monosyllabic word choice, and monotonous expression don't fit the formula. Insincerity and excuses.

I am Scarlet's unbound lips. Scarlet's personal Pandora. I hurl insults like the fabled box hurled evil spirits into the boy's closed ears. I do not care if he doesn't hear. It's my job to speak. I tell him that his excuses are moot and that if he feels as bad about the "other" as he says, then perhaps he should go back to the pills. No remorse. My open box reveals no conscience.

I am Scarlet's broken heart. The bull's-eye. Scarlet's giant neon-red target. The boy's words hit like bullets through gun range practice paper. I am Scarlet's conscience? Surely I didn't mean the things emerging from my dark depths and bottom corners! But I am broken and the box is open. Words spilling out as if speaking were to go out of fashion tomorrow. I must have meant them. Perhaps I am not conscience after all. Maybe it broke along with the box fasteners.

I am Scarlet's clenching fists. Her seething rage. He walks away with no tears. He's devoid of all emotion. Like a robot, obsessed with Ikea furniture and a job that pays for more useless contraptions and cable that rots the brain faster than

drugs. Did I really mean so little? Was I comparable to a little red pill? I thirst for blood and for hitting bone beneath a miniscule layer of flesh. He deserved it. But do human robots' bones turn to metal if they care too little about acting human?

I am Scarlet's weeping regret. I am the salty tears that leave a residue like hollow trails of sorrow through a forest of willow trees as I fall. Perhaps *I* am Scarlet's conscience.