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Gift Boxed

R. J. Davies



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Simple, inviting ... shiny to some, but I always ... always, I find the right individual. It's a mystery of how it works, ha ... ha... ha ... well, maybe not a mystery. More like magic. Dark, evil magic. They tried to destroy me, but I prevailed. I always prevail.

Stupid humans who wanted to rid this world of my amazing talent, they cannot conceive the magnitude of my powers with their little, tiny minds. Yet, like with all spells cast by mere mortals there are loopholes. Loopholes that the wise and superior can conceive. If you can dream it, you can make it happen.

My current situation, a small, gift-wrapped box. I am indestructible, many have tried and failed. I will magically regenerate and land in another human's possession. I laugh as one of the descendants who originally bound me to this existence managed to magically engrave "Pandora's do not open." How dare they call me Pandora! I am not Pandora. Nor am I related to or knew anyone by the name of Pandora. A small part of me finds it slightly amusing as for the reference, the fear that is associated with it.

Any of the descendants, who trapped me in this god forsaken existence opens me, they die within twenty-four hours of a miserable death. As it should be once I have exacted my revenge on every last one of those who trapped me, I will be freed. I have managed to take many lives over the centuries, a few receivers were wiser than expected and managed to hide me, imprison me, slow me down a bit. There are seven billion condemned off springs and if it takes me another 100 centuries, I will get every last one of them, this is my vow...

Shiny, attractive, wrapping paper, hidden among other gifts! I lay in wait, with great anticipation. A strong thirst that can only be quenched by the blood of my enemies. This is my rant; this is my vow. This is my promise to you. Consider yourself forewarned because you will find me, and I will be irresistible. You will eventually open me and meet your death.