Pandora

“How dare he! How dare he!” The boss, Sir Seus cried, pacing the shop. “How dare he create a better shop than ours! Our shop is useful and, oh bother!” Dr Seus turned to Professor Hephstus in a fit of rage. “Go make that good-for-nothing shopkeeper pay for stealing our customers!”
“How, Sir Seus?” Professor Hephstus trembled.

“By creating the best shop in the world!”  Sir Seus yelled.

“How, Sir Seus?” Professor Hephstus whimpered.

“By hiring … the most beautiful woman to run the shop!”

Professor Hephstus wasn’t convinced.

“But why sir?”

“Don’t doubt my excellence!” Sir Seus snapped.

“Sorry sir.”

“Hop to it Hephstus!” Seus yelled. “And be quick. I want to see Mr Prome’s face when we create the world’s bestest shop in the world!”

“You said ‘world’ twice sir.” The Professor whispered. Seus glared at him. “Sorry.”

“Now go! And give Mr Prome and his brother the shock of their lives!”

Professor Hephstus scampered away to his office and started making phone calls.

The first woman, Professor Hephstus thought was perfect; she was smart, had experience and had lots of ideas. But Sir Seus waved her away with a flick of his hand.

The second woman was incredibly creative and could design her own products but still Sir Seus wasn’t impressed.

By the fifth woman, the Professor was getting frustrated. “Sir Seus!” He cried. “What would you like this woman to be like?”

Sir Seus smiled. “This woman should bring destruction to the shopping industry. She should set up our shop, our amazing, ultra-unique shop before turning against, not only Mr Prome, but the whole of humanity! From there, she will unleash poverty amongst the world. Then, only we will remain victorious!”

Professor Hephstus sighed. He was now used to Sir Seus’ fits of ‘excellence’.

“Hurry up!” Sir Seus yelled, waving his arms about. The Professor leapt up and ran to his office.

The next day, the Professor had hired the perfect person (well, at least Sir Seus thought she was). She was much younger than the other candidates, only a little girl in fact!

“Ahhhhh!” Sir Seus cried happily. “What is her name?”

“My name is Pandora.” The girl said, smiling.

“Pandora!” Sir Seus clapped his hands in delight. “Pandora! You shall get to work immediately. First, you will help us open and run our shop.” He stopped.

“Sir?” The Professor asked timidly. “What’s the second thing?”

“Be quiet Hephstus.” Seus snapped. Pandora frowned. Now she was curious.

Several weeks passed and Pandora was doing splendidly. Sir Seus was happy, Professor Hephstus was happy, and Pandora was very happy. She had completely forgotten about what Sir Seus said the first time she met him. How there was a second reason to why she was here.

Then one day, Pandora was in the middle of selling some beautiful jewellery, Sir Seus suddenly jumped up.

“We need a name for our shop!” He cried. Seus and the Professor tried to think but nothing came to mind. “How about ‘Sir Seus’?”

The Professor shook his head.

“Well, we certainly can’t use your name, Hephstus!” Seus laughed.

“Well then, uhhhhh, we could use Prome’s name.” Pandora said. The two men gasped.

“How do you know that…?” Seus asked slowly.

“I overheard you two. I’m not stupid you know!”

“Ugghhhhh!” Seus groaned. “Hephstus! Why isn’t she stupid!”

The Professor crossed his arms.

“So. Prome. Can I meet him?” Pandora asked. Seus smiled.

“Of course!”

That was the end of the naming conversation … for now.

The next day, Hephstus brought Pandora to Prome’s shop.

Pandora knocked on the door. Hephstus disappeared.

Prome stepped out to greet the new customer. “Hello Miss!” He said smiling.

“Hi!” Pandora grinned back. Prome ushered the young girl in.

“Now, what would you like?” He asked. Pandora looked around and she was in awe of the amazing things the man sold.

But one thing did catch her eye.

“Ooh! What about that?”

Mr Prome’s eyes widened as he saw what the girl was looking at. A small wooden box. “That is to never be opened. Ever.”

“Why?”

“Someone told me. I don’t know why.” Mr Prome admitted. Pandora stared at him, her eyes glistening. “Have you ever felt the need to open it? I’m feeling it right now!”

“What did you say your name was again?” Prome asked slowly.

“Pandora!”

“Ah.” Prome turned his back on the girl. “Ep!”

A man ran down the stairs. “Prome? What is it?”

“Look after this girl, will you? Her name’s Pandora.”

Ep stared at Pandora. “Of course…”

The first thing Ep said to the girl was, “DO NOT open that wooden box. DO NOT.”

But they had so much fun together making and selling items from the shop that Pandora completely forgot about the box and Ep’s warning.

Then one afternoon, when Pandora was sitting by the fire, she spotted the small wooden box again. Nobody was around. Nobody was watching her; she was all alone.

Creeping forward, Pandora lifted the box and gasped. Inside, was a letter addressed to Mr Prome. It read:

Dear Mr Prome

It is in my knowledge that you owe a lot of money to the bank. If you don’t get it sent in by the 14th of August 2022 then you could be charged and maybe even arrested for stealing, not paying rent, cheating and lying.

Kind regards,

Mr Kan from the bank

Pandora leapt up in daze. What had she just read? It was now November 2022. Had Mr Prome, the nice guy who had let her into his home, cheated and lied to the bank??? This changed everything.

Pandora could not stand being in the house of a criminal, so she grabbed her stuff and ran out of the door clutching the letter tight.

When she arrived at the shop, her hair sticking up and her clothes all crumpled, the Professor greeted her.

“Pandora, dear, it’s nice to see you!” And as a matter of fact, Hephstus was happy to see the young girl as he was getting very lonely.

“Professor Hephstus!” Pandora cried, falling to her knees. “I just found out something terrible! Mr Prome is a criminal!” Pandora burst into tears. “I can’t believe I trusted him! He could have been plotting against our shop this whole time! Oh, Professor Hephstus! What shall I do?”

Professor Hephstus, who had been listening intently, sighed and put his arm around the girl.

“Well, I know two things. We can make our shop even better and, well we shouldn’t trust things unless we know for *sure* that they’re true.”

“No.” Pandora and Hephstus turned to see Sir Seus walk in. “We need to call the authorities. Pandora, I think you should make the call as you’re the witness.”

The Professor looked worried, but Pandora nodded. “Okay. I’ll make the call.”

So, Pandora made the phone call whilst the Professor got to work on making items for the shop.

Then one day, Pandora got a letter from the authorities. It read:

Dear Miss Pandora,

Thank you for your phone call regarding Mr Prome. I assure you that everything has been handled. Mr Prome has been arrested and his brother Mr Ep, has been sent to trial.

Kind regards,

Mr Isles.

“Professor Hephstus!” Pandora cried. “All is sorted! Mr Prome has been arrested!”

The Professor gave a small nod.

“What’s the matter Professor?” The girl asked. Hephstus was about to tell her when Sir Seus entered the room.

“I have just been talking to one of Prome’s local customers.” He said, grinning. “And apparently, everybody is terribly angry. Prome’s shop was the best shop for miles over there.”

“Your point?” Hephtus asked sourly. He knew the truth about Mr Prome’s criminal record.

“That means our shop will be the focus of the country! We will remain the top shop, always and forever.” Sir Seus turned to Pandora. “And you my darling are to blame!”

Pandora looked shocked. “Me? What did I do?” She asked.

“Such innocence!”

“Seus! Just give us your point.” Hephsus cried.

“My point is that Pandora is the cause of our success. So, I’m rewarding her.”

The Professor looked disappointed; for all these years he’s been working with Seus, *he’s* never been rewarded.

Pandora’s eyes lit up. “Really?” She whispered. “Me?”

“Yes! I have the perfect name for this shop.”

“What?” Pandora asked, excitedly.

“Pandora.” Seus said, speaking the word with such passion that Pandora ran at him and hugged the man tight.

“Really?” She cried. “Oh my gosh, the shop will be named after me?! Really?!”

“Yes, my dear girl. You deserve it.”

From that day on, the shop prospered. Everyone wanted to check out Pandora; the shop that sold the most beautiful jewellery.

Nobody ever found out about what *really* happened with Mr Prome and how the letter *actually* got there. No. He rotted in jail being punished for having a great shop.

The end.