

May 2022

The Uncovered Pan

Sarah E. Soliman
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

This Fiction has supplementary content. View the full record on NSUWorks here:

<https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol19/iss1/21>

Recommended Citation

Soliman, Sarah E. (2022) "The Uncovered Pan," *Digressions: Literary & Art Journal*: Vol. 19, Article 21.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol19/iss1/21>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the Digressions at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions: Literary & Art Journal by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

The Uncovered Pan

Author Bio

Sarah is completing her senior year as an undergraduate student with a major in Biology and minors in Psychology for Health Sciences and Honors Transdisciplinary Studies. While Soliman's major focuses on science, she's been able to gain literature-based knowledge through her honors courses. She felt inspired to create these pieces because of her supportive and fruitful learning experiences in these courses.

THE UNCOVERED

PAN SARAH SOLIMAN

Rocking back and forth in my balcony chair, I look out at my grand, green garden that stretches for miles - illuminated by the cooked egg-yolk shaped moon. Tomorrow is the day. I am as certain of its timing as a woman's consistent, gory menstruation. It must be done for me to end this foul sadness and hollowness I have felt for six fatiguing, relentless months. Whilst the moon still reminds me of an elegant, dazzling pearl, it does not give me the same potent, all-powerful, God-like feeling I had before uncovering this damning, monstrous affair. I shall not continue to suffer in silence like most of my kingdom's men, whose voices never surpass a tense mumble when accompanied by their wives.

"Chief Greenbark? You've been sitting on the balcony for hours," my servant snaps me out of my thoughts just as fast as husbands may be pathetically exiled from their wives' homes. I stare at her blankly. My servant, Deb Presson, tends to exaggerate the time like men who undergo bloody, cosmetic operations to have defined features in order to appear irresistibly beddable to their wives.

"Chief Greenbark, you need your sleep for tomorrow's village party." I nod shakily, taking one final look at the humongous blinding pearl in the sky before making my way to my gigantic bedroom. In a few steps, I make it to my side of the bed, freezing like men in other societies who desperately try to freeze the numerous moles off their wildebeest-like backs, when my eyes fall on my soon-to-be-dead husband's sleeping figure.

I carefully crawl into bed like a fat, hairy spider discreetly inspecting where to create its nest. I stare at the repulsively peaceful form across from me. The man I used to love is the same man who caused me great shame and sadness these past several months because he couldn't keep his used goods in his pants. I want to projectile vomit all over him, hoping his pure, white pajamas would turn bile green, or even better, black - to display how filthy, sleazy, and soiled he is for cheating on me. His disturbing tranquility after hurting me so wickedly makes me see red. He must die now. How dare he.

Shaking him awake, I see his crust-covered eyelids uncover his gray, lifeless orbs that will soon match his lifeless body. His pathetic gaze settles on me, and his pin needle beard stresses the foul hole that turns up in a lazy smile. "What is it, my dear Chief?" His voice escapes as jarring and tortuous as nails against a chalkboard.

"I want us to have tea before tomorrow's event," I answer, my face feeling as though it'll rip from my artificial, phony smile I give him.

"Certainly dear." Dumping half the ipecac syrup in his tea, I smile with my whole body for the first time in six crippling months. Sitting in the living space, I stare at the distorted image reflected in the mirror across from me. Oh, how I hopelessly wanted to recognize myself once again. But what I have seen over these months creeps closer and closer to a mutant. "Dear!" The sickly voice of the thing beside me shakes me out of my thoughts. I can't help the demonic grin that spreads over my face like the quickness of him spreading his ancient tree trunk legs. With green vomit shooting out of him, he pathetically reaches for me as I stand over him, feeling the life reenter my body.

Heading out to the garden, I haul the largest murder weapons that I can find inside. Sitting on the couch, I drag his vomit-covered, struggling form and hold him in between my legs. Focusing on our reflections, I take a baby head-sized rock and bash it into the side of his head once. I ravish in his horrified expression and weak groans, feeling the life drain from his form and enter mine as great relief and power engulf me. It was a wise choice to bypass the massive metal pan and choose the rocks to carry out this delicious deed. Again, I bring the rock to his head entranced by the blood traveling across the carpet and the last few hideous sounds that escape him. I look up at the mirror and finally see myself staring back. Leaving the stiff, dead cheater in the blood swamp, it is the all-powerful Chief Greenbark that emerges from the palace into the garden. I am Chief Greenbark. I am Chief Greenbark. I am Chief Greenbark.

Author Statement

"Sylvia Plath was a modern American poet and novelist who wrote 'The Bell Jar.' Esther Greenwood, the character based on Plath, suffered from depression that was exacerbated by society's expectations of her as a woman. As a female in this society, she was expected to take on traditional, domestic roles with other roles being seen as unobtainable and unacceptable. The pressure and limitations placed on Greenwood worsened her mental state, yet most people in her life did not believe her. Her mother saw it as her 'choice' to feel better, and when frustrated, would ask Greenwood what she had done wrong when raising her. Throughout time, women have experienced the issue of yentl syndrome in which they have to desperately prove they are, in fact, ill. In 'The Uncovered Pan,' I explored women acting as the essentialist perspective of men in a flipped society, utilizing Plath's entrapment and rebirth imagery and symbolism."