Cassandra and Apollo

Characters:
Cassandra: Unessential, Helpless, Prophetic
Apollo: Lustful, Demanding, Sensitive

Symbols:
Sun
Serpents

Significant Concepts:
Punishment
Fortune-telling
Lust

Summary:
Cassandra, the daughter of King Priam of Troy, was the fairest daughter of King Priam. Apollo, God of Sun who presided over music, medicine, poetry, and prophecy, who looked down on the people, was extremely attracted to Cassandra's beauty. As the years past and Cassandra’s beauty along with her age grew, Apollo taught Cassandra the gift of Prophecy. In return for his kind gesture, Apollo assumed that Cassandra would comply with the God’s amorous demands. Cassandra thought otherwise. Although she received her godly gift, she didn’t give into any of Apollo’s wishes. Apollo became furious of his denial, and he sought to punish Cassandra. Since Apollo couldn’t take back her newly acquired power, he cursed it by spitting into her mouth. Although Cassandra could tell the future, the curse made it so that no one would believe any of her predictions. For the rest of her life, Cassandra lived in misery as she tried to warn the people of disasters and failure. She warned the Trojans about the Trojan horse, and she tried to stop many other tragic incidences.

Literary Examples:
“"So for the first sixteen years of her life she lived in that grim tight little house
with the father whom she hated without knowing it—that queer silent man whose only companion and friend seem to have been his conscience and the only thing he cared about his reputation for probity among his fellow men—that man who was later to nail himself in his attic and starve to death rather than look upon his native land in the throes of repelling an invading army—and the aunt who even ten years later was still taking revenge for the fiasco of Ellen’s wedding by striking at the town, the human race, through any and all of its creatures—brother nieces nephew-in-law herself and all—with the blind irrational fury of a shedding snake; who had taught Miss Rosa to look upon a sister as a woman who has vanished not only out of the family and the house but out of life too, into an edifice like Bluebeard’s in there transmogrified into a mask looking back with passive and hopeless grief upon the irrevocable world, held there not in durance but in a kind of jeering suspicion by a man (his face the same which Mr Coldfield now saw and had seen since that day when, with his future son-in-law for ostensible yokemate but actually whip, Mr Coldfield’s conscience had set the brakes and, surrendering even his share of the cargo, he and the son-in-law had parted) who had entered hers and her family’s life before she was born with the abruptness of a tornado, done irrevocable and incalculable damage, and gone on—a grim mausoleum air of puritan righteousness and outraged female vindictiveness in which Miss Rosa’s childhood (that aged and ancient and timeless absence of youth which consisted of a Cassandra-like listening beyond closed doors, of lurking in dim halls filled with that presbyterian effluvium of lugubrious and vindictive anticipation while she waited for the infancy and childhood with which nature had confounded and the betrayed her to overtake the precocity of convinced disapprobation regarding any and every thing which could penetrate the walls of that house through the agency of any man, particularly her father, which the aunt seems to have invested her with at birth along with swaddling clothes) was passed.” (William Faulkner, Absalom, Absalom!, 1986)

“Cassandra” by ABBA
Pity Cassandra that no one believed you
But then again you were lost from the start
Now we must suffer and sell our secrets
Bargain, playing smart, aching in our hearts
Sorry Cassandra I misunderstood
Now the last day is dawning
Some of us wanted but none of us could
Listen to words of warning
But on the darkest of nights
Nobody knew how to fight
And we were caught in our sleep
Sorry Cassandra I didn't believe
You really had the power
I only saw it as dreams you would weave
Until the final hour

“Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.”
(William Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, 1909)

“But Cassandra was not believed, and even the wisdom of the Jupiter
sometimes falls on deaf ears.” (Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, 1857)

“‘I suppose my day wasn’t as bad as yours,’ Laurie said. ‘But I’m beginning to
understand how Cassandra felt when Apollo made sure that she was not to be
needed.” (Robin Cook, Blind Sight, 1993)

Sources:
**Writing Prompt:**
Describe a time when you knew the truth but did not tell anyone, causing a negative impact.