

"And are you going to let them marry?"



It was not so much the conversation that amazed and revolted me as their way of going about it. You would think I wasn't standing there at the threshold of the room. They were talking about me and yet ignoring me. They were striking me off the map of human beings. I was a nonbeing. Invisible. More invisible than the unseen, who at least have powers that everyone fears. Tituba only existed insofar as these women let her exist. It was atrocious. Tituba became ugly, coarse, and inferior because they willed her so. I went out into the garden and heard their comments, which proved they had inspected me from head to foot while pretending to ignore me.

"She has eyes that turn your blood cold."

Invisible