

A story

### **The Life of a Prickly Servant**

Could anybody believe that a little piece of steel and even a smaller chunk of brass would be used for making me? Oh, sorry, I haven't introduced myself: I am an ordinary Fork that you use every day. Generally, I won't mind having a name like Cercey or Magdalene but forks are not given any names by their owners and it is such a pity.

I live in the kitchen belonging to the Roberts family which consists of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and their two children: dullish Brad and "I'm an American princess dressed in pink" Jessica. Honestly, I do appreciate Mrs. Roberts or, simply, Ann, who prefers to wash me up with her hands. The matter is that being washed in the kitchen sink is like a hot bubble bath taken with your fork-friends while the same process in the dishwasher is more like taking a shower. Furthermore, the chemicals used there are very potent and damage my brass evaporation seriously. Still, it is much better than not washing me at all, like Brad is always doing. Once he left me behind his PC after finishing the salad with oily dressing. I had been lying there for a fortnight before Mrs. Roberts found me. I guess, I cursed Brad a thousand times for being as unfastidious, careless and irresponsible as an infantile ten-year-old! He literally made me suffer severely, he hurt my self-respect.

Jessica seems not to use cutlery. At all. She eats pizzas, burgers and French fries with her hands like a primitive man in the late Stone Age, wiping her greasy fingers on her bedspread afterwards (it has complained about Jessica's disgusting habit many times). Heh, it seems the 14-year-old blonde princess consuming tons of junk food will soon turn into a fat blonde "queen" not embarrassed in the slightest with her weight.

Have you ever thought forks can have their own feelings and preferences? Surely not, you're just a human but, for instance, I can't bear aubergines. The problem is Mr. Roberts who adores them. Every weekend I tremble in fear and expect that I will be selected. It is either bad luck or my atheism but he frequently uses me for this torture. If Mr. Roberts could hear forks, he would definitely go deaf from my shrieking: "You, bloody bastard, stop it, I hate eggplants, stop it!"

In general, my life is pretty dull as I'm rarely taken out to see what the outside world looks like. You may consider me too misanthropic but my biggest dream is to participate in a crime as the means of hitting or even killing. Then I'll be famous! I'll be shown to the public in court as a piece of evidence... However, my poor existence is as boring as in a marsh. Oh, I have to go now: Brad is taking me to eat some ice cream. Still, farewell to you, my anonymous reader and, please, remember, your forks may not put up with some kind of products. So respect us and we will be your best servants.

By Marie Tislenko 11 grade