Prompt #6

Write a story from the point of view of a spoon or a strand of hair.

Hello my name is Spencer, Spencer the spoon that is. I’m here to tell you my story of my grand adventure. It all started one day when I was packed in Ashley’s lunchbox. This was just a regular day for me. I’ve been in Ashley’s lunchbox for years. Assisting her while she eats her soups, puddings, and jellos. I am usually set in Ashley’s nice and cool locker until lunch, but today I was just baking in the sun. All of the sudden the bright light from the sun blinds me. I am then lifted out of the lunchbox by a very hairy man. He also picks up the vanilla pudding and uses me to eat it…yuck! The grossest thing was that he had a tongue ring as well. I then was thrown onto the ground, such disrespect this man has for utensils. I then tried to look around to see where I was. First I feel that I’m lying on grass, and the smell of animal feces fills my nose. I then look up and see a giant giraffe. I was at the zoo of all places. I can’t believe Ashley had left me at the zoo! Then as I start to panic I see a giant giraffe look at me and then before I know it I’m in the giraffe’s mouth. I was swallowed right away, that was actually the fun part though because it was like a slide going down the giraffe’s long throat. I then finally end up in the stomach. It was very dark and I started to get a little scared, so I say, “hello, anyone in here?” I heard nothing at first so I ask again. This time I heard a little peep from in the corner. I then hobble over to the corner of the giraffe’s stomach and I can see the figure of another spoon. I say, “hello, are you ok?” The spoon looks at me and replies, “yes I’m just a little lonely, I’ve been in jenny the giraffe’s stomach for a week.” I say back, “that’s so awful, I hope I can help my name is Spencer, what’s yours?” The spoon replies and says, “her name is Sammie.” So Sammie and I talked for the next few days about our past homes and I shared many stories about being in Ashley’s lunchbox. Well we eventually we pasted through Jenny, don’t want to go into majors details for your sake. We landed back in the giraffe’s pen and then were put into a large compost pile with the other animal’s poop. Sammie and I tried to make the best of it hoping one day we could return home. Then one glorious day we are pick out by a large bird. The bird brings us back to where she is building her nest and we then where made part of her home. I’ve been in this nest with Sammie for almost a year and we’ve watched five baby falcons grow up. We tell stories to each other and hope that one day we can go on more adventures together, right now though I’m happy to be here in a nest witnessing the circle of life rather than a cafeteria.