Jan Frederik Seeler

Prompt #6

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

Fear. This is the word which describes my feelings the best right now. I’m shuddering to think about the next day. I will tell you why: I grew up in a nice and friendly childhood with many young spoons on my side. My Dad spoon always told me: ”Son, if you really want to, you can get everything you want. You can even be the President of the United Spoons” After my graduation at Spoons Factory High School, it was my dream to be a silver spoon once or to be part of the cutlery of the pope or the queen of Great Britain. I were coming from a poor workers spoon family, so I had no money for College. A friend told me about a well-paid job in a high school. There was no other way to get money so I agreed. I had a long trip in the back of a truck. I had no idea that my whole life would be changed forever. That was yesterday. The first day at work was so much fun. I was hanging around with my buddies fork and knife all day. In the evening I met a gorgeous wooden spoon girl and we had a crazy night in the drawer. My life couldn’t be better at this time. But then the worst day of my life started. I got the working shift at lunch time. Hundreds of young people took me today. They poked me into desserts , licked over me and punished me with hot rice or beans. After work I took a warm shower in the dishes washer and now I’m okay again. But what will be next on lunch schedule? Maybe hot soup? That would be a nightmare. Fear.