

The telling Tale of the Cup

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There was a cup. It was nothing special but it did have a handle. It had lived in a family for years. One day it was sitting on the kitchen table and weeping.

"Why are you weeping?" asked the saucer lying underneath.

"Oh, oh, oh, I am only wanted for my shape," sobbed the cup, filling with tears.

"And what of that?" said the saucer. "I too am wanted because of my shape. See, you can sit upon me and I can catch the spills those messy humans make."

"But I want to be special just for me and not for my shape," said the cup.

"And how do you suppose you are going to do that?" asked the saucer.

"I shall jump off the table and break myself. Then the humans will see me for what I truly am," and with that the cup ran off the edge of the table and broke into pieces.

"Are you okay?" asked the saucer.

"Yes," said the cup. "I am still here, just not in one place."

The mistress of the house walked in. "Oops-a-daisy!" she exclaimed, surprised to see the cup shattered on the floor. She fetched the broom and dustpan, swept the cup up and threw him into the garbage pail.

"Oh, woe," cried the cup.

"Thought so," said the saucer.

"Serves you right," said the broom and dustpan.

"Thank you," said the garbage pail. "I was beginning to agree with you, but now I know why I'm wanted."