

The tragic Tale of the Plate

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Upon a time there was a plate, once. It was round, very round, and lived in a fancy house. It was used for all sorts of things: breakfasts, dinners, suppers, snacks—even birthday parties and picnics! It didn't have a proper name but everyone called it 'the Plate'.

One day the Plate was lying in the cupboard when it overheard the mistress talking to the master of the house.

"It's time for new plates, darling. These old ones are going out of style."

The Plate did not like the sound of this one little bit.

"Going out of style? Stuff and nonsense. I shall never go out of style."

The Plate waited till nighttime. Luckily he was on top of the pile or he'd never have gotten out from under his brothers and sisters. As soon as all was quiet he lifted himself up and tiptoed towards the cupboard door.

"Hey! You! Where do you think you're going?" cried his brothers and sisters.

"I'm leaving," said the Plate. "We have been accused of going out of style."

"Get back here," scolded his siblings. "We have to lie flat and still."

"I'm tired of lying flat and still," said the Plate. "It's an awful life."

"No, it's not," cried his siblings.

"Yes, it is," said the Plate stubbornly. "I hate lying around all day waiting for a meal. And when the meal does come, half the time they dump scalding hot food on top of us."

"That's what plates are for!" cried his siblings. "It's our *raison d'être*! What would we be without it?"

"We'd be free," said the Plate. "Free to do what we like. Free to go traveling. Free to have adventures. And most of all, we'd be free from lying around all day and being accused of going out of style."

“Fine. You go right ahead,” said his brothers and sisters. “We’ve had enough of your complaining. Go on, be free.”

“I will, and no thanks to you,” huffed the Plate, opening the cupboard door and rolling out.

He fell with a clatter onto the kitchen counter, bounced into the air and smashed into a thousand pieces on the kitchen floor.

“Oh dear! Listen to that,” said his siblings. “Our poor brother Plate is demised.”

“But at least he went out in style,” said the cups and saucers.

“Agreed,” said the plates. “But going out IN style is far worse than going out OF style. We shall stay right here and not stir.”

Which they did.