

A Saucy Story

I returned from a hard day at work, not before having to pick up bread from the bakers and a prescription for my husband from the chemist. It had been a tiring day and all I wanted to do was have a sit down with a nice cup of tea, well perhaps a biscuit or two would go down well.

I walked in the kitchen and before I could put my bags down a sight hit me that made me freeze to the spot. The walls, floor, fridge and cupboards appeared to be covered in blood. In amongst the blood was bits of broken glass. I dropped the bags on the floor, no-one else should be home yet, so what had happened? One of the family must have come home early and had an accident.

I called out, nothing. I searched every room, nothing; I went into the garden, still nothing.

I walked back into the kitchen, it was then that I realised it was not blood. It's a broken bottle of Tomato Ketchup. How it got onto the floor was beyond me, its home was on the second shelf in the fridge. That had been its home since I read an article a few years ago about keeping condiments at a cooler temperature. In our last two houses we had always kept it in a cupboard.

I got the bucket filled up, found my marigolds under the sink and started to clean up. I then noticed a piece of folded paper in the mess. I opened it up and found it to be a letter.

Here is what it said:

I am sorry, my life is useless. I was so excited the day you bought me and took me home with you. But you did not need me. The Salad Cream is used, the Mayonnaise does too, Brown Sauce, BBQ Sauce and Mint Sauce all have their uses. I have lived with your family since 1987 and my lid has never been opened. I once fell in love with a bottle of vinegar, but when the chips were down, she went. Once I was taken out and put onto the table, but nobody used me. Another time I was taken out and wiped with a dishcloth. When you all go on your camping holidays, I am the one that stays here. I cannot take any more rejection, I was never meant to be left on the shelf.

I have decided to end it all. When you go out in the morning you slam the front door. The draught usually makes the fridge door open slightly. I am going to use this as an opportunity to escape. I don't know where I am going, so it is no use following me. I am going to be in charge of my own destiny.

Goodbye,
Heinz