

Chores

by Hannibal Tabu

We normally blamed clumsiness. The slipperiness of 99-cent-store dishwashing liquid, or fatigue in hands fresh from twelve hour shifts.

Honestly, the dishes were just tired. Too few in number and washed too often, they dreamed of an escape -- any escape, really -- from the endless cycle of hot water and being racked together to dry. The dishes hated the endless chatter about money that wasn't there, the slow singing of mournful songs over wash water, hoping for love that never came.

So we thought that they'd been dropped. They never needed the notoriety of the act, but it was suicide all the same.

