

Tube-a-Noodles (A Desperate Plea)

by Steven John Horay

I'm crouched behind my apartment window, practically going crazy. Down on the street, a young mother is in the process of offering her beautiful little daughter a freshly opened Tube-a-Noodles. This is awful, worse than heart breaking. To me, this is the worst kind of fucked up shit imaginable. I want to burst through my window and tear the vicious snack right outta that little girls grasp. Innocent little baby, God bless her small intestine. And the way her mother offers the Beef-n-Mustard Tube, with such eagerness, such misguided enthusiasm. God, it turns my stomach.

These days, all incidents involving Tube-a-Noodles crush me. I'm ruined, a nervous wreck, forever in fear of witnessing some innocent human being consume from the moistened tube. I watch children being fed the poison and almost cry. I turn away whenever I see the shiny tubes gleaming from supermarket shelves. In a fit of rage I smashed up my portable T.V after the advertisement were the slim blonde lady consumes the entire Chicken-n-Mushroom Tube in one sickening gulp, before licking her plump lips like a panther. The noodles are taking over. And it's because of me. Was I not the man who came up with the production plan? The cheapest, tastiest noodles on the market! Was I not the guy who started the ball rolling? We had competition from Korea and Japan, even Wales. We needed to create the cheapest, tastiest, instantly edible noodles, no matter what. This is what the big bosses demanded. All our jobs were on the line. I just, I just didn't mean, *didn't know*, there would appear a small, slowly releasing chemical —born from the false flavour combined with the moisture tubes we formed in our Manchester laboratory- which causes a sort of congealment in the intestines, a blockage, and something clashes and I know it can cause digestion problems, even disease and death, eventually. But

nobody else knows this outside the company hierarchy. And they want as many children as possible to eat Tube-a-Noodles for packed lunch! And students! Students studying at University and trying to save money! The noodles can be eaten cold. Yes! They're tasty cold, that's why they've become so popular. You don't need a kettle or a cooker. All you have to do is tilt the shiny moist tube into your mouth and taste all the flavoured noodles wriggling about. And I can't say anything! I can't pass on my potentially life-saving information, or they'll have my bollocks on a platter. Worse, I was personally threatened that I'd be murdered, shot in the face with a magnum, *a magnum!* if I ever speak a word. Seriously! They actually have agents watching me. I know they do. Dark Noodle Men, I call them. When this much money has been injected into noodles, what is my life worth? I feel sickly just thinking about it.

I feel terrible. I'm a vile and worthless person. I've become suicidal. I feel that I might just overdose on Tube-a-Noodles myself. It's only what I deserve. And if I do decide to end my life, I'll choose the Bacon Tube. According to our studies, Bacon-n-Ketchup kills the fastest.

