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Journal Assignment: Writing Prompt. You receive a battered package in the mail. Write a story about its journey from the sender to you.

A Dialogue with a Tattered Box

A knock. A thud. An open door. Scampering feet. A box. A fragile box. A tattered box.

I scooped it up and set it on the table inside my home. I asked it, "What has happened to you?"

To my utter surprise, the package responded: "When the sender dropped me off, I was shiny and new. Yet, the UPS person tossed me in an empty bin. At first, It was cozy and comfortable. I felt safe. Protected."

"I imagine it was! Having a quiet space is wonderful. But that doesn't explain your present condition." I responded with alacrity.

Unperturbed, the package continued its story. "After a short while, another package landed next to me. Then another. And another. It was then that I got my first dents and dings."

The package was clearly upset. Trying to calm it down, I gently comforted, "I can see where that would be dismaying."

The package pulled itself together and continued. "Yes, yes, it was. But eventually, I made friends, until..."

"I see." I nodded my head, hoping it would continue its story.

"I don't think you do," the package reacted hysterically, "they seperated us! Can you believe it? I was tossed into one truck, and my friends into another. Why! Why would someone do that terrible thing?"

I couldn't help but smile. "They were probably being sent to different people, different places, and so they were taken to another truck."

"But, but that's not fair!" The package wailed, "It's bad enough they landed on me and dented me! But they left me all alone and I ended up with strangers on another truck."

I nodded in understanding, but before I could respond, the package continued frantically. "Again, we stopped. Again we were separated. Again we were tossed from person to person and loaded onto a shiny, moving ramp. The ramp disappeared into what looked like a mouth! We were stacked and chains were wrapped around us. I was a prisoner, I tell you!"

I couldn't help but laugh, "Do you mean you were loaded onto a plane and secured?"

The package was not amused. "It was not funny! After that, we began going faster and faster. I was terrified. The other boxes laughed at me. They even jumped on me! I had to suffer like that until the ... the... beast stopped. Next, I was picked up and sticky stuff was attached to all of my sides."

"You mean tape?" I indicated pointing at the rips and tears.

"Yes, yes, stop interrupting me!" The box retorted angrily. "After that, I was loaded into another dark and musty place. And finally, I found myself here at your door. Now I ask you-- is that fair? "

"Well, that's a great question!" I muttered perplexed. I had never thought of a package's feelings, thoughts, or rights. Do they even have rights? I really just wanted to open the package, but I wondered, what it would think of this new intrusion. Stymied, I shook my head. What should I do?

The package interrupted my internal musings. "So now I'm here, and I'm safe right?"

Shaking my head, I cautiously queried, "What do you think happens next?"

"Next!" the package echoed. "Didn't I suffer enough?"

"Hmm. well." Frantically, I tried to change the subject, but I couldn't help what skipped off my tongue next "Can I see what's inside of you..."