

Heirloom Horror

Mairi Neil

Oh, no! Not the hot, soapy water. You do realise it damages me but you don't give a damn for exclusive tableware do you? Ouch! You're rubbing too hard - it was marmalade, not sticky Vegemite.

What would my family say if they saw me now? Maybe they're suffering the same fate, or worse... To think once upon a time, we graced white damask every evening... the good old days your Mum called them before she passed away.

Not that you listened too closely to her stories - too busy with your own wants - like the rest of your siblings. What a squalid, squabbling rabble you became, ravaging her stuff like vultures - especially that rapacious daughter-in-law. She knows the cost of everything and the value of nothing! No idea she was farewelling a lady of substance, who once waited on Dukes and Duchesses. I was a wedding present and thank you gift for years of loyal service.

For goodness sake, why cram me into the cutlery holder with those mass-produced spoons from China? I'm a Sheffield craftsman's finest work - check out the Hallmark!

Oooh. Shove over potato peeler, your plastic handle and wobbly blade a dangerous weapon and crap design. You heard me, you're ugly landfill in the making with no pedigree or provenance.

Ah, now she notices how the sun glints on my lovely blade where the tarnish has been removed - you've no idea how beautiful I can be if you polish me with a proper cloth. The weight is solid silver you moronic woman and those scars from hideous scrubbing will never leave. I would have preferred remaining dull. Now you've stained my beautiful bone handle. For the life of me, I don't know why you grab me so roughly and clutch me as if spreading concrete instead of marmalade. Do you know how undignified and painful it is to be thrown into the drawer with all that mismatched cutlery?

Your mother kept me pristine for over forty years. Those were indeed the days my friend! She massaged my bone handle, polished the silver blade and packed me into the velvet-lined case with family.

We shared the cupboard with damask cloths and serviettes, crystal glassware, and fine china. How wonderful to be appreciated every Christmas and special occasions...

Of course, you bogans carved up your mother's possessions - dividing everything 'equally' to please that brother of yours with dollar signs for pupils. He's a good match for his wife.

My life now meaningless drudgery...

If you cared about your Mother's legacy I'd be nurtured - treasured - perhaps framed! Oh, please don't answer that call. Your older sister always rings at this time. Here we go with the tears again...

Heirloom Horror flash fiction of 500 words by Mairi Neil <https://mairineil.com>

Is that true? Really?

You miss your mum so much and when you spread the marmalade on your toast you remember her because it was her favourite breakfast. I'll always have a special place in your heart.

Oh, please! ...

No! Aargh, headache time... Why do you slam the drawer?

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