

Shelf Life

I've been in their fridge since Tuesday. Not a single condiment, soft cheese, or vegetable has uttered a word to me. Not even the cloudy jar of capers, who by the looks of him must be at least two years over sell-by, has thought it polite to welcome me into this freezing hell hole.

As a jar of gherkins I always counted myself lucky to have such a long shelf life, and be a foodstuff that humans use relatively sparingly. Manufacturer in the sky forbid I could have been barista oat milk and barely seen three 'lights on' before starting the long journey to the big hole underground.

My owners are a couple in their thirties and don't seem to be overly greedy or food obsessed. They seem nice enough. Having said that, the hairy one has visited us in the middle of the night every evening since I arrived. He takes great chunks out of cheddar. He pops grape after grape without sympathy. I feel safe for now but fear they may go for me on Saturday. My friend Colman who I met at supermarket said weekends were when gherkins were most likely to get got. The anxiety in my vinegar is rising.

My mind has been numb for many hours. I think last night I saw the other jars from where I came but can't be sure. I wish I had appreciated my time in the supermarket. I took my time there for granted.

'I'll finish things up, hun. You can stay horizontal.' This must've been the hairy one's other half. I only saw her once before. Is she choosing who leaves tonight?

'Oh yum, you got those little green things.' Her eyes were bigger than my makers; they were wide and moist.

Now I'm suspended outside of the fridge. The bright lights illuminate my content. She's showcasing me. I could be attractive, I think. I'm practically at the ceiling I'm so high, and her ring makes a sound on my side. Is that music?

I'm on the floor in pieces. I see sharp glass in confetti. Everything has spilled out and I'm spread across black and white tiles. My thoughts are swimming all around me. I feel frightened. Should I stop thinking all together? Where are Colman and the other jars that looked just like me? Will we be together again?

Word Count: 394