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Poor Prunes

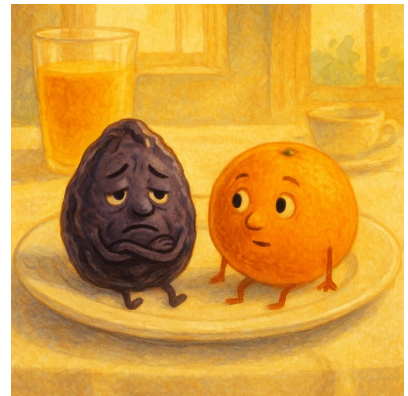
Mary Graham Bonner

"My life is a sad one," said the stewed prune.

"How so?" asked the orange, nearby.

"Nobody loves me. People eat me when there's nothing else, and only then. One morning — this is true, and it still hurts to think of it — someone at the breakfast table said, 'I'm sorry, but we only have prunes this morning.' *Only* have prunes. As if we were bricks."

"Well," said the orange thoughtfully, "you are a little difficult."



"We are nutritious and good," said the prune with dignity. "We are underappreciated. But I want you to know that recently things have been improving. Last week, someone at that same table said — said clearly and without any prompting — that she *actually* and *really* liked prunes. It was a historic moment. We've put it in our records."

"Your records?"

"We're planning a monument," said the prune. "Built entirely of prune stones — the stones left by people who genuinely enjoyed their prunes. It will be modest at first. But it will grow."

Just then the orange was called away, and the prune was left alone with its brothers and sisters.

"Well," it said philosophically, after a moment, "the monument may take some time. But we have prune juice for the sad days." And then they all sang a small song:

*Poor prunes, poor prunes, how sad is your lot —
Some people like you, but, alas, most do not.
But you're really good food, and those who say not
Are, I fear, very rude.*

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