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The Fig

Mary Graham Bonner

"I'm mad," announced the Fig.

The Fig was sitting in the fruit dish alongside an apple, a couple of oranges, and a bunch of grapes.

"What are you mad about?" asked the Apple.

"I heard people talking about someone they considered perfectly awful — mean, unfair, all of that — and they said he wasn't worth a fig. It was cruel, that's what it was."

"I see completely why you're upset," said the Apple. "But listen — when someone says a person isn't worth a fig, they're not insulting the fig family. It's simply an old expression people have used for a very long time. It means 'not worth thinking about at all.' There's no slight against figs specifically."

The Fig considered this. The Fig's feelings began to ease.

Then a lovely child came past the fruit dish, reached in, and picked the Fig up.

"I simply love figs," the child said.

And the Fig was entirely happy again.



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