

DISHRAG: I know what you're thinking: "How could such soft, elegant, and beautiful fabric have been used to make a dishrag? This is fabric fit for royalty!" I know, I know, that's why I was so expensive. Made from the finest cotton west of the... the... the usual cotton-making place, I am indeed the finest dishrag out there. And don't forget my beautiful flower embroidery, so lavish and well-stitched. Why, I could practically be a formal dining napkin!

Or so I thought. See, when Margaret came by the Bed, Bath and Beyond that day, I knew she was a woman of taste by the silk scarf she was wearing around her neck. Burberry. I'd spot it anywhere. She fished around some of the other dishrags, touching the fabrics and ultimately determining, rightly so, that none of them were up to her high standards. Until she reached me. 100% cotton, delicate pink flowers, absorbent but not easily stained. How could she resist?

At first, she treated me with the respect I deserve. I was only used to dry the clean dishes, or occasionally a quick wipe of the granite countertop. She'd even get compliments from her guests. "What a gorgeous piece of fabric! It's beautiful! If I had one of these, maybe my marriage wouldn't be falling apart!" ...Well, maybe not in as many words, but I assure you Dona's choice of clothing is what's got her marriage hanging by a thread. And a polyester thread at that. Regardless, I was the talk of all her dinner parties.

But then the months came and went, and over time, my embroidery started coming undone. It wouldn't have been a problem, even I know that no fabric lasts forever, except for the fact that Margaret never tried to patch me up. When she first noticed my rose petals coming undone, her reaction was less of "My poor precious dishrag, I must fix you up at once!" and more so "Well, I guess it's time." She started using me to pick up dust. She tried to drown me by submerging me in water and soap and then using me to clean the dining table. At one point, she cut a hole in my center and started using me... as a mop! Look! But the worst part... the absolute worst... was when she used me to... to clean... the dog's puke! (*Gagging, weeping*) Can you imagine? Such a disgraceful demotion!

(*Clears throat*) So, why am I here, you ask? At a dingy garage sale? I would tell you to ask Margaret, but I wouldn't trust anything she says at this point. Not after such a cruel betrayal. I've lost hope in the world thanks to her. We'll see what diner or corner store I end up at. I'm beyond saving at this point.