

Eulogy for a Loaf

approx. 450 words

“Thank you all for being here. I know it would make them happy to see how many people they touched. For the eulogy, I’d like to call up the man who knew them best. Arthur, if you’d please come give your piece.”

“Hey, everyone. For those of you who don’t know me, my name’s Arthur. This loaf of *Nature’s Own* Whole Grain bread was mine and has lived in my kitchen for the last three months. I never thought I would know this loaf for as long as I did, and I didn’t think it would mean this much to me.

“The loaf was just a part of my grocery haul one day- nothing special. The next morning I made some toast and slapped butter and cinnamon-sugar onto it. This was the first crumb on the path that led me to my great connection with this loaf.

“A few weeks later I made a couple PB and Js for me and John. Do you remember that sandwich, John? Don’t shake your head, come on. Seriously? Well, anyways- not too much PB or J on yours but I threw moderation out the window for mine. That sandwich was just dripping, but after I was done, my hands were clean. There wasn’t even a residue of PB, a dollop of J. I couldn’t believe my hands.

“You know, this loaf was tough. It expired six weeks ago and it had only just started to get stale. The only crust on it was, well, the crust. You know what else, I didn’t even keep it in the fridge. People always say you need to-. I’m sorry. I told myself I wouldn’t cry.

“I’m really gonna miss this loaf. This last week without my cinnamon toast in the mornings or my PB and Js has really gotten to me. John, I know you remember that sandwich! Sorry, sorry, all this emotion is making me jumpy today.

“I guess I’m trying to say that this loaf was strong, it was absorbent, it was the perfect amount of spongy, and it was the perfect palate cleanser that was able to support whatever I put

on top of it. Loaf of *Nature's Own* Whole Grain bread, as tears fall down my face like the crumbs fell off your toast, I can't help but think that you saw this day coming. Maybe if you were here, you'd tell me to move on and get another loaf, but I know it won't be the same. After all you did for me, and for John despite his apparent memory loss issue, I'll never get to have your bread again."

"Hey, I think the heels are still there."

"Get out."