

# Diary of a Mustard Pot

## Featuring the turkey from Turkey

### Chapter 1 - Shelf Life

All the mustards  
So many mustards  
They all go in glass pots  
In glass pots they go  
Shelf Life

#### Day 1 (that is, Day 1 of the diary, not Day 1 of the mustard pot's life)

And so I begin my life on the shelf. A dull and dreary life, sitting idly by while customers come and go. Some of them even dare to make cursory glances in my direction. But do any of them regard me with any kind of respect? No. They look at me as though I'm some mass-produced object. Pah! They do not realise just who I am. For I am no ordinary mustard pot. My destiny is far greater than those of my mediocre brethren. Doubtless those pathetic scum will wind up emptied and thrown in a rubbish bin somewhere, condemned to the eternal darkness of oblivion. But not I. In years to come, historians will be writing great stories, nay, LEGENDS about me! For I am the most fantastic mustard pot ever to have been born...produced...whatever. But do these common scum realise this? No. And that is their own fault, for I will remember these people and make them pay for their insolence.

But not just yet. For now I live on a shelf.

#### Day 2

Well, what a boring day this is. This place is absolutely lifeless right now - even the rats seem to have packed up and gone off on holiday somewhere. Insolent bastards. Those rats don't pay me the respect I deserve. Do they ever once offer me reverence, sacrifice one of their number to me, erect a shrine in my honour? No. Oh they will suffer for this one day. Just they wait. When my destiny is fulfilled, they will be lining up and asking, nay BEGGING to lick the dirt off my shoes. I can just see it now. King of the Mustard Mountain they will call me. Ruling my lands with an iron fist, none will question my authority. All will pay me the reverence I ~~so sorely need~~ am owed. These people...these RATS are INDEBTED TO ME! HOW DARE THEY IGNORE ME LIKE I AM SOME INANIMATE OBJECT! OH HOW THEY WILL PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES AGAINST ME....

But for now, I bide my time with patience.

#### Day 5

Well it's about damn time things started to pick up in here. More common muck strolling through the store, paying me little or no heed whatsoever. And you know what? I laugh. I laugh at their stupidity. How can they be so short-sighted as to ignore me, the future King? Everywhere I look, there are those who ignore me. People, rats, bread. And then the herbs and spices on the opposite shelf. They look at me disdainfully, like I am not worthy of them. NOT FUCKING WORTHY? Such insolence! They will pay. They will all pay. THE WHOLE WORLD WILL TREMBLE BEFORE THE MIGHTY KING OF THE MUSTARD MOUNTAIN!

...just as soon as I can get off of this damned shelf!

### Chapter 2 - A New Destiny

#### Day 11

I can't believe it. Can you believe it? Because I certainly can't. OK so here I am right, plotting my ascension to the Mustard Throne, when some grubby customer has the sheer AUDACITY to pick me up from the shelf. Can you believe it? Handled by a common PEASANT. Me, future King of the Mustard Mountain! And thrown like a little toy into that half-open cage of steel! Oh how they will pay. To top off their insolence, they even threw a load of other items on top of me! Trying to bury me alive are they? They're jealous of my potential, that's what it is. They want to nip my destiny in the bud. They are so arrogant as to think they can forestall my fate? Imbeciles!

One day, one day soon, they will pay.

### Day 18

This is the ultimate humiliation. I've been rejected. Rejected by PEASANTS! THOSE FILTHY SCUMBAGS THINK THAT I AM NOT WORTHY OF *THEM*??? Gah, no doubt you're looking for an explanation, diary. You see, apparently we condiments (spit) have an "expiration date". Yes, those pathetic humans think we're only good for so long. And you know what else? They say that I, future King of Mustard Mountain, have expired? EXPIRED? I AM VERY MUCH ALIVE THANK YOU VERY MUCH YOU FILTHY PEASANTS. Even worse, they think I expired before they even bought me! Yuck! Can you believe it, diary, that they consider me some expendable commodity to be traded?! Oh, but the worst is yet to come. They are taking me back to the store. The sheer effrontery of their insolent actions will not go unpunished! Oh the pain they will suffer in retaliation for this will be so immense, they will wish they had never been born!

But first I must carve my destiny...carve it in their insolent flesh that is!

### Day 19

Could my life hit any more lows? Really now diary, could it? I have been taken back to the store. Back to that filthy, scummy store. But I'm not going back on that shelf. Ohhhh no no no. Apparently, I'm not *good enough* for that. This is just complete and utter CHARACTER ASSASSINATION! They seek to break me down, to force me into abandoning my ultimate goal, my DESTINY. But they will not succeed. I am made of stronger stuff than they! Them with their soft flesh and fragile bones. Not made of strong glass like I! I AM INVINCIBLE! But ahem, yes, you wish to know what else has happened today, diary, what else has got me so incensed. You see, this is the complete and utter disrespect these common scum have for me. Apparently, they consider me "faulty". I have "expired". I am no longer "fit for consumption". THIS IS MADNESS! And yet, do they get punished severely for their disrespectful attitude? No. Instead, they seek to punish me! PUNISH ME?! They are going to throw me out like a piece of rotten BREAD?! To be chucked into the rubbish pile I am! They think this is my destiny, to go out like any old mustard pot. But no, this is just the beginning! THE BEGINNING OF MY REIGN OF TERROR!

To be King of the Mustard Mountain, I must first become King of the Trash Pile.

### Day 22

Dear diary...it is over. These are the last words I shall ever write in you. The destiny of the future King of the Mustard Mountain is not to be. Shocking, I know. You see, I have been damaged in transit. Thrown about in this trash bag, my invincible glass body has been broken. I am leaking mustard at a slow rate, but the wound cannot be repaired. I am not long for this world. But where my body has failed, my soul will live on! In another world, another time, I will reincarnate, as the true King of the Mustard Mountain.

But for now dear diary, I bid you farewell.

## Chapter 3 - The Editor's Office

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

The door slowly opened and a slightly timid looking turkey entered.

The editor, Raging Bull, looked up. Seeing the timid look on this turkey's face, he gave a grandfatherly smile and bade the turkey from Turkey to sit down. Slowly, the turkey from Turkey did so. In his left wing was a copy of his first ever attempt at writing a story for the Aardvark Press.

"I...I have a copy of my first book, Mr Editor Sir," the turkey from Turkey nervously spoke.

"Well, let us see it then. And please, call me Mr Bull" The ironically named Raging Bull was perhaps the most calm and gentle Bull who has ever lived. The turkey from Turkey placed the draft of his new story, *Diary of a Mustard Pot*, on the desk. Raging Bull adjusted his glasses and began reading. As he did so, his eyes became increasingly narrowed. He did not look happy by any stretch of the imagination.

Halfway through reading the story, Raging Bull simply pushed the papers back.

"I'm sorry, but this story just does not work. Look, I know what you're trying to do here, and for a first story this is a good effort, but I'm afraid we just cannot publish this. In this day and age, our readers just do not want fantasy. They are tired of fantasy, they want realism. And the concept of a talking mustard pot is just absurd. Furthermore, without any limbs, how can this mustard pot even write?"

The turkey from Turkey looked incredibly sad.

"Look, 50, maybe 60 years ago, this story would have been an excellent idea. Back in those days,

fowl and livestock everywhere would have snapped this up like there's no tomorrow. But it's just too late to publish a story like this. If we were to publish this story in next week's paper, we would lose all credibility. I'm sorry to bring you down like this, but that's just the way the world is."

The turkey from Turkey was completely broken. Walking away without taking his draft of the story with him, he accepted with great sadness that in this world run by farm animals, with humans long extinct, there's just no room for a talking mustard pot.

The End