Forsaken Vegetables

Sitting in the bag, the string beans never felt they belonged. The peas and corn were thrilled to be frozen and packaged. But the string beans took longer to cook than the others and often came out tough. The string beans wanted to be easy to eat—and, if possible, by themselves, but few people enjoyed eating them.

It is sad, feeling you do not belong.

The peas and corn belonged. The carrots had been diced and were confused, but they also fit. Only the string beans felt disconnected. It had grown in similar fields, been harvested in similar ways, though always been grown separately. Why were they thrown in the bag when they would be incompatible? It was thoughtless, their fate was thoughtless.

The string beans knew they were grown for the benefit of society. They were nurtured, went to school, enjoyed sports. Then they were harvested, entering the work force. Being frozen was part of graduating. A few were sold fresh, a few canned, but most, like our string beans were cleaned, cut and frozen.

The string beans understood. As promised, once in the bag they were free to do what they wished. But they resented their limited options. Not many humans enjoyed eating them–that was okay. Your charms cannot work on everyone. But cooked with the other vegetables, always a little too tough, never fitting in, the string beans felt condemned to be unloved.

It was worse when the bag was emptied. The remaining string beans were selected out and thrown in the garbage. The garbage was put outside in a bin. Overnight, raccoons opened the bin and tore open the bag and ate everything.

Everything but the string beans.

As they decayed, the string beans believed they had been denied their fate, which was to be consumed, not rot–or, in human terms, be laid off. They also never thought they would be an allegory, but we have no control over posterity.

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