

Mardi Gras Day

At last, the dreaded day has arrived.

I'm loaded onto the big colorful float along with the rest of us. How can these people do this and have fun anyways? And it's so early in the morning; the sun isn't even out yet. Why do these people find fun in loading countless of heavy strings of beads, like myself, and those poor stuffed animals into giant carts to throw into other peoples arms, or even worse, onto the ground? Well, nevertheless, it's time. The day that keeps all beads up at night. The day that is destined to happen to us all, but none of us want.

Mardi Gras day.

After what feels like years of waiting, I'm finally hung up on a cold metal hook right in the front. I suppose I'll be thrown first then.

How charming.

As the people keep loading us into the float, I quietly look out and see all I can. The trees, the ground, the grass, the insects, everything I can. After all, in only a few hours, I'll be cast aside to a despicable human who will throw me into a trash can within the week. What kind of sick life is this?

Mine. It's my life. And the life of all other beads.

At last, our death carriage starts to roll. I feel nothing but mind numbing fear. What will happen to me? To us? That's all I can think about. As our ride continues, I start to hear music.

Loud, blaring music. It's so ear piercingly loud, its hard to even think. This is just adding insult to injury. But the worst part, mixed into the music, I can hear cheering.

Those people are cheering for this. Sick entertainment, that's what I say. I'm starting to see the crowd up ahead, all dressed in purple, green, and yellow. The colors that keep the children shivering in fear at night, constantly waking up from nightmares about those 3 colors.

The person next to me starts taking beads off of the rack next to me. They're all shaking, I can tell. The humans probably think it's just the wind. As the crowd approaches, he starts throwing.

He shouts "Happy Mardi Gras!"

The crowd responds with the same phrase.

It's truly hard to watch. The screams of our people as they're being flung out into the wind like they're nothing can be heard only by us, who are powerless to stop it. He finishes that rack, and moves on to the next. My rack. I brace myself. It's finally time. No more beating around the bush.

I close my eyes, and await my demise, which comes quickly.

As I get tossed, I quickly realize I'm heading towards the ground, not a humans hand. I'm happy with this. They shouldn't get the satisfaction of catching me.

I hit the ground and break into a million pieces.

Im content.