



The Mug and the Champagne

Flute

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Fable

THERE was once a very handsome mug who lived in the kitchen cupboard. He really was a good-looking mug, and all the girl cups wanted to marry him. His friend, James the sugar pot, said that he should settle down; however, the handsome mug did not want any of the girl cups, for he was in love with someone else.

Across the living room, on the highest shelf of a large glass cabinet, lived a beautiful champagne flute. Day after day the handsome mug would gaze at her as she looked out of her case into the garden outside, little rainbows dancing off her slender form. How he wished to meet her!

“You shouldn’t be so silly!” Scorned James one day when he saw his friend looking at her. “She is all the way in the lounge, and you are in here.”

“You’re right!” exclaimed the handsome mug, “I must go across the kitchen and through the living room to meet her!”

James shook his head and began to tell his friend that it was a bad idea -that the journey would be fraught with danger, but the young mug had made up his mind and set off at once for the glass cabinet.

Well to an ordinary person like you or me, the walk to the living room from the kitchen would take very little time at all, but you must remember that the handsome mug had no arms or legs and was quite a bit smaller than we are. So for three days and three nights the handsome mug travelled across tile, carpet, and wood; he

hid under sofas to avoid being picked up and taken back to the kitchen, and on the morning of the fourth day, he finally reached his destination. He began the long climb to the highest shelf, where he was rewarded with the first sight of his beloved, shining in the afternoon sunlight.

“My love,” cried the handsome mug.

The beautiful champagne flute jumped, “Who on Earth are you?”

So the handsome mug told of his love for her and of his perilous journey to ask her to marry him.

“You’re a bit dirty,” she sniffed, looking at the cobwebs he had gathered from his long trip.

He informed her that, when he was clean, he was quite the most handsome mug in the kitchen.

“Oh, alright then,” sighed the champagne flute but before the handsome mug could celebrate, she added,

“Before I can marry you, you must bring me something to prove your love. Fetch me a thimble full of wine; I’m rather partial to it, some glass cleaner so I can see properly out of this case, and two cubes of sugar.”

And the handsome mug set off. First, he journeyed back to the kitchen to ask James for the sugar.

“I’ve got to tell you, this is not a good idea,” warned the wise old sugar pot, offering him the cubes, “why don’t you stay here now? You’re getting filthy. Any woman who asks for more proof of your love after you risked your handle to meet her, just plain isn’t worth it. Look, there is a nice little teacup here who thinks you’re quite a dish...”

The silly mug sniffed, accepted the sugar and told James he’d rather not.

So for many weeks, the foolish mug ran around the house, gathering the things that the champagne flute had requested. He tumbled down the cellar steps getting the wine, he hit his head on the sink as he fetched her glass cleaner but he never once complained. His friends all laughed at him, but he told them that they would be sorry when he was married to the most beautiful glass in the house. After this, they stopped talking to him and left him alone.

After almost two months, the silly mug made it back to the glass cabinet. Very carefully, he carried his precious gifts up to the highest shelf. When he arrived he cried out, triumphant, “Here I am, my love!”

The beautiful champagne flute saw the mug and let out a scream so high and shrill she almost smashed herself. When he asked her what was wrong, she replied, “Thanks for the stuff but since you left I was diagnosed with diabetes, given up drinking and had the cabinet cleaned from top to bottom. Besides, I can’t marry you -

everyone would laugh!”

In the months he had been away, the ‘handsome’ mug had been chipped, scratched and damaged. There were stains from the wine, and some of the sugar had melted in the heat, sticking to him. He looked very, very worn.

The foolish mug was so upset that he fell straight off the shelf. Down, down, down he fell until he lay on the floor with his handle broken off. And there he stayed until someone found him.

“Oh, it’s my favourite mug!” And they picked him up, washed him off, glued him back together and popped him back in the cupboard, where his friends were waiting for him. And there he stayed for the rest of his days.

And the moral of the story is:

Spend your whole life trying to impress someone, and you’ll end up an old mug with a wasted life and a broken handle.

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