

The Stolen Food

Humorous Monologue by Samuel Stokes

I don't have a lot of pet peeves. I'm pretty relaxed and I don't let a lot of things bother me, but there is one thing that some people do that gets me so mad that I would like to grab them by the ears and launch them screaming into the sun. That one thing is when someone steals my food.

I like food. I enjoy eating a wide variety of foods, occasionally overindulging in food. But I wouldn't say I'm obsessed with food. I've even tried fasting. Once, I fasted for 48 hours. So, I know I don't have to sit around eating all the time. However, when I go to get my food and it isn't there, I get livid.

To make things easy on myself, I bought some microwave meals for lunch and brought five of them to work one Monday, so I'd have one for every lunch that week. I put my name on them with a sharpie and everything. I had one on Monday. When lunchtime came around on Tuesday, there were only three of them left! Three! I may not be a mathematician, but something seemed off here.

I mean, who would steal someone else's food? It's one thing if you're starving, but by the looks of it, no one around here is starving. At any rate, the next week, I brought some leftover pizza in the box and put that in the fridge. Can you believe it? When I got to the fridge for lunch, two slices were missing, and the culprit even left the crusts! Who does that?!

Deep breaths, deep breaths. So anyway, from now on, I'm not putting my lunches in the community fridge at work. I have a lock box in my office where I'm keeping Slim Jims and chips. That'll have to do for lunch. I am however putting my aunt's infamous Brussels sprout casserole in the community fridge. When we hear the violent retching sounds coming from the lunch room, then we'll know who our thief is.