Diary of a Toothbrush

Dear Diary,

Today I was bought by a giant. Or as his mom calls him, a Michael. I am writing this on my good friend, Toilet Paper. I never knew being a toothbrush was so hard. The giant opened me and then put some sort of soap on me. I think the mom called it toothpaste. Then, get this, he put me in his stinky breath mouth. It smelled putrid. It was like a monkey sweating on a pile of trash. I tried to plug my nose, but the giant kept rubbing my arms and legs on his yellowing, cavity-filled teeth. He washed me off with some water, and put me back in my room. When he left, I tried making a conversation with all my new friends, like Toilet Paper, Toothpaste, Sink, and Toilet Bowl, but they were all arguing about whose job is harder than the rest. Personally, I think it is Toilet Paper. He has to......never mind. When Michael left to go to "prison," (that is what he calls school), the mom giant came and started to clean my home. I lay there for so long and dared not breathe. She finally left after what seemed like 25 years. Well, good night diary. I’ll write in you tomorrow.

Dear Diary,

My day was even more horrible. It all started in the middle of the night. I was sleeping in my minuscule bed, when suddenly, it started to shake. I peeked out and saw a lumbering monster with yellow eyes tipping my house over. Before I knew it, I crashed to the floor. I suddenly remembered what the monster was called. A cat. The cat picked me up with his teeth and started to jostle me around. He pulled out a few of my bristles and then took me into his
kitty litter box. You can imagine the horror I was going through. Then, he put me back in my home. I walked out and tried to wash the stink off, but it was lingering on me like a ghost stays with its body. Get this! In the morning, Michael came in and brushed his teeth with me. I felt so bad for him, but I couldn’t say anything, because no human can know alive. At least the toothpaste made me smell better. That stupid cat.

Dear Diary,

You’re not going to believe it! The same thing happened to me again. I have decided to run away. I said goodbye to all of my friends, and no one tried to stop me. So I guess they were happy to see me go. I packed up all of my things (like some toothpaste, so I could smell fresh, a water bottle, and some toilet paper for writing in my diary). Michael’s mom was still home, so I waited until she left to do some errands. I rolled off the counter with a thud and rolled down the hall. This took me about an hour and I was only a quarter of the way to the backyard. I had to move more quickly, so I used all my courage and energy to roll faster. But this didn’t really help, because I ran out of breath and had to stop for five minutes. After about two hours, I made it to the backyard door. Now I had to figure out a way to open the door. I looked around the room and saw a key. It was half the size I was and extremely high up. I could not reach it. I sat down and contemplated what I was going to do, when all of a sudden, I heard a voice.

“What are you doing?” said the voice. I didn’t know who the voice belonged to.

“What are you?” I asked with a nervous voice.
“I am a laptop. Humans use me to find information, write papers, and things like that. I’m incredibly smart. Now, what are you doing?”

“I’m Toothbrush. Nice to meet you, Ms. Laptop. For your information, I am trying to escape, because I am being treated very harshly. Every morning and night, my owner puts me in his mouth and rubs my arms and legs across his teeth. I don’t think that is the right way to treat your guests,” I said in a quick huff.

“Mr. Toothbrush? Don’t you see? That is why you are here. That is your job. Eraser has a job, Toilet Paper has a job, Phone has a job, and so do I. Whether you like it or not, you have to do it,” Laptop explained to me.

I stood up and thought about it for a minute. Then, I told myself that I was going to be the best toothbrush ever and make Michael want to brush his teeth.

“Thank you Ms. Laptop. You made me see myself in a whole new light. There is one thing I need help with. There is a cat that keeps bothering me when I am trying to sleep. Can you help me with that problem?” I asked the laptop.

After that, Ms. Laptop told me what to do. It was very clever, too.

Dear Diary,

I am now friends with Cat. One night when Cat jostled my home, I did just what Ms. Laptop suggested. I talked to her. She said that she just wanted to be friends with me. I told her waking me up and taking me to her smelly litter box is not a good way to make friends. She apologized and now we are inseparable. As for me and Ms. Laptop, she is now Mrs. Laptop-
Toothbrush. After a few months of dating, I finally decided to propose to her. We are now married and as the fairytales say, we are living happily ever after.