

A hand with a blue and orange polka-dot handle holds a silver fork. The fork has a face with large blue eyes and a pink mouth. It is lifting a strand of spaghetti from a blue bowl. The bowl is filled with spaghetti, red sauce, and brown meatballs. The background is a white shirt with a green pattern and buttons.

I'm very important because I help the people eat. The people use my sharp tines to lift their food up to their mouths. They also use me to hold their food while they cut it.

Because of me, the people don't have to use their fingers as much when they eat. So actually, I help the people have better table manners.

I just **LOVE** my job!

I like to hang out with the other forks, the knives and the spoons. They're my friends!

"Hi guys!"

**"HYGIENE...
YOU STINK!"**

"Hi guys! What's up?"

**"HYGIENE...
YOU STINK!"**

"Hey guys! Wanna hang out?"

**"HYGIENE...
YOU STINK!"**

Only sometimes, my friends
don't act like they want to
hang out with me.



"I just don't get it," I told Can Opener.

"The other silverware used to be pretty nice to me, and the people used to use me a lot. Now, I'm practically out of a job because I never get used by the people, and the other silverware won't have much to do with me either."

*"Well, I hate to break it to you,
my friend, Fork,
but it appears you smell
like last week's pork!"*

*How long has it been
since you've taken a bath,
or a shower in the dishwasher?
Just do the math."*



"You need to wash with **soap** every single day.
If you don't, your stinky smell will push your friends away."

"I don't think I smell that bad!"

"Fork, you're wrong!
I can smell you from here!
And you don't smell so sweet.
In fact, you **STINK**, my dear!"

