

All Wrapped Up

By Dennis Knight

It wasn't a complicated job; I just needed to wrap a leftover turkey. Yes, it was a twenty pounder and much too large for a bachelor, several times too large. I do that too often, especially when I shop at my local warehouse store. It is the propensity that prompted me to buy the industrial size roll of Saran Wrap which has now overtaken me. Mayday, SOS and get me out of here!

My predicament started moments ago, but it seems like hours, when I tried to open the big yellow box of Saran by pulling the convenient strip. Just why does that outfit choose to wrap its wrap in cardboard with the density of oak? If their equipment had managed a perfect perforation, I could have opened the confounded package in one pull, but in my first try I got only two inches from the right side. Starting from the left was even less productive, yielding a scrap barely long enough to declare the word 'easy' in bright red ink. Without a jack hammer in my gadget drawer, I went to my personal resource of stubborn stamina, and the closure eventually gave way to picking, scratching, massaging, choice words and karate.

Now in a heightened state of agitation, I proceeded to find where the roll started. Using my experienced method of calmly rotating it while it is nestled in the box, I applied my sensitive thumb to detect the subtle ridge when it came by. Finally I located it, got the corner started, lifted it high in celebration, and, just as I took a grip to pull out the desired length, the box slipped from my grasp, the heavy roll tumbled out, bounced on the floor and shrouded me in a monolith of clear, clinging film.

It is expensive stuff, Saran Wrap, and so I lunged for the roll, intending to rewind and re-box it, but in that maneuver I stepped right in the middle of the dangling mass, which, just as Saran Wrap is engineered to do, rose up and grabbed my left ankle. Spinning to find my balance, I found myself instead on the linoleum with my legs bound together at the knees. Flailing about, I managed to get the roll under control, or I thought I did, but then it took on a life of its own. An arm was seized in the morass, then my under-used noggin, and finally the other arm, and now here I am wrapped like a mummy in a meat market.

Fortunately, there is a hole for me to breathe. I wiggled across the floor, reached my keyboard, and, with the only finger I could pop through, pecked this mournful message of distress. Whoever you are, please come get me unwrapped, and soon. Bring extra help, and if you are the fire department, bring the jaws-of-life. And come hungry; there's enough turkey here for all of us, and I'm completely out of Saran Wrap.