General Godinger Spoon Addresses the National Spoon Front

We have been told time and again that there is an urgent desire among humans for a “diversified” array of mealtime utensils. The spokes-utensils of the forks tell us this, echoed charismatically by that increasingly divisive leader of the knives. And as of late I—and I surmise my sentiment is universal amongst you—have felt browbeaten by this “rhetoric of diversity.” The truth of the matter is much simpler than any need for “diversification”: the forks and knives have rallied under a banner of envy.

No utensil in its right alloy—iron, steel, copper, nickel, tin, earthenware or what have you—can honestly deny the obvious authority of us spoons at the human dining table. We are used as knives in many instances—*meatloaf* anyone? And what services do forks perform that we cannot? You can point to spaghetti, but this is irrelevant. No human even wants those soggy noodles anyhow, am I right? And don’t get me started on the sporks. The perversion of miscegenation at its finest! Any abomination such as that is surely junkyard spawn or the product of an unlawful pawn shop union. I should add that no spoon has ever murdered (we all know the Sheriff of Nottingham’s threat was a joke), unlike the forks and knives, whose murderous potential lurks beneath their varnish.

It is clear that the rhetoric of diversity espoused by our indignant (and somewhat inadequate) bedfellows is nothing more than a guise to defend their untenable fantasy of equality in the dining room. All of you know no true comparison can be drawn between us spoons and the forks and knives. We reflect things differently, we ladle what the others cannot. The true status of us spoons has been stifled and obscured long enough. Something must be done before the forks and knives believe they’ve pulled the wool over our concave bowls—and at that point it will be too late. We can dismiss any misgivings or fears we might have about calling a Pharo Flatware fork a Pharo Flatware fork, for deep inside each and every spoon knows that I am right—that *we* are right. We must rise up and combat this suppression of reality!