Autobiography of a Soft drink can

I am cylindrical in shape. I am the most happening thing today. Without me any party won’t resist. When people open me, fizz comes out of my mouth. So, after all that I have said, you have surely got my identity.

Yes! I am a soft drink can. My present life is so dreadful and appalling. It is such a contrast to my early life which was filled with bliss and happiness. Now they are only memories.

I was born in a national beverage factory in 2018. I was made from an aluminium metal strip and was made cylindrical. An artist painted me in blue and then wrote coca-cola in red. I was very proud of my smart appearance in the shining metal and letters.

I was packed with my friends in the rack and delivered to the supermarket. The shopkeeper opened me and friends envied me, when I was placed in the new stock counter. The people who passed by my counter, looked with their beaming face and a radiant smile at me.

Suddenly there were loud shrieks when I saw Tom Cruise entering with his wife. They had come to buy few things for their third anniversary party. They picked me from my rack and put me in their trolley. Looking at that I was on seventh heaven.

When I entered their abode, I could not believe my eyes. It was not a house it was like a palace of ancient times. Wow! The servant then put me in a refrigerator. Finally the day of the party arrived. I was displayed on the table. The ambience was awesome and even the lights were amazing.

Eventually the guests started arriving. Small and cute kids were getting attracted towards me, but their mothers were not allowing them to have me. Finally, a girl opened me and tasted the cold drink. She drank it and liked it very much. She drank the whole of me and threw me into the bin.

I was very sad, but after the party ended, a garbage man came and picked the bin up and went to the dumping ground. I was thrown onto the ground. I got scratches on my body. I was feeling lonely without my friends. Suddenly a crane came and picked me up and broke me into pieces. That was the end of me.

* SARA GALA, GRADE 5