

# Aeroplane

by Iryna, 2024

0:00

(Aeroplane)

Hi everyone.

Do you know Peter? I mean, Big Peter, the artist who made me from broken cups and plates? So, I'm this plane. He made me shortly after the tragedy of September the 11th, 2001, in New York. I don't know, maybe he was comparing the fragility of porcelain with the fragility of human life but . . . but what he didn't know for sure is that crockery is so talkative!

Oh God, those voices in my head again! Shut up! Just shut up! Annoying old plates!

0:57

(Teacup 1)

You are so rude to us, little Peter. How do you talk to ladies? I was once part of the best tea set that was used only on major holidays.

(Teacup 2)

1:08

And my owners only put me on snow-white tablecloths.

(Teacup 3)

1:14

They took out sugar with silver tongs. Those were good times. Not that now.

(Teacup 1)

1:20

You must be polite to us, young man.

(Aeroplane)

1:24

Oh, gosh. Never mess with old cups if you don't want to listen to complaints for half the day. I just wanted them to shut up. I just want to dream about the sky in silence. The dream about how one day I'll fly like a real plane.

1:46

I'll fly in the clouds across the blue sky. I don't know how to fly. I don't know what the sky is and what the clouds are. But I'm sure it's something incredibly beautiful. Real airplanes love it. But there's never silence in my head. Instead, I listen to silly stories about dinners and tea parties!

