

# MISSING:



**COMMON NAME:**

Bar of Soap

**DESCRIPTION:**

Partially used,  $\frac{1}{4}$  remaining, *Brand Name:* Dove, *Specifications:* Sensitive Skin

**LAST SEEN:**

Wednesday, October 26th, in the current year of two thousand and twenty two

**BACKGROUND INFORMATION:**

To whom it may concern,

My dear bar of soap, Soapy, has gone missing. I like to think that a number of his soap friends, and soap acquaintances sprung him from his perfectly good soapdish out of my shower caddy to go on vacation because the air here was drying him out. You see, Soapy made his way to Antarctica via the United States of America - the freeist and most trusting of Americas - a couple weeks ago, but sometimes the ice just gets to you - so I would understand his desire to migrate North for the winter. I want to think that he's in a better place.

I'm *certain* that nobody would've stolen Soapy because that would involve one of my fellow members of 155 going into our luxuriously shared shower area, peeling back the Hawaiian-chic separator curtain, climbing up onto the bench seat to the top shelf, rooting around near my night guard and floss picks, and finding the prized soapdish in which Soapy lives. That would obviously be malicious, cruel and weird, so I'm certain that didn't happen. Although the desire to be clean is eternal, and I particularly understand the appeal of a sensitive skin soap - what befuddles me is that my galley-ridden, grease covered, spare-food drenched soap no longer had the "sensitive skin" moniker associated with it because I've been using it for a while now...so how would anyone know it was for all sensitive skin types?

Thankfully, I make so much money here that I've purchased new soap from the retail store in which anyone can purchase their own soap. Bonus - the soap wasn't expensive at all. DOUBLE BONUS, it wasn't used! I consider myself coming out ahead in this deal.

There is a reward of one high-five for the safe return of Soapy's soap dish. If you, or someone you've known, happened to have borrowed Soapy, I'd kindly ask that you return it - no questions asked - to the random SKUA desk corner on the second floor at your earliest convenience.

Cleanest wishes,

Soapy's Disheartened Former Owner