

Breaking Eggs

by Adam Sifre

Linda woke up as she always did - too early and with a headache caused by screaming children and the stink of the old shoe she was forced to call home these days. She stumbled into the bathroom, took a few seconds to register shock at how old she looked, and promptly threw up in the toilet.

"You gotta be fucking kidding me."

Ten minutes later she was on the phone. Most of the kids were awake now and the noise was unbearable. She could barely hear the phone ringing on the other end.

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" They didn't shut up. The Old Woman closed her eyes and tried to focus. "Dammnit." The phone went to his voice mail.

"This is Jack Sprat. I've eaten the lean and the dishes are clean. Leave a message at the beep!"

"Oy," Linda murmured. "Jack, it's me. We have to talk. We have to talk now."

The old woman hung up the phone and paced to and fro, fro and two. By the time the phone rang, she'd practically worn a hole in the sole.

She snatched up the phone "Jack?"

The voice was low and angry. "I told you never to call me here!," he hissed. "You know what she's like."

"Jack. I think I'm knocked up Jack."

Silence. Then more silence.

"I can't have another kid, Jack. I can't. I won't!" Panic seeped into the old woman's voice.

"Just calm down Linda. You don't —"

"No. I'm not going to calm down Jack. I'm living in a fucking mental ward as it is. Another brat? Are you fucking kidding me? No way. You have to do something."

"Listen. Let's not do anything crazy. Meet me at the corner of Sneezelit and Snorklit and we'll sort this all out."

Linda was flabbergasted. "Really? That's your solution? He's not even a real doctor for christ's sake."

"He's real enough," Jack replied. "He'll know what to do. Just meet me there at 1:30 and we'll all see what's what. No need to panic until we know for sure, right? Right. And don't call me here again."

"Fine." I'll be there. But if you screw this up Jack, I'll be making another call and that fat eating sow wife of yours is going to get an earful. You hear me?" Linda hung up before Jack could respond.

They met at 1:30 that afternoon. Unlike the last few meetings there were no hugs and kisses. No sir. There were a few glares however and lots of sullen looks. Together, they went inside the building, up the stairs, and to the reception desk. The desk itself was more horndoggie than wood and there were bells and whistles hanging from the treeantlers. All the lampshades were upside down and the receptionist was covered in bright yellow fur with a white star pinned to her naked chest.

"Hello," Jack smiled. "We're here to see Dr. Seuss."

* * *

The walls of the office were covered in plaques.

Plaques showing degrees and all sorts of facts.

There were plaques from Penn State and plaques from old Yale, there was even a plaque from last years, fake cake bake sale!

"Hello! Have a seat!

Have a smoke, rest your feet!

I know why you're here, there's nothing to fear.

Except for my bill, which I'm afraid is quite dear."

Linda rolled her eyes but Jack squeezed her hand and gave her the "shut up" look.

"So you had a nice shag in exchange for Jack's money, and now you are puking and feeling unfunny!

But we won't know for sure without asking the bunny!"

And with that, up leapt the good Dr. Seuss, and ran out of his office without an excuse.

Out followed Linda and poor, skinny Jack,
they followed the doctor to a room in the back.

And there on the table, held down with red flonnets,
was the poor Easter bunny, in a bloody red bonnet.
All he could do was to scream and to yell,
And give off a stench of bad jelly bean smell.

So Dr. Seuss produced a most fantastical Whyster,
"it's the latest device, a slicer and dicer!"
And he cut and he slashed and he dug deep inside,
And he fished out two chocolate eggs, both just an inch wide.

"Now this might take a while," the good Doctor lied,
For right then the poor Easter Bunny expired and died.

Then he turned to the couple, with a slow shake of the head,
"I'm afraid," Seuss whispered, "the rabbit is dead."
"It looks like there will be less room in your shoe,"
"Unless ... you do what I tell you to do."

And with that from his coat, he produced a small glass,
It held a strange liquid, or maybe a gas.
"Drink this, Drink it now, on our lord savior's day,
You may burn in hell, but this all goes away!"

And what, boys and girls, do you think the old lady did?
Did she pop open the cork and undo what she did?
Or maybe she thought, 'what's one more or two?'
Maybe His love that heals all did shine through.

We may never know what she did on that day,
Or what to his wife, poor Jack had to say.
But I like to think that she did the right thing,
Because all life is precious, and all creatures sing.

That's what I believe, and that's what I think.
But I'll always suspect that she took that foul drink!
The end.

