

The Egg

by Cami Park

It was spring. The stepmother brought her newish daughter to the toy store for a surprise. She could have anything in the store. Within reason. There were dolls, some with blinking eyes and bodily functions, and others with tiny waists and tinier shoes. Hula hoops, scooters, skates. So much, and yet.

The newish daughter stopped before a display. A bunny family was having tea. The mother bunny, in a green gingham apron frilled at the shoulders, filled a tiny cup for a girl bunny wearing a puffy white dress with a large pink bow in the back. The bunny father, in a cunning checked vest, held a folded newspaper in one soft white paw, while the other paw rested calmly on the shoulder of a boy bunny dressed in blue pants held up by suspenders. The scene was tranquil, safe. Pretty.

In the corner was a large, hollow, paper mache egg nestled in green Mylar grass. It was divided by a seam, and could come apart, giving it the potential to be filled with all sorts of things.

The stepmother tried to interest the daughter (newish) in the toys in the store. A miniature oven that baked miniature cakes. Real cakes, said the stepmother. You can frost them, too. A life-sized Brush 'N Comb kitty with long white fur, sky blue eyes and a silky ribbon. See how soft. A light up board with colored pegs for making pictures. For your creativity, the stepmother told her.

I want the egg.

Trisha.

The stepmother negotiated with politely confused store management to purchase the display item. At home, the little girl showed it to her father. He looked at his new(ish) wife.

It was what she wanted, she told him, and left the room.

