

Egg

by Nora Nadjarian

We soft boiled the free range egg, cracked it, and were surprised to find nothing in it. My mother sighed, as if the meaning of life had been snatched away before it was born. I cried because I wanted to own a chick and keep it in my hat. My brother said he wanted to add the shells to his breakfast cereal, just to make it crunchier. My father rushed to get the glue out of the drawer where he keeps all his headless statuettes.

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