

# Eggert

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Johnny looked down at the carton of eggs sitting on the counter, thinking out loud to himself.

"Well, that was a close call!" he mused. "If her stay had been any longer, I think she would've expected a proposal, or a serious date. And you know what my little oval friends? I just want to keep on being a freelance bachelor. I'm good." Johnny licks his lips. "And so are you," he stated hungrily, reaching for an egg. before he laid a single finger upon an egg, the one nearest him abruptly shuddered, startling Johnny.

"What the deviled eggs!?" he exclaimed, pulling his hand back. "I must need sleep!" As he watched the egg shutter and jiggle in the carton, to his utter surprise, eyeballs popped open on the shell's surface, blinked and then looked up at him, suddenly widening as if caught off guard.

Johnny watched, speechless at what he was seeing. Unable to tear his eyes away from the egg that now had eyes, he waited, not knowing what to think as those tiny eyes squinted and shook. It was as if the egg was in the throes of a monumental struggle. He thought it would either rupture, or shake loose out of the carton.

"What a strange dream I'm having. Well, at least it's not growing teeth!" he stated in amazement, not thinking to move away, just in case it became a serious situation.

Johnny watched on, his hand slowly raising, as if to ward off sudden blow to his head. To his dismay, the center of the egg split open with a Pop!, forming the unmistakable form of a mouth with jagged-sharp eggshell teeth.

Ohhh, ahhh!" the egg exclaimed. "That's so much better!" Eyes widening, Johnny shook his head, the memory of a movie scene coming to mind, in which a stake crawled across the counter like a desperate slug attempting to flee the certain

dinner-time appetite of a hungry man.

"Huh?" The egg stated in surprise as it caught sight of Johnny staring at it.

"What?" Johnny abruptly explained.

"Huh?" The egg repeated, to which Johnny repeated, "What?"

"Huh?" The egg said again, its eyes narrowing, as it looked up at him in open frustration.

"You're an egg!" he accused, pointing at it.

"Wow, you're smart!" the poultry snack shot back, rolling its eyes.

"What?" Johnny repeated, absolutely disbelieving what he was seeing. The egg growled up at him, shaking with frustration.

"Hey, stop that! I'm the one with no ears! Are you hard of hearing or something?"

"You're just an egg!" Johnny shouted as he slowly, cautiously, backed away, suddenly feeling apprehensive, his mind bordering on the terror of the moment.

"Hey, hey, hey!!" The egg shouted, nearly toppling out of the carton. "Calm down! I'm not going to eat you. Can you promise me the same? So slap yer' jaw shut a minute, and quit saying What?", the egg shouted.

Johnny was suddenly quiet.

"All right," he agreed in a weak voice, as his eyes suddenly focused on the other eleven. The egg must've caught the look.

"I'd shake my head at you, but I don't have one. Now, listen up, and don't say anything!" Johnny froze, feeling a trickle of sweat cascading his right temple. It was getting much too warm for comfort in here. The fact that an egg was telling him what to do suddenly struck a strange chord within his wavering, reeling mind.

Not convinced, the egg gave him a familiar look – you know, the same look . . . she . . . had given him, just before leaving?' With great effort, Johnny raised his bottom jaw until it clamped shut. Throwing him a narrow look, the egg waited, focusing on Johnny, as if daring him to say something, anything. Playing it safe, Johnny waited in silence, all the while feeling as though his insides would suddenly burst. Of course, they did not.

Johnny waited, obedient to the demands of the egg, though his knuckles were now white as he grasped the spatula tight. The egg glanced at the utensil in his hand.

"What, are you going to hit me with it? Put it down. We don't have time for this nonsense! Now," the egg stated in a sudden, deathly calm voice. "Go on, put it down. You can do it. I'm not going to hurt you – you have my word. I'm not an aggressive type of poultry."

It took a few moments for Johnny to realize why the egg wanted to disarm him. Not making any sudden moves, he slowly put the utensil on the counter, making no sudden moves. Raising his hands, to show the egg he was empty-handed, he took in a deep breath and slowly let it out. Dramatically, the egg rolled its eyes up at him and shook.

"And now we come to the moral of the story in our relationship. We are now on neutral ground. Well done, Mr. man! An introduction would be appropriate at this time. My name is Eggert."

"Johnny, my name," Johnny stated in all awkwardness.

"Johnny, nice to meet you. Without any Eggo, I come to assist you in your time of need. I heard you typing up a storm on your eggodynamic keyboard the other day. As you typed page after page, I heard you talking to yourself. By the way, you do that a lot. Before I even begin to get to my point, I need to know something."

"What?" Johnny asked. The egg shuddered, as if reliving a bad memory.

"You want me to repeat myself, or are you asking to know “what” I need to know?" Johnny was at a sudden and abrupt loss. This was no stupid egg, laid merely for the act of eating! Staring at the other eggs, Johnny remain wisely silent, hoping they would not join in on this conversation. It was currently much too stressful as it was.

"Okay, good, the egg continued, glancing briefly at the spatula on the counter. "I thought you were going to become egggressive with that . . . thing. You people do know that, don't you?"

“Know what?”

“That most of you, when you attempt to turn us, do not have the slightest remorse when you break our yoke. Even if it is not to you, it’s distressing to us! I’m not trying to egg you on. You just need to know to take a little better care of us. People have been beating us for some time now, and they don’t seem to care! Remember that. It’s important!” Without moving his head, Johnny’s eyes rotated to the spatula, then back to Eggert.

"Okay," he stated awkwardly. Satisfied, Eggert continued.

"I think I understand the bachelor thing you think is so special. It's simple really. Now, I'm not going to eggxaggerate with you. You just let her to walk out of this house. Didn't you see it in her eyes, in her behavior? She's beginning to think you eggoentric, you know, eggotistical. She is beginning to have her doubts," Eggert boldly, fearlessly, reprimanded Johnny.

"What?"

"Again with the 'what?'. No more 'what?!' She's getting away man! Yesterday, when you were in the other room, I heard her talking on the phone with her younger sister. Do you know what she said?" Johnny shook his head, his eyes widening.

“What? I mean, no. Tell me, please.”

“She clearly stated, and I quote," "if he doesn't give me a reason by tomorrow, I'll leave, go home, call him, then tell him I'm going to call it quits. I'm beginning to wonder if he wants me around." Johnny looked out the nearby kitchen window, seeing her walking down the sidewalk to her car.

"I better swallow my pride," Johnny confessed.

"Eggo," the egg corrected him.

"Yes, he stated, suddenly panicked. Eggert suddenly rocked back and forth in the carton, as if trying to break free.

"Go after her! And don't be eggressive! Go man, go!" Abruptly, Johnny sprang into action, racing for the front door. Pulling it open, he leapt out and down three steps, landing in a panic on the very same sidewalk she was nearing

the end of!

"Wait!" He called to her, "Please!" Turning, she breathed a sigh of relief and smiled.

That morning, as they ate perfectly cooked eggs and toast, Johnny handed her a half glass of eggnog, even as the first wondrous flakes of winter began to appear, gently cascading into view just outside the living room window as a comfortable fire danced merrily in the hearth.

Johnny was grateful he had listened to Eggert, who had guided him to this wonderful and warm evening. For, had he not done eggxactly as Eggert had instructed, his eggo would have caused him to remain a bachelor. And that would have been the biggest mistake of his life

The end.