

Eggshells

by J.B. Lacombe

The eggs got badder as the cook got madder, starting as adequately over easy but more scrambled as she cooked and the husband talked about himself and the boy just sat not helping, until the eggs were finally a mottled mess of chewy yellow and white and the cook thought eggs couldn't taste so gross but didn't eat anyway because the baby was screaming and why was no one picking it up, and that's when she took the rest of the carton of eggs and threw them across the room and then, just as frantically, grabbed a stack of clean dishcloths and sopped up the mess, threw the soiled cloths into the drum of the washing machine with the family looking at her with big, wide, scared eyes, and she would find eggshells in the clean laundry for weeks.

