

The Egg

Sometimes the most unusual things happen in the most ordinary places. It was Thursday morning, on a sunny spring day, when I trudged outside to the chicken coop to gather the eggs.

I opened the door, entered the coop, and began to dig carefully through the straw in the nesting boxes. A few brown eggs, a small pearly white egg from the bantam hen, and then I searched for Ping's egg. Ping, our white leghorn hen, is an unusually adept layer. Not only does she lay many eggs, but they are also of extraordinary size and quality. I found it! Behind the roost, tucked in some straw, I beheld the largest egg I had ever seen. Because it was larger than any I had ever collected, I thought it looked like a dinosaur egg. Intriguingly, it had a strange shine to it.

Around and around in my hand I turned the egg, I felt the egg suddenly seeming to grow increasingly enormous and heavier. I had to put it down! It kept growing. Within a minute, it was already greater in size than the hugest ostrich egg. Abruptly, it ceased to grow. I could not believe my eyes, for

the egg I was now looking at was no chicken egg - it was either a hundred-pound ostrich egg or a Tyrannosaurus Rex egg!

“Dinosaurs don’t exist!” I thought to myself. All my consoling thoughts of relief vanished when I heard an unmistakable cracking sound. I turned around and looked – there standing before me was a baby Tyrannosaurus. It was about the size of a turkey, but still visibly growing. It had two short arms, and both of them had two little nubs on each hand that could be claws. The little beast was sort of greenish brown in color, and it had ominous beady eyes that glowed orange in the sunlight. As I stood gazing into its eyes, something terrible happened. Stretching out its head, the creature began to make use of its newly hatched legs. Sprinting around our yard, crashing into trees and fence posts, it seemed to be trying to find a way out. Worse still, it was beginning to feel hungry. It paused its frantic movement long enough to fix one gluttonous eye upon our cat, who was emerging from behind the shed. In an instant the cat was high up in a tree with the ravenous creature clawing at the trunk.

Fortunately, I remembered we had a large steak last night

and there were abundant leftovers. Frantically running, I entered the house, slamming the door shut behind me. I flung the refrigerator open and snatched as many meaty chunks of steak as I could. Dashing back outdoors, I raised the meat up high above my head. "Come and get it!" I shouted. Thankfully, I had arrived at a crucial time, for the dinosaur was about to impale Ping with its formidable jaws. It caught the smell of the steak I was holding, and it darted towards me with its gaping jaws open wide.

It was a critical moment for I just had realized I was in a terribly vulnerable spot, and I didn't relish getting eaten in my backyard by a prehistoric monster. I closed my eyes, clenched my fists, waiting to feel the teeth close around my body. I could already feel the hot breath of the creature. To my surprise, nothing happened except for a partly crushed raw egg in my hand dripping down my sleeve. I opened one eye cautiously, to see our dog panting in my face. Apparently, he had been attracted by the broken egg. I let out a sigh of relief and started cleaning off the disgusting goop that covered my hand. Had this all been a daydream? In reality, it was. But as I

was heading into the house, I looked down to see a strange tooth that was much larger and sharper than a dog's tooth. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. Now I knew better than to spend too much time imagining who that tooth belonged to. Sometimes, ordinary days are best when they don't come with unusual surprises.