

# *The Egg*

*by*

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Toby found the darned thing tucked way back in his mother's bedside table drawer. He wasn't supposed to be snooping there, but... he wasn't really snooping after all; he was exploring for pirate treasure with his little 'Dread Pirate Tabor' action figure.

His mother had stepped out for just a moment to go and borrow a cup of something from Ms. Springystep. That was the name he'd given the goofy white Cat who lived next door. She even lived with a Skunk; how very odd was that? He also knew that he and his mother were Tabby, but... His paw found something and he pulled it out of the drawer.

The little kitten's eyes became transfixed on the object he held. It was... well... it looked a lot like an egg. Placing his action figure in its place for safe keeping, he took the egg thing out to the kitchen. Opening the fridge door, he gazed up at the chicken shaped dish for comparison. Sure as sure could be the object in his paw looked just like an egg; but it had a long wire attached to it, terminating in this little box thing with a switch on it.

He began swinging it slowly like a pendulum, letting the fridge door close with a thump. A moment later he was turning circles around the kitchen watching the little white object standing straight out on the end of its wire tether from centrifugal force. Raising his arm up and down he made the little object follow, pretending it was a spaceship full of Dog aliens like he'd seen at the drive in movies. His mother had covered his eyes against the horror of them, but he'd peeked between her fingers. It 'placked' off of one of the kitchen chairs and for a moment he was really scared he'd broken it. On close inspection he found nothing wrong and sighed a childish sigh of relief.

To the six year old's scrutiny the object was intensely mysterious. Why would his mother keep an egg in the night stand? It would spoil wouldn't it?

He sniffed at it and stuck his tongue out. It smelled spoiled.

"Yucko!" he said, before he could stop himself. Quickly he held the egg behind his back where it hung down between his legs like an overly large errant testicle. When he heard no questioning voice, he remembered his mother was next door.

"You be good, Toby," she'd crooned to him before stepping out. He was almost asleep and she was in just a bit of a hurry. "Be a good boy and take your nap. The windows are all open, and I'm only going to be next door so I can hear every little thing. If you need me I'm just a hop, skip, and a jump away."

Running to his bedroom window, he peeked up over the ledge; checking to see that his mother was not hopping or skipping, or jumping back home. He heard giggling voices from next door and blinked. ‘Girls are silly,’ he thought.

Turning from the window, he walked the egg back towards the living room in little bouncy movements, letting it loose to strike the wooden floor and then catching it after it bounced by raising his paw and jerking upwards with the wire.

His thumb found a button and he pushed it; dropping the entire thing and scooting back around the door jamb when it began to buzz. It clattered to the floor and then buzzed even louder.

Peeking back around the door's framework, he watched as it bounced up and down on the wood of the floor; rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...

“COOL!” he squeaked and then sprang upon it as if it were a mouse. He did his best summersault over top of it and came up to a standing position, holding the vibrating thing out at arm’s length like some sort of martial art’s weapon. As it buzzed, he swung it around like he’d seen the cartoon characters do, ending the whole with a struck pose. The little egg continued on to whap him between the eyes.

He dropped it to the floor again in order to hold his ‘owie’; only to notice the egg had stopped buzzing. Peeking through his fingers he watched it for a moment and then flopped down on the floor next to it. The button he’d pushed earlier was now all the way back. Reaching out, he slid it with his thumb to the first position.

[illegible]

He giggled, and then pushed the button all the way forward.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.....

There followed a series of loud and then soft and then loud buzzing sounds until he turned it off. Sitting up, he picked it up and put it in his mouth, closing his lips.

Pushing the button to the first position, he giggled madly and then spit it out with as much force as his little lungs could muster. It flew out to the length of the cord and bounced back at him.

“The launch was successful, Captain,” he said softly. “We have achieved the moon.”

“Yes,” he answered himself back, “But now you have to land on... on...” He thought for a moment, remembering back to the Dog alien movie. “On France,” he said and giggled.

Placing the egg back in his mouth, he pushed the button all the way forward and spit as hard as he could. The egg shot out and up, sprang off of the wire, and came back to once again hit him between the eyes.

Yelling, he scrambled up and ran to the kitchen, only to stop when he realized there was no one in the house for him to run to about his new 'owie'.

Looking back towards the living room, he heard the thing moving itself about the floor as if trying to escape.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.....

He couldn't let it escape!

Running back into the living room, he snatched it up, swinging it wildly around his head and scrambled his way to the bathroom where he dunked it into the toilet bowl.

“Errup... errup...” he sang, imitating a submarines dive klaxon. “DIVE! DIVE! Toby monster sighted!” Reaching out, he pushed the toilet’s plunger and watched as the water swirled and gurgled and moved the egg around until it was sucked down the same way his little poops got sucked down when he remembered to be a ‘big boy’.

Giggling, he pulled on the wire and up it popped again growling for air.

“Please don’t let me drownnnnnn...” he giggled and then pushed the plunger again. After five of these attempted drownings, all of which were decreed rescue attempts when he pulled it back up the poop disposal hole, he looked around for something different to do with it. Flipping it around his head, the egg landed in the bath tub where it began making a terrible racket on the cold porcelain.

“Did you hear something?” Bella asked her neighbors. She cocked an ear up and turned her head slightly, aiming it for her house. “Oh jeesh... I hope the alarm clock didn’t just go on. Toby’s asleep, and there’s going to be no getting him back to bed.”

She looked at the Cat and the Skunk and her expression said it all. She was so looking forward to their little ‘interlude’. She’d always been the straight arrow and never tried anything so adventurous. She was so darned disappointed.

“Maybe another day hun,” the Cat told her, laying a paw on her arm, “It’s not like we’re going to move away or anything.”

When she got home, she sniffed the air. All seemed well, though she thought she detected the slightest scent of excitement. Looking into her son's room she found him fast asleep on his bed. She couldn't resist smiling at the little trouble maker. 'All sleeping children are angels,' she thought as she turned towards her own room, quietly closing the door behind herself and clicking the lock.

Sitting on the bed, she opened her night stand and took out her 'little friend'.

As she did, her fingers felt something odd. Reaching back in, she pulled out Toby's favorite action figure, and frowned. When he got up he was going to get such a spanking.

Then she looked back to the egg and smiled again.

"Plenty of time for that after he wakes up," she said softly. "For now... first things first."

(end)