

Amy, Mike, and the Egg

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It was early in the morning. Amy kissed Mike on the forehead while the bedroom was filling with coffee aroma.

“Good morning,” she said.

“Hmm! That smells good, what’s going on?” asked Mike.

“Special breakfast for a special person,” she smiled and kissed him again.

I won’t describe what happened in the following half hour while the coffee was getting cold and the toast was sticking to the carpet by virtue of the orange jam.

When all was calm again, he asked, “Why did you bring breakfast to bed?”

She — only covered by white linen — smiled sweetly and replied, “We are going to be a family.”

Once again — young people can do everything and anything — the room was full of rustling. It is as if the happy couple decided to assure their pregnancy.

Amy and Mike have been married for only five years. People used to have children even sooner in the past, but that changed after the last economic crisis in the 50’s — 2053 to be precise. The government decided to tax parents because of the heavy cost that a new citizen represents to the community. Amy and Mike have a big enterprise now. Few people would envy them. You know, people tend to avoid genuine challenges nowadays. It’s much easier to take an important position in a big company than to have a baby.



It was four weeks since that coffee-smelling morning. Amy was watching TV when Mike arrived from the squash practice. The tea was ready like every Wednesday at four o’clock and she switched off the TV.

“We have to make a decision,” she said, while offering him a cup of tea.

“I know,” replied Mike.

“This is the sixth week of pregnancy,” she pointed out.

“I know, I know. You don’t need to remind me.”

As I said, it’s not easy to have a baby these days. People are very busy working, socialising, travelling, going on holiday, shopping, etc. A big belly is the last thing you want to wear. Worse, you have no maternity leave as in the old days. Of course, you can’t complain because you have alternatives: you can leave your job — I haven’t heard of anyone who has done this — or you can have an egg. Yes, an egg!

“I do want an egg,” cried Amy shedding salty tears on the already cold tea.

Mike stood up, walked around the table, scratched his head and said, “I understand you can’t leave your work but you know the problems of having an egg.”

“Of course I know, everybody knows. But we cannot afford to lose my job!”

A long deep silence came and stayed. After some minutes he broke the silence, “Let’s do it.”



It was Thursday morning; the sun hadn’t risen yet and Mike parked in front of their house. He helped Amy to get out the car. She was hugging a ball of cloth. It wouldn’t have been necessary to warm the Egg. It wouldn’t have been necessary to wrap it. It would have been better to carry it in a supermarket bag so nobody could suspect anything. They came into the house and she went straight to the bedroom. She unwrapped the Egg and put it on their bed. Mike prepared coffee — he was as tired as Amy was — and went to meet her. In two hours, both of them have to go to work. They had spent most of the night in a clinic. “Coffee?” he offered. She couldn’t hear; she was asleep. He drank his coffee seated on one side of the bed looking at his wife and his little one: the Egg.

An egg is not as dangerous for the mother as it was at the beginnings of the technical development. There were no cases of maternal death since Dr. Priscot and his group developed the new “transplantation” technique ten years ago. If the foetus is less than eight weeks old, you can transplant it from the mother’s body to a plastic egg with enough nutrients for the whole pregnancy period. Then, the body of the mother is released from the problems of carrying the baby during the remaining seven months. The only health disturbances are some hormonal destabilisation of the mother that can be easily controlled with Prof. Duncan’s pills. The baby is completely safe in the egg. Moreover, unlike some mothers, eggs never smoke or drink alcohol.



“Stay away from my son, stay away from my son!”

Mike woke up with Amy’s screams.

“Keep away from my son!”

“Darling, wake up darling,” Mike woke her.

She opened her eyes and looked at Mike; then looked at the Egg and hugged it. Mike looked at the clock — it was late.

“We have to hurry up dear; we are going to get late to work.”

“I can’t go to work; I had a nightmare.”

“Yes I know. You were screaming. But we’ve got to go.”

“I had a nightmare,” she insisted, “I can’t go to work today.”

“Listen, you are not sick, you are not ill, you had a nightmare. You can’t stay at home because you had a nightmare.”

“I dreamt that someone tried to snatch our baby!” A deep silence filled the air.

I don’t judge Amy. You know, this is not a good time for having babies. It’s true you solve several problems with an egg but some others are created. Once you got your egg, your baby is no longer a part of your body. Every woman starts feeling like a hen. I don’t want to be rude, I’m talking about the problems that every hen has with its eggs. Of course, you don’t need to warm the egg as a hen does but other problems are not solved yet. In this case, Amy is worried by the possibility of “predators.” It’s difficult to steal a baby from the mother’s belly but it’s too easy to steal an egg. Indeed, egg robbery is one of the top ten most frequent crimes.

“Ok,” Mike started speaking, “I tell you what. You stay at home today. I’ll call your boss and I’ll tell him you are ill. We’ll discuss about your nightmare this evening. You just relax. You are very tired because of the transplant. Everything will be ok. I’ve got to go now.”



Amy spent all day in bed. She rose a few times to get some fruit from the fridge and some coffee. She brought them to bed. She didn’t watch TV, listen to radio, or smell TA. She was all day petting her Egg and thinking. Thinking lot of things: silly things and important things, nice things and not so nice things. I think it could have been better for her smelling TA rather than thinking. Tele-Aromatisation is good for relaxation if you get the proper TA-station. You know, some of them seem to me as a smelling version of heavy-metal rock-and-roll you can see in documentaries. Amy was thinking and dreaming during short naps. Her naps were short because the same bad dream came time after time.

Finally, Mike arrived home. He was thinking all day like Amy. He is lucky because he didn’t have bad dreams last night. Amy went to meet him in the kitchen.

“I had the same dream twice this afternoon.”

“Shall we take the Egg to the bank?” suggested Mike.

Banks have very good security systems and many parents take their eggs there.

“I’m not going to leave my baby in the bank! It’s my baby, it’s our baby, it’s not our savings.”

Mike looked at the Egg and said: “We can hide it in the house.”

The idea is not bad. Nobody knows about their Egg, except for the very discreet doctors at the clinic, and no one needs to know about it until the “cracking”.

Since the egg was invented — Dr. Priscot made a lot of money on that — egg robbery has been rising. Eggs are worth as much as three googols each in the illegal market — one-quarter googol is the legal price. The main reason why people buy eggs in the black market is for organ transplants. It is very difficult to obtain good organs for transplants nowadays and people can live as long as hundred-and-ten years if they change some organs in time. Rich people can afford to buy an egg illegally and use it as soon as a transplant is required to keep them alive.

They all three were in the kitchen while thinking — not the Egg of course — about the best place to hide the Egg. It’s not easy to find a proper place where an egg of this size can stay hidden for seven months. They came up with plenty of suggestions but none seemed to be adequate: the cellar is always visited by Mr. James — a neighbour — to borrow tools, the attic is always dirty, the wardrobe is inspected by Amy’s mum every weekend. They were proposing and withdrawing ideas for five hours. Finally, Amy suggested: “What about the bed?” Their bed is a big box with the mattress on top of it. The box has plastic edges and elastic bands on the top. The whole box is covered with thick, blue linen stapled on every edge. This place is certainly the best. The Egg will be under them every night and they would take care of it as a hen would. Nobody would cut the linen to look in.

Amy was wrapping the Egg; Mike was taking the mattress out of the bed. He removed the staples on one side of the blue box and Amy put the Egg in. They fixed the Egg on the bottom of the box using a lot of glue. Mike went to the cellar and brought the stapling gun. He fixed the blue linen in its original position; nobody will notice anything.



Amy and Mike had a light dinner and went to bed. They didn’t speak at all after hiding their Egg. They slept very well and no nightmares came to visit Amy. The morning after they had breakfast together. They spoke very little: “any sugar?” “Could you pass the jam, please?” and the like. They did the washing and drove the car to go to work. They didn’t speak at all during the drive — it’s a two-hour trip to town... Suddenly, she screamed: “Watch out!” He put the breaks on, but it was too late. The car and a big truck coalesced into a single metallic mass. The truck driver got off with some few scratches. He walked to the back of the truck and tried to help Mike and Amy, but it was too late, they were both dead.