

#Egg1

The egg's journey

To me, writing a story is like laying an egg. I am not a proud owner of a cloaca, therefore I thought it impossible to lay an egg. I can think of an egg. I can paint it, I can describe it, but it will never be an egg. It will never become a chick. Or a crocodile. Or whatever comes out of an egg.

But, the call is loud on this one. This egg needs to be laid. By me. And soon, too. The pressure is on.

Thank the Angels for internet. It's full of helpful tips. How to keep going after being struck by writers block. What's the best story outline for any idea you might have. How to cook an egg. How to raise a crocodile.

Okay, maybe this Internet is not my best friend after all.

Whilst not owning a chick, or a crocodile, or a cloaca, I can still pretend. I can fake being Hemingway, put on a hat, drink, smoke and lay my egg. I was always told drinking and smoking isn't really good for your health, let alone for eggs, and I have never seen a chicken drink or smoke, but Hemingway did in Havana...maybe I'll give it a go.

So, here I am. Laying eggs. Fertility stories. Creating stories. Maybe they're not perfect eggs, but I am doing it. Like Frodo, I started an adventure, not realizing all consequences, trying to get out of it sometimes, scouring internet, asking for help by sharing some of my more brilliant ideas with my loved ones, getting brutally scrambled on those same ideas, trying to get out of it again, and again, and again.

I even found out that telling stories while riding my bike isn't the same as writing them down. Anything brilliant, witty, sensational thought up along the way home, won't be put down on paper in the same manner. It will turn out flat, boring, in need of spices.

But kicking and screaming I am laying these eggs now. Learned how to cook along the way. Maybe I'll keep it up. Maybe not.

I will share these short stories. To be shamed, bullied, applauded, respected. All of the before and more. And I have learned. Smoking sucks, internet is a b*tch, laying eggs is a rocky road, asking for help will get me moving but not always towards the goal and goals can be altered along the way. And if anyone has an extra crocodile egg laying around, give me a shout. I know what to do.

#Egg2

The stardust journey

Once upon a time a little baby boy was born. He was a perfect mix of his mother and father and all the other little particles of stardust we all consist off.

This little baby grew up into a little boy. He was loved. One day he confessed to his mother "Mom, I am in love...". His mother smiled and knew she was no longer the center of this little boy's world. "Is she sweet?" she asked; "Yes...." He sighed. "And is she smart?". "Yes..." he sighed. "And you know what mom?" he said, "She is funny, too!" and with a happy little dance he skipped away.

All this created funny moves in his belly. And as he grew older, he soon found out that those funny moves turned into spectacular sensations, of which he wasn't always in control. He tried hiding the stained sheets by putting them in the washing machine. He tried thinking really hard of stupid math problems to hide his physical reactions. No matter what he did, the sensations didn't go away and sometimes he really needed to act on them. And his mother knew a lot of stardust-potential got lost between handkerchiefs, bedlinen and girlfriends with benefits.

One day the young man got reacquainted with his high school sweetheart. The moment they met, he felt his belly make those funny moves again.

He gathered his nerves and asked her out. He wined and dined her, and they ended up buying a house with a white picket fence. A dog soon followed.

To be able to keep wining and dining, the man and the woman worked really hard. But there were consequences. Things turned, as they do sometimes, a bit sour.

They both spend less time at home, less time with each other. No more wining and dining. And then, the dog died. The white picket fence wasn't as white anymore. The jobs weren't as challenging. They knew it all needed their attention, but they were busy. Busy outside their house, busy outside their home.

One day the man confessed to his mother "Mom, I don't know what to do anymore.". She looked at the man he had become and whom she loved. She knew exactly what to say. "Is she sweet?" she asked; "Yes...." He sighed. "And is she smart?". "Yes..." he sighed. "And you know what mom?" he said, "She is funny, too!" and with a happy heart he went back home.

That afternoon he repainted the fence, that evening he made diner for his sweetheart. And later that night some of his stardust mixed with hers. The both knew they were back on track. And a few weeks later a little baby was made. When he told his mother she sighed "A perfect mix of the both of you and all the other little particles of stardust we all consist off".

#Egg3

The sperms journey

“Phooey, its hot in he here!”, he thought. He knew he was just one of many. But he had always felt kind of special. Strong and feisty, not like the others who were just laying around. He also knew timing was everything. So he kept to the sides, never in the center. He waited. And waited. He saw brothers come, he saw them go. He never joined them. He waited till just the perfect time. He waited till he heard it. IT. The siren’s song. And what a beautiful song it was.

Unfortunately, more off his brothers had heard it. ALL of them heard it, it seemed. HIS song. He knew right then and there it was time. HIS time. He moved to the center and as the pressure build up, so did the heath. Sweat dripped in his in eyes. He had difficulty seeing. What’s going on? Was he in the right place? Here in the center hearing the call was difficult. Was he sure? Wasn’t he better of clinging to the sides? With a big bang he could feel they all started moving. No more doubt. The siren’s song grew stronger. He couldn’t back off anymore. He didn’t want to. He felt he was the strongest one here, and for a reason too; this was HIS song. She sang for HIM!

He kept going and going, passing his brothers left and right. And the sound grew stronger and stronger. Finally, just as he was about to pass out, but not ready to give up, never giving up, he reached the source. And what a beautiful singing source it was. He stopped for a moment to catch his breath, tidied himself up a bit and politely approached her, knocking a few of his brother left and right out of the way.

He smiled, she smiled. She waved, he approached. All of a sudden he could feel he himself was knocked out of the way! What’s going on? One of his so called brothers, a big one it was, had pushed him aside. He could hear the siren’s song become more silent. No way he was going to let this happen! He gave it his best shot and just before his brother he reached her.

Without hesitation her wrapped his arms around her and they both knew. This is it. “This is what I waited for”. “This is what I sang for”.