

Scrambled eggs.

Fresh hatches.

In the beginning, things were simple. Humpty dumpty sat comfortably within the cardboard confines of his container, along with his egg friends and egg family. Every day the small group would proceed through the day singing shanties a few of them had picked up from the farm before they were packaged (though, due to poor memory and the circumstance of the eggs, what the song they end up poorly chanting is almost completely detached from its original ancestor.)

Every day the eggs would spend a few hours talking about aspirations as a collective, another few hours playing random word games followed with even more collective discussion. A little while of the eggs running around and playing in the padded cardboard container, with the group ending the day with discordant singing that the overzealous eggs were so filled with bliss that they completely disregarded how they sounded.

During one of their many play sessions, however, humpty dumpty found himself considerably more tired than the rest. He wandered his way over to the cardboard corner of the container when suddenly a blinding light came from above.

Everyone knew in their yolks that the bright light that laid above them was that of legend; an old tale about what happens to the eggs that was passed down from the elder eggs the giants had forgotten about. They had what many believed to be an insurmountable knowledge on any question that could be answered. But the elders chose to live within the shadows, rather than capitalizing on the fact that they were more conscious than any other egg in the batch.

They would always talk about how life in the container would come to a sudden halt when the ceiling disappears, not too dissimilar to the situation our eggs are undergoing themselves.

They called it the holy light; wherein an egg chosen and is taken by one of the giants and freed from the cardboard confines of the closed container.

Poor humpty dumpty. He was the one picked by such a light. Everyone cheered, under the assumption that it was a good thing. Blinded by the light as they were to their bliss, humpty dumpty rose to the unknown world above.

Life beyond the shell.

Without any warning, humpty dumpty was desperately detached from his precious friends. He saw a completely brand-new world, one powered by light and power as a sudden wave of blistering heat pressed up from behind him. He could feel the roaring flame of a gas hob ignite and press against his back, as if to be a physical interpretation of guilt or the burning weight of sin.

Again, unaware of the situation he was in, humpty dumpty waddled over to the side of countertop, his small feet pressing up against the marbled texture that lay under him.

Like many have heard before, humpty dumpty sat atop a wall. The giant had grabbed him by the temples. The hard exterior of his shell was promptly bashed in, fractured and broken with ease. The burning heat caused from the pain of having his insides ruptured and removed was comparable to the pressing heat of the cast iron skillet he found himself faced with.

The blistering heat was now upon him, as if the sun itself had descended purely to shout down at the unsightly world below, crying out in a blind rage as flare after flare was thrown down from the heavens.

He forcedly parted ways with his precious shell, having his 'insides' very quickly become his 'out sides', and as feeble constitution laid on the border between death and consciousness, humpty dumpty began to question all the information those elders gave him.

Bitter at the lies, humpty succumbed to the darkness, becoming one with it. The contents of his yolk underwent violent necrosis as his organs began to coagulate and gelatinise over the immense heat of the saucepan.

His lifeless body, an empty shell compared to what it once was, was being muddled and mixed as the giant poured humpty onto a plate for display and, without hesitation, consumed the remains of everyone's favourite egg.

Isaac.

Isaac – the name of the giant that had killed and consumed humpty dumpty – had arrived at his accounting job feeling rather unwell, as if parts of his stomach were rioting. His situation faced a rapid decline as constant trips to the

bathroom left him completely incapacitated. Through all the vomit and diarrhoea, Isaac cried out to his workmates begging for help.

The leader of this group of humans arrived and without hesitation sent Isaac back home wherein which he would have to isolate for a full week; 7 whole days.

Isaac, too, was a simple man with a simple life. He lived quietly in his own house with his wife, Rebecca, and his two sons – coincidentally following the theme of biblical names – Jacob and Esau. Poor had Isaac contracted a severe fever, intense nausea and partial disassociative hallucinations that would prove to be increasingly more dangerous to him and his family as his sickness developed and worsened.

It was as if the spirit of humpty dumpty himself had risen from dead, achieving new life in the form of a microbiological pathogen that still retained aspects of humpty's fragile consciousness. However, any intelligence humpty may have achieved his short life was not. All that was left of his empty shell of a mind was his rage; his hatred for those who take advantage of the weak as the elders did to him.

Revenge.

The morning after Isaac had suffered his worst symptoms – just two days after the consumption of humpty dumpty – he awoke feeling almost completely fine. Isaac was not pained with any sickness or fevers and once again chose to ignore the sickness instead of look into whether or not the hope he was filled with was a falsity or not.

His mundane morning continued like any other; it followed the strict routine of pouring his favourite form of caffeinated beverage followed with him cleaning his body whilst it cooled. However, as his coffee brewed, he began to feel that there was another presence within the confines of his kitchen.

The quiet and gentle sound of feet slapping the marbled flooring filled Isaac with dread of the purest form. He had assumed it was Rebecca, however those ignorant assumptions were swiftly shattered like the shell of poor humpty dumpty as an 8-foot-tall oval shadow was cast from behind him. It hung over him, filling him with dread. The footsteps began to quicken and got drastically louder as he felt the space between the front and back of his kitchen get exponentially larger.

Though his panic caused him to overestimate the distance between him and the walls around him, the footsteps proceeded to get faster and faster, tapping became thudding as each step began to represent Isaac's fragile heart beating faster and faster under the increasing pressure of his own thoughts.

Turning around and wincing, he awaited the incoming force of the unknown creature. But within the blink of an eye, everything had returned to normal. His kitchen shrunk as the walls began to group and the oncoming threat that had made him question his mortality was revealed to be Rebecca. His wife.

Regret.

The occurrence of this hallucinogenic event became more and more frequent, as his two twins also became afflicted with the strange change in appearance as his wife. Three days past the consumption of humpty and Isaac began to reach a peak his suffering, as all the disease he was feeling within day one – the nausea and fever – was now blending with the loss of his grip on reality.

Isaac began to hear faint chuckling from upstairs. the sound was not of this earth, like some demon watched and sniggered at the sight of Isaac; walls began to materialise around him that blocked him off from the world, entrapping him in a helpless state of which he was at the mercy of none other than humpty dumpty himself!

Humpty dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty dumpty began charging towards a defenceless Isaac at increasingly high speeds. Humpty dumpty exceeded every feasible law of acceleration as his charge was empowered by fuel of the purest form, rage. The resentment humpty felt towards Isaac was of a magnitude comparable to that of which measures planetary bodies.

It was only now when Isaac, out of what he believed to be self-defence, fought back against the incoming threat that was humpty dumpty. Humpty dumpty dove headfirst towards Isaac, his shell refracting and crippling Isaac's vision humpty prepared to take a life.

Humpty's attack was unsuccessful however, as Isaac avoided and retaliated by tearing a shard of humpty shell from his side and piercing his humpty body in desperation.

The putrid gasses expelled from humpty's rotting corpse was that of rotten eggs, the smell sullied the air as it filled every room and overpowered every one of Isaac's senses. He could no longer bear the thought; everything in his life was slowly being replaced by humpty dumpty...

