

The Hatching

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There it is: the offspring of a living being, a capsule of life awaiting its moment to live. It lies there, its shell hard, smooth, and shiny. It gleams a caramel color in the light. This shell is invincible, or so it would seem. It can be dropped from untold heights and never break. But once subjected to heat, a strange miracle begins to occur. From within, the shell begins to shatter.

But a creature does not emerge to leave its shell behind as is common. This is not new life; this is irreversible damage, an occurrence that will forever rob the shell of its purpose of birthing a living thing. What comes from the shell is not alive, nor does it leave the shell behind. It swells convoluted, the shell still attached to its new soft form as it forces its way out in bizarre, senseless, asymmetrical shapes. This is not new life; this is an atrocity, an event which would not occur in nature but was rather devised by man. But man does not care. It happens in a mere instant, this demented hatching. I look at what was once so small and shiny, now swollen with pieces of its shell embedded into it. I consider it for a moment, and then pop it into my mouth.

Popcorn is cool.

