

THE THREE DIFFERENT EGGS

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One day, three eggs were born on a chicken farm. As soon as they were born, they were sent to the supermarket by the caretaker.

On the way to the supermarket, the three eggs gently tapped their heads together when the car bumped, which was their way of greeting before conversing, similar to a handshake among humans. The eldest glanced at the large forehead of the second egg and then at the uneven shape of the third, convinced that it was the most plump and healthy, proudly declaring, "I am destined to become the food of a great person."

The second egg lifted its broad forehead and retorted, "I am the egg with the most knowledge, smarter than both of you. Therefore, I am definitely the cleverest—egg!"

Meanwhile, the third egg listened silently to the loud speeches of the eldest and the second egg, quietly resolving, "I will be a happy egg."

Both the eldest and the second egg wanted to become extraordinary, but they didn't know how. The eldest was excited, imagining, "The person who chooses me must be remarkable. Perhaps I'll be eaten by the president! I'm destined to be more extraordinary than the second and third eggs, haha!" However, things didn't go as planned, and it ended up being picked by a chef who, unbeknownst to it, was just starting out and had no chance of cooking for the president; he only wanted to make a simple omelette for himself. To its dismay, the clumsy chef even managed to burn it. The eldest egg had hoped to be extraordinary, but its lofty ambitions ended up in the hands of an inept cook.



Unlike the eldest, the second egg didn't just want to be eaten by a great person; it simply didn't want to be picked by an ordinary person. It waited for an opportunity and jumped into the bag of an extraordinary person, believing that with its intelligence, it could become a famous egg. Soon, a young boy approached, grabbed the second egg, and exclaimed, "Wow, this egg looks so strong! Such a big forehead and smooth shell, perfect for my Easter egg collection." The boy happily took the egg and went off to pay.

The second egg inwardly lamented, "I am the smartest and most extraordinary egg in the world today, handsome and full of knowledge. How did I end up in the hands of a little brat? What could such an ordinary kid possibly do?" Fuming inside, the second egg resisted as the boy drew on it with colored pens. When the boy tried to draw a straight line on its round forehead, the egg furrowed its brow, resulting in two twisted "earthworms" on its forehead... Eventually, the egg was covered in colorful doodles—some might call it a new outfit, but to the egg, it looked like a mess. The disgruntled boy tossed it into the garbage downstairs. Thus, the second egg ended up among the company of maggots and trash, becoming the most colorful, handsome, knowledgeable trash doctor.



Not long after the boy took away the second egg, an elderly woman wearing a floral shirt and a long black skirt, leaning on a cane, approached the third egg. She used to raise over a dozen hens, but they all fell victim to avian flu last year, leaving her heartbroken and helpless. Originally, she had no intention of raising chickens again, but she couldn't bear the loneliness that followed after their absence. "I'll pick some good eggs and hatch them to keep me company," she muttered to herself as she talked and chose eggs from the rack. The third egg was filled with excitement listening to her. It hoped dearly that the elderly woman would choose it, despite its small and slender shape. When the rough hands of the old woman cradled the third egg, it felt dizzyingly happy and silently made a resolve: "I will hatch a strong little chick that will grow up to lay many eggs, bringing companionship to this lonely old woman."

Spring arrived, and when a fluffy yellow chick hatched from the cracked shell of the third egg, one egg's life ended because it gave birth to a chick. But believe me, the third egg was surely the happiest egg in the world! Truly, for an egg, the continuation of life brings the greatest joy of all.

