

Robin's Eggs



Robin was tired. She was tired of being rudely awakened from a sound sleep day after day, night after night. No matter she'd repeatedly told her human that his sole job was to keep his head level, sooner or later he'd start to nod or twitch or swing his head to and fro, and, next thing she knew, she was hanging on for dear life lest her nest be flung off into space. Along with its precious cargo which she, as primary egg custodian, was responsible for. Sure, the eggs were sturdy self-contained life support systems. But that didn't mean they were indestructible. One unchecked six-foot tumble and her charges would be little more than omelet material. Too bad she couldn't be like her friend Paul, who lived on a pirate's shoulder. Whenever the ol' buccaneer started to lose his sense of levelness, Paul would dig a talon into his shoulder. That never failed to get his person's attention. Oh, Robin knew that one day the eggs would hatch, the baby birds would fledge and fly away, and she'd have to find another job. But for now, it was enough for her to try to stay horizontalllllllll

lllll
llll
lll
ll
ll!

(Damn you, human!)