

Eggs Out of Time

By Craig Taylor

“Come on, she’s about to bust. Can’t you see?” Clark asked.

“You better have something better than that for me, it’s 3am,” Daniel replied.

“Yeah, I got something better. Gimme a second.”

“Four times you’ve brought me here. Four times. I’ve got better things to do. Sleep, namely.”

“Right here, sweetheart,” Clark called. The waitress acknowledged him.

“Sorry for the wait, gentleman. What’ll it be?” the waitress asked, cupping her pregnant belly.

“Two eggs, darling. And the steak for my partner here,” Clark replied.

“No, no. It’s too late for steak. Just some bacon, ma’am.”

“Bacon and the eggs, then?” she confirmed in an ever-soft tone.

Daniel nodded.

“Alright. It’ll be right up for ya.”

“Hold on a second, would ya?” Clark called. She obliged.

“Yes, sir?”

“What are you gonna name him?”

“I’m sorry?”

“Your son, what are you gonna name him?” Clark insisted.

“Oh,” She sputtered, “we aren’t sure the gender yet, but for a boy we thought Travis sounded fine.”

“Travis is a fine name.”

“Thank you, sir, food will be right up.”

“Good enough?” Clark asked once she was gone.

“How long do we have?”

“She crashes in thirty-five minutes, two blocks over.”

“Alright. Let’s go.”

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