

The Egg

By Rose Rivera

Chapter one: Summer

She stepped outside and saw the roses blooming. It seemed that only yesterday she was planting them. She had dreams of growing her very own garden for a long while, to remember her best friend, a celebrated ornithologist. She sat out there for a while taking in the air. She couldn't help but notice that it was unusually hot. Beads of sweat were dripping down her forehead, so much so, that even the breeze couldn't cool her down. She heard the beautiful songs made by the birds, and vowed that from that day on, she would leave out seeds for them. She blew on her antique birdhouse, which conveniently came with a bird feeder, and all of the dust flew away like dandelion tufts in the wind. All she needed were the seeds, which were in her pantry from all of those years ago. She waited outside, and before long, all of the birds were crowded around her bird feeder. That day she wrote in her journal. For every day that would come and go, she tracked what she saw.

Chapter two: Fall

Soon it was fall, and she was excited to wear her beloved turtlenecks again. The pumpkin harvesting had begun and she was ready to sit outside with a nice pumpkin latte in her hand. There was significantly less noise compared to the summer because a lot of the birds had already started their migration. She still saw a lot of them though. She saw Robins, Cardinals, and sometimes even woodpeckers. Only once or twice did she see her favorite though, and that was a blue jay. They were common where she lived but they almost never went to her birdfeeder. That night she sat at her table, writing in her journal; she was preparing for Winter.

Chapter three: Winter

After all of the years she'd spent in Willow County, she noticed something. It was always quiet in the winter, but never like this. She couldn't even hear the birds chirp anymore. It was strange and almost eerie, like she was the only inhabitant on the planet. The next day she left out bird seeds and waited by her window for hours upon hours, just waiting to see one bird fly by. She unfortunately had to write in her journal the disappointing news. She didn't even see one bird, and to make matters worse, the roses started to wither. In all of her many years of life she had never seen the world this dead. Strangely enough, there was barely any snow. In fact, it was quite warm for January. Normally the temperatures would be around twenty-one degrees Fahrenheit, but currently it was forty-three. She had a gut feeling that something wasn't right. She convinced herself to start researching to find the cause of the warmer weather. Numerous articles pointed to one thing— global warming. She knew she had to do something about it, but what exactly could she do?

Chapter four: Spring

By the time she finally had an idea, the birds were back and singing their joyful tunes. She decided that she was going to volunteer at Daffodil Haven, where she could plant trees to combat global warming. Her first time volunteering was tiring, to say the least. She learned about a heavily polluted river nearby and if the rumors were true, she could get incredibly sick from coming into contact with it. She got back at three pm and looked as if she had tripped in mud. It was starting to get warm again. She could tell by the way her clothes stuck to her body. Instead of immediately taking a shower, she decided to pay the birdhouse a visit. The other day a blue jay laid its eggs in there. The three eggs looked like they were doing fine. After her shower, she found herself staring out the window. She saw the blue jay fly to the birdhouse. She hadn't seen it visit its nest yet, and was elated. That night she wrote about the wonderful news in her notebook. According to her research, the little ones should hatch in sixteen to twenty-one days. It was currently June first, meaning that one could hatch the day of the summer solstice. She surprisingly got used to all of the volunteer work and was finding herself to be enjoying it. On June seventeenth one egg hatched. Her best friend would be proud. So did another on June eighteenth. She was sure that the last one would hatch on June nineteenth, but to no avail. Nor did it hatch on June twentieth. The sad truth is that it never

hatched, and the roses never grew back. Almost as if nature was showing her what summer could have been.