

## Scrambled Eggs

She was very young when she first had this dream, maybe three years old, maybe four. In the dream, she was talking to an old, slightly-built, white-haired man. Even though he was not tall or strong, this wisp of an old man was perfectly composed and self-confident. He was telling the little girl about his plans, and it was clear that he was in control, and that she was waiting with great trepidation for his orders.

But she felt that it would be a mistake for her to show the true extent of her fear. She had an idea that he would be more lenient with her if she remained calm, and did not force into play his worst instincts. So she hopped around a little, in front of the man with the white hair and impervious air. But she did not misbehave or act in such a way as to anger him. Things would be even worse if she made him mad.

She knew that his decision about what he was going to do to her was imminent. And just as she tried to talk herself into feeling less scared, it started.

What he was going to do to her started.

It was a circle, and she was on the outside of it, flung there by the force of the spin, the spin that now was enveloping her. Parts of her insides were flung into the air, she vomited from going around and around, and the vomit got flung into the air, and pretty soon she was not in one shape, but in the shape of beaten eggs that are being whipped into a froth before being scrambled.

She was not in pain, but existed in an agony of fear. She was in pieces, and whirling faster and faster in the air, and she had no idea what the old man planned next. Perhaps it would be worse than having her body turned into a liquid mass of unconnected parts. So she talked to the white-haired, grumpy man who was whirling her around so fast that her body had come apart. She talked to him and tried to laugh, to pretend that everything was normal, so that maybe he would not be tempted to do things that were even worse. She knew that he was in control, she knew that she herself had no control, she knew that he might kill her. It was important to show him that she accepted his power, because then he might not see the need to prove it further.

Then it stopped. The dream was over. She was still alive, and in one piece. But there was still one great fear remaining. Maybe she looked like a little girl, like a real person, but maybe she was worth nothing more than what her inner life told her she was: nothing more than a scrambled egg.

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