Spoiled Egg

Jericho stared at Molly doing homework for a few minutes to make sure she was actually doing it. With peace restored to the house, he decided to make a phone call to his uncle.  
 "Uncle, your kid's a real--" Jericho said over the phone, stopping himself from releasing a stream of profanities.   
 "What do you mean? She's such a sweet child," said his uncle.  
 "She's clearly spoiled. I think that you know you're spoiling her," said Jericho. "She wasn't this much of a brat when I took care of her last year."  
 "Things... have changed," said his uncle somberly.  
 Jericho heard his uncle hang up the phone. He frowned, puzzled at his uncle's last words. Jericho turned his head back towards his cousin. She was fading between being awake and sleepy while doing her homework.   
 "How are you still sleepy?" said Jericho.  
 It seemed like Molly did not hear Jericho as she face planted onto the table.   
 "At least it's still peaceful," grumbled Jericho.  
 He decided to let the small child sleep. It was almost noon. Jericho had to cook lunch for both of them. He walked to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. There was left over salad and a carton of eggs. Jericho looked above the refrigerator, and saw packs of instant noodles. As Jericho was boiling the noodles and eggs, he realized that there was a possibility that Molly was not used to such a low-quality meal. Her parents were much more wealthy in comparison. She could act like a brat over her lunch. Jericho added last night's salad over the instant noodles to make it look fancier.  
 He brought over the two bowls of food to the table where Molly fell asleep at.  
 "Where's mommy?" repeated Molly in her sleep.  
 Jericho raised an eyebrow. He flicked her on the forehead with his finger. Molly's face rose from the table.  
 "It's time for lunch," said Jericho as he passed the bowl of instant noodles.  
 "This looks terrible," said Molly.  
 "Food is food. Besides, you have the most important food group in there. Vegetables."  
 "I don't like vegetables. They taste bad. So, I don't eat them."  
 "Doesn't your dad make you eat vegetables at home?"  
 "He lets me eat a quarter of them."  
 After some arguing, Jericho managed to force vegetables into her mouth.   
 "I'll take you to the park when we're done eating," said Jericho.  
 I hereby declare that this is the original work of Jonathan Quang.