Spoiled Egg

"Why are you crying?" said Jericho. You have a bowl of oatmeal in front of you. You can't possibly be hungry."   
 "I wanna watch cartoons," said Molly as she began to cry.  
 "The television's broken. Just wait until next Saturday to watch it."  
 "I want to watch it now!" shrieked Molly as she began to stomp her feet, knocking over her bowl of oatmeal.   
 Jericho could feel blood boil under his skin.   
 Molly was his cousin raised by his wealthy uncle. The uncle clearly spoiled her. Jericho's uncle decided to leave Molly with him for the weekend.   
 Molly had started kindergarten a few weeks ago. Jericho had tutored children at his local elementary school for a few years. He noticed a common trend, that it was the spoiled children who fared poorly on their report cards.  
 Jericho took it upon himself to rid Molly of her spoiled attitude.  
 "Clean that up right now," barked Jericho.   
 "I don't want to. I don't want to," said Molly. She began to roll around on the floor and to scream.  
 "You made that mess, so clean it," said Jericho. She continued rolling and wailing. This was why he disliked taking care of little children. They were hard to reason with.   
 "Daddy would cleaned for me," whined Molly.  
 "This is my house, and that is my rule."  
 "But I don't want to."  
 After persuading her failed, he decided to strike a deal with her.  
 "If you clean it up, I'll take you to the park after lunch."   
 Molly nodded in agreement. Jericho handed her a wet rag from the kitchen. While she was cleaning up her mess, he smiled and walked back to his room.   
 Now that the fiasco was over, Jericho told Molly to get started on her homework while he did his. About half an hour later, Jericho decided to check on Molly.  
 "Are you doodling because you finished your homework?" said Jericho.  
 "No," said Molly, "homework is boring."   
 "Don't you know, the sooner you finish your homework, the sooner you can have fun?"  
 "Why can't I have fun now?"  
 "Start your homework now so you don't have to worry about it later," scolded Jericho.   
 Jericho watched Molly do homework for several minutes to make sure she was actually doing it. Now that she was doing something productive, he decided to make a phone call to his uncle.  
 "Uncle, your kid's a real -- spoiled brat" Jericho said over the phone, stopping himself from releasing a stream of profanities.   
 "What do you mean?" said his Uncle, "She's such a sweet child."  
 "I think that you know you're spoiling her," said Jericho. "She wasn't this much of a brat last year."  
 "Things have changed in the family" said his uncle somberly.  
 Jericho heard his uncle sniffle and hang up the phone. He frowned, puzzled by his uncle's last words. Jericho looked at his cousin. She was dozing off while doing her homework.   
 "How are you still sleepy?" said Jericho.  
 Molly did not hear him, and she fell asleep.  
 "At least she isn't crying or complaining," grumbled Jericho.  
 He decided to let the child sleep. It was almost noon, which was time for lunch. He walked to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. There was left over salad and a carton of eggs. Jericho looked in the pantry beside the fridge, and saw packs of instant noodles.   
 Jericho decided to cook the instant noodles with the eggs and serve the salad as a side dish. He realized that spoiled Molly was probably not used to such a low-quality meal. She could act like a brat over her lunch.  
 He brought over the food to the table where Molly was still asleep at.  
 "Where's Mommy?" said Molly in her sleep.  
 Jericho raised an eyebrow. He shook her until she woke up.   
 "It's time for lunch," said Jericho as he passed the bowl of instant noodles.  
 "This looks terrible," said Molly.  
 "Food is food," said Jericho, "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 small portion."  
 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.  
 An hour later, they have finished eating. Jericho through the window at the thermometer he placed outside. The temperature was about ten degrees colder than it was yesterday.  
 "Did your dad pack you a thicker jacket?" said Jericho.  
 "Yes," said Molly, "but it's itchy, so I don't wanna wear it."  
 "Its ten degrees colder than it was yesterday."  
 "Being itchy is better than being cold."  
 "I don't care."  
 Jericho walked to Molly's bag. After a few seconds of searching, he found Molly's jacket.  
 "You can't make me wear it," said Molly as she ran upstairs.   
 Jericho chased her upstairs. He checked all the rooms, but could not find her.   
 "Come out Molly," yelled Jericho, "Don't you want to go the park?"  
 He heard a footstep coming from the closet in his parents room. Molly dashed out from the closet. Jericho grabbed by the collar and forced the jacket onto Molly.   
 "Are you ready to go to the park?" said Jericho.  
 "Yes," said Molly, dejected.  
 Jericho took Molly by the hand and walked her to the playground five blocks away. The air was cold and dry. Leaves crunched under their feet. It was a classic autumn day. The sound of children screaming could be heard from a block away.  
 When Jericho got to the playground, Molly ran off to play tag with her friends. Jericho sat down on a bench next to two grandmas.  
 "You have a very cute kid," said one of the grandmas.  
 "That's not my kid, she's my cousin," said Jericho, offended, "My uncle wants me to take care of her for the weekend."  
 "Ah, I think I know that kid," said the other grandma, "It's Molly, right?"  
 "Yeah, she's Molly," said Jericho, "She's such a spoiled kid."  
 "Her dad must spoil her because her mom died," whispered the other grandma.  
 "What?" exclaimed Jericho, "When did that happen?"  
 "Your uncle must not have told you. It happened about six months ago. Died in a car accident."  
 "Well that explains a lot."  
 When it was time to leave, Jericho took Molly home. On the way there, he look at her with some sympathy. Jericho looked up and saw his uncle by the door.  
 "Go, wait inside Molly," said Jericho.  
 For once, she listened to Jericho without any arguing.  
 "Uncle, you and I have a lot to talk about," said Jericho.  
 "What do you mean?" stammered his uncle.  
 "I know why you've been spoiling her, but if she continues acting like a brat, I'm sure her late mother would be disappointed."  
 His uncle looked straight at Jericho, tears forming in his eyes.

Vision Statement: If I were to take this fragment further, I would elaborate more on the growing relationship between Jericho and Molly. In addition, the role of the uncle in the story would also be elaborated on.

I hereby declare that this is the original work of Jonathan Quang.