

Three Minute Eggs

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There I was with my two brothers patiently awaiting for my 'newly wed' step Dad to finish cooking what he thought was a 'gourmet dinner'. He used to be a cook for the army. My mom always gave him a hard

time and said he "...used every pot in the house to cook because he had the a whole damned army to clean up after him." Thank God we

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were too small to wash dishes. My oldest brother was seven and three - quarters. My little brother was two, I was six years old. He loved us kids and enjoyed this parenting idea. You could tell by the pride in his eyes. But breakfast for dinner? Maybe he thought it was a novel idea sense my mom's motto is "If the good Lord had wanted most of us to see the sunrise, He would of scheduled it later in the day." In other words she never got up early enough for us kids to know what a sunny-side up egg is. We were lucky to have breakfast at all, she called it 'brunch' - breakfast and lunch on the same plate a little after 11:30 am. Anything earlier than that she said "fend for yourself." He probably thought we didn't even know what breakfast was unless we saw it on *Leave It To Beaver*.

So there I was face to face with half a raw

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egg that someone wanted me to actually eat. The only other time I had to eat a raw egg is when I drank penicillin medicine that was in the refrigerator. My mom made me eat raw eggs so I would throw it up.

...so there I was, eyeballing the dimensions, the texture, the gooie part of these eggs. As I looked at those eggs, I gladly ate the bacon and fancy hash browns, but I wouldn't

touch the eggs. By the time he realized I wasn't going to eat the eggs they were cold. Which was worse. That's when he thought he would toughen up as a parent and not let me get over on him. But he didn't realize when I've got my mind made up, you might as well give up. I would have been great in the army, you can torture me and I wouldn't give up.

He said I couldn't leave the table until I finished my dinner. Unfortunately, our dog was outside. I was trapped at the table. By the time he finished cleaning the kitchen it was too late to try to disperse it onto anyone else's plate or napkin because the table was cleared off. If I had wrapped the eggs in just my napkin the two eggs would of ooz out and been too obvious. These were REALLY sunny-side up. Their was nothing I could do. Neither one of my brothers would eat it or help me out of this one, in fact they got sadistic



pleasure out of seeing me in trouble. In there eyes there was one less person to argue over the T.V, or fight over who got the recliner chair. So the only thing I could do is wait it out until my Dad would give in. Well, I sat there for a good two hours after every one else was done. He finally let me go to bed with out eating the eggs.

I just clammed up and held out in a staring match until he gave in. My step dad never really tried to “control” me. He gave up after the egg incident. We got along great, in fact I was his right arm little girl. I enjoyed helping him build things but I ran for the hills when he cooked for fear I would have to clean up after him.

“...eggs that look like brain tumors are not appealing to eat.”

It really surprises me that I like over easy eggs today. It wasn't until I was sixteen or so before I would have a soft boiled egg or even eat the yellow part. Then again, even though I loved soft boiled eggs, my three minute egg never worked out right. I'd like to meet one person who has cooked a three minute egg in three minutes and had it turn out right. Someone once told me I had to wait for the water to boil before I started my three minutes. I would but my nana said to never watch a pot boil. So I didn't. Not because I did what I was told, I just never had the patience. Even when I did I wasn't sure what was 'officially boiling'. Little bubbles, medium bubbles, or rip roaring mounds of bubbles. So to be on the safe side I was at least sure that rip roaring mounds of bubbles was the ultimate in boiling. So I would start my three minutes after I had lowered my egg into the hot rip roaring mounds of bubbles. Have

you ever tried to ease a delicate oval shaped egg into a pot of rip roaring mounds of piping hot water? I can't tell you how many times I've burned my sensitive little fingers. I used to put the pot next to the cold running water so when I lowered the egg in the water I could quickly ease the pain on my fingers.

It's a known fact that the structure of an egg has amazed engineers for centuries for it's miraculous load distribution (Pounds of force of Newtons or Kilograms force). The phenomenon is that a big fat chicken can sit on an egg for months and it won't break. The strongest man in the world couldn't crack one if squeezing it in the palm of his hand vertical to his fingers. It has even been said that you can place a car on top of four eggs sitting upright. One egg under each wheel and the eggs still wouldn't crack. Myself on the other hand, would crack one just by putting it in a pot of hot water.

Now your probably saying to yourself "... Stacy, why didn't you use a spoon?" I've tried that too. ..BUT there were many incontrollable variables involved that foiled the success of my three minute egg. For one thing, the pot was six inches deep and five inches wide. The combination of the obtuse angle of the spoon and the lack of flexibility, combined with the acute angle of approach, the diameter of the pot, and the oblong contour of the egg, in combination with the critical lack of time (due to the searing heat of the steam and sensitivity of my precious fingers), resulted in the delicate egg rolling off the spoon impacting at the bottom of the pot thusly succumbing to the force of gravity; in conclusion the egg would crack.

No matter what I used, my hands could not endure the heat of steam. It was less than a fifty/fifty chance the egg would make it to the bottom un-scarred. Even when I did successfully get the egg in those rip roaring mounds of bubbles it would make the egg bounce in the pot, then guess what would happen? It would crack anyway. After the egg cracks that's when it gets interesting to watch the pot boil. That clear stuff would leak out and harden white, looking like cauliflower or a brain tumor. When your watching gory, scary movies, eggs that look like brain tumors are not appealing to eat. I know because I made a video of removing them.

One time I was so excited I successfully got an egg in un-scarred, I dropped the second egg in the pot and it busted wide open. I let it boil and it had neat looking streaks. Maybe I should have saved the shells in a scrap book. I have been so frustrated trying to make three minute eggs I gave up. I do have to say through all this I figured out how the Chinese make that egg flower soup stuff from my experiments in three minute eggs. Now when I make Top Ramen noodles I drop in an egg (without the shell) in the hot boiling water and slowly stir it around and it looks like some fancy Won Ton Egg Flower Soup.

From the Life In A Nutshell

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