

## Whipping the Eggs

“Come here, Huey!” my father said. Huey walked toward him, his hands behind his back.

“See these eggs?” my father said. He cracked them and put the yolks in a pan and set the pan on the counter. He stood a chair by the counter.

“Stand up here,” he said to Huey. Huey stood on the chair by the counter.

“Now it’s time for your beating!” my father said.

Huey started to cry. His tears fell in with the egg yolks.

“Take this!” my father said. My father handed him the egg beater. “Now beat those eggs,” he said. “I want this to be a good beating!”

“Oh!” Huey said. He stopped crying. And he beat the egg yolks.