

### 3 Brothers and a Microwave

I can't count the numerous times where my brothers and I risked the safety of the house, and ourselves, for brief moments of entertainment. Our most commonly used method of recreation involved an assortment of food, and our small black microwave, cramped in the corner beneath the glass and plates cupboard. I recall one such experiment that turned out much different than we had expected. I was reading a book on my bed, in the solitude of my room, when my eldest brother entered, his face wearing a definite, mischievous grin. I knew that grin. It was the same expression he always had when he got an idea pertaining to a risky venture.

I laid *Harry Potter* aside and gave him my attention.

“I got an idea.” He said.

I smirked, “What is it this time?”

“You’ll see.” He winked.

He turned to go, but then I stopped him.

“Wait, Mom and Dad are still home.” I reminded.

“They’re leaving in a few minutes.”

He closed the door behind him, and I returned to my book.

In less than three minutes my mom entered the room.

“We’re leaving to go to the store, we’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“Alright.”

“Try not to blow up the house.” She admonished.

I struggled to refrain from laughing after my mom left the room. Our usual plan involved waiting at least five minutes after the parents left the house before we did anything stupid, so I was not surprised when my brother did not come get me right away. Exactly five minutes later, right on cue, he poked his head in.

“It’s time.”

Moments later, all three of us stood expectant around the microwave.

“What are we microwaving?” Dallin, the middle brother, asked.

His question was incredibly justified. In the past we had microwaved olives, grapes, and other unusual food. Adam, the eldest brother, discovered that if you cut the grape/olive in half and let the sides touch, it creates a spark.

In answer to Dallin’s question, Adam led us to the kitchen table and lifted the plate off the bowl that was sitting there. My brother and I peered in and saw the victim.

“An egg?” I said incredulously.

Adam chuckled, “A *boiled* egg.”

“What if it explodes?” Dallin wondered.

“That’s what the plate covering is for.” He explained, “If it explodes it should stay in the bowl and leave no trace for Mom and Dad.”

Adam did the honors of placing it in the microwave and starting the timer. With the plate covering the bowl there wasn’t much to see, but we watched in suspense anyway. At any second I expected to see the bowl shake as the egg within exploded, perhaps see the plate lift a centimeter or two. As the timer dinged, we stared in disbelief.

Adam, puzzled and slightly disappointed, removed the test subject from the microwave and examined it. It looked exactly the same as it did before.

In all of our experiments, nothing like this had ever happened.

“Well... now what do we do?”

“I guess we might as well make scrambled eggs out of it.” Adam decided.

He picked up the fork and attempted to stab the egg. I said “attempted”, because the fork did not manage to penetrate all the way through the egg.

Like a bomb waiting for the fuse, as soon as the point of the fork made contact, the egg exploded. Pieces of egg yolk flew all over the kitchen, and all over us. Within seconds there were portions of white and yellow scattered within two feet of the blast zone. We stood there transfixed. We were in so much trouble. As this realization hit us, we heard the unmistakable sound of a car door slam.