



A Sunday breakfast meant a hot omelette with crisp toast and bright red ketchup.

Aha! It was morning.

Mihir opened the fridge and took out the eggs. He kept them on the table in a tray. There were five eggs.

After some time he noticed that there were six eggs.

He was puzzled for a minute. He couldn't remember whether there were five eggs or six to begin with.

He didn't bother much and kept the sixth egg in the tray too.



After some time, Grandpa came in after his yoga and bath. He came to the table and saw that the egg which he had kept aside was now kept among the other eggs.

This was enough to upset Grandpa.

Irritated, Grandpa asked Grandma, "Who kept my special egg with the others? Now how will I know the difference? Now should I examine each egg? I had been careful so careful yet this confusion has occurred. Tell me, what should I do now?"

Grandma chuckled and said to him "If you use your brains a little you will know very easily."

Now Grandpa flew into a rage.

He retorted, "Then you use your brains and tell me."

Grandma laughed and said, "Wait a bit. I will use the egg instead of my brain. Let me see if it helps someone to use his brain?"

Just then, Mihir came running. She widened her eyes and looked at Mihir.

She said. "Some time back, as I was cleaning the table, I put a special egg along with the others. We now have to identify the special egg with the some magic" Mihir nodded.

Grandpa and Mihir sat at the table.



Magician Grandma was standing near the table.

Grandma looked carefully at the eggs in the tray.

She touched them carefully with her fingers.

After some thought she picked up two eggs from the tray.

Grandpa was watching with narrowed eyes. But he couldn't find any difference between the two eggs. They looked the same to him! He was sure that Grandma would not succeed.

"Now here..." Grandma said.

She took an egg and kept it on the table and rotated it with two fingers. As it went round she stopped it gently with a finger and then lifted the finger quickly. And what a surprise...

the egg started rotating again.

Grandpa saw this and said, "So! Anybody can do this. I will do it. Where is the magic?"

Grandpa got up angrily.

He picked up another egg from the table.

He held it vertically.

He rotated the egg with his fingers in the same way that we open a tap.



When the egg started moving with speed, Grandpa stopped it gently with his finger and then quickly lifted his finger. But the egg did not rotate!

Grandpa was surprised!

He looked angrily at Grandma and tried four or five times.

But no!

The egg wouldn't move at all.

Now Grandpa was getting irritated.

Before he could say anything, Grandma said, "try this egg for magic."

Grandpa was fuming as he took the egg that Grandma had offered.

What a miracle...the egg rotated, danced too even after Grandpa had lifted his finger.

Now Grandpa was quite cheerful.

Grandma said, "This dancing egg is ours. And that inactive egg is yours..."

Mihir clapped and said, "This is Grandpa's boiled egg and the rest are uncooked."



“If the egg is raw/ uncooked, and we rotate it, then the semi-solid sticky yolk within it also attains speed. When we stop the egg with our fingers, the yolk inside does not lose its motion completely. So even after we remove our finger, this moving yolk makes the egg rotate. A boiled egg is solid, so when we stop it with our finger, it stops completely.

“I like this egg funda. Grandma, I want an omelette of this rotating egg. Till then I will peel this inactive egg for Grandpa” interrupted Mihir.

You also try this *Egg Funda!*

.....

**Rajiv Tambe**  
rajiv.childrenswriter@gamil.com