

You Can't Make Enough Deviled Eggs – They Get Eaten Too Fast

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In a time not far from our own — or perhaps far too close — hunger has taken on a new shape. It is no longer a matter of food or famine, but of something stranger: a hunger for things that no longer grow, no longer glow, no longer dare to exist. Truth. Loyalty. Innocence. Light.

This is a fairy tale, though not the kind told to children at bedtime. It comes from a darker seam in the human fabric, where memory fades and machinery hums too loud for dreams. And yet, like all true fairy tales, it begins with something small and improbable — an egg, delicately made, carefully left behind for someone who may not even remember what flavor is.

You Can't Make Enough Deviled Eggs – They Get Eaten Too Fast is a story told in whispers and fragments, a fable from a world of engineered forgetting. At its center is a quiet figure with a pan, a recipe, and something much more dangerous: the ability to help others remember.

Read slowly. And if you find something in these pages that feels familiar — a taste, a shadow, a spark — hold onto it.

It might not last long.



I. The World Without Spoons

Once, long ago, there were spoons.

Silver ones, carved ones, wooden ones passed from mother to daughter, and father to son. With them, people stirred soup and truth, honey and songs. But that was before the Hunger.

No one remembers the moment it began. Some say it arrived like fog. Others say it was always there, hiding behind full stomachs and empty hearts. Now, all that is sweet is forbidden, all that is warm is rationed, and all that is remembered is wrong.

There are no books. There are no birthdays. There are no spoons.

And yet — in the soot-thick alleys of the Capital Wastes, in the shadow of the Surveillance Spire, a woman cooks.

She is not tall, nor young. Her back is bent like a question mark that no one dares to ask. No one knows her name anymore, so they call her what she is: The Cook.

Her kitchen is nothing more than a cracked stove, a rusted pan, and a single window facing nothing. The air outside is always gray, but in the pan, there is color — gold yolk, white pearl, red spice.

She is making deviled eggs.

No one remembers why they are called that. The Devil has long since retired, having been outdone by better engineers. But the name remains, like a final joke.

The eggs are small, rich, unnecessary. A luxury no one can afford. Yet each time someone eats one — just one — they remember something:

The smell of lemon soap on their mother's hands.

The sound of geese flying overhead.

The taste of forgiveness after a long silence.

Something that matters, if only for a moment.

But the moment passes. The egg is gone. And the Hunger returns.

Every night, The Cook makes a dozen. She wraps them in wax paper, marks each one with a red thread, and leaves them in different places:

On a cracked windowsill where a widow once sang.

Inside the pocket of a coat too small for its wearer.

Beneath a bench where a child used to wait for someone who never came.

By morning, they are gone.

She never sees who takes them. She never asks.

Because she knows what everyone knows but dares not say:

You can't make enough deviled eggs — they get eaten too fast.

And in this world, that is the closest anyone gets to a prayer.

II. The Truth Hunger

There was once a time when truth walked openly in the streets.

It wore no armor, needed no license, and stood taller than kings. But in the Hunger Kingdom, truth is the most hunted thing of all — rarer than eggs, more dangerous than memory.

They say the Regime outlawed it because it spoiled too quickly. The official reason was efficiency: lies lasted longer, stored better, and cost less to manufacture.

Now, truth is contraband. It crumbles on contact with the air.

But The Cook tries anyway.

On the third Tuesday of the Silence Month, she leaves a deviled egg beneath the rusted grate at the base of the Tower of Correction. No note. Just the egg. Two hours later, a boy finds it. His name is Lemm. Or was. Now, he's called Unit 14.

He eats it without knowing why.

His eyes flutter shut. For the first time in years, something breaks the static in his mind.

He remembers the color green.

Not the ash-gray of the Worker Fields or the bone-white of the Drones' lights — real green: moss on stone, leaves in wind, a frog's skin. He remembers his brother's voice shouting "Climb higher!" and laughter too loud for the trees.

Then the lights flicker red.

The egg is gone. The memory slips back into the void. But something remains — a crack in the seal.

That night, Lemm (he will call himself that again) writes a sentence in charcoal on the wall of his sleep stall:

"The war began when truth was labeled a defect."

The drones find it at dawn. The sentence is scrubbed. The charcoal is burned. Lemm is taken.

They put him in a Place of Adjustment.

The Minister of Clarity reads his file, sighs, and mutters the same line she always does:

"You can't tell the truth fast enough — the lies always outrun you."

The phrase is carved in stone on every Ministry wall, but no one knows who said it first.

The Cook reads about the arrest in the flickering Public Scroll — she's learned to read headlines like tea leaves.

She makes another egg.

This one she sprinkles with thyme — the herb of courage, her grandmother once said — and leaves it in a child's toy box at the abandoned schoolyard.

She cannot tell the truth faster than the Regime can lie.

But she can cook.

And so she does.

III. The Peace Hunger

The war has no name.

It was once called *The Resolution*, then *The Great Unification*, then simply *Security*. Now, it has no name because it never ends. It is not fought between nations. It is fought between moments — between breath and silence, shadow and machine.

The Ministry of Continuity insists the war is “contained.” They say peace talks are scheduled quarterly. But every morning, the sky glows orange and the ground shakes, and the air smells of iron and forgetting.

And every morning, the bodies come.

They arrive on conveyor barges, tagged but not named, stacked like crates. The incinerators work day and night, but they fall behind by noon.

Peace has become a logistical problem.

The Cook sees the line of wagons from her rooftop. A dozen gray-clad workers shovel the dead into the Fire Tunnels. None wear masks. None speak.

She watches one fall in. No one stops the line.

Later that night, she makes a different kind of egg — a *mourning egg*. No paprika this time. Instead, dusted with bitter marigold and salt. A weeping taste. She places it on the broken altar at the Chapel of the Vanished.

The next morning, a grave-washer finds it.

He eats half before he knows what it is. The second half falls from his hands when the memory strikes — not of a single person, but of the weight of peace itself:

A mother’s humming.

A house that did not burn.

The moment after snowfall, before a scream.

He sobs so loudly that a passing drone calls for “emotional sanitation.” He is sterilized by noon.

The Ministry issues a bulletin:

“All forms of unlicensed grief are to be processed through designated catharsis points.”

Below the fine print, a familiar inscription is etched into the glass:

“You can’t bury the bodies fast enough — the war makes more every hour.”

The Cook reads it as she passes, basket in hand. She sighs.

That night, she cooks two eggs.

One for the next washer.

And one for herself — though she knows she won’t eat it.

Some things are not meant to satisfy.

IV. The Loyalty Hunger

In the old stories — the ones no one tells anymore — loyalty was a thread. Invisible, unbreakable. It held lovers together across oceans, soldiers to honor, friends to truth. But in the Hunger Kingdom, threads are dangerous. They tie things the Regime prefers remain loose.

Now, loyalty is permitted only to the State. All other bonds are treason.

At the Institute for Behavioral Engineering, children are taught to pledge allegiance every hour. Between lessons, they are rotated through Re-Identification Chambers, where names are blurred and faces scrubbed of attachment.

They do not cry. Crying is inefficient.

But The Cook remembers loyalty — not the public kind, but the quiet kind: the kind that makes you keep a promise when no one is watching.

She remembers a boy named Sol who used to bring her broken eggshells when he thought they were pretty. He was taken in the Loyalty Purge. Still, every time she cracks an egg, she thinks of him.

One evening, she meets a girl outside the bakery ruins. The girl's name is Rin — or she says it is. Names are dangerous things to carry, like glass in a warzone.

Rin follows her for five days before saying a word. Then:

“Why do you feed strangers?”

The Cook answers without turning:

“Because they're not strangers once they remember.”

Rin doesn't respond. But that night, she helps. She peels the eggs. She stirs the filling.

Together, they make fifteen.

The next morning, Ministry vans sweep the district. Rin is gone by dawn.

Her picture appears on the Ministry wall within the hour, stamped with the standard charge:

“Attachment to an Unsanctioned Culinary Figure.”

Below it:

“You can't train loyalty fast enough — the regime devours it on sight.”

The Cook reads it slowly, lips unmoving. Then she tears it down.

She returns home and prepares another egg.

This one she marks with a tiny crosshatch — the way Sol once did to make the eggshells "more interesting."

She leaves it in the pocket of a girl's uniform near the Re-Identification Chamber gates.

She doesn't know if it's Rin's. She only knows someone loyal will find it.

V. The Innocence Hunger

There are no babies in the Hunger Kingdom.

There are Units, categorized by weight and function. They are born in Birthlabs, processed by the Ministry of Design, and assigned roles before their first breath.

They do not cry when they enter the world — not because they are brave, but because silence is embedded in the amniotic code. Noise is considered wasteful.

The word *innocence* is archived under *Obsolete Emotional States* in the Ministry database.

But The Cook remembers it. She remembers what it felt like to hold a child not yet afraid of its own voice. She remembers how innocence glowed — not as weakness, but as the most defenseless kind of light.

That's why she takes in the girl.

The child appears one morning outside The Cook's door, barefoot, hair matted with ash. She does not speak, not at first. Her eyes are too wide. They hold questions too large for language.

The Cook calls her Noma, though she knows names are dangerous.

Noma watches the eggs being made. She touches each shell like a secret. She smiles once, when she sees the paprika dust fall like red snow.

For two days, the girl is safe.

On the third, Noma wanders too far. She offers a piece of egg to a boy crying in the gutter.

The drones see.

By nightfall, the child is gone.

On the door, a tag has been stapled: Unsanctioned Exposure to Pre-Sentient Material. Beneath it:

"You can't grow innocence fast enough — it's hunted before it ripens."

The Cook takes the tag and burns it in her pan.

She makes a new egg.

This one is small, barely more than a mouthful. No salt. No pepper. Just a soft white, a pale yellow — a whisper of something untouched.

She wraps it in linen and leaves it in the empty cot where Noma once slept.

She says nothing.

But if someone had watched her face that night, they might have thought she was praying.

VI. The Healing Hunger

The hospitals were turned into factories long ago.

The signs still say *Medical Center*, but inside there are no nurses, no beds, no kindness. Only vats and smoke and machines that hiss with sterilized cruelty.

Disease is a product now — managed, modified, distributed. Illness is no longer random. It is administered.

Each week, a new sickness is introduced: Memory Rash, Compassion Fatigue, Hope Collapse Syndrome. None are curable, but each has a corresponding loyalty drug available through Ministry channels.

The Regime no longer heals. It *balances the suffering economy*.

But The Cook remembers a different kind of medicine — not a pill, not a protocol, but a simple act: something warm, something tasted, something made for you and no one else.

She begins preparing healing eggs.

She folds turmeric and garlic into the yolk — bitter and bold. She crushes basil for breath. She whispers the name of each ingredient as if invoking forgotten saints.

She delivers one to a coughing woman who sleeps beside the broken aqueduct. Another to a coughing man who carries the bones of his father in a sack. A third to a child who hasn't stopped scratching since the sky turned violet last week.

Each time, the same result: a moment of stillness. Color returns to their faces. Breath deepens. Memory flickers behind the eyes.

But the moment never lasts.

By morning, the air hums with something new. The Ministry has released Immuno-Loss Type B into the district.

Posters go up:

"Unauthorized biological balancing detected. Compliance vaccines mandatory."

"You can't make enough medicine — they make more disease on purpose."

The Cook reads the words on the poster but does not stop moving. She has already started boiling the next batch of eggs.

This time, she stirs the yolk longer. She speaks to the egg.

"You will not cure," she says. "But you will comfort. And that will be enough."

She leaves it on the bench at the clinic gates, under a sign that once read *Pharmacy* but now simply says Correction.

She walks away.

Behind her, the bench remains empty for less than a minute.

VII. The Hope Hunger

Silence is the national anthem now.

It plays in elevators, on subway floors, in the pauses between orders barked and obeyed. It leaks from the walls of sleeping quarters and hums behind the teeth of bureaucrats. It is not peace. It is not rest.

It is engineered silence — the kind that makes you forget you once believed in anything.

The Ministry of Aspiration was the last to fall. It tried to keep the dream alive — books, songs, prayers. In the end, the Regime hollowed it out and kept the name. Now it distributes sedatives labeled *Uplift*, and issues daily bulletins titled “Tomorrow Will Be Managed.”

Hope, like all unsanctioned substances, has been criminalized.

The Cook never traffics in slogans. She knows better. But she knows that hope isn’t always loud. Sometimes it’s no louder than the crunch of shell between teeth. A burst of flavor when you thought everything was gray.

So she makes whisper eggs.

She stirs in honey and lemon zest. She lines the edge of the yolk with thyme — the ancient herb of courage, now blacklisted under Code 47. She makes them small, soft, just enough to disappear in one bite.

She leaves them in places that are almost sacred:

- The foot of a statue whose name has been erased.
- A mailbox still checked by someone who no longer remembers why.
- A rain barrel that once reflected stars before the sky turned blank.

One night, she sees it happen.

A man in a torn coat finds one of her whisper eggs on a crumbling window ledge. He looks around, unsure. He eats.

And for one breath, he straightens.

He does not smile. But he lifts his chin.

Then a siren cuts the air in half.

The silence swallows him before he can speak. A black van takes him before anyone can ask why.

The next morning, the Ministry scrolls display:

“Public disturbance resolved. Emotional contraband destroyed.”

“You can’t whisper hope fast enough — the silence swallows it whole.”

The Cook does not cry. She has no tears left.

But she takes out a fresh egg, warms it between her palms, and hums something — not a song, but the shape of one.

She places the egg inside a discarded shoe by the river and walks away before she can hope.

VIII. The Knowledge Hunger

There are still schools in the Hunger Kingdom.

Tall buildings with no windows. Children enter at age four and leave at sixteen, though most never leave at all. What they learn cannot be called knowledge — only compliance, calculation, and forgetting.

Each lesson begins with a deletion. History is rewritten weekly. Language is thinned until only Ministry-approved phrases remain. The word *why* is outlawed.

Once a child shows curiosity, they are reassigned.

The Ministry of Instruction calls it “Cognitive Harmonization.”

The Cook once knew a real teacher. Her name was Merin. She taught with chalk and questions and books hidden under floorboards. She made stories out of nothing, and riddles from memory. She taught the Cook how to slice an egg without crushing the white.

Merin disappeared ten years ago. Her classroom was turned into a Compliance Pod. The only thing left behind was a child’s drawing of the sun, nailed upside down.

The Cook has never forgotten.

Now, she teaches one child at a time.

They come to her late at night, eyes flickering, hands trembling from drone sedation. She gives them a deviled egg and tells them what each part means:

“The white is silence.

The yellow is fire.

The spice is the part of you that survives.”

She teaches no facts. She teaches memory. Feeling. Imagination.

But she cannot teach them fast enough.

Each morning, new children go missing. The few who return speak in Ministry scripts, smiling without reason, eyes blank.

She tries again with a boy named Eal. Sharp eyes. Quick hands. She teaches him to write a sentence in the shell of an egg using vinegar and steam.

He writes:

“What if we remembered the wrong things on purpose?”

Two nights later, the Ministry calls a Code Echo.

Eal is taken for “unauthorized linguistic experimentation.”

The following day, the State mandates Learning Compression: all instruction will now be subliminal and silent.

The bulletin reads:

“You can’t teach children fast enough — the State erases them quicker.”

The Cook finds Eal’s last egg, unopened, under her floorboard. She presses it to her heart.

Then she begins boiling a dozen more.

She has no illusions of saving them. Only of planting questions that might outgrow the soil.

IX. The Light Hunger

Darkness used to mean night.

Now, it is constant, calculated, and precise. It falls not from the sky but from algorithms — atmospheric shutters controlled by the Ministry of Rhythm and Sleep. Light is rationed and licensed. The sun still burns somewhere above, but no one sees it.

In the Hunger Kingdom, darkness is no longer the absence of light. It is the presence of control.

Flashlights require permits. Fires are forbidden. Even dreams are dimmed with nightly neurogels distributed in sleep stations.

Candles are a felony.

And yet, The Cook remembers them — not just their glow, but the sound of them, the tiny pop as the wick catches, the way the flame bends toward breath like it's listening.

So she begins making light eggs.

Not real candles, of course. That would be suicide. But inside each yolk, she folds a secret spark — saffron and clove, herbs once used by monks to keep memory awake during the long winters of silence.

She wraps each egg in waxy paper stained with oil, so that when unwrapped, the paper crinkles like fire.

She leaves one in the empty lantern of the old watchtower. Another in the niche of a broken statue, where the torch has long since vanished.

She does not expect much.

But in time, she hears whispers — of people gathering in abandoned rail cars to unwrap the eggs in circles, watching the yellow glow in the dimness, pretending it's fire.

And then the Regime responds.

New surveillance drones sweep the cities at night, extinguishing any residual warmth. The air grows colder. The walls begin to hum.

The Ministry deploys a message across all screens:

“Unauthorized illumination detected.

Reminder: Darkness is no longer optional.

You can’t light candles fast enough — the darkness is automated now.”

The Cook reads this from the flickering display outside the ration line.

She turns and walks home slowly, her fingers closed around a single egg.

That night, she doesn’t hide it. She places it on her table, lights a match — just one — and watches the flame dance until it dies.

Then she eats the egg in silence.

And for one heartbeat, the dark does not feel quite so large.

X. The Feast of the Hollow Ministers

At the heart of the Hunger Kingdom stands the Tower of Satiety.

It is a silent pillar, blacker than night, rising through the cloud layers into the place where light used to live. Within it dwell the Hollow Ministers — those who no longer eat, sleep, or speak unless spoken through.

They are not people, exactly. Not anymore.

Each one once led a Ministry: Truth, War, Loyalty, Innocence, Health, Hope, Learning, Light.

Each one consumed their domain until nothing remained but appetite.

And now, they are hungry for memory.

They summon The Cook.

She is taken from her dwelling at dawn. No struggle. She goes willingly, with her basket and her knife and her cracked old pan. She is told this is a mercy — that she may prepare one final meal before her “deconstruction.”

In the Hollow Hall, beneath a false chandelier that emits no heat, the Ministers sit in stillness. Their masks are ornate, faceless. Their hands twitch as if remembering how to hold things.

The Cook says nothing.

She lights her stove.

She boils twelve eggs.

She slices them with reverence. She stirs the yolks with all that remains:

A pinch of joy.

A flake of loyalty.

A whisper of peace.

A grain of innocence.

A tincture of truth.

A note of hope.

A flash of light.

And memory — her own — folded in like breath.

She arranges the deviled eggs on a silver tray, each one trembling faintly as if alive.

The Ministers descend.

One by one, they eat.

And one by one, they remember:

– The Minister of War drops his knife and sees a flower in his hand.

– The Minister of Learning recites a forgotten poem before falling to her knees.

– The Minister of Health weeps until rust clogs his tears.

– The Minister of Truth rips off his mask and screams a child’s name.

For a moment, the Hall fills with a terrible sound: not rage, but recognition.

Then silence.

The Ministers collapse, as if emptied.

The Cook is gone.

They search the Hall, the Tower, the Wastes — but she is nowhere.

Some say she escaped.

Some say she never existed.

But soon, deviled eggs begin to appear again. Not many. Just enough. In strange places:

A footprint filled with rainwater.

A broken drone's eye socket.

A windowsill etched with the word *remember*.

They vanish quickly, of course. They always do.

And the people, still starving, begin to repeat the old phrase — not as despair, but as defiance:

“You can't make enough deviled eggs — they get eaten too fast.”

But now they say it with a strange, quiet smile.

As if someone still remembers the recipe.