I love eggs. I can eat any number of eggs every day for every meal. I can’t count the number of times I vowed never to touch alcohol again after suffering from a dreadful hangover the day after a heavy drinking spree, but I have never felt I don’t want to see another egg even after gorging myself on eggs.

At a conveyor belt sushi bar, I always go first for the plate with a thick over-sized Japanese omelette sitting on sushi rice, and while I’m still eating it, I am already looking around to see when the next thick omelette sushi will be coming my way.

When I was at primary school, thinly shredded omelette was part of the standard menu of my lunch box I took to school. Sometimes it was spread over salty-sweet mince and pickled ginger to make a tricolour lunch box. Sometimes thinly sliced snow peas, yet another colour, was added to this to make a scenic tricolour lunch box.

I love regular omelettes, too. I love nothing more than putting a drop or two of Worcester sauce onto the half-cooked soft part inside the omelette and slurping it up. It’s heaven itself for me.

Then, there’s cracking open an egg and pouring it onto just-cooked hot rice... Well, I can go on forever, but anyway, even if a scantily dressed beauty approached me hand in hand with an egg, I swear my eyes would not waver from the egg.

But alas, with just one word from my doctor, a restriction has been placed on my consumption of eggs, eggs that I love and pine for every day and night.

‘Father, only one egg a day for you.’

Our family doctor, seated in front of me at the hospital, is our daughter’s husband. Since I had my gallbladder removed, I am ordered...
to take a blood test from time to time. He says I don’t have to take any medicine yet, but my total cholesterol level is too high or whatever; hence, the golden rule.

I have no way out because my wife, who has complete faith in our family doctor, accepts this golden rule as Gospel truth and follows it to the letter. Saying that if she fries or scrambles an egg, it becomes a mere lump, and I wouldn’t know where it went in and merely crave for more, she’s taken to serving a boiled egg for breakfast these days. That’s it, nothing more. Until dawn breaks to usher in another day, no more eggs for me. It is pure agony.

When I was having dinner with our daughter’s family one day, I fortified myself with a drink or two of beer and said to our family doctor, with slight rancour showing in my voice. ‘Only one egg a day. I’m keeping your rules.’

The doctor, who had been informed of my discontent by my wife, instantly guessed what I was getting at and chuckled. ‘Well, you know, you can have up to two. But then, the next day, you can’t have any.’

‘Oh, is that how it works?’

‘Yes, but you can’t have three even if you go without any for the next two days.’

These days I sometimes wonder. When will I be able to eat as many eggs as I want without any reproach or rebuke?

One day, when my end is near, will my wife place a plate full of thinly shredded omelettes of different flavours, savoury, sweet and soy sauce, in front of me and say, ‘Dear, it’s alright now. You can eat as much as you like,’ holding back her tears? No, I wouldn’t like that!

Even if it is a month before my last day, it will still be a tearful meal.

If it is five years before my last day, it might be better, but if I eat the eggs, will it mean the five-year lifespan will shorten by a year?

How about taking the middle course and making it a year before my last day? Is that an acceptable compromise? Even if my lifespan is shortened, it will only be a matter of months. But then, who is to decide my last day? No, this won’t work either.