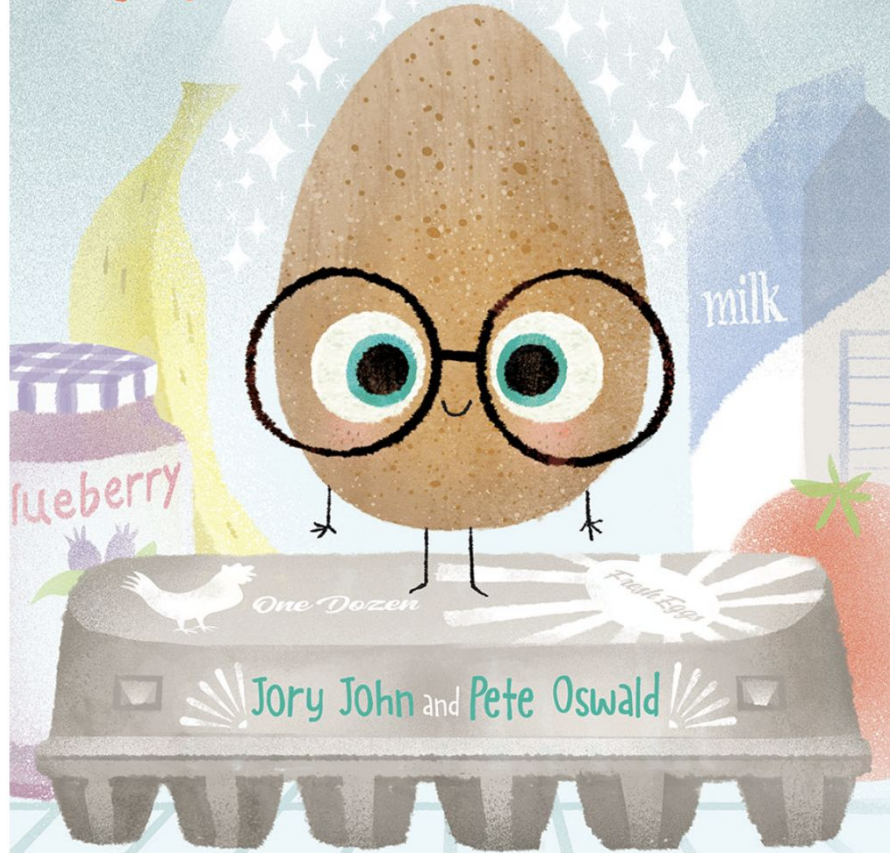


From the creators of *The Bad Seed*

THE GOOD EGG



**Oh, hello!
I was just rescuing this cat.
Know why?
Because I'm a good egg.**



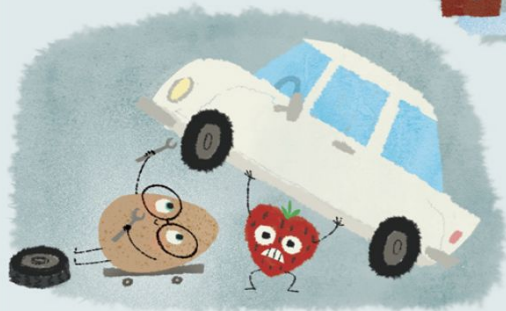
A verrrrrry good egg.

**It's true.
I do all kinds of good things. Like . . .**



. . . I'll carry your groceries.

I'll water your plants.



I'll change your tires.

I'll paint your house.



If you need any help whatsoever, I'm your egg.



I've always been a good egg. It's been this way from the start. Even in my earliest days . . .



. . . back at the store.

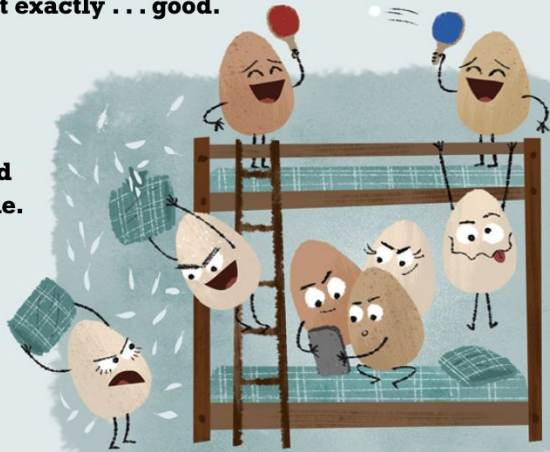


There were a dozen of us, living together under one recycled roof.

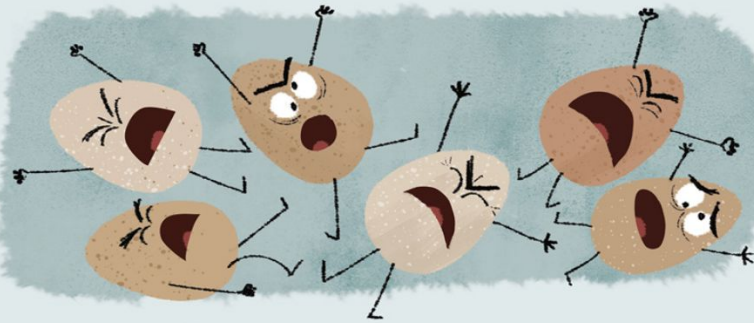
**There was Meg. And Peg. And Greg. And Clegg.
And Shel. And Shelly. And Sheldon. And Shelby.
And Egbert. And Frank. And other Frank.**

**The other eleven eggs weren't on their best behavior.
They weren't exactly . . . good.**

**They ignored
their bedtime.**



They threw tantrums.



**They cried for
no reason.**



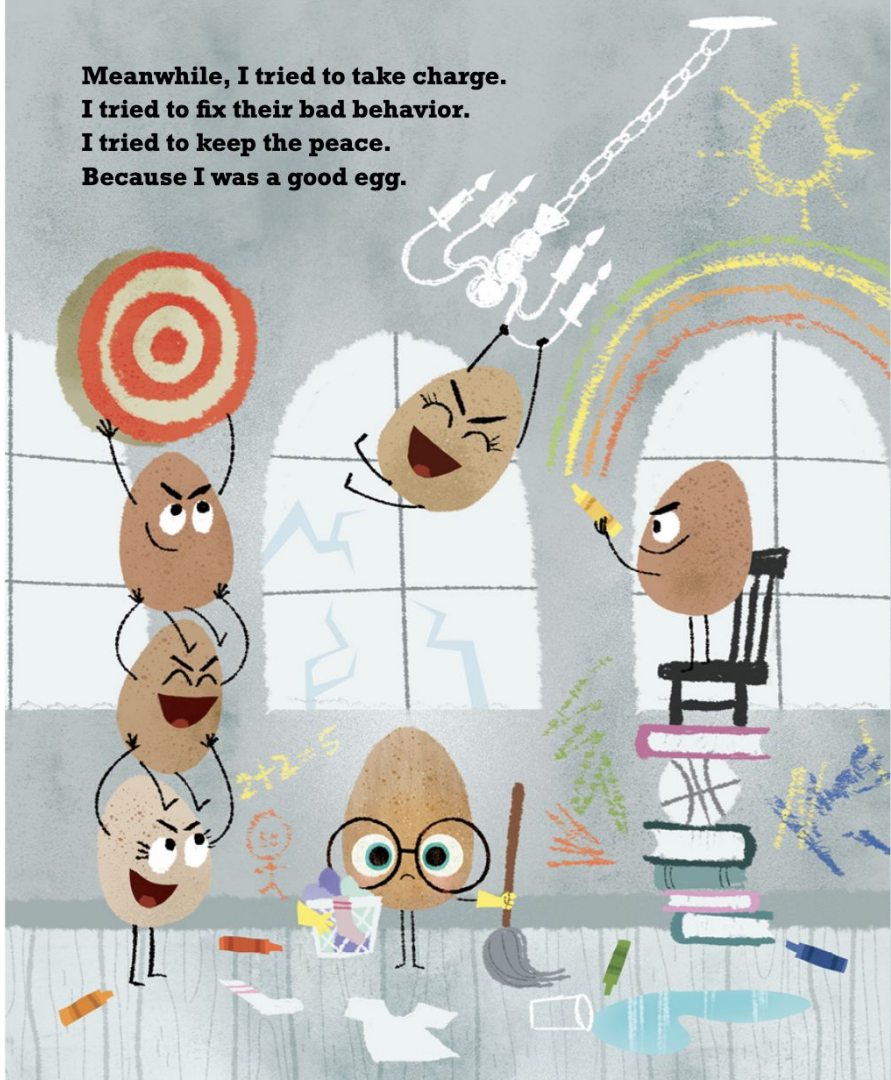
**They only ate
sugary cereal.**



**They broke their stuff
. . . on purpose!**

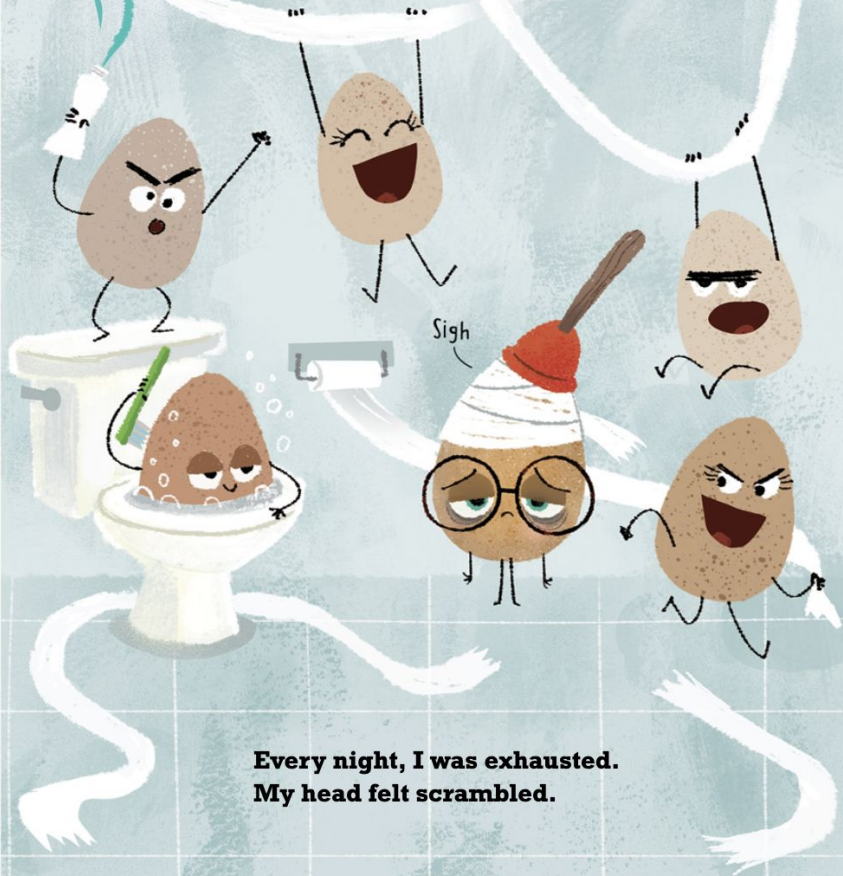


**Meanwhile, I tried to take charge.
I tried to fix their bad behavior.
I tried to keep the peace.
Because I was a good egg.**



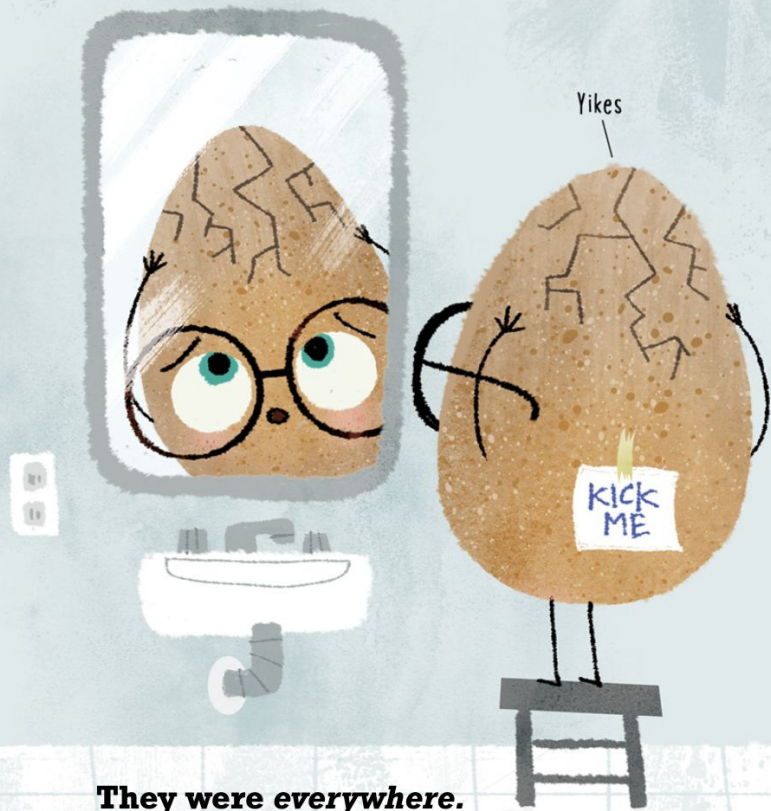
A verrrrrry good egg.

Nobody seemed to care, though.



**Every night, I was exhausted.
My head felt scrambled.**

**Then, one fateful morning, I noticed some
cracks in my shell.**



They were everywhere.

**My doctor said it was from all the pressure
I was putting on myself. The pressure of
making sure everybody was as good as me.**



**I was cracking up . . . *literally!*
Something *had* to change.
I'd had enough!**

I told Meg and Peg and Greg and Clegg and Shel and Shelly and Sheldon and Shelby and Egbert and Frank and other Frank that I was leaving.



"I can't be the only good egg in a bad carton," I said.
"Blah blah blah," they replied.



I left that night.

I wandered from town to town.



The hours became days.



The days became weeks.



I lost track of time.



I was alone.



Out there, on the road, under the stars, I really tried to focus on myself and what *I* needed.



I took walks.

I found simple moments to be quiet.



I breathed in.

I read books.



I breathed out.



I even started painting.



I floated in the river.



I wrote in my journal.



For once, I found time for me.



And guess what!



**Little by little, the cracks in my shell started to heal.
My head no longer felt scrambled.**

I started to feel like myself again.

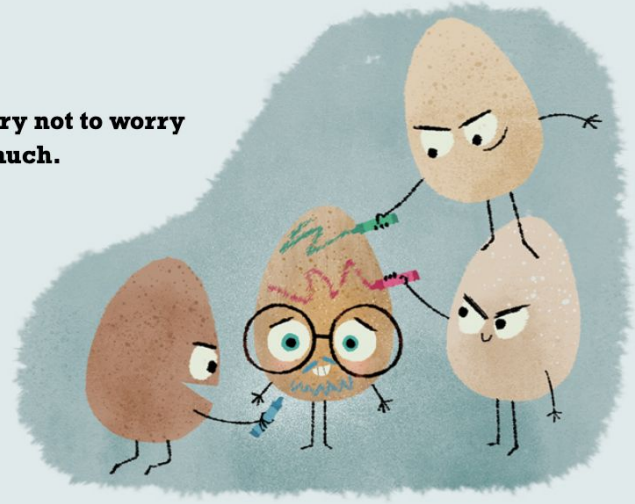


**So I've made a big decision.
I'm returning to my old carton and my friends.
Besides, I'm kind of lonely out here.**

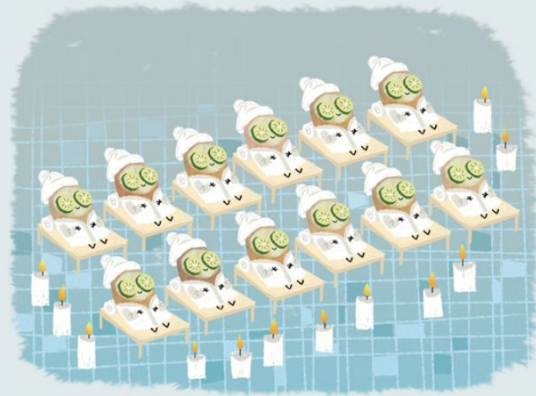


This time, I know what I need to do.

**I'll try not to worry
so much.**



**I'll be good to my
fellow eggs while also
being good to myself.**




“Here we go . . .”



Everybody missed me. I missed them, too.

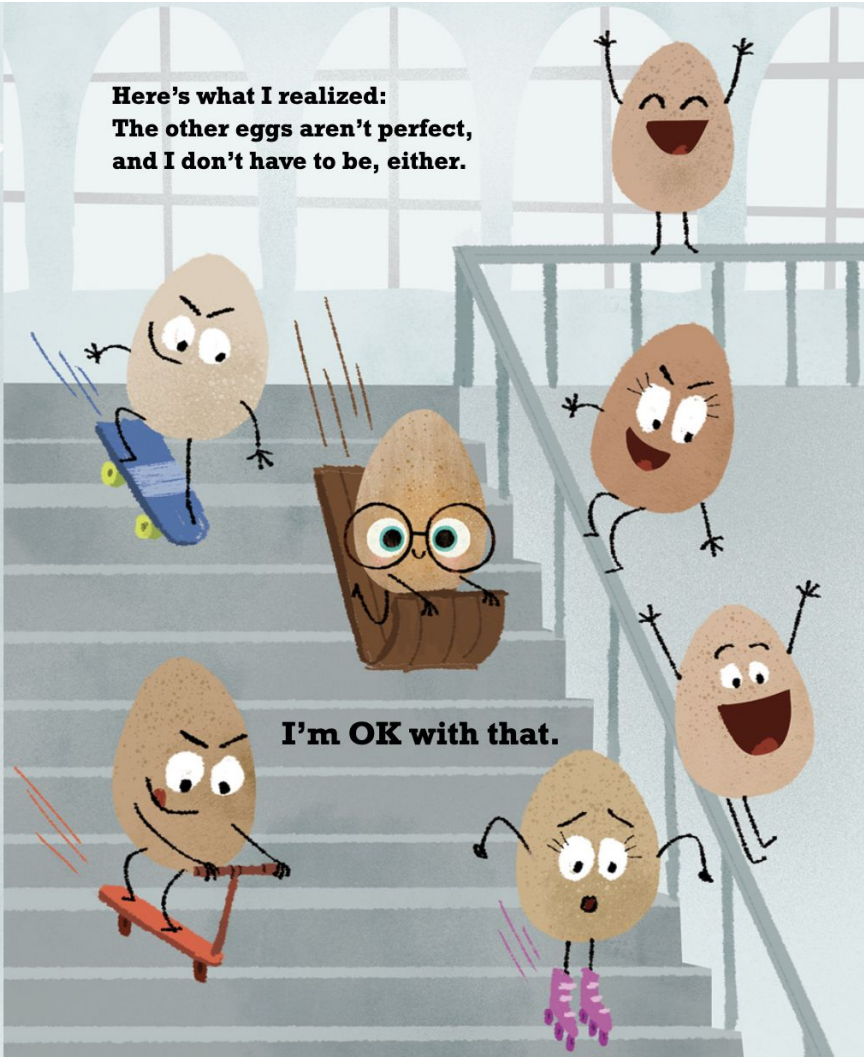


“Hello, Meg. Howdy, Peg. Hey, Greg. Greetings, Clegg. What’s up, Shel? Aloha, Shelly. Hey-o, Sheldon. Hi, Shelby. Good day, Egbert. What’s happening, Frank? Howdy do, other Frank?”




**Sure, every once in a while,
somebody's still a little bit bad.**

But it's not like before.



**Here's what I realized:
The other eggs aren't perfect,
and I don't have to be, either.**

I'm OK with that.



Yep, the ol' carton is back together!
We're a solid dozen again.

It's good to be home.

