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Dinosaur Hatch

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DINOSAUR HATCH

Jess Bouchard

I am 5 years old laying on my miniature bed with both of my hands resting on my naked stomach. I am trying to imagine what it feels like to have a growing baby inside.

My first thoughts of sex are rather abstract and I wish I still thought giving birth was more artistic than it is. My mother gave me the first ideas when she was trying to explain the process of sperms uniting with the egg. She must have dwelt on her terminology for a long time because she described them as “worms” and “eggs.” I first envisioned chicken eggs inside of my body being attacked by killer earthworms because those were the only eggs and worms I had ever encountered. She should have used the correct words because I couldn’t get that image out of my head. It was the strangest thing I had ever heard, but I liked it for that.

Soon enough this idea escalated into a new theory. She was trying to redeem herself by teaching me a different method of sex and giving birth or, as she would say, “making babies.” I was under the impression that these eggs inside would eventually travel out of my body into my hands, so I could hatch them. The only creatures I knew to hatch eggs didn’t excite me, not until I thought it possible to hatch a dinosaur. Even though I had never seen one in real life didn’t mean it wasn’t impossible for them to still exist. Maybe I wasn’t looking hard enough to find them rummaging the earth.

I went to kindergarten telling my classmates of the news. It eventually reached my teacher and she found me sitting at my desk with my hands wrapped tightly around my waist. She asked me if anything was wrong and I told her I was just waiting to hatch my egg. She didn’t know how to respond to me and told me she needed to talk to me later; we never spoke. She called my mom instead and expressed her concern. I think she thought it humorous that I had this idea of hatching dinosaurs, when my mother was the school nurse, also a midwife. I am almost certain

my mother delivered her daughter, Joy.

My mother had to sit me down again and try to see what went wrong with our previous discussion. I’m not entirely sure what she was saying because it didn’t matter; I was ready to hatch my eggs and she wasn’t stopping me.

For the next several weeks, I made space in my room for the arrival of my baby dinosaur. I was thankful it was almost summer because that meant I could sit on my egg all the time. I told my mother I wasn’t going to gymnastics camp or vacation Bible school because I had bigger plans; I was going to have a dinosaur and preparation was key.

She didn’t challenge me because I think she realized there was no way to help me understand. My older siblings knew very well where babies came from and how it happened. I just didn’t want to understand; I wasn’t nearly ready to see the reality of the matter. She even helped me build a hatching spot comfortably located in the corner of my room with plenty of pillows and blankets. I almost think she enjoyed helping me make the hatching nest. It was easier for her to give in to me, even if my idea was silly.

But time went on and my body wasn’t producing an egg. I wasn’t entirely sure how long this process would take but I was patient and waited. I eventually asked my mother why my body didn’t do what she told me it would do. She explained to me that there was no room for a growing dinosaur anyways, so maybe I should reconsider. I hadn’t thought about where I’d put it when it got big, maybe she was right. I wasn’t ready to have a dinosaur and my room was too small. I was too concerned about receiving my egg that I didn’t take into account all the other important things, like space.

But how could I stop my body from making eggs? Sure, I wasn’t ready to have a dinosaur but maybe my body was?

Again, I turned to my mother for the right answers. She told me my **ONLY** option was to eat the grotesque vitamins in the cabinet that I always made a witty protest against, and that would make the eggs stop. So, as my only option, I ate the vitamins daily with disgust and prayed that I could stop taking them.

It wasn’t until I was 15 and had a boyfriend, that I entirely

understood sex, thanks to my new public school education. I am sure the boys I dated dumped me on account of my ignorance. My first boyfriend was 3 years older than I and already had sex, so he thought we would do the deed, too. He hung around though, and I still hadn't kissed him by our third month anniversary. It became very apparent to him that sex hadn't surfaced in my mind yet, because he asked me if we would "do it" eventually. I told him I would have to ask my mother; I laughed to myself.