

## **Project Information**

### **Submission Title**

scrambled eggs

### **Submission Description**

I would like to clarify that this submission is not poetry, but I can't seem to find the option 'short story'. It is a personal, humorous take on the Brexit mess.

### **Roles**

Writer

## Work 1

### Title

Scrambled Eggs.pdf

### Link

[https://www.zealous.co/zs/gwtp2/file?id=AMIfv94yIHdyBmJr2s8\\_F-YJuYabs7eq0iw0btUESbu1lqQkMI9FUhvzc8UIhQKqIXk-2zpyCXt15k-iVt2t-8WBCqggziECOP6OOFwsT6RPM\\_Pdboe1wjkmDZNnqymIAC5kWjt7i7n7Fre\\_WgUeC3Jr-WOdRBmrQ](https://www.zealous.co/zs/gwtp2/file?id=AMIfv94yIHdyBmJr2s8_F-YJuYabs7eq0iw0btUESbu1lqQkMI9FUhvzc8UIhQKqIXk-2zpyCXt15k-iVt2t-8WBCqggziECOP6OOFwsT6RPM_Pdboe1wjkmDZNnqymIAC5kWjt7i7n7Fre_WgUeC3Jr-WOdRBmrQ)

# Scrambled Eggs

I must say I used to be very angry, furious about all the Brexit mess. The highly upsetting news felt so serious back in 2016 that I started having Facebook feuds with people - grim, don't judge, I was young - and I ended up telling my best friend: 'Man. I lost my faith in humanity. Great eggs by the way'. (They really were great).

Eggs are particularly relevant to this story - or essay? I don't know, I'm feeling genre fluid. You see, breakfast in Italy - actually Southern Italy, I don't know much about the customs of the North - has very strict rules.

Eating avocado toast, eggs, or anything related to an English breakfast is considered plain blasphemy. When I moved to London I learnt to appreciate scrambled eggs in the morning, bittersweet news for my very English best friend who ended up with the task of cooking them for me. Just as my values were slowly adapting to my new home, I also started to get British humour. Suddenly my life was made of eggs and stand up comedy.

Brexit was just rude.

The audacity!

I genuinely thought I would've been kicked out of the country. A massive problem since I *really* couldn't eat eggs for breakfast in Sicily.

I just could not believe it, I felt like I had lost a bet. And I had been quite cocky about the horse that I picked. I was still attending uni in 2016 (fun times) and I was very keen on healthy debates. Whenever someone brought up the topic, my finest contribution was 'BOLLOCKS NEVER GONNA HAPPEN BYE'.

I realise now it may have been indelicate.

#AA057

No worries, I did learn my lesson in the end, especially after a bunch of kids came to class announcing: ‘Aaah, I love the smell of Brexit early in the morning!’ Mmm. Grim.

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It’s 2019 and it’s still grim.

I have eaten a lot of eggs since the referendum, but I still can’t cook them properly. ‘What’s your secret?’ I ask my best friend, ‘Butter’ she says, rolling her eyes.

It’s not butter, I put butter, still not the same.

I am not angry anymore. I am not pleased either, I just don’t care that much. As my interest in the topic strangely decreased, everyone seems to assume the opposite. When I visit my family and friends in Sicily, they don’t ask me if I have a boyfriend (I obviously don’t), but they now break the ice with the *Brexit question*.

‘So.. what about Brexit then?’

‘How’s Brexit looking?’

‘What happens to you after Brexit?’ - my personal favourite, generally followed by an old classic:

‘Are you planning to repatriate?’

(Hell no.)

I am very bored by Brexit. The speculation, the possible consequences, it all bores me to death.

Despite having a decent understanding of British humour, I don’t find the irony in the Brexit mess very entertaining.

#AA057

You know, I wasn't kidding when I said that it's 2019 and it's still grim. When I finally wrapped my head around the result of the referendum, I thought that the silver lining of all this mess would have been a fundamental change in politics and engagement with global issues.

I am writing shortly after the PM, Theresa May, announced her resignation, and on the newstand I can only see front covers with deeply sexist headlines. Where are we going from here?

I know where I am going (wow, that's bold), no I should really say that I know where I'm staying but it didn't sound very effective in my head. I am staying in London, I love it, I love it so much. Many friends of mine left the country after the referendum, they said that they did not feel welcomed anymore. Fair enough, I can understand that, but you see, I really don't care about what anyone else thinks about me living here. I never felt welcomed in Sicily either, and even back then the issue did not affect me. I did not run away from the island, and I am definitely not running away from London. It's my home.

The city and I make each other stronger (jokes, it's the eggs, really).

Is it correct to say that Brexit means nothing to me? Mmm. Probably not.

I don't like it, I am actually convinced that it is quite suicidal, but I won't let it shape my life. I can't possibly be in a bad mood until they finalise some form of soft or hard Brexit.

I'll have it scrambled.