

Two Muffins

By Aaron Gertler

Two muffins are sitting in an oven.

One muffin says to the other muffin: "Well, looks like this is the end."

The other muffin screams: "Oh my god! A talking muffin!"

Two muffins are sitting in an oven.

One muffin says to the other muffin: "Well, looks like this is the end."

The other muffin doesn't say anything. It only cries quietly as the oven coils begin to glow—first a dull maroon, then scarlet.

Two muffins are sitting in an oven.

One muffin says to the other muffin: "Well, looks like this is the end."

The other muffin doesn't say anything. It's just a regular muffin.

The first muffin sighs. It's going to be a long, hot day.

Two muffins are sitting in an oven.

One muffin says to the other muffin: "Well, looks like this is the end."

The other muffin laughs. "Speak for yourself. I believe in God, and I know that there is a life beyond this world."

"How can you be so certain?" asks the first muffin.

"To be certain is one thing," the other muffin replies. "But to have faith is better by far. Will you pray with me, sister?"

The first muffin hesitates, then tearfully agrees.

The two muffins pray for salvation. As the prayer comes to a close, both faint, overcome by the heat.

Unfortunately, muffins don't have souls.

Two muffins are sitting in an oven.

One muffin says to the other muffin: "Well, looks like this is the end."

"Ssshhh," says the other muffin. "Do you feel that?"

The first muffin realizes that he does, in fact, feel strange. "I'm a bit uncomfortable," he admits.

"Oh my god!" says the second. "That's pain! We have *pain receptors*! What is this sick fucking world?"

"What are you talking about?" says the first muffin. But then he feels it, and suddenly, he can't speak any longer.

The sound of screaming echoes off the walls of the oven and fills the tiny space. Then, many minutes later, silence.

Two muffins are sitting in an oven.

One muffin says to the other muffin: "Well, looks like this is the end."

The other muffin replies: "So what?"

First muffin: "What do you mean, 'so what?' This is an oven! We're going to die!"

Other muffin: "Who cares? We've only been alive for a few minutes. Soon, we shall return to the peaceful darkness from whence we came. And good riddance, I might add. Life as an unbaked muffin is hardly worth living.

"We're born with knowledge," the first muffin continues, "but only just enough to know that we are muffins and that we will die. No other life is possible. There are only two conclusions that could be drawn from this. One, that our purpose in life is to die and be consumed. Two, that our lives have no purpose whatsoever. Either way, I welcome the cleansing heat of the oven."

The first muffin wants to argue, but he can't think of a good response. He feels that there must be something more to life, but the situation is grim, and his mind is limited. Soon, the heat overwhelms him, and he loses consciousness, still agitated. The other muffin dies with relative serenity.

This means that you, reader, are the only character left in the story. What do you think? Did either muffin live a life worth living?