

Hi, Charlie Baldwin here, AKA theDominant Egg. Here's my audio journal I've just started. I've just got out of bed and it's 11 AM. Obviously, I've overslept, I've just been feeling really low, lately. Sometimes I wonder if I'm able to dominate anyone any more... On the plus side it's a Saturday and don't have any films to star in, nor do I have to attend AA meetings, but still, the day hasn't started too well. Well, off to the shops I guess.

It's ten past 11 and I'm driving in my convertible Ferrari in the sun. The wind rushes past me which I used to love, but passers by calling me 'baldy' and pointing and staring only lead to more dark thoughts.

It's twenty past 11 and I'm in the supermarket. Yes, yes, yes, I'm an egg and I'm shopping. The laughter, the looks of bafflement, I'm not sure how much I can take.

Five minutes later and I've found where the protein shakes are. 'What are you going to do with those? You're just an egg...' Well I've heard it all before. Is it a problem if I want to be a ripped egg? I may not have the build of the world's strongest man and I've been told that inside I'm very soft or to quote 'soft and delicious' whatever that means, but I believe you can do anything if you try hard enough.

It's 11:20 and I'm at the checkout. 'Would you like me to help you pack?' No! Never have I been so patronised! Do I look lazy to you?? See my Ferrari? I earned that through honest hard work! You don't know who I am do you? Well, I'll tell you: I'm Charlie Baldwin! Good day to you!

It's a quarter to 12 and I'm back home. If I was in a bad mood before, I'm worse now. 'It's an egg doing the shopping! Hahaha!' or 'Look at that mad egg, lolz!' WELL I HAVE FEELINGS, TOO. Now to drink my shake. It's not very nice, so it better work. I've been told it may well not have an effect on eggs, but protein is protein, right? Of course it will. Surely. Right, here goes nothing... (Slurping sounds). Yeah, that was mank. Right, onto the chocolates!

It's now 12 and I'm chilling watching Youcube. There some really dark videos out there. The things bodybuilders say! They eat raw eggs? Oh very funny, very funny. Let's watch some more. Wow, that egg looked like my not so distant cousin the Autocratic Egg I didn't know he was a dark comedy actor... Huh. I always thought of him as serious... No, it can't be him. It is hard telling different eggs apart, you know? However, not impossible.

It's half twelve and it's time to go to the gym. I think I'll be pulling the car's hood back up. I don't feel like attracting any more attention, today. :(

It's one o'clock and you can hear how out of breath I am, I really am going flat out on the treadmill. Remember this: Fitness isn't a destination, it's a way of life! I'm still trying to work out why the receptionist pointed to me and asked her coworker if there have been any uncooked meals gone walkabout, I guess it's more of that wacky people humour. I'm not going to let it get to me.

Ten minutes later and I'm pumping the guns. The receptionist is now in the working out area, and she has brought two members of staff with her. She's pointing at me

whilst scratching her head. If this carries on much longer, I'm going to have to go back home.

Ten minutes later again, and I'm on the rowing machine. A man wearing a white apron and a funny white hat looks just as confused as the other workers. I think I'm going to go home.

It's two o'clock and I'm resting in my favourite egg cup, whilst listening to easy listening jazz music. Not my favourite kind of music, but yeah... soothing.

Half an hour later and I'm in the bath. I used to sink in baths, now I float. Apparently that's just me getting older and I shouldn't worry. Sure I can no longer pretend I'm a deep sea diver and my scuba diving equipment and snorkel are now useless, but you know what? I like floating.

It's now three and I'm feeling refreshed! Time for some seeds, I guess!

It's now four and I've eaten way too many seeds. I can't burn the excess calories off at the gym, the looks I was getting there! I can however go for a run. Let's just get my walkman and headphones... Yes, I have a walkman, not an apple banana pea pod MP3 player or whatever it is that's popular, now. You know why? Because walkmans can't get viruses! Unless someone got a syringe from an infected walkman and injected the I guess plastic into my walkman? THAT'S someone who is crazy. Not me.

It's five and I'm knackered. I'm going straight to my egg cup for a long sleep. But don't you think the day is over, oh no.

It's 11 PM and I'm putting on my best suit. I'm wearing the fanciest cologne you can get your hands on, and I'm pumped. I'm getting back in my super car and I'm going to drive right into the most expensive part of London!

It's midnight and I'm partying hard in a nightclub! Big fish, little fish, cardboard box, big fish, little fish, cardboard box! I have sick dance moves and everyone is lovin' it! The pounding bass and drums are going right through me and I've never felt more alive!

(A man is heard shouting over the music): 'Hey, I know you! You're the Dominant Egg, right? Charlie? Charlie Baldwin? I'm a big fan!

Dominant Egg: Sure am! What's your favourite film that I'm in??

Man: Anything where you bop on someone's head and knock them out! It's a killer move, man!

DE: Cheers!

Man: Want a cocktail or two? It's on the house!

DE: Sure... Anyway, vlog over for now!

Man: You've been vlogging? Did you record me??

DE: Sure did!

Man: That's awesome, man!

It's 6 AM, Dominant Egg here, again. Eurgh. I've just woken up in a pool of my own sick. Janitors are sweeping up everything around me, and I feel even worse than I did yesterday. I can see the headlines, now... 'Dominant Egg parties hard and gets dominated by alcohol...' I never knew I'd ever be a dominated egg... with all the people I've dominated... Well, I guess journal over, bye.