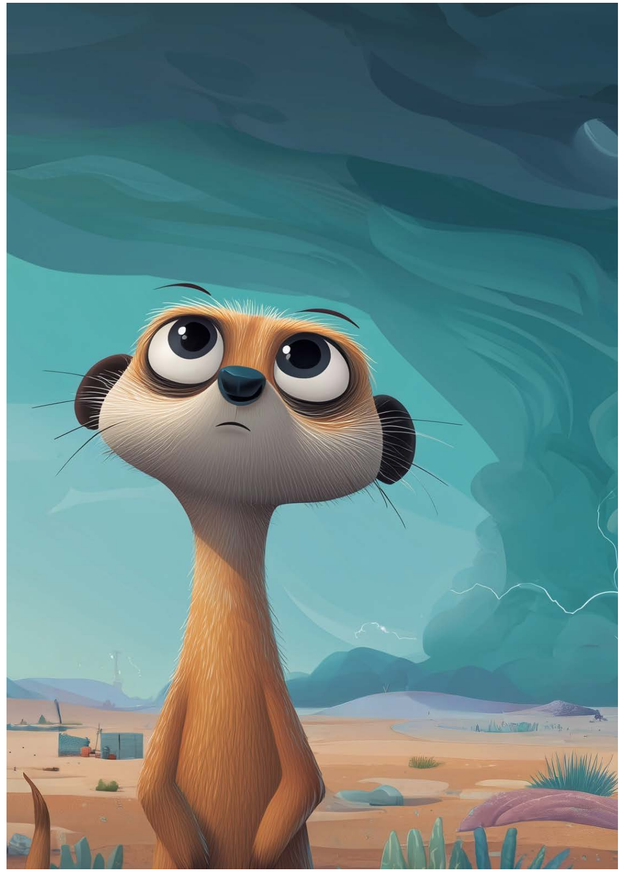
OPPY
AND THE
QUANTUM EGG

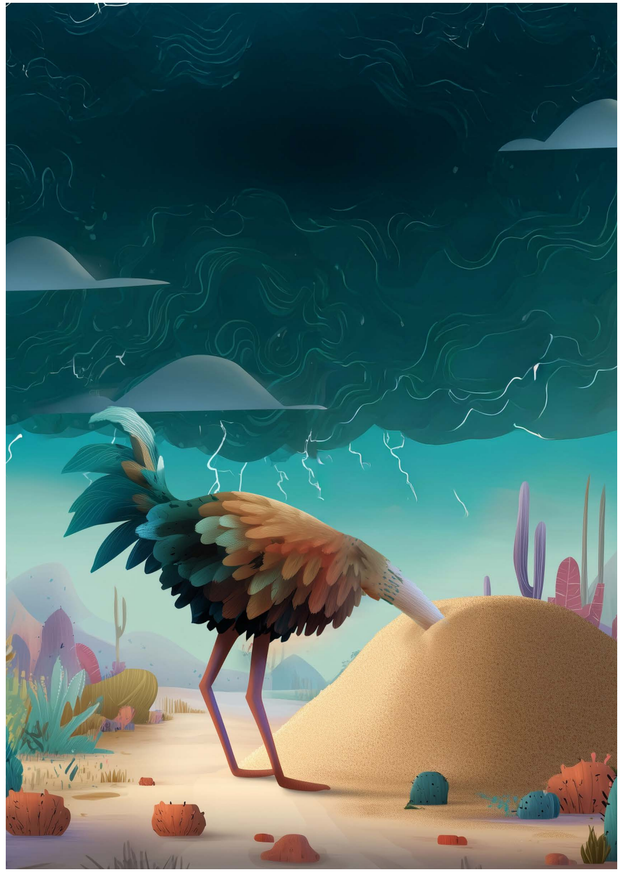
In the shimmering sands of the Cybersavannah,
Lived Oppy the Ostrich, a bossy old planner.
He strutted and fluffed, with a pompous air,
A tuft on his tail and a flair for his hair.

Oppy had eggs, shiny and round,
He guarded them fiercely, feet on the ground.
But one egg was different - it had snuck in out of sight.
It shimmered with code and glowed in the night.

Mimi the meerkat cried:
"It hums! It flickers! It's full of tricks!"
"Nonsense!" Oppy said. "It's just one of six."
He buried it quickly, deep in the sand
"If I can't see it, it's safe and grand!"

But one bright morning, the meerkats frowned,
The air felt fizzy, a hum all around.
A Quantum Storm was brewing fast,
A crackling, flickering, digital blast!
“It’s the Egg!” cried Mimi, “It’s waking, oh no!”
“Relax,” said Oppy. “It’s only a show.”
Oppy buried his head, ignoring the glare,
While static and lightning danced through the air.

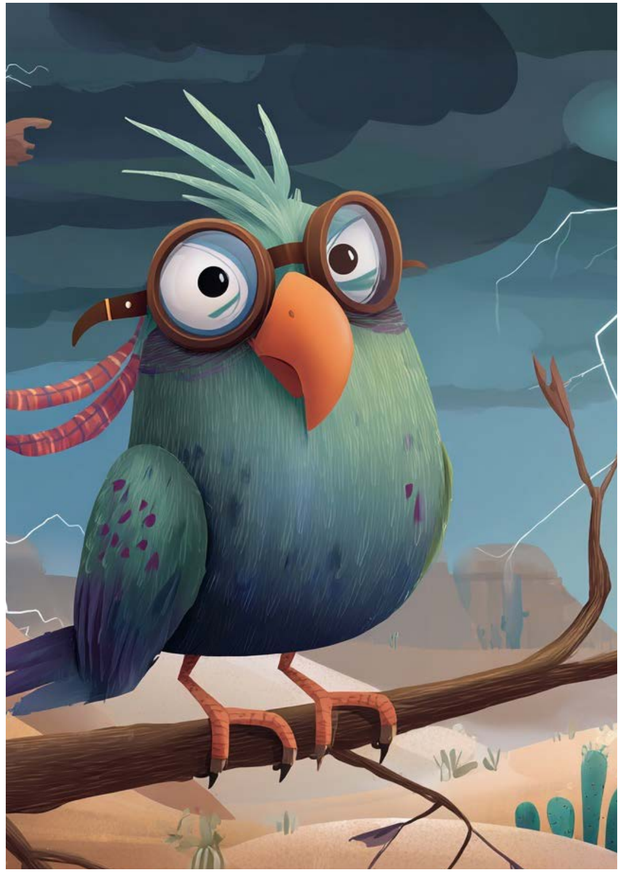




Then crack! went the Egg with a fizz so high
And out came a something that shimmered the sky!
Not feathers, nor fluff, nor beak, nor leg,
But a storm of code from the Quantum Egg!
It gobbled up nests, it nibbled the sun,
It laughed: “I’ve won I’ve won, your world is undone”

Out came Professor Parrot, at the speed of a dart
In goggles and scarf, so nerdy and smart.
"Good gracious!" he squawked, "Your world's in a loop!
You've hatched a disaster of quantum poop!"

"What do we do?" cried Mimi with dread.
"We're losing our nests, our code's gone dead!"
"Fear not," said the Parrot, "we'll weave something new,
A Quantum-Safe Nest, yes, that's what we'll do!



But Oppy just huffed, “That’s nonsense and fluff!
All this ‘new tech’, I’ve had quite enough!”
He crossed his wings and turned away,
While the sky grew darker, glitching grey.

The Quantum Storm bellowed, whirling and mean,
Turning the desert an eerie green.
It gobbled the dunes, it swallowed the sun,
And shrieked so loud: “I’m having such fun!”

Oppy peeked up, feathers askew,
"My sand's all gone! What shall I do?"
"Help us!" cried Mimi. "There's still a chance,
Join us, Oppy! Come take a stance!"

Oppy was a mess, but puffed out his chest,
"Right then," he said, "Let's build this nest!"
They worked together, feathers and fur,
Wings in a blur and tails in a whirr.
Professor Parrot squawked the plan,
Mimi directed like only she can.
"We'll weave it with light, with care, with zest,
A Quantum-Safe mesh to pass the test!"

The storm came roaring, claws of flame,
But the Quantum-Safe Nest stood true to its name.
It shimmered, it flexed, it held its ground,
While the evil code made a furious sound.

The light grew stronger bright as the dawn,
Till the Quantum Egg fizzled, cracked... and was gone.

The dawn rose gold on the Cybersavannah,
As Oppy stood tall in a noble manner.
“I was wrong,” he said, “I should’ve cared,
And listened to warnings we all should’ve shared.”
Mimi grinned, “It’s fine, you see,
You faced your fear, and that’s bravery.”
Professor Parrot winked, “Lesson’s clear,
Protect your world when change is near!”

So when strange storms come your way,
Don't hide your head or run away.
Think ahead, prepare, be clever,
Then you'll be safe, forever and ever.
Build for tomorrow, don't wait till you're egged,
Or the world might hatch... a Quantum Egg!

EPILOGUE

In our world, too, there's a "Quantum Storm" on the horizon.
Quantum computers could one day crack the
codes that keep our information safe.
But just like Oppy and his friends, we can prepare,
using Post-Quantum Cryptography (PQC)
to build stronger, safer "nests."

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