

Which Came First?

409

I don't know if you've been a college student calling home recently. Actually I do know that. You aren't. My bad. Calling home has gone like this recently:

Me: "Hey ma-"

Mom: "HAVE YOU SEEN THE PRICE OF EGGS RECENTLY"

"No, mom."

"Well you should, the prices are outrageous. I'm surprised you're not more fired up about this"

I never used to eat eggs at home. Hell, I don't even like them. And now I'm supposed to fill my dorm room fridge with them?

I guess I missed the part of the college dorm experience where I eat eggs like Paul Neuman in *Cool Hand Luke*.

"No mom, I'm not"

"Oh god, are you eating enough? You know I can send you eggs if you need them."

"You're... going to send me eggs? Like... in the mail?"

"Oh my god your speech is so slow you sound like you're starving. Don't even worry about the price of them honey, I'll take our toilet paper costs out of the budget and go to the grocery store first thing tomorrow."

sigh "Thanks, mom."

Another call went like this;

"Hi mo-"

"You'll never guess how much I paid for eggs today! I found the very last carton with a clearance tag. FOUR NINETY NINE."

"That's great mom."

“Yeah! Two were plastic easter eggs, I have three under an incubator and I’m pretty sure one of them’s a snake egg. But hot damn \$4.99!”

“Sounds like a great deal”

“Did you get the package I sent you?”

“I saw it for a second before they confiscated it because of the smell. They thought someone sent me roadkill”

This woman sent me eggs. In the mail. From 300 miles away. I’m surprised the smell didn’t set off the fire alarm or send the school into lockdown. I could literally see green stench gas coming off of them.

“Well that’s too bad, I thought I put enough ice packs in there”

“No mom, you definitely didn’t”

“Well I thought you’d be more grateful, we’ve resorted to using panda express napkins as toilet paper around here because of those eggs.”

“Yeah, No mom I am, I just can’t use them. The mailman was in a hazmat suit”

“Oh well, anyways, HAVE YOU SEEN THE PRICE OF GAS”

Oh Lord, here we go again. God I hope she doesn’t try and mail my car-less ass gasoline. That has to be a crime.

“No mom, I haven’t”