

A Page From ReameasbLog

Warning: Some of the content of this post may be questionable to some readers. Proceed at your own risk.

Like our newest [tangenteer](#), the little store I am employed at has its share of cute little callers with nothing on their little mundane plates than to make obnoxious calls. Admittedly, I was one of those at one time or another so it should come as no surprise that I like to play along when the opportunity presents itself. Wednesday night, the newest teenage employee asked me to take a phone call after she failed to clearly “hear the person on the other line”:

Jamiahsh: Hello... may I help you

Customer: Yes, do you sell breasts?

J: Why, yes we do. As a matter of fact, we have a 40lb box on sale for \$1.49/lb (usually \$3.99/lb)

C: How are they?

J: Oh, they are nice, plump, round, firm. Just your type.

C: Ok... thank you very much (sounding rather shocked but with a chuckle being heard in the background. I think I was on speakerphone)

J: You are very welcome. Have a nice evening.

The teenage cashier was grinning from ear-to-ear after I hung the phone up. I must admit that I thought the incident rather humorous myself. Fun to be in charge once in a while.