

# 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.