

Pringles

Two shoppers in a grocery store argue over a canister of potato chips.

A: Excuse me, I was buying those.

B: No you weren't. They were just sitting here on the shelf.

A: I put them down, but I was still getting them.

B: When you put something down, it's fair game.

A: Look, people pick items up, put them down and then pick them back up again. It's part of shopping, deciding what to buy. I was still deciding when you swooped in.

B: There are still plenty left here on the shelf.

A: Look, I don't want to be a trouble maker, but these other Pringles have ridges, and I have trouble with ridges.

B: I'm holding them now, and possession is nine-tenths of the law.

A: What are you, a lawyer?

B: Actually, I am.

A: Those are my Pringles.

B: Yeah, try to get them back.

A: You are a pushy thing, pushing your cart in your Calvin Klein outfit.

B: At least I don't wear my pajamas to the grocery store and try to claim everything on the shelf as mine.

A: You probably only chose those chips because I left them on the edge and you wouldn't have to pop a pore to reach them.

B: That mouth of yours is going to get you in trouble one day.

A: Listen, I'd love to stay here and chat all day, but I need to beat that lady to the last package of double-stuff Oreos.