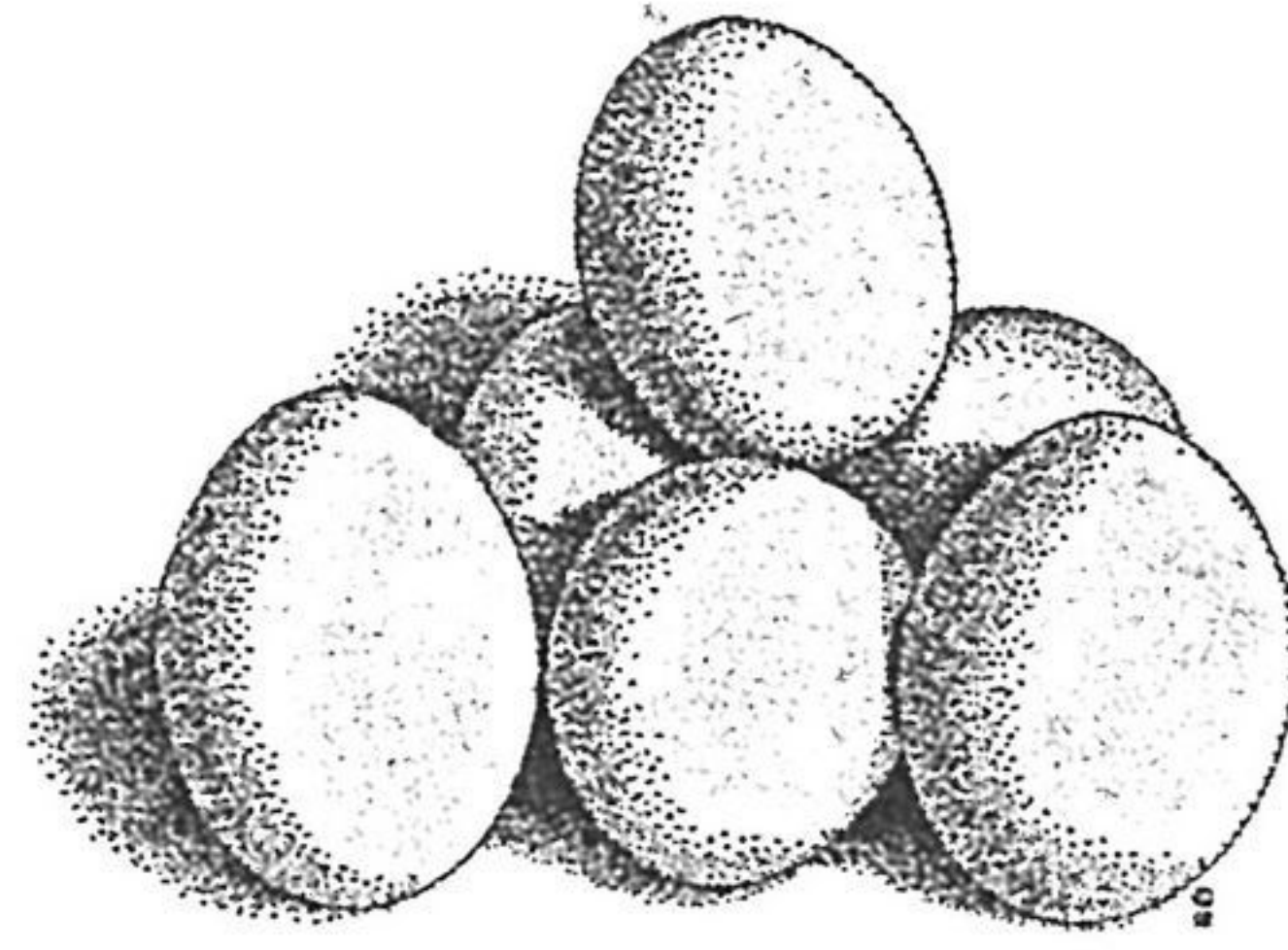


BIG BROWN EGGS



Constable Leeks had been patrolling roads with the Ontario Provincial Police for six years, but what he was seeing now was a first. One car ahead, on Highway 33 just West of Picton, there was a 1998 Buick Century and eggs were being hurled out the window. Eggs!

As he watched, spiraling out the window like a football, another egg burst on a "Speed Limit 80 KM" sign. He could clearly see the driver was a white haired senior citizen. The guy wasn't speeding, these old geezers rarely did, but as Constable Leeks watched the egg drool down the sign, he flicked on the lights and the siren. He had a charge. Defacement of public property or some such thing, but he was more curious than anything else. What the heck was going on here?

Leeks watched the old fellow peer into his rearview mirror, jerk spasmodically as he saw the cruiser following, then begin muttering to himself. Was this paragon of senior citizenship freaked out on medication or something?

After examining the necessary license and registration, Constable Leeks asked the question that had been bothering him, "For gosh sakes, what are you doing throwing eggs out the window?"

The driver explained. "You know Milford back there? I go out of my way every time I return to Toronto so I can stop at the Sanderson Farm. You know it? It's an old run down place. He has a couple of beat up signs, "Maple Syrup" and "Farm Fresh Eggs". Sometimes he sells pumpkins in the fall. You know the place? You've seen the sign?"

Constable Leeks agreed he was familiar with the old Sanderson place.

"Sometimes it's hard to get him to answer the door, he's sleeping or something, and sometimes that damned one-eyed dog is off the chain and scares me half out of my wits. The hair on his back stands up like a brush, and he barks and snarls enough to frighten a grizzly. If you can weather the gauntlet, though, it's worth it, because you get big, fat, brown eggs. Farm fresh. Probably free range organic. Nothing tastes like old Sanderson's eggs. Big yellow yolks that sit up real sassy on your plate. They

don't lay down flat like they're tired right out and the white of the egg isn't watery. Know what I mean?"

Constable Leeks agreed that he, also, was a connoisseur of the fresh egg.

"I pay more for these eggs. Eggs are a dollar and seventy-five cents. I've been paying old Sanderson two bucks and a quarter. I thought it was worth it."

Constable Leeks grew pensive.

"So this time I asked old Sanderson if the eggs came from free range chickens. You know what he said? He said he didn't know. I thought, how can he not know? It's true I didn't see any hens running around, but I thought it was because of that damned savage dog. So I asked where he kept his chickens. You know what he said? He said he didn't keep chickens. He said he had some once, but most died or disappeared and he ate the rest."

Constable Leeks appeared very interested in the story now. "Go on", he said.

"Well, he said his son works construction in Toronto and comes home every weekend to get his laundry done and so on. He brings several dozen eggs with him. The eggs I've been buying come from Toronto! Well, that made me mad. I said how could he call them farm eggs? He said they were probably laid on a farm. He said he didn't think they had chickens in the condominiums. I asked how he could call them fresh when they came from Toronto. He said they were fresh to him. So you know what? I've been driving 20 kilometers out of my way and paying a premium for eggs I could easier get at home. That's why I'm throwing them out the window."

Constable Leeks said, "You may well have a grievance, but you can't go around tossing eggs out the window. There's any number of charges I could bring against you, but I'm only giving you a warning. Just settle down, drive slowly home, and this will wear off."

The chastened driver agreed, and drove slowly off.

As the police cruiser negotiated a quick U-turn, Constable Leeks fumed, "Four years I've been stopping

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