There's something

here somewhere

about laying

an egg...

ONCE UPON A TIME there were two farmers. Each had a hen that laid 20 eggs a month.

Both farmers liked eggs, so one ate his. But the other did without, and put his eggs in an incubator which he bought by borrowing money. In no time he had 200 chickens from his one. A shocking profit! (Before taxes.)

He sold some to pay interest on the loan on his incubator; he ate some as a reward for all his labor in raising the brood. And he sold a good many to pay his income tax.

He still had some left. Profit.

So the farmer who had eaten all his eggs got a law passed. The neighbors divided up the chicken-raising-farmer's "profits" and ate them. After all, they said, he had more than he needed, and they were hungry.

So, of course, the farmer wasn't going to raise any more chickens just to have them taken away from him; he ate his eggs, too.

In due time both the farmers' original hens died of old age, and then there weren't any eggs for anybody. No chickens either.

The neighbors were quite sure it was somehow the chicken raiser's fault.

Did the farmer, who used to eat all his eggs, enjoy his now-eggless meals any more for realizing that the farmer next door wasn't enjoying any chicken?

