

John & Dave Talk About Eggs

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John & Dave Talk About Eggs

by [Classpectanon](#)

Summary

"I mean, I just can't imagine a world in which, realistically, the chicken came first. Unless we're talking about specifically "Chicken's" eggs, and not the concept of eggs in general, in which case, fuck you, be clearer next time, asshole who invented this stupid hypothetical." Dave said, angrily bouncing back and forth on his heels while John set a plastic bag down on the ground for the two of them. Dave stared off into the distance, bushy blonde brows furrowed in a significantly larger fury display than such a silly topic probably warranted - nevertheless, fury is what he possessed.

"Plutarch, I think." John chimed in helpfully, swiping across Wikipedia on their phone.

"Right, Plutarch these balls, then."

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Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

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"Plutarch, I think." John chimed in helpfully, swiping across Wikipedia on their phone.

"Right, Plutarch these balls, then. Here's a better question, if you had a time machine and could travel back in time to give any particular historical figure a huge atomic wedgie for being a ginormous nerd, who would it be and why is his name "Plutarch". Plutarch's a guy, right?" Dave asked, bending down into a squat, elbows resting on his knees. His tracksuit was in good condition, and he was in rare form to do a little light sprinting as necessary. He ran his hands through his hair, pushing it back, out of his face.

"Yeah, Wikipedia says he's a dude." John replied, showing Dave what was on their phone - a delightfully Greek looking marble bust of a Greek dude with a Greek beard from Greece. John kicked their shoes into the ground a couple of times, bouncing up and down on their new sneakers, little tiny plumes of dust scattering with every hop. Dave reached into his pocket and fished out a cigarette, stuffing the box back down into his tracksuit. "Need a light?"

"Please. Also, you didn't answer my question. I wasn't joking, you need to tell me who you'd give an atomic wedgie to now, otherwise we're gonna find ourselves having a big fucking problem." Dave replied, reaching his hand out to accept the fragile, flimsy little plastic lighter from John. He flicked it a couple of times until its sparks caught and the baby gout of flame was struck, using it to light his cigarette. He took a little drag from it like he was sipping juice - barely, almost daintily, handing the lighter back to John. "I promise you, Johnny, buddy ol' pal, the fate of the universe depends on which nerd you'd like to wedgie. This is the most important decision you'll ever make in your entire life."

"Somehow, I doubt that." John replied, rolling their eyes. They went through their hands, methodically cracking every single knuckle they could, on as many fingers as possible. "I think I would give Hitler a wedgie. But, like, in a way that prevents all the bad shit from happening. I think if you had time travel and you did not use it in some way to make Hitler's life worse, assuming that there's no other time travelers doing the same thing, you are time traveling wrong. I think you have a moral obligation to bother Hitler if you have a time machine, that's what I think."

"Damn." Dave replied, taking another puff, blowing acrid, eye-stinging smoke into the air. "No, you're right, you're right. I change my answer to Hitler also. That's a primo choice. Not really possible to take the conversation anywhere past that, now, is it?"

John laughed softly, adjusting his glasses, staring blankly ahead at the same place Dave was looking. "Not really, it's sort of a hypothetical killer."

"You did that on purpose, then? You killed my hypothetical? My bouncing, beautiful baby hypothetical? You just went and strangled my hypothetical, John, how could I ever forgive you? You'll fry for this, John Egbert, you'll fry for killing my little hypothetical." Dave answered, tapping out some ash onto the sidewalk before reaching into the crinkly plastic grocery bag, pulling out the object of their desire from it. "Anyway, here's what's not hypothetical - these fucking eggs. Let's get, I don't want to stick around here too long in case he has a Ring or some shit like that. Going to jail for a fun little teenage goof is not my idea of a good time, nor do I think it's anyone's. Okay, it might be -- You know, let's not get too sidetracked here."

John laughed, popping open the egg carton. "Yeah, let's not linger." They said, grabbing a farm fresh egg and chucking it overhand like they were pitching a baseball.

End Notes

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