

The back story here is simple. One day a student named Reggie sat down next to me and took out a big bag of some kind of chips. (The appetite of teenagers --- especially the boys --- is legendary and cannot be exaggerated.) Well, he proceeded to take out his work and start eating, and gradually his face, his hands and his work become covered with the dusty by-product of his orange-colored chips, he was oblivious to the gastric effect that this sight had on me (and any other civilized person nearby who happened to witness this event).

That's it. Nice and simple. I am just being a reporter here. I do not have a chip on my shoulder --- or in my mouth (right now).