

Mother's Day Text Exchange Between Rose and Annette from TEACH ME

Annette: Why do I have a package from you, Rosie? You know you aren't supposed to be going to the post office right now!

Annette: Just the thought of you standing in line with other people makes my back spasm.

Annette: SO MUCH PAIN. OH, THE AGONY!

Rose: Annette, there is such a thing as ordering online. No post office necessary. One click on my keyboard, and a package arrives at your door several days later.

Annette: Oh. Really?

Annette: I don't believe I've ever done that before. Except for groceries, recently.

Annette: Thank you again for talking me through that.

Rose: My pleasure.

Rose: I know all this is new to you. Normally, you'd shop in person or have your staff do it. But you're home safe, and so are they, and desperate, virus-y times call for desperate, Amazon-y measures. Martin and I are happy to help however we can.

Rose: I assume your back pain is gone?

Annette: What back pain?

Annette: I'm going to open the package now.

Rose: Please wash your hands really well afterward. At least 20 seconds.

Annette: I will pretend you didn't just impugn my hygiene practices, which are as faultless as ever.

Rose: My apologies.

Annette: You sent me...a book about basic life skills?

Rose: I figure you haven't actually cooked your own meals in several decades. As far as laundry, I haven't forgotten last week's Soap Suds Incident.

Annette: Alfred looked quite fetching in all those bubbles! And the laundry room floor has never been cleaner.

Rose: Although I salute the pristine state of your laundry room floor, I thought you two could perhaps use some reminders. Before he turns his next batch of silk handkerchiefs pink too.

Annette: OH, MY GOODNESS! WHERE DID YOU FIND PICI?

Rose: Well, I

Annette: It's like bucatini, but it's not hollow! It's hand-rolled! We've never been able to locate it outside Italy!

Annette: Thank you, Rosie! So, so much!

Annette: And you found this online?

Rose: Yes.

Annette: Perhaps I could grow accustomed to shopping on the computer.

Rose: I suspect you could.

Rose: Annette, I know you and Alfred had been planning a trip to Italy this summer, and you were so sad about canceling. So I brought a bit of Siena to you, in artisanal pasta form.

Rose: Happy Mother's Day to the most loyal, funny, and loving former mother-in-law in existence.

Annette: You've been my beloved daughter since the day we met, Rosie, and you will be my daughter until

Annette: Forever. You'll be my daughter forever.

Annette: I love you, and I want to hug you, and I can't. It hurts.

Rose: I know. I want to hug you too, so much. Please have Alfred give you an extra squeeze from me.

Rose: FaceTime in five minutes?

Rose: I'll show you how to shop at Nordstrom online. I think you'll be pleased.

Annette: WHY DID NO ONE TELL ME ABOUT THIS OPTION BEFORE?

Annette: When people keep this sort of crucial information from me, my sciatica becomes UNENDURABLE!

Rose: I love you, Annette.

Annette: I love you more, Rosie.

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