Is it possible to have too much of a good thing? My brother, Rex, and (me/I) traveled to North Dakota last summer. We found a gift shop along the way and stopped to explore. The advertised ice cream was the best that (we/us) had tasted! (Me and Rex/Rex and I) bought a gallon of the ice cream. We only made it about a mile down the road when we decided to turn back and buy more. The gift shop owner was still there. When (she/her) saw us returning, (she/her) chuckled. She prepared four gallon containers for us, and we started back on the road. We ate ice cream from our gallon containers as we drove down the barren roads. We ate…and we ate. About an hour into our trip, my brother and (me/I) realized that perhaps it wasn’t the best idea to gobble a gallon of ice cream, each, while in the car. I had two gallons left and so did my brother. The gallons that belonged to (his/him) were dumped on the side of the road, so that the sight of them wouldn’t make my brother’s stomach lurch. I still had (mine/my), but by the time that we reached North Dakota, the gallons of ice cream turned into gallons of milky liquid. Disappointed, I agreed with Rex that, perhaps, too much of a good thing really is a bad thing.