

## **Adventures of the Grocery Store**

Jeanne Jacobsen

**Course:** English 101

**Instructor:** Ms. Melissa Garner

**Essay Type:** Descriptive

When I was a very young girl around the age of six or seven, I enjoyed going grocery shopping with my mother. Going to the grocery store was considered a major outing to me. In my eyes, the grocery store was a place in which adventures could happen. I was always amazed at the seemingly endless rows of groceries and household items inside the chain grocery stores we went to on our outings. Candy even has an entire store aisle devoted to its sale! Going to the grocery store was always a pleasure to me when I was a kid.

When my mom and I went into the store, the automatic doors of the entrance greatly amused me. These doors seemed like an invention from outer space when I was little. I would sometimes find where the sensor located a person, and I would make the door reopen each time it would swing shut.

The first place my mom always went to was the fruits and vegetables area. The color of all the fruits and vegetables were eye candy for me. I was overwhelmed; kiwis, bananas, oranges, tomatoes, cucumbers, and others were all in one area of the store. I loved when my mother would ask me to pick out the ripe fruit. I would feel for the springy, smooth flesh of a ripe tomato or the soft, fuzzy skin of peaches. When handling this food, it was hard for me to resist having a bite out of these succulent fruits. I would have loved to take a bite of the peaches and taste the juicy, sweet, but tart, fruit.

Another desire that children have while in the grocery store is to have fresh cookies from the bakery. My mom tried not to bring me along if I was hungry, but sometimes this was

unavoidable. I would beg and plead with her until she bought me a warm and gooey M&M chocolate chip cookie. These were my favorites! I would bite down on this treat, and the chocolate immediately turned into liquid inside of my mouth. After I was fed, my mom and I would make our way down the aisles to shop for the day.

Some days, the grocery store would be packed with people. Aisles would transform into traffic jams of people and shopping carts, and checkout lanes would be ten people deep and counting. Sunday afternoons were like this. I loved to see the people around me dressed in their Sunday best. My favorite was to see little old women with colorful hats covering their silver hair. These hats came in all shapes and sizes, but each would have a huge bow on it.

Finally, my mom and I headed toward the checkout lanes. I always rushed ahead of her to try to find a lane with only a few people. Seldom did this work because I could not get too far away from her. The last thing that happens at the end of a shopping trip is the checkout. I hated this part the most because of the monotonous, shrill beep the scanner makes as it is reading an item's barcode. This sound would keep ringing in my ears until we got back to our car.

After unloading our groceries into the car, my mom and I would go home. Being in the car would calm me down from all the excitement we had just witnessed. I would just think about my next trip to the grocery store and what kind of adventure could be had the next time.

*Jeanne Jacobsen's major is Undeclared.*

**Ms. Garner's Comments:** *As one can see from this essay, Jeanne's writing shows creativity and originality. For this assignment, originally an in-class descriptive essay, Jeanne took a unique perspective by describing a trip to the grocery store as seen through the eyes of a young child.*

*Through her specific descriptive details and narration, the audience can clearly imagine this "adventure" as the writer remembers it.*