

Trials & Tribulations of a twentysomething

by S. Livingstone

I was left home alone by my family last week to house sit while they went off on an unnecessary getaway. I was well prepared to enjoy my sudden independence and freedom or at least I thought I was. I decided that I would take this newly discovered sovereignty to the limits and pretend as though I had the responsibility of someone older than twenty. The first thing I felt I should do was go grocery shopping, not that the cupboards were not well stocked before my family's departure (they lack faith in my survival skills), but I felt that grocery shopping is something that adults do and so must I.

I must confess that I have never actually gone on a grocery shopping expedition on my own, unless getting milk at a corner store counts as experience. The first thing I had to do was to decide which supermarket I should give my business to. For a small city there are an overwhelming number of supermarkets to the unseasoned consumer. After a great deal of thought I settled on that convenient 24 hour establishment very near our campus. I chose this one because of its popularity among students of this university. I am making this assumption purely on the speculation that all those derelict carts near Blanchard Hall were once transportation for travelling groceries from this store.

I did not bother with a grocery list. I just made a mental list of the things I needed and proceeded on my trek to obtain groceries. When I arrived at the supermarket I hastily decided that I did not require a shopping cart as I was only there to purchase fifteen items or less. As my arms quickly became laden with food, I wished I had not passed up the chance to use an advertisement clad shopping cart. Vanity reigned though as I began to question the necessity of a large awkward cart for a few items that fit securely into a basket or an eco-friendly shopping bag, and as I walked around searching for the items on my list I noticed other men awestruck by the variety of goods the store had to offer and they too were cartless. I discussed this issue with one of my female friends and she claims she gets a cart for the smallest amounts of groceries and she too sees men struggling to

hold onto nine or ten items. Maybe its a gender thing.

When I could hold no more in my arms without catastrophe making an unwanted appearance I made an attempt to make my way to the checkouts. This journey became the most challenging component in my entire visit, and reaffirmed my belief that carts are nothing more than hindering obstacles with broken wheels. At certain times I was trapped between four or five carts in what seemed to be gridlock but upon more careful observation was simply a senior shoppers' forum on sale items. Luckily I had brought along some coupons with which I bargained my way out of this cart corral.

The cashier, I believe her name was Penny, was very friendly and seemingly understanding of my post shopping anxiety. She quickly moved all my purchases through the scanner and I was off and running, a better person for my experience. Upon reaching the car though, I realized I had forgotten two essential items. Fearing my demise if I was to enter that supermarket again I moved on to another store to make my remaining purchases. This time proved much more successful however as I was now a veteran of the grocery shopping war and I felt ready to tackle any situation a supermarket might bring. I may even use a cart the next time.

Campus Comment

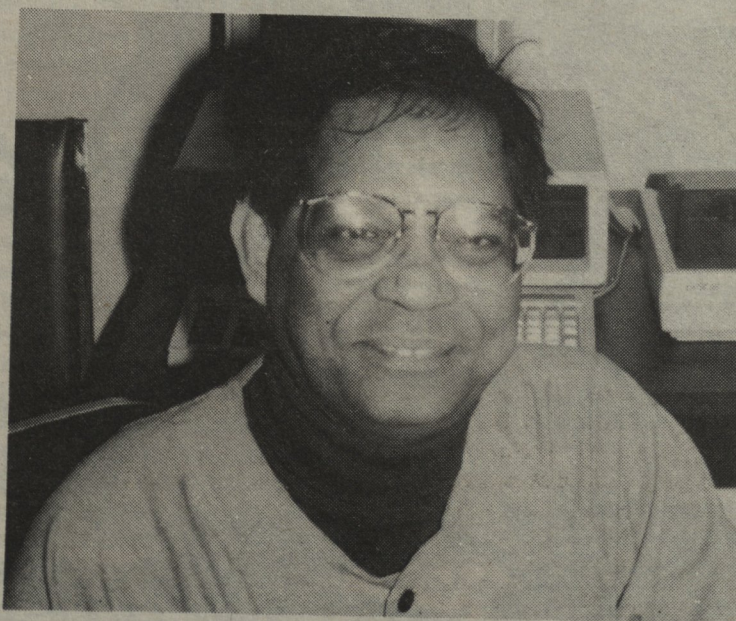
What do you predict for the New Year?

"I am not very good at predicting things. I hope 1993 will be a great year for the students at UPEI."

Satadal Dasgupta
Soc/Anth Dept.

"More people are going to stop communicating and the spin off is less understanding."

Deanna Keen
4th year Sociology



Satadal Dasgupta