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# Tangelos

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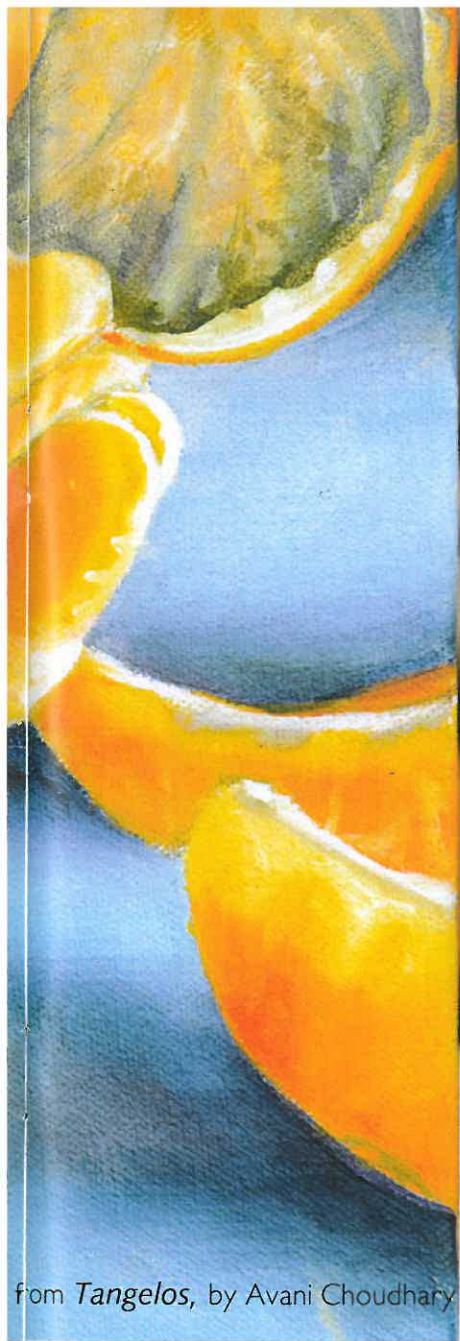
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Diaries of Very Real Auth  
The Imagined Grocery S  
Diary of Stephenie





from *Tangelos*, by Avani Choudhary

# Shopping Mors (and Shopping Meyer) Leah Bush

## JD Salinger

I don't even like rum raisin. I'd rather have goddammed rocky road. Rocky road is at least ice cream for God's sake. I was about half in love with rum raisin by the time I knew rum didn't come in Sun-Maid boxes. That's the thing about rum raisin. Every time the rum does something funny, even if the raisins aren't much to taste, or even if they taste sort of phony, you fall half in love with the rum part, and then you never know where the hell you are. Rum. Jesus Christ.

I stopped looking at the phony rum raisin carton. I'm sick of half-liking ice cream. I wish to God I could meet an ice cream I could respect. I don't exactly know what I mean by that, but I mean it. So I picked up the rocky road and walked away. I got to the register, but my pockets were empty, if you want to know the truth. Goddam money. It always ends up making you blue as hell.

## Vladimir Nabokov

Quinoa, light of my life, grain of my seeds. My sin, my stomach. Qui-no-a: the tip of a tyro's tongue taking a trip of one step too many down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Qui. No. A. Keen. Wa.

It was plain, plain uncooked, in the morning, sitting in a lidless jar in the pantry. It was unpronounceable in salads. It was still unpronounceable in a squeeze of lemon. It was six letters Q-U-I-N-O-A on the receipt. But in my spoon its spelling and pronunciation never mattered.

Did it have a precursor? It did, indeed it did. In point of fact, there might have been no quinoa at all had I not tasted, one dinner, a certain initial grain-seed. In a box by the cereal. Oh when? About as many grocery trips before quinoa became a trending food as my age was that summer. You can always count on a murdered grain craze for a fancy culinary style.

## Arundhati Roy

Only the Small Things were bought. The Big Things—the cakes, the meals in the freezer aisle that would thaw in Frozen Time—lurked unsold inside. On every errand I've been on, I've instinctively stuck to the Small Things, the eggs and vanilla extract. I knew that there was nowhere for the Big Things to go. They were irreversibly marble cake or Orangesauce Lemonsauce Chicken with Rice. They had nothing. No future. So I stuck to the Small Things.

## Mark Twain

I turned around to look at some cheese when my cart appeared in the middle of the aisle with a carton of egg whites and a non-stick pan. I surveyed the cart, and all gladness left me and a deep melancholy settled down upon my spirit. Thirty-two ounces of egg whites in a carton about eight inches high. Egg whites have always seemed hollow, and their existence a burden.

The entire world isn't so hollow, though, or at least it isn't so hollow with whole eggs. Whole eggs helped me discover a great law of human action, without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to create a questionably replicable scientific study proclaiming that the thing clogs arteries and makes people die temporarily. Ah, to preach that eggs contain too high levels of the demon saturated fat to be fit for human consumption! The scientists sung in praise of eggs, realizing the less there is to justify a traditional custom, the harder it is to get rid of it.