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The Imaginary Grocery Shopping Diaries of Very Real Authors (and The Imagined Grocery Shopping Diary of Stephanie Meyer)

Leah Bush

Nova Southeastern University

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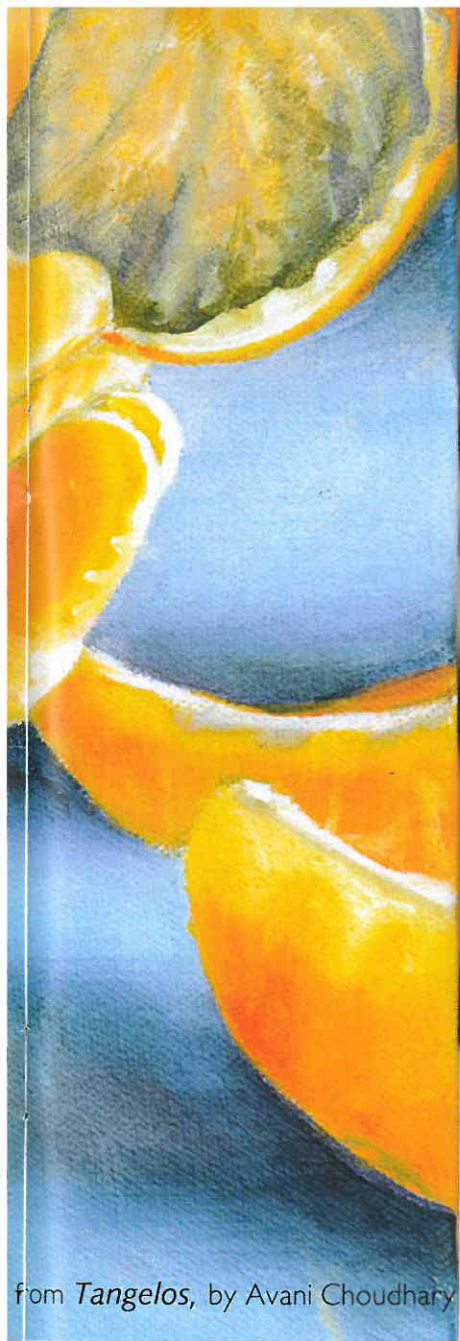
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Diaries of Very Real Auth
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Diary of Stephenie



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.

Stephanie Meyer

I read carefully through the ingredients of various Kool-Aid knockoffs, looking for anything that sounded familiar, let alone palatable. It seemed that most centered around water with colored, sparkly sugar and children as willing volunteers; the knockoff ingredients also seemed like constructs created to explain away the deep red stains on young children's clothes.

On the cover of one box was what appeared to be a beautiful, pale-skinned human. A speech bubble rested between his nose and exposed fang, broadcasting the words, "Once we taste Kool-Aid or even smell it for that matter, it becomes very hard to keep from feeding. Sometimes impossible."

John Steinbeck

I watched the grocery stocker from around the salad dressing shelves. I asked him calmly, "Do you have any ranch dressing?"

"Well, we ain't got any," the stocker exploded. "Whatever we ain't got, that's what you want. God a'mighty, if I was alone, my job would be so easy. I could go get a case of thousand island dressing. I could go do my job an' work, an' no trouble. No mess at all, and when the end of the month come I would take my fifty bucks and go into town and get as much ranch as I want. Why, I could stay in a ranch factory all night. I could eat it with whatever I want, celery or anything, and get as much of the damn thing as I could think of. An' I could do all that every damn month, get a gallon of ranch."

"I was only foolin', mister. I don't want no ranch dressing. I wouldn't buy no ranch if it was right here beside me."

"If it was here, you could have some."

"But I wouldn't buy none. I'd leave it all for you. You could cover your celery or chicken wings or paycheck with it and I wouldn't touch none of it."

Joseph Heller

There was only one catch, and that was rainbow trout, which specified that 2" thick filets be cooked 11 minutes on each side and eaten with Morton's fork and a knife. The catch was delicious and could be eaten. All it had to do was bake; and as soon as it was cooked, it could no longer be eaten as sushi and would have to accompany a lemon butter sauce and rice pilaf. I would be crazy to cook it and sane if I didn't, but if I was sane I'd probably get food poisoning. If I cooked the trout, I was crazy and didn't have to; but if I didn't want to I was sane, and had to.

"That's some catch, that rainbow trout," I observed.

"It's the best there is," the enemy behind the seafood counter agreed.

Charlotte Brontë

At eight, Sophie came to dress me. I raised my head, and looking round and seeing the incline rise of the eastern sun on the wall, I asked, "What am I to do?" The answer that my mind gave—"Buy more Nutella"—was so prompt, so dire. It does good to no woman to be flattered by a chocolate-hazelnut spread which does not intend to marry her; and it is madness in all women to let a secret love kindle within them, which, if unreturned and unknown, must devour the life it feeds.

Nutella, I have little left in my cupboard—I must have you. The world may laugh—may call me absurd, selfish—but it does not signify. My very soul and stomach demand you: it will be satisfied, or it will take deadly vengeance on its frame. I had not intended to love you; the reader knows I had wrought hard to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected; and now, at the first renewed view of it, they spontaneously revived, great and strong! Nutella made me love it without looking at me.

Reader, I married it.

