

# The supermarket snafu

BY AMOS  
ARTHUR HOLMES

Yesterday I was engaged in the battle of my life.

I went shopping at the supermarket. Thirty odd years ago I passed safely through the terrors of World War Two. I saw the dead and heard the shrill scream of the wounded. I trembled at the sound of falling bombs and I looked in shock at the carnage of war. But at no time during the war did I feel the terror and fear that I felt in that grocery store.

In all my years of married life I have left the grocery shopping to my wife. There is something very feminine about pushing a grocery cart, and I have never wanted the fellows I know to get the wrong idea about mannish Amos Arthur Holmes.

But on this one day I had a desire to partake of some good old southern Maryland stuffed ham, so I decided to run over to the supermarket. After all, it would only take a moment and I wouldn't even have to push a grocery cart.

I parked my car in the spacious parking lot. As I was about to enter the store I saw a lady approaching and I waited so that she might enter the store before me. The lady pushed past me and (probably due to the intense heat) failed to thank me for holding back while she entered. I always get a little despondent over lack of manners, but I steeled myself and entered the store.

I was passing this long line of grocery carts in front of the store when all of a sudden I was slammed against the wall. This huge, mon-

strous lady towered over me, and screamed, "THAT THERE IS MY CART."

I was stunned. I had never encountered this type of violence. This woman was positively livid.

"But lady," I cried, "I wasn't going to take your cart. I wasn't going to take ANY cart. I was simply passing by."

"YEAH!" she snarled, "YOU MEN ARE ALL ALIKE. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF INNOCENT LITTLE WOMEN."

Well, I didn't know how innocent she was but she sure wasn't little. I hurried around the corner because if I had stayed there I think that large woman would have killed me.

My next mistake was in reaching for a tomato that looked appetizing to me. My fingers were two inches from that nice, ripe fruit when a hand came

out of nowhere and grabbed my tomato. The hand came with such violence, and force, that it crushed the

tomato and it gave me the shakes just thinking what that hand could have done to my fingers. I turned

around to see who had this extraordinary strength (and discourtesy) and was shocked to find an old woman of 80 standing directly behind me. She bellowed, "THAT'S MY TOMATO."

I honestly believe that I could take an 80 year old lady, but then I thought she wouldn't have been so vicious unless she knew karate, and so I replied, "Of course it is your tomato.



You were here first." Ordinarily I would have argued my right to that tomato but I could picture myself being killed by an 80 year old lady and that would have been bad for my ego.

To hell with the stuffed ham. I wanted out of there. I started for the front of the store. I was only about 20 feet from escaping this battlefield when I looked down the aisle and saw a cart coming at me at a very great rate of speed. Something like 60 miles

per hour. Pushing the cart was this little monster of six or seven and he guided that heavy vehicle directly into my left leg. I clutched my leg in great pain, let out a yowl that could be heard all the way to Virginia, and wondered vaguely how many bones had been broken. When the pain subsided a trifle I bent down to kill the little urchin who had destroyed my limb. But just then his mother came running up. I thought she would say how dreadfully sorry she was that her son had torn my leg off, or at least been sympathetic to my great loss of blood. Instead, she laughed, "Isn't he darling? Drives just like his Daddy." And off they went to kill somebody else.

I hobbled to the front of the store and dove through the plate glass window.

And to think my wife goes grocery shopping every day. She's a very brave woman.