

The Supermarket Kingdom

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We all know what doing our shopping means: spending a whole evening at the supermarket choosing the best products, joining endless queues and carrying heavy bags on our way back home. In other words, this chore is sometimes a synonym of a complete waste of our precious time. But what would you say if I told you that it is possible to make that time worth on while just by observing our surroundings, more precisely the other shopper's behaviour?

On an ordinary shopping day, who is the first person you bump into when you enter the supermarket? Of course, we are referring to the security guard. Now, if we examine his manners we can easily compare him to a lion waiting to pounce on its prey, namely, springing into action. Thus, he can be seen marching up like a lioness taking care of her cubs.

Perhaps, when you are in the meat gondola you may notice a small figure emerge from the bottom of the floor as a meerkat. This would be the representation of the typical short chubby middle-aged woman requiring information about the price of roast beef or steaks.

Once you have done helping the lady, you may keep on your shopping, though you may probably be interrupted by a wild scream, like the shriek of a monkey. In a 99.99 per cent of the cases, it will be a child, maybe playing with another child or whipping for his parents to buy him a candy, or just lost in the premises. Whatever the option fits, the noisy child will continue to yell until the family finally leaves the building.

If you are as lucky as I am, it is highly possible that you may have attended the supermarket on a sale day, so you had better prepare yourself for the wave of desperate shoppers looking for low prices, and acting as if there was no tomorrow. You can recognise this pack because of the way in which they dart towards the sales bargains: they stampede. They are like a pack of elephants, the only difference being, that the mass of people do not trumpet... in most of the cases.

On those days, the store is fully crowded, and that means that when you have finished shopping and are getting closer to the checkout queue, you will see a long line of people, like a flock of ducks. When it is finally your turn, you realise that the cashier is a non-experienced teenager, or even worse an elderly lady who will move as slowly as a sloth which means more wasted time. After waiting for so long, you can make your way back home carrying your bags and thanking God for not having to return to the supermarket for at least a fortnight.

According to the description of these peculiar human beings, we can easily compare our visit to the supermarket as a safari in the jungle where the different human types can be typified as wild beasts. We can see ourselves as explorers (like Steve Irwin), or if you are young purchasers, boy scouts who trying to learn the way these animals live by watching their behaviour. We can consider this housework task the most pleasant activity

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and the worst at the same time (depending on the behaviour of both the wild animals and explorer) but in most of the cases, we regard ourselves as Steve Irwin, so we can judge the behaviour of others. Whatever our role may be, a daily shopping helps us approach the essentials of human nature, so I would suggest supermarkets to sloud their welcoming signs for “*Welcome to the jungle*”.