**The Supermarket**

**FIRST VOICE:** *BEEP. BEEP.* Ugh. I turned off my alarm, work starts at 7:45 a.m. It was 6:30 a.m. in the morning. I looked out my apartment window, then I walked to my bathroom, took out my toothbrush, ugh no more toothpaste. I opened my fridge, looking for something to eat. My stomach **griped**. The fridge was completely empty! I checked the cupboards, nothing but microwavable popcorn. I had to eat something, and it wasn’t going to be popcorn. I grabbed a questionable orange that has been on my kitchen counter for a few weeks and ate it.

It was time to go to the supermarket. I hated going to the supermarket, I always end up buying things I don’t need and have to pay way too much for it. I grabbed my trench coat, my hat, and headed out the door with a bag of trash and dropped it off into the dumpster.

I walked to the supermarket, it was fairly early in the morning so not that many people were on the street, which is **astonishing** for downtown I see the restaurant I went to last night which is right in front of the supermarket. I walked into the supermarket, and grabbed a cart. I grabbed the essentials: toilet paper, toothpaste, fruit and vegetables.

I see a woman across the room, she looks **apprehensive**, her clothes looked like she just rummaged through a dumpster. She has a baby with her, and she grabs a loaf of bread, she seems she’s trying to hide it though. Her baby starts crying, it was so annoying.

I keep shopping as if nothing is going on. I grab pasta, pasta sauce, rice, OH, look, my favourite candy from when I was a kid. I grab the candy and drop it into my cart. I look over at the woman she eyes me down. I look away and keep shopping.

I look down at my watch. It’s 7:15 a.m. Oh no! I have to get to work! I look down at my stuff, and realize I didn’t buy anything I didn’t need, well except for this candy. Wow I must be growing into an adult. I place my items on the conveyor belt. Right as I hand the cashier my debit card, that woman who had the baby RUNS OUT OF THE STORE! WITH THE LOAF OF BREAD! The woman is long gone before the cashier might even have a chance of catching up to her.

I leave the store with my PAID items, walk home and store my items in the fridge and cupboards. While I walk to work I wonder why anybody would steal something. Maybe she’s poor, but that’s no excuse, she should’ve worked hard for her food, instead of stealing it, I bet there were jobs for her available. Does that woman realize how much work it took into making that loaf of bread? How **inconsiderate** of her!

I was furious, I calmed myself down, then walked to work. I hope they catch that selfish burglar!

**SECOND VOICE:** I carried my baby into an alley filled with dumpsters, hoping to find something to eat. I lay my baby down carefully onto the ground. I rummage through the dumpsters, and only find a questionable orange peel.

If my baby and I didn’t eat, we’d starve! I didn’t know the area of downtown, I was kind of just… Wandering… I grabbed a newspaper hoping for maybe a job to be available. A janitor is retiring. Maybe that was my chance.

I see a restaurant that looks very **prestigious, pretentious** and most importantly expensive.

But right behind that restaurant was a supermarket. I can’t believe I’m doing this but, this is between life and death. I open the door, and look for something small enough for me to hide and steal, but big enough for a nice meal for us. I browse around and find a loaf of bread. I grab it and try to find a way for me to hide it.

Somebody walks in with a long trench coat, they shop around and grab many things I wish I could afford. They stare at me, I think they’re onto me. I stare at them in hopes of scaring them away, I think they’re watching me as well. They look away, I look down at my baby as she starts to cry.

I try to calm her down, the cashier is looking at my baby and I. It was a bad time to run out of the store with the bread, I had to wait until the cashier was distracted. I strolled around the store, waiting for the perfect timing. The person from earlier starts placing their items on the conveyor belt.

I grip onto my baby and the bread, I start sprinting towards the door, and I bolted through the door! The cashier attempts to chase after me, but I ran too far for the cashier to catch up to me. I run into the alley with the dumpsters from before. My daughter and I finally had a refreshing and satisfied breakfast. This loaf of bread will last me weeks!

I know I didn’t earn this bread the correct way, but hopefully I will never have to steal again, especially after I earned the new janitor job at a school where the janitor before retired, and they’re letting my baby and I live there. I am not proud for stealing, but that loaf of bread changed my life, that loaf of bread is the reason I’m eating with my daughter at the restaurant in front of the supermarket.

I cut pieces of steak for my daughter, as I tell her my experience about the time I stole something. My daughter was shocked when I told her, but then she had an amazing idea, we finished our dinner, and paid for the food.

We walked over to the supermarket, and went inside, they didn’t recognize me. I walk up to the cashier, and tell them about the time I stole something years before. The cashier stared at me with amazement as I handed her twice the amount of money that the loaf of bread costs. I apologized and explained why it took so long for me to pay for the bread, the cashier seemed understanding and told me that it took a lot of courage for me to do this. I felt like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I walk home with my daughter feeling no guilt at all.