

Three Sentence Story

Version #1

I have this habit of forcing the conversational issue while standing in the grocery line at Walt's Finer Foods. It is normally a romping snore-fest until I come up with something witty or I-think-is-witty and immediately create a bonding experience for my fellow shoppers and of course the checker. I can guarantee that it will either make their day, or at the very least loosen that inner introvert.

Version #2

There I was standing in long line at my favorite grocery store, wondering why people do not interact with one another, being a nice day and nobody had need of food stamps. So me being me, I ask the hale and hearty looking guy in front of me if he was a health food nut, considering he was unloading a stalk of celery, a bag of organic carrots and pepperoni Hot Pockets from his cart. He said, "No, the carrots and celery are for my pet rabbit", but at least I got the party started and before long the entire snoozing line of baskets was babbling on about this and that, which was and always is my goal in life.