

Practical Shopping  
By  
Jake Bible

“DIE!” The Madman screamed as he rushed down the aisles, his machete brandished.  
“DIE!”

“What’s that about?” Myra asked as she set two more cans of chickpeas into her cart. “He seems upset.”

“Yes, it appears so,” Mrs. Manchester agreed.

“YOU!” The Madman shouted, pointing his blade at the two older women. “YOU WILL DIE!”

Myra threw a can of pickled beets, hitting the man squarely in the face. The Madman stumbled, crashed, fell and lay dazed on the ground.

“Best get a new can, dear,” Mrs. Manchester suggested. “That one is dented.”

“So, true, dear,” Myra agreed. “Thank you.”