

Walter Biggins



At the Greengrocer

"Okay, you see what that guy's doing over there with that scale?" David said.

"Yeah," said Grace.

"I want you to do the same thing—weigh out a pound of snow peas and put them in this plastic bag. You can do it."

"Sure, but—"

"Watch him for a moment. See, he put those onions on the scale and the hand on that clock-looking thing goes—"

"I know how to read a scale."

"Oh. You do. Of course you do."

"But—"

"Then get to it, Grace. I'm gonna get a bell pepper."

"What are snow peas?"

"You don't know what snow peas are," he said. "Okay, they're flat and a little long, about this big, and they're bright green."

"Green?"

"Do you ever eat anything green?"

Grace struck a pose like Rodin's *The Thinker*, knuckles burrowing into her chin while the hum of grocery-list recitations and clik-claks of people's feet floated by.

"Lime popsicles," she said finally. "I eat lime popsicles."

David's face went slack. "Your mother," he said.

"Don't make fun of Mommy."

"It's just that lime popsicles don't qualify as vegetables."

"But they're food."

"Technically, no, probably not."

"And I'm not tall enough to reach the scale, anyway, dummy," she said.

She had him there.

