

Pizzas or Lemons?: Sandy Marshall

One wet and stormy Saturday afternoon, we decided to go and find some fruit. Hopefully, some that will reap us benefits beyond our wildest dreams. The drive was arduous and long, the traffic was appalling – slow and congested. We arrived at our destination an hour later, parked the car and put on our masks before looking around.

We were met by dozens of options. Pears, pizzas, lemons, apples, cherries etc. After walking up and down the aisles looking at all the fruit we could buy, we finally settled with a couple of bright, enticing looking pieces. My friend decided to concentrate on a choice of lemons and pears and what they would offer and provide. I decided to concentrate on finding the best pizza and its ingredients.

It was an expensive outing. An hour of going backwards and forwards trying to find the right pizzas and lemons made us thirsty and hungry. We adjourned to the local café for a quick lunch with a large latte to keep our adrenaline up, and to keep us awake. We were suckers for punishment, and as we hadn't found the right pizza or lemon we decided to head back, walking up and down the aisles again choosing the right ones-hopefully.

Another hour passed and we both met at the counter where we had finally found and been given the right pizzas and lemons. The man took our cards, and we walked out with our winnings. Three lemons and three pizzas finally reaped us a beneficial financial outing at the RSL.