

# Supermarket Dating

## Finding Your Dream Man in the Salad Section

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By Are We There Yet



Photo credit: [lacasadeleslie.com](http://lacasadeleslie.com)

There is a time for everything. A time for going to the supermarket. A time for dating. And a time for doing both at the same time.

It was almost 7 o'clock at night, and the kids and I still hadn't gotten home yet. Everyone was starving, I had forgotten to take something out of the freezer, and the prospect of greasy take-out food was less than appealing. Aha! We'll stop at the supermarket on the way, pick up something that's quick to cook and be home, fed and in bed in no time. Brilliant. Save time and our health in one smooth move. I ended up promising the kids they could pick out any cookies they wanted, which kind of mitigated the health factor, but desperate times call for desperate measures. With two tired, cranky children, you do what you have to stay on track.

I pulled into the parking lot of the tiny, over-priced, fancy imported everything supermarket that I generally refuse to go into with strict instructions to the kids: You get the cookies, I'll pick up a minute steak and some green beans and we're out of there. Three things, that's it.

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We grabbed a basket on the way in and beelined straight for what we wanted. I lingered in the vegetable section only long enough to be amazed that French green beans could cost \$14 a pound. What, were they flown in directly from France by private jet? I found some other green beans for two dollars, and got those. They looked exactly the same, but obviously lacked international prestige. I just wanted to eat, not have vegetable image issues.

Green beans in hand, I made it over to the meat counter and was surprised to find a line-up, since it was really starting to get late. As I was peering through the display case to see if anything good was left, my hat fell out of my pocket. I bent down to get it.

Next to my hat were the shiniest pair of shoes I have seen in a long time. Men's shoes. I picked up my hat and stood up. Attached to the shoes was the most well-dressed man I have seen in a long time. Perfect suit, perfectly pressed shirt, perfect hair, the works. It looked like he had just stepped out of a magazine. Maybe he *did* just step out of a magazine, I mused, as obviously anyone with clothes that good doesn't actually sit down. Or work. Or even move at all.

I turned my attention back to the counter and that's when I realized – everyone here looks like Mr. Shiny Shoes. I was the only female. They were all men, all impeccably turned out, and all holding one small shopping basket. And in every basket was the same thing – a single steak and a mini ready-to-eat salad. Nowhere in sight was there a large shopping cart, overflowing with family-sized boxes of Cheerios, two-packs of roast chicken, jugs of milk and brightly coloured juice boxes with pictures of dinosaurs. There weren't even two steaks in each of their baskets, just one.

This was single man central.

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Supermarkets, like many places, have their particular time slots for different crowds. There's the mommy and toddler time, usually in the late morning; the university kids crowd, spilling in during the afternoon, picking up instant noodles and beer; the 5pm working mommy time, when mothers fly through the door, speed shop in seven minutes flat for last-minute after-school snacks and fly back out just as quickly to get the kids from school. And there is also, as I discovered that evening, the single businessman time, when the well-heeled leave their offices to converge in the hallowed halls of your local grocery store.

I saw my kids coming back towards me, proudly holding the biggest bag of chocolate chip cookies they could carry without having to drag it across the floor. I guess I should have included some parameters with my sweeping statement "get anything you want". I put the cookies in our basket, promised them they could have two right away because they were being so good and that we'd divvy up the rest over the next month.

It was time to get out of there. I left the gaggle of gorgeous men behind and took with me one very valuable piece of information:

Forget online dating, joining a club, gym or whatever else happens to be fashionable this week. All those sites, books and advice can be reduced to one thing: go grocery shopping. Looking for a fancy date? Run out to pick up a minute steak and a salad. It could be the best dinner of your life.

Bon appétit...

- END -



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