DAY 2:

I was getting hungry, so I went to what they called supermarket, which was the closest thing to a market I could find. It had those doors that could see and knew whom to let in. I was worried that I might not know the password, but they just opened as I approached. I like that. Perhaps these people don’t talk much, but they have figured out a way to communicate with objects! And maybe that’s exactly why they don’t need to talk? Inside, however, I was lost. The place was huge and brilliant with lights, but I’m still not sure what it was. There were boxes and bottles and pouches all around the place, all with beautiful paintings on them. The paintings were of cows and chicken and plants. I opened one of them, but I still don’t know what was inside. It had no flavor. While I was looking around, however, I heard a voice. It was telling me to buy Pepperidge cookies. What a weird word. I found them though, and I’m so glad I can still hear my voices!