

Audio Index: 20:14

I moved into the new **apartment** last month and decided to invite a few friends over for a **house-warming party**. I didn't want to **spend the day** cooking, so I decided to have a **barbeque**. The food would be easy to prepare and I could cook it when my friends got here. But first, I had to go get a few things at the **supermarket**.

I got to the store and got a **cart**. I started out in the **meat department**. **It wouldn't be a barbeque without** hamburgers so I bought some ground beef. I also picked up some **chicken breasts** and **hot dogs**. I skipped the **seafood counter** since I didn't want to bother with fish.

Then, I was off to the **produce** department. I got some **corn on the cob** and a lot of vegetables for **grilling** for my friends who are **vegetarians**. Then, I was off to the **bakery** section. I needed **buns** for the hamburgers and hot dogs, and I also bought some cookies for **dessert**.

Then, I was almost done. I went down each aisle looking for the **condiments-- the ketchup, mustard, and mayonnaise**. And, just before wrapping things up, I went to the liquor department and got some beer, wine, and soda. Nearly everyone I invited asked if they could bring something for the party and but I told them no. I would have plenty of food and drink.

That was it. I stood in line at the check-out stand, **staring at the magazine rack** full of **tabloids**, until the **cashier** rang me up. The shopping **went off without a hitch**. Now, all I have to do is clean my messy apartment. **That's the hard part**.