

WHY I LOVE SATURDAYS

Saturday is the best day. That's the day we go shopping. We go to a big supermarket. There are three we go to, and we take it in turns to go – Asda, Tesco, Sainsbury. We go on the bus, so we can't bring too much shopping home with us, but Mum has one of those bag things on wheels and sometimes when it's really heavy she gets someone to lift it for her onto the bus.

The shops are always full on Saturday mornings – loads of people pushing their packed trolleys and I wonder how they can possibly eat all that food in a week 'cos it's more than we get for a month. Maybe they have big families at home? But their trolleys are piled high with packages, bread in wrappers, marmalade, honey, chickens, bacon, eggs, frozen stuff, fruit, vegetables, huge packets of cereals, ice cream. Yum. And it's nowhere near Christmas. They must have lots of cupboards and enormous fridges.

We've got a fridge, but it's quite small. And we don't have a freezer. I wish we did, because Amy my friend at school has one and her Mum keeps ice cream in it, as well as burgers and buns and lots and lots of other things. It's huge.

We never have much food in our house and I'm quite often hungry. I do get school dinners, which is lovey and supposed to be very healthy since that Jamie Oliver decided he knew what we ought to be eating, and when I get home Mum makes me a sandwich, or sometimes beans on toast. On Sundays we usually go to MacDonald's. I like that because the foot is hot and Mum says it's cheap and sometimes she lets me have a chocolate milk shake.

I don't think Mum knows how to cook. I asked her one day if she could make McDonalds at home, but she said she couldn't because the oven doesn't work and she doesn't want all that grease. Amy's Mum's oven works

because she makes cakes. She made a big chocolate cake for Amy's birthday and put candles on it. I wish my Mum could do that.

Anyway, on Saturdays we go shopping and we have lunch at the supermarket. It's wonderful. First we get something like Sausage Rolls, or some chicken bits. Mum opens the packets and we eat them in the next aisle while we are looking at the baked beans and things. Mum puts the wrappers in the trolley while we are eating them, but when we have finished she puts them into her big bag. N Once we got some hot chicken bits from the counter where you see the chickens going round and round being cooked. That was rally delicious, hot and soft and a bit spicy in the mouth and the juices dribbled down onto my jumper and Mum said it was too messy and we couldn't do that again. We had to go into the toilets to clean our hands and wipe our mouths and clothes. We left the bag the chicken came in the bin in the toilets.

Mum says I can have anything I like next but it must be in small packets – something we can finish while we are shopping. I like the packets of round doughnuts with white icing and coloured sprinkles on them. They come in fours, and we have to eat two each, or the chocolate muffins, or the little bakewell tarts – crunchy pastry and soft sweet top tasting like the marzipan on the cake we have at Christmas when we go to Aunty Dees. Two each.

We get little boxes of juice – orange or blackcurrant and some fruit. Usually either a banana or apples or those little orange satumas when there are some there. I like apples too, the really rosy ones. Mum gets a bunch of about six or seven bananas and we have one each, so we have four or five to take home. Then I have to go to the toilets to get rid of the skins 'cos Mum says she doesn't want them smelling in her bag. Once I was half way through a banana when a lady came and

stood in front of me. “I hope you’re going to pay for that” she said. And she looked really hard at me, and at Mum. I knew what to do. I started crying. “Now look what you’ve done! Said Mum and glared at the lady. I cried really a lot and Mum knelt down and put her arm round me and the lady went away. But we finished our shopping really quickly and got out of the shop.

After the fruit Mum lets me chose some sweets – either a bar of chocolate or a packet of something like jelly babies. They don’t go in the trolley, but straight into her big bag for later.

So that’s why I like Saturdays – ’cos for the first time since last Saturday I’ve had lots of nice things to eat and feel really full - it’s like a feast day, all that lovely food on the shelves and I often plan what I’ll have next Saturday or the next time we come to this shop while I’m choosing what to have today. I think I’ll work in a supermarket when I grow up.

I’ve just shown this to Mum, because it’s supposed to be my homework, but Mum wasn’t very pleased and said I had to write something else. She said the teacher might not like it and gets me into trouble with the headmistress. I wonder why?

The only other reason I like Saturdays is because I’m with Mum all day and Dr. Who is on the telly.

Jennie Allen