The Market

As I pass the hundreds of aisle that seem to go on forever, I pass the little gadgets that drew the kids in. Beeping sound echoed through the aisle as kids go crazy. As a glimpse of a sin it catches me’’ we are open ice cream hot Dogs and milk shacks’’ I race to the food van. Wall wanting to order I hear stop! Stop! Police casing bad people up and down the aisles. I can finale order. As I eat my food I hear people pooch and shove. Wall exstin the mrcit I say to my saf I love this plas.