

Markets

Nobody asked but ...

I love markets. I am sure I remember every one at which I have been, in more than 74 years. Whenever I travel, at my destination I quickly scout the area for all of its markets of perishable goods. I remember when I was a toddler, taking an afternoon walk in Chattanooga to a private home where a lady sold my mother freshly squeezed and bottled fruit juices from her kitchen — I have never tasted anything better. A trip to a local food market will tell you more about a geographic spot than I could possibly relate in a blog entry. I love supermarkets, new and used book stalls, flea markets, art galleries, sidewalk vendors, newsstands, tradesperson workplaces, restaurants, fairs, craft shows, auctions, theaters (movie, stage, concert, and opera). I buy recordings, baseball caps, posters, microbrews, coffees, magazines, videos, gifts, means of transportation, and local specialties. And I love all of the information I gain about a new place by plunging into its markets. I cannot recall a single instance of regret from this behavior.

— Kilgore Forelle