***Shopping with Mum and Nana***

“Toot, toot”, went the horn as we drove up my Nan’s driveway.  That was my job. At four years old I was allowed to toot the horn to let Nana know we had arrived to take her shopping.

Nana couldn’t drive anymore so every week Mum and I took her to “Tom the Cheap” for her groceries.  I loved steering the trolley but Mum would sometimes take over when we got one of the trollies with the wobbly wheels that would ***not*** let you go the way you wanted!

On those days I would run ahead and find the items on Nana’s list.

“Sugar’s on special this week Nana,”  I would yell excitedly. Mum would tell me that perhaps the whole shop didn’t need to hear that.

With our trolley full we’d go to the checkout and the lady would pick up each item, check the price tag and press the numbers in the big old cash register.  The bag boy in the shop would pack all our purchases into cardboard boxes and load them into Mum’s car boot.

Then it was time for a dairy snow ice cream from Coles!