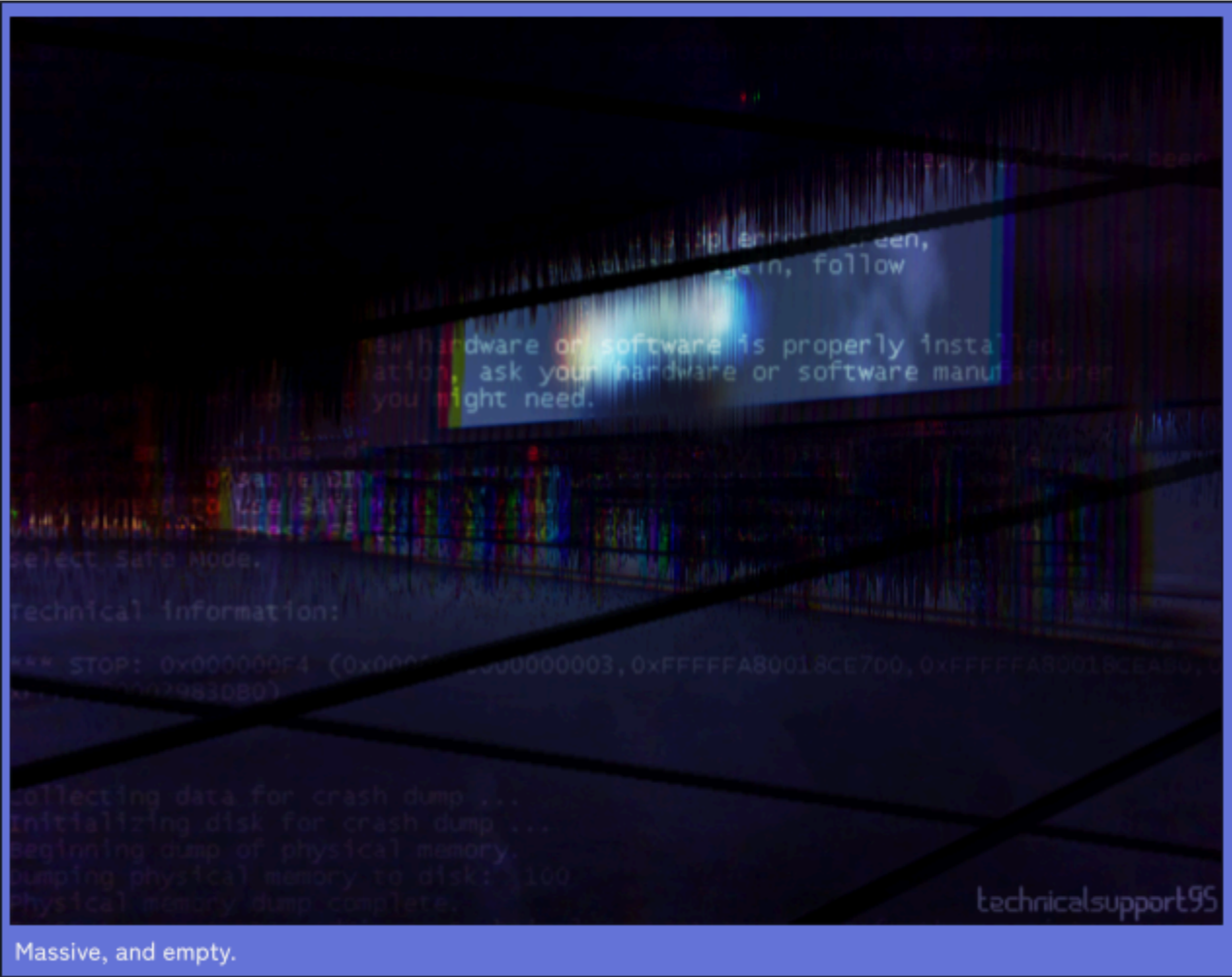


Scott Tucker Goes To A Grocery Store

by [technicalsupport95](#)
(best viewed in pc)



The grocery store stands in the middle of a massive, desolate parking lot. Cars and people; blanks constantly flicker in and out of existence. I pay them no mind, and they do the same to me. As it ceases. From what I remember, they only stop for a little while. I walk into the entrance, stopping at the doors.

I look at the doors of the grocery store, and see him. My [REFLECTION](#). He stares at me back with white eyes, a blank expression, as if he was a mere husk. I know he’s anything but; he’s simply an observer. From my perception, he’s one of the least blue things I could see. One of the people unaffected by me, my distortion, my perception. We stare at each other, and I want to say something.

However, I don’t know what I want to say. I think, and he disappears when I blink. For a second, there’s nothing on the window. But soon, I stare at myself again. The doors opened, or well; always were opened. I see a blank pass by me. I’m pretty sure that could’ve been another construct, but who am I to care?

They wouldn’t care about me anyway.

I walk around the store, going through rows of aisles that could go on forever. The shelves are probably filled with random junk, things that didn’t appear interesting. I continued on through the store. Shelves overlapped each other, the store’s interior mixing in with many other interiors of stores. Both big and small, I could see the various walls, the ceiling being both near and yet so far from me.

The shelves themselves were also affected, I could feel even more suddenly manifest around me. They were too close, I felt like I was being trapped by the shelves, as if they were trying to keep me **CONTAINED**. I was trying to swim out of the

shelves. This lasted for only a few seconds, as the shelves soon disappeared, me falling onto the ground. I got back up, and continued on.

I didn't get too many things. Mostly the things that I felt a slight interest in. Maybe I will be able to taste them. Maybe I would get the experience of tasting something other than data. It took forever for me to get those things. I wonder if it'll be worth it.

The only thing I've really consumed were data fragments. I don't think anything specific, just random fragments. They've always had a dry taste. At this point it's gotten tiring to eat just data fragments.

Some of the things I got included;

A bag of frozen burritos - I got one pack in the frozen aisle. The area was cold, probably just like one of those snowy forests. The cold felt nice. Somewhere I could either heat one up in a burning forest. Or the microwave in my apartment. Either one works for me.

A [CARTON OF MILK](#) - Also in the frozen aisle. Although not directly in them, I found one in a stack of cartons. There was an entire wasteland of milk cartons. It was raining milk cartons when I went in. None of them really spilled, though. So that's nice.

A pack of pencils - Found them somewhere. I don't know what specific aisle it was. Maybe I could draw something. Whether it'd be on papers, or on the walls. I'm not the best at writing things, or drawing things. But I could use at least one pencil to make something.

A small box of batteries - Found these nearby. I think [REFLECTION] would like these.

One bottle of water - I just needed one.

I may have gotten a couple other things. They weren't really notable though.

I walked to the checkout (I think that's what it's called?), stopping in front of the line that was present. The line looked like it also went on for a while. But when I blinked, I was near the register. As the cashier looked at me, I gave them the basket with my items.

They placed everything in the bag slowly, as I looked away and saw the store's walls expanding. I look back, everything in the bag. I don't have any money, I'm pretty sure that isn't a thing here.

I grab the plastic bag.

"Thanks." I mumbled to the Cashier, who most likely didn't hear me. And if they did, they didn't bother responding.

I walked to the exit of the grocery store, as the doors remained closed. Despite this, I walked through anyway.

Finding myself inside my own apartment now, I placed the bag onto the table. I grabbed a knife and stabbed the frozen pack of burritos, cutting it. There ended up being a cut on my finger. I stare at the little amount of blue blood exiting from the wound. But I was left unbothered.

I wrapped my finger in a napkin, grabbing one of the frozen burritos and putting it on a plate. I let the burrito sit and spin the microwave. As I grabbed the milk, opened the carton, and poured it into a glass. It was a swift process, but when I finished, the microwave beeped. It was done.

I placed the plate on the table. Looking at the window, the outside was constantly shifting. Despite that, the apartment felt empty. I could see a hand from the darkness grab the box of batteries, dragging it somewhere. I don't know where, but it's his now.

I held onto the burrito, taking a bite out of it. I could taste a little bit of the tortilla, alongside the chunks of meat within. It was the first time I've tasted something decent. It was okay, I guess.

I took a sip of the milk, as my mouth felt the cold, yet soft taste. Something I could feel, something I could find a little bit of enjoyment in.

I don't eat much, but this was at least decent.

[== UNDYING ITERATIONS HUB ==](#)