



LIKE A GOOD NEIGHBOR,
STATE FARM IS THERE.*
WITH ...



Donna Miznick, Agent
2013 Morrison Moore Play
Bus: 706-804-2532

CONTACT ME




It's time to buy groceries in Dahlonga and your choices are but two – Walmart and Fresh n' Frugal. It's a miracle Kroger or Ingles haven't opened shop. Yet.

But that's okay, you reason. The paucity of choices has created a unique melting pot. At Walmart, that is.

You mean nothing against Fresh n' Frugal. You know many prefer it, especially for meat. With the facelift and name change, it's downright spiffy. You go there sometimes when you need a few basics. And to help keep them in business. Walmart needs some competition. Got to keep 'em honest.

You want to buy local to support your neighbors. As a public service, you sometimes slip down to the grocery stores in Dawsonville just to make sure none of the "Shop Dahlonga" advocates are down there.

So you've come to appreciate the ambiance of Walmart. Oh sure, you love the seemingly infinite choices of consumer goods. But on a higher level, you see a thriving sub-culture, a self-contained sociological study group represented by every element in town all melded together under one roof.

Locals, newbies and AT hikers; cadets, tourists and bikers. College-professors exchanging chitchat, men in overhauls chewing the fat. A rich vein of gold runs through it.

So you're buzzing around Walmart, filling your buggy, working your list. You hear the hacking cough long before you see the offender. You grab your small bottle of hand sanitizer – cootie juice – casually squirt a dollop into your palm and lather up. You rub some under your nose hoping to stave off airborne germs. Cowboy up, carpe diem, soldier on.

You understand that cooties and melting pots go together like peas and carrots. Thus your growing dependence on the juice. Now, after you shake hands, pump gas, whatever – BAM, out comes the juice. At least you're not as bad as the poor fellow shopper you saw last year in the produce section wearing a painter's mask and white gloves. Big pump bottles of germ juice are becoming norm all over town so you know you are not alone.

Your crazy email-forwarding friend sends you funny pictorials from the People of Walmart website. You get curious one day and actually go to the site where one peruses photos by state. You study the Georgia collection. Butt cracks, day-glow hair, all manner of freak; Elvis, the real Honey Boo Boo, all things chic. You don't recognize anything local. *Okay, Dahlonga, time to up your game.*



Jameson Gregg is a local writer, Walmart shopper and author of the yet-to-be-published Luck Be a Chicken. Check out his work right here. And if you like this, share it!