Grandpa Frank

Grandpa Frank loves Grandma Esther dearly, but her determination to someday write and publish a romance novel occasionally drives him a bit batty — particularly when she sends him to the grocery store with a page from one of her lurid novels-in-progress instead of a proper shopping list. She does always include what he needs to buy in there; it's just a bit hard to spot the food items amid all the bodice-ripping. Fortunately, Grandpa Frank is more than up to the task.

Below is one of Grandma Esther's "shopping lists". Find the nine food items hidden within, and write them in the spaces at the bottom, in the order they appear. The indicated letters will spell out the genetic edge that helps Grandpa Frank get through his shopping trips.

> *"I swear to you, sweetheart, she means nothing to me."*
>
> *What could I do but trust him? Freed of my petulant anger, I nestled closer to Eric and gave him a forgiving kiss. But my fears lingered.*
>
> *"Brad is hesitant to give me a divorce," I reminded him as I leaned back on the divan. "I'll always have that lunk around my neck unless we do something bold."*
>
> *For all the rancor I and Eric occasionally felt – the accusations, the petty rows, the flaring of tempers (I'm monstrously jealous when I suspect he's cheating) – there was still an unbreakable bond between us. But my husband's obstinacy was a problem on a deeply more worrisome level.*
>
> *"Emotionally healthy men don't behave like this," said Eric. "It's as if he's in the grip of some vast urge, only he doesn't know how to control it.*
>
> *"Actually, I know how he feels," he added with a sly wink, and I gave a sudden gasp (in a charming sort of way) as he flung me across the cushions and proceeded to…*

Shopping List:

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