

Negative Consequences of Advertising Media

By Nancy Martz

I used to gambol eupeptically out of bed each morning hurtling my body toward the front door knowing *The Denver Post* lay in the hallway in its festive, orange plastic bag. Snatching the bag with coltish merriment, and kicking the front door shut behind me, I would sprint the ten yards to my yellow leather recliner, my red lacquered side table, and my lime green wire recycling can. But first, delaying my gratification were always my furry critters, startled awake by the hoopla and eager to join in. With heightened anticipation, I would greet the critters with spirited petting and baby talk, pop open cans of feline spa cuisine and grain free duck and turkey entrée, and pour fresh water into stainless steel bowls. Then, with the critters mollified, I would advance through the kitchen with practiced efficacy, assembling a tray with strawberry-omega-protein smoothie, green tea, and Irish oatmeal with apple slices, walnuts, and cream and head to my recliner for a morning of empowered *Denver Post* reading.

That is, until the day I opened the orange bag and found the front page of the Voice of the Rocky Mountain Empire half covered by media hype from King Soopers! Anticipating the headlines, I stared at a full length cover announcing buy-one-get-one-free pork chops and 4 red cabbages for five dollars. The ad wrapped from the front to fully around the last page of section A.

“What!” I yelled, alarming the critters who ran in to bite the ankles of possible home invaders. I pulled at the advertisement which ripped partially and was caught up with the headlines. I looked on in horror as the front page tore in half with the offending advertisement still clinging to it. My power breakfast cooled as I struggled to disentangle the negative consequences of the advertising media.

“Does King Soopers imagine that I’m going to forget this affront?” I yelled rhetorically, knowing that I would never buy oatmeal there again. Yet, the very next morning Safeway got into the act, and the following morning, Sprouts! After that, daily and even on Sundays when my newspaper reading reached fever pitch, some business or other polluted my passion.

Eventually I no longer enjoyed the comics nor my horoscope, and even passed on the Jumble. Instead of leaping from bed, I pulled the sheet over my head. I wrote whining letters to the editor which weren’t published, and went to the emergency room twice with high blood pressure, once in an ambulance. Finally, I began tipping the carrier to by-pass my door until my subscription ran out. Then she began extorting more money by threatening to deliver the paper anyway. I asked the FBI to relocate me in witness protection, but they no longer answer my phone calls. I’ve considered crating my critters to move us back to Iowa in the dead of night. This may be my last Windsor Gardens Writers’ piece.