



All I Needed Was Cream Cheese

Description

I can honestly say, that before getting married and having children, going to Target was not high on my agenda, nor was it really ever an "errand". I had to run. Almost everything I needed was at the local grocer, or Bed Bath & Beyond. And shopping for clothes and shoes at Target?! NO F*ING WAY. Then something strange happened. I got married, had a kid, and then another, and then another, and pretty soon it became evident to me that the one store I had always managed to successfully avoid had become a second home. But don't be fooled. Along with feeling at home, I also felt like I had somehow inadvertently joined a cult "one with ABSURDLY high monthly dues.

But before I get ahead of myself, let's take a step back outside so that I may introduce all of you to the glorious Target parking lot. Aside from the fact that I don't see how any **one** Target could possibly assume that 35 handicapped people will all show up to park simultaneously at any given time, I always try to get there as early as possible, just so I can get ONE spot closer than what is readily available (spot #36), and I have actually stooped so low as to drive around searching for that spot until I KNOW that in the time it took to park "closer", I could have simply just PARKED and walked the extra 10 yards. Dummy.

Now mind you, once you get out of the car, you're faced with an entirely new reality, and THIS reality is largely dependent upon how you answer the following 3 questions:

1. Are you solo, or do you have your child with you?
2. If you've answered "Yes" to question 1, and you DO have your child with you, how many exactly do you have?
3. Are you in workout gear?

If you're solo, then the reality is that every single time you walk by a car and you make eye contact with a mom who is lugging her kid(s) out, you may smile at each other, but I'm telling you right now that the second you look away she is pretty much GUARANTEED to look at you with contempt and resentment, and think to herself, "That fucking bitch has NO idea how lucky she is. Where the fuck are HER kids?! Ugh she probably even doesn't have them or want them, and that selfish wench probably never will because it would infringe on her *1/4*ber important, busy schedule."

Now, if you have a child WITH you, and you walk by a car and you make eye contact with a mom who is lugging 2 or more kids out, you may smile at each other, as well, but the other mom is still saying to herself, "That fucking bitch has NO idea how lucky she is. ONE kid? She only has ONE kid? Ugh" if I had only one kid, this errand would feel like a vacation. What a selfish woman. She probably doesn't want to give poor Jimmy a sibling because it would infringe on her "number 1" important, busy schedule. Regardless of the fact that u may very well have 5 children, but only one with you at that moment, this is how you will be viewed. And I know this, because when I see moms with only one kid, that's what goes thru MY mind, and when **EYE** have my kids with me, and I see women with zero, I assume the same, as well. (*just callin' a spade a spade, people*)

(Side Note: The reason I wrote EYE, instead of I, is because how else could I emphasize that I'm talking about myself? The "I" is already capitalized! WTF is up with THAT?)

And if you're in workout gear, then you're in what I like to call a "lose-lose situation". It doesn't even matter whether or not you've got a kid with you, although having a child with you is like rubbing salt in a wound. The bottom line, is that you are a reminder that we don't eat as well as we should, we don't get up to exercise in the morning, and you basically make us face everything we hate about ourselves, physically, when we see you. Everyone resents you, but at the same time admires you. These are complicated emotions. Let us move on.

So now that I've entered Target, I try to make sure to keep my items list close to me like protective armor, shield included. I tell myself that as long as I'm holding this list, "they" can't get me. I've even considered wearing oven mitts so that I am virtually unable to grab the insanely embarrassing amounts of miscellaneous crap I don't need. I've got bad news, people. It doesn't work. Your list could be as simple as:

- Peanut butter
- Toothbrush
- Socks for me
- Cream cheese

But then, before you realize what's even transpired, you're standing in the checkout line, asking yourself, "Did I lose my list? Did I accidentally switch it with someone else's? Is there anything in this cart even FROM my list? How the fuck did this happen?...again!?! I don't understand it!". Damn you, Target!!!!!!

If you're smart, and your list is short, then you will grab one of the nice little baskets by the door before even embarking on your shopping journey. But that hardly ever happens "at least to moms." Fact: I've actually had a list exactly like the above-mentioned one, and I DID grab a basket. I managed to get about three steps when I stopped and said, aloud, "Yeah, right. Who am I kidding?" I then proceeded to return the basket in exchange for "THE CART".

Now, I don't know about the layout of YOUR Target, but mine is such that the tchotchke bins, where nothing costs more than \$1, greet you with massive numbers of pointless items that you end up grabbing because, "Hey they're only \$1!". Well now you're at \$15 and you haven't even reached the first aisle.

The tchotchke bins set the tone for your entire shopping trip, and as you unload your cart, your list, which began with four items, now has somehow expanded to include:

- Palmolive
- Tights â?? they were on clearance!
- Hello Kitty throw blanket
- Peanut butter
- Wall decals
- Plates with Hearts on them â?? on clearance!
- Batteries
- Cute shirt you found ON SALE so itâ??s TOTALLY ok (yeah â?? keep telling yourself that)
- Cereal
- Socks for the kids
- Socks for me
- Beanie â?? clearance! (whatever helps you sleep at night)
- Cool outdoor rug we *might* use if we ever remodel the outside BBQ area
- 3 more laundry baskets
- Ninja Turtle band aids
- Advil
- Chew toy for dog
- Mattress protector
- Toothbrush
- The Croods movie
- Sippy cups
- Towels
- Ottoman â?? Iâ??ll figure out a place for it
- Pillows (just in case 3 people randomly ask for a place to crash)
- Variety pack of Command wall hooks with tape

I donâ??t even bother with the Cartwheel cuz itâ??s so much effort and I end up saving about \$1.13

So now that youâ??ve just spent almost \$200 on crap you donâ??t need, you walk out of Target, sullen and defeated. You try to avoid making eye contact with anyone in the parking lot, but when you do, you KNOW and FEEL the camaraderie, and the same people judging you as you entered, now look at you as if to say, â??I feel your pain. We are ONE and we are fighting this battle together.â?• Then you open the trunk, feeling hopeful that **THIS** is the last time Target gets the better of you, and you start loading the bags, one by oneâ?!

GODDAMNIT!!!! I forgot the cream cheese. Fuck it. Iâ??ll just come back tomorrow.

Category

1. Uncategorized

Tags

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