

Shopping Cart Etiquette

I yearn for the day when I can buy my clothes in stores that don't have shopping carts. That day has yet to arrive but until it does, you'll find me outfitting myself from Ross, TJ Maxx, Marshall's, or Target. Stores with shopping carts.

I don't hate shopping carts, I just loathe the women who use them. The ones who insist on pushing a cart in the middle of a narrow aisle. If both sides of your cart skim the hanging clothes, you are an aisle hog. You, and your cart, prohibit anyone else from grabbing a clearance shirt. MOVE! Park your cart at the end, walk up and down the aisle, make your selection, then go back. Basic common sense. At least it is to me. Why not you, *aisle monopolizer*? Yeah, YOU woman who parked her cart in between the shoe racks at Ross. It's bad enough that I'm trying on cheap shoes with a Sensormatic tag holding them together, but you and your EMPTY cart are a blockade to my joy upon finding pleather boots for twenty bucks. But what if the cart has a toddler in the child's seat? Surely then a shopping cart in the shoe aisle would be permissible, right?

WRONG!

Don't shop for shoes with a toddler. I'm trying on a high-heeled sandal, teetering while the other shoe dangles from a plastic fastener. I can't be distracted by your kid. I have to focus.

But the WORST shopping cart offenders are the lean and push tribe. Elbows resting upon the metal bars, ass sticking out, using the cart as a glider while they graze the racks. It's obvious that you have two working legs and feet, STAND UP! It's a cart, not a walker. If you have trouble walking and need the cart for assistance, I have a better idea. There's this new thing called the Internet. Shop online. You can peruse way more items than you could ever imagine. But more importantly, YOU'RE OUT OF MY WAY!

The vast majority of the public cannot afford to shop for clothes at Neiman Marcus. Even if I was a gazillionaire, I still wouldn't spend \$10,000 for a pair of pants. No joke. While in Neiman Marcus pretending like I belonged there, I admired a suit on a mannequin. I glanced at the price tag. \$10,000. And that didn't include the jacket. Only the pants. Now THERE'S a store that needs shopping carts. After fainting from sticker shock, security can load the limp bodies into an empty cart and push them out onto the sidewalk. Then we can push ourselves to the nearest Marshalls and find the same suit for a hundred bucks. And I WILL find that same Neiman Marcus suit in a shopping cart store. I've got the eye, the drive, and the stamina to flip through every hanger on every rack. But ONLY if you get your damned shopping cart out of the aisle.