

## THE SALES AFTER CHRISTMAS

*by Robert Fitt, apologies to Dr. Suess – again.*

Christmas is good and it's fun and it's great; but I know a fellow who'd not hesitate to say something's bigger—in many ways better— than unwrapping sox or a red flannel sweater. And if you should wonder just how that could be, here's a clue—just for you—that will help you to see.

In a bundle so big that the baggers can't bag 'em, so huge that the paper boys just have to drag 'em. You'll find Christmas newspapers chock full of ads; they burst while proclaiming a list of doodads meant to fill up your halls, the shelves in your basement and cover your walls. And the ads on T.V. promise gigantic buys that cost next to nothing (if you find the right size.) Then proudly proclaim whole bunch of leftovers that you can buy cheap once your Christmas is over. They defy any notion that Christmas is better than this, for the sales after Christmas are pure buying-bliss.

The sales are so good that buyers who buy, line up by the door, out under the sky, in the rain and the wind, before the store opens, while shushing and pushing and wishing and hoping, they peek through the windows to see, (over there), The things they can buy for a song and a prayer. Yep -- piles of merchandise reached to the sky, 'cause the piles kept on piling and piling that high

And when the doors opened the throngs swarmed inside with a frenzy that made the manager hide; Yes, he shed every fragment of courage for fear frenzied shoppers would end his career. The crowd was so frenzied they clearly forgot what they had, or they wanted, or needed—or sought. If it was on sale for just a few pence they'd buy over and over the things they just bought. They no longer heeded their good common sense. For size didn't matter, or color or style so great was their rush as they dashed up the aisle.

It's great fun to observe how berserk people get—and they blithely ignore that they're going in debt. For if, after while, all their money is gone, (their checking account being well over-drawn); why, that doesn't matter, they know what to do, they pull out their credit card feeling that they—with the best of intentions, surely can pay for whichever, whatever, they purchase that day. A mistake that they'll later regret, I would say.

I then saw a shopper who spent all his spending on things that a child would have trouble defending; And I heard him complain—(and his voice sounded funny)—when he said: “What a mess . . . I've gone broke saving money!”