

Feel Good Stories

Excerpt

My Most Expensive Purchase

by Bernice Becker

Many of you may remember the 70's, when dressy high boots were in fashion. I thought them stunning and yearned for a pair. I specifically wanted a pair of gray boots that would go well with my winter clothes.

One beautiful autumn day I decided to visit the Buchland Mall. I'd never been there before, but I had heard it was lovely, if pricey. I was impressed, as I strolled along looking in the store windows.

Approaching a shoe store that had a window display of boots that were appealing, I slowed down. The store was known for the quality of its leather and suede goods. As I entered, a smiling middle-aged man greeted me. The place had an air of class and style. The salesman "escorted" me to a chair and measured my feet.

After I explained that I wanted a pair of high boots in a pleasing shade of gray, he left to look for some I might be interested in. He returned with three boxes. The first pair was too drab, the second not high enough, and the third was, as some people might say, "to die for". They were a luminous silvery shade, lined with a golden hind skin that was hard to resist. I felt myself tingling when he was putting them on my feet. They fit very well and I knew I had to have them.

"How much are they?" I asked.

"You are so fortunate, Madam. They were \$250 yesterday but today are only \$210, a special price for you.

I replied, "Not special enough for me. I can't afford them."

He replied, "Madam, you cannot afford not to buy them. You look like a woman who admires elegances."

"I do?"

"Yes; you will make sacrifices to get top quality."

"I will? They are stunning but the heel is a bit high."

"Not to worry. That will help you to stand straight and tall and be less apt to fall."

Was he inferring I was top heavy? I had toppled on occasion.

"Madam, these boots are made for walking, and they were made for you."

I weakened. "Do you take MasterCard?" Had I said those words?

He replied "Indeed."

"Okay, I'll charge them." I asked myself, Have you lost your mind? realizing I'd succumbed to flattery.

He had a satisfied gleam in his eyes as he put the boots in a beautiful bag with handles.

As I walked away from the store hugging my precious possessions, I found I was standing taller and straighter. I thought, I work hard and I deserve to indulge myself occasionally. My self-esteem seemed to grow stronger. Some of what the salesman had said must have rubbed off on me.

On the way home, I remembered I needed a new winter coat. Now, Bernice, stop worrying about money. Think of all your purchases as therapeutic, I silently told myself.

Now, that's good advice. Holyoke Mall, here I come.