

Anthropologie + Me = TLA

What is it about Anthropologie that makes me so giddy? I am just an Anthropologie kinda' girl.

Hummm, Anthropologie kinda' girls. These are the girls that when you say "I love your shoes," they don't just say "thanks." They launch into a story that will include at least one, if not all, of these elements: where and/or when they got them, how much they paid for them (only if they were on sale), how they rationalized the purchase (need new shoes for back to school night), and how they snuck it by their husband's keen nose for unapproved purchases.

For instance, on Friday I saw a mom (Donna) at my kids' school that I knew only casually. I said, "I like your purse." She smiled and quickly informed, "Got it at Urban Outfitters." I replied, "Ah, Urban Outfitters...Anthropologie's cheap cousin." Now, when I say her eyes lit up when I mentioned Anthropologie, I mean it was like the night skies over Disneyland at 9:30 (firework time for those non-Orange Countyians).

This is how we Anthropologie kinda' girls identify our own. I could tell right away she was one of us—and we were destined to be friends forever. Our love for all things Anthropologie has already laid out future subjects of conversation, fashion trends we could despise together and what objects, bought there, would be mutually cherished and celebrated.

She had to run, and I had to get to the Irvine Spectrum to take these pictures of the beautiful windows at Anthropologie. We'll pick up our conversation again, oh yes, we will talk again...





This is my only purchase for the day. (\$12)

