

Confession #12: My new, old Converse



In an attempt to be perfectly attired for the Ducks game last week I bought a pair of black Converse. My goal is to have a standard Ducks outfit I wear to each game. I also do the same thing for Disneyland (and sadly, no, that's not my confession).

I settled on an orange shirt, black cardigan sweater, jeans, and black Converse—it's a kind of retro/Ducks/Clash inspired look. The only problem was, the Converse looked too new: screaming white laces and perfectly clean heels are a dead giveaway I just bought the shoes. Can't have that.

So, to "dirty them up" a bit I took an old black mascara wand and dotted it all over the shoes then rubbed it in. Then I took some brown eye shadow and smeared it here and there for a "these shoes have been through it all" kind of effect.

When I got to the game I was telling Sara about what I did and it occurred to me that I did all those shenanigans so my new shoes wouldn't make me look like a dork, but, ironically, BECAUSE I did all that shenanigans, I AM precisely that—a dork.

****sigh****

For other confessions, you can go [here](#). There are some pretty good ones in there.