

It must be love—has to be!



Normally, a trip to Target holds about as much romantic sentiment as a ZZ Top song, but not yesterday. When I was browsing the cosmetic aisle yesterday I came across an unlikely scene.

There was this big, scruffy looking guy in a Steelers' Jersey on his phone, facing the mascara section, talking to his wife.

This is the one-sided conversation I heard:

Him: *They have one with volume and length or length and waterproof?*

He listens as he takes the mascaras out, reads the back and then puts them back on the hook.

Him: *Yes, looks like they're all waterproof. Oh, here's one with XX Volume and that's waterpooof, too. I like this one "Power XXL" you should get that one. That's the one I would get.*

Given this last comment, he looks around to see if anyone overheard, and listens. (Spots me, smiles.)

Him: *What colors? Brown, brown-black, black, blue—BLUE! Don't get that one.*

He listens some more and finally tosses one into the cart.

As he walked by I said, "How'd you get that job?" He turns back and looks at me, smiles and makes the symbol of a heart on his chest.

I know! Here was this guy shopping for mascara for his wife at Target because he loves her.

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