

J.Crew sweaters are evil temptresses (in the best possible way)

I had all my catalog discontinued when we moved. But, just like that dog who was lost while moving and finds his family all the way across the country a month later, so The J.Crew catalog found me. It was the first one to make it through. Just in time for “winter”—quotations for the sorry excuse we in Orange County call “winter” (oh, there they are again)—J.Crew sweaters.

I used to work at J.Crew in San Francisco and guess how much of my paycheck made it home? I don't know if you speak Latvian but, Nullpunkts!



(These thighs HAVE to be Photoshopped. They aren't human.)



I would wear any of these in the 90 degree heat of October.