

# Sex doesn't sell at Target. Here's why.

You can tell a lot about a trend or product by checking out the clearance aisle of Target. You can see that a certain type of battery-powered toy dog that barked constantly wasn't a big seller or coconut lip gloss or Star Wars curling irons. I like to stalk the "loser" section because sometimes I can grab a bargain and, you know, I feel sorta sorry for the things that end up there.

Sometimes, a jaunt down the markdown row is just plain funny.

It's snicker-to-yourself, pull-out-your-iPhone-and-take-pictures amusing. This week I thought it was interesting to see what remnants were leftover from Target's Valentine's Day fare.

It was clear, checking out the mark downs, that sex didn't sell very well this Valentine's Day at Target. I don't mean hearts filled with candy or cute cards with cunning innuendoes; I mean like, sex stuff or sexy stuff.

There was a plethora of these chocolate body stencil kits left over—two whole shelves that greeted you as you entered the section. Even with the cute love birds and sweet packaging it still musters-up images you'd rather not think about as your kids tug at your shirt and whine for a box of Goldfish.



Then there were a ton this Ed Hardy candy and popcorn, which isn't really sexy, but more just kinda wrong and just done-to-death. I simply enjoyed seeing them stacked one on top of the other with little red tags on the side.



They probably thought these bags of ONLY GREEN M&M's \*\*wink\*\* wink\*\* were going to fly off the shelves, but you could have your pick of any one of the 50 or so bags left over. The "New color of LOVE" just didn't take I guess.



Then, there was the "sexy" stuff. Now, I buy almost all of my...(Ahem) undergarments...from Target, but garder belts and black lace, in my opinion, should be left the professionals...and by professional I mean Victoria's Secret.



Now before you all think I'm a.) being a snob or b.) being a prude, let me tell you why I think they didn't sell and why I wouldn't buy them—at Target.

The first and most obvious reason is the checkout situation at Target. I would just feel downright embarrassed to have the 18-year-old boy who dutifully scans my Sponge Bob toothpaste and ziplock bags to come across some of these babies. It's almost not fair to the poor guy and my kids, who are almost always with me when I'm at Target, would be mortified.

And what about that? Having your milk and 8 oz tumbler glasses mingling around in the same basket as your lacy panties. Just seems all sorts of crazy to me. Especially now since my Target is going to start to carry fresh foods, which I'm altogether excited about, but solidifies my other point, and here it is: Do we really have to buy EVERYTHING we need in one place?



Aren't there somethings that deserve to be wrapped in scented tissue paper and handed to you in a little pink bag? I mean, after I took these pictures I priced the same sorts of items around (*Note to Husband: that's the story behind my Google*

*search history from today*) and found they weren't that much more expensive—when on sale— at the more traditionally “romantic” places. The kind of places with lower lighting, sales girls with measuring tapes flung around their necks, and classical music playing in the background.

The first time I saw these kind of adult-type things at Target I thought it was just me, but after seeing them with “Marked Down 50%” signs in front of them, I think others might feel the same way.

Another thing that didn't seem to sell this Valentine's Day: Cynicism. Which is comforting in a way. These shirts could be yours for a song.



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Written for my blog at OC Family.

Other things there this week: The Olympics and me. Me! Me! Me!

