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 waterpoof, 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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