Ruben A. Arguello

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I eagerly walked into the fluorescent-light thrift store. “You know the store isn’t going anywhere!”, I could hear Madison in the background, she is always letting me know when I’m being over the top about things. I could hear her sand our friend Emily begin to “girl talk” behind me. I continued to ignore Madison and their conversation. Emily was once again complaining about her girl friend again and I was over the conversation before it even started. Then I heard Emily “What do you think?” I quickly replied without hesitation “yeah I completely agree with you!” I quickly learned that response. My mind was on hidden treasure, I was now inside Buffalo Exchange, and I was ready for the hunt. It had been so long since I shopped at the store. I was eager to excavate the sloppily organized aisles with displayed circular clothing racks stocked with the bounties of people's past treasures. I began digging through the cluttered racks, a musty smell of something odd permeated the air; not quite dirty but not entirely clean. “Ugh I love the store but I hate the smel!!l” Madison was unsurprisingly complaining about the smell again. I simply continued sliding shirts through the rack very quickly thinking to myself; “NO, no, no, no, hell no!, ooooh… No” Nothing yet however the possibility of finding something really amazing is what truly captivates my desire to shop at the thrift shop. It's the rawest example of the old saying “one man’s trash is another man's treasure”.

At first I didn’t pay any attention to the rest of the shoppers in the store. I was too busy looking through the racks, plus Madison and Emily were keeping me occupied. After a few minutes of excavating I found a few shirts that had potential, I excitedly walked over to the dressing room. “Oh damn!” there it was another treasure found! “thank god I didn’t say that out loud haha” I found myself gawking at some poor guy, I needed to compose myself. The next few minutes seamed to have disappeared because all of a sudden I had made my way to the check out line and there he was again. “His septum is pierced, ugh he’s too cute!”. “Next…Next” “oh shoot that’s me” I nonchalantly walked over to the cashier lady who looked annoyed at the amount of time it took me to snap out of my own world. I set my things down and I still couldn’t fully give her all my attention. “hey did you find anything good?” “Yeah sure” thinking back I wasn’t sure if that was Madison or the cashier. Frankly at the moment I don’t think I cared. “What are you smiling at?” more embarrassed now I dismissed her question and I paid for the shirts and made my way to the front of the store as I waited for her to finish.

He was still there. He was so cool looking. And then it started we made eye contact. I must have turned blood red as I smiled and looked away. I couldn’t help but to keep analyzing him. Then I noticed he was doing the same. Time seamed to have stopped and for a moment no one else was in the store. I couldn’t have been more obvious. He new I was looking at him but I didn’t care. Looking back I’m a bit annoyed at myself, all I could do was smile. Why do I get so shy? He finally walked passed me and I was consumed with regret. He walked out the store and I was to never again see him. I needed to see him one last time. I nonchalantly looked out the window and to my surprise he was still out there. A million questions filled my head. Why was he still there? I felt sick. I needed to be more aloof. I got on my phone and began to get into the mindset that I wouldn’t see him again. Tap, Tap, Tap! He was at the window! I was blood red. All I could do was smile as he held his phone up to the window with his number displayed. I was so happy he had the balls to come back to the store. I was beyond excited.

There are small moments in life that truly show us how out of our control our lives are. The day I met Allen was one of them. If you shop at consignment stores regularly, you know its all about patience and pure luck. One day you may fine an amazing leather jacket and others you may leave empty handed and a bit disappointed. Funny thing is life is like that too.

I love Buffalo Exchange, I may not go too often but whenever I do find myself in that store I always find some kind of treasure.