

I Shop Therefore I Am

Contributed by Rambling Rose
Monday, 28 January 2008

I was thinking about this little phrase the last time I was out shopping. I think therefore I am. And it morphed, as my thoughts are want to do, into I shop therefore I am.

And how true this is. Don't we all believe that what we purchase defines us?

Whenever I have a phase of "let's get healthy" and I peruse the latest get-fit, keep-fit, or die-trying DVDs, I feel, even just standing there in the shop, all lithe and saintly.

When I get home, I decide that I'll watch it before doing it. Just to make sure there is no "tricky stuff" you understand.

So I watch, lying on the sofa with a chocolate biscuit and hot tea (hey, what! - shopping is hard you know).

Phew, and afterwards I feel so much better, I feel like I've done it. The DVD will go on the shelf and I will feel (ok maybe not like Paula Radcliffe) pretty damn good.

After all I am a step up from all those people who have only thought about getting fit … I actually bought the DVD.

Books ... don't get me started on books ... or maybe don't get me finished on books.

My bookshelf groans with worthy titles that I will one day read but for now I only own. It's quite a clever thing to do. When someone says to you, "Oh I've read that book," you can say, "Oh I have that too" … (note you don't actually have to admit to reading it but the idea is planted that you are an intelligent being instead of preferring the latest Jordan book).

When they say "I love that bit where (insert whatever)" ... all you have to do is say, "Me too." Voila! Instant connection via a book you have never read, but you do own. And besides, books look great on your bookcase. Should your boss (who secretly thinks you're an airhead) or a potential suitor call … well … you are streets ahead of the competition .

And before all you gentlemen think, "Oh, this is for girls," (both the blog and the concept) let me run this past you.

When you buy that sports motorbike, you are hoping that it will speak for you. That it will say you are hot, young (or at least not past it) and solvent. Have you seen how much these things cost? And that's without the leathers, the lid, the gloves, the … other stuff. Do you understand why your wife won't let you have it? She knows it will turn you into an instant chick magnet. She understands all too well.

I shop therefore I am.