

Stereos of All Types

As I entered the newly constructed Best Buy, my only goal was to buy a new mini disc player. Little did I realize that I soon was to become invisible. As I patiently browsed the electronics section, I had no premonition of becoming enraged. I was in a good mood (as good as could be expected from me, anyway), when I realized I was sharing this particular wing of the store with another customer. He was a professional looking chap, his recent manicure outshined by his ego. You know the type; designer suit, freshly polished Italian shoes, crisp tie, cool hair, and I'm not sure but I think I smelled a mistress on him somewhere. "All well and good" I thought to myself, and wasn't even put off when I saw what appeared to be the only salesman within miles approach him first. He looked wealthier than I, that was apparent, and I took this into consideration and continued to browse. As they breezed their individual colognes amongst their idle discussions over woofers and tweeters, I, in the meantime, had already located and decided on a nice Sony unit within my price range and was ready to make a purchase. So I waited. I foolishly assumed this salesman would notice me, at least acknowledge my presence with a weak "hang on a second" finger raise, and accommodate me shortly.

Nothin'.

Yes, I was still waiting. At this point even I was aware that this prima donna in Armani was not going to buy a goddamn thing, and I wondered why this idiot sales spunk did not have the same wisdom. I began to clear my throat at about 95 decibels hoping to be noticed. I started to pace. I even faked a sneeze.

Nothin'.

I realized my attention getting tactics were a tad too subtle. This guy would not concede to recognize me, even though now I was strangling his district manager with a coaxial cable I pulled from a torn package.

Nothin'.

Here I was completely ready to make a purchase but because my Barney Rubble T-shirt and puffy eyes looked inferior next to this guy's Rolex and cashmere moustache, I was not acknowledged. I did not appear to be a good commission yielding customer, so I was ignored for a wealthier looking, a more "respectable" member of society. Therefore, I did become invisible. I was, however, easily seen as the dregs of a typical clerk to customer potential profit classification categorization. I didn't rate here. Nor would I stay. "Fuck this guy and this place" I thought to myself.

I soon headed for the exit, my hands empty but my wallet full. An unexpected fart slipped out and I chuckled softly to myself as I reached for my keys.

Now they'll finally look around.