April 2013

Untitled

Greyson Smith

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology

Part of the Illustration Commons, and the Printmaking Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2013/iss1/57

This Artwork is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact bramed@winthrop.edu.
“No ma’am, I’m afraid we don’t have those shoes in an eight and a half,” I say in my most apologetic, wish-I-could-help voice. The truth is we do have the shoes, several pairs in fact, but she isn’t getting anywhere near them. Most people don’t know this, but every time you step into a shoe store, you are being tested. If you pass, you get those beautiful black leather peep toes; but if you fail, we will let you walk out of the store bare-foot in the snow before you get to touch any of our merchandise.

Your evaluation begins the moment you step foot in the store. I greet you with a cheerful smile and a “Do you need help with anything?” If you smile and make a polite response, you’re golden, but if you ignore me, scoff at me, or wave me away while still yelling into your cell phone about your problems with your boyfriend, well let’s just call that strike one. The test of your worthiness continues as you browse. Looking at shoes without touching them or carefully picking them up and replacing them in the correct spot is a success. Leaving them on the floor, putting them back on a completely different table, or trying to squeeze your size nine into the display size six will not impress me. Strike two.

The most important part of the test comes when you ask me to do something for you. Politely asking, “Can you please see if you have these in an eight and a half?” means that you pass with flying colors. Shoving four different pairs of shoes in my hands and demanding an eight and a half and a nine in all of them is strike three, and you’re out. Out of luck, out of shoes, and hopefully out of the store with my overly cheerful, “Hope to see you back soon!” still sounding in your ears.

Whoever coined the phrase “The customer is always right” had clearly never actually met one of these customers. Many customers don’t know much of anything; they don’t know how to be polite, they don’t even know their own shoe size, and luckily for me, they don’t know when they’re being lied to. “So sorry we didn’t have what you were looking for. Have a nice day.”