

The Flea Market

by Bonnie MacFarlane

A is for apple pie dishes, B is for banana racks, and C is for cats: porcelain, cookie jars, and stuffed animals. H is for hats: red, purple, and black, I is for ice cube trays. M is for homemade muffins, N for napkin rings: silver, wooden, and plastic. R is for silk and polyester roses, S is for shower curtains, T is for Tupperware and tools—all kinds of tools. You guessed it! I'm talking about the flea market on June 29th and 30th.

All kinds of people are coming and going: old ones, middle-aged ones, and even one only 6 weeks old. People using crutches, canes, rolling walkers, and wheelchairs. People from many different races and countries speaking Russian, Spanish, German, and Japanese.

People picking up my pillows, knit shirts, walkmans, jewelry, sheets, and shoes. People picking up the same items over and over again. People saying: "Oh! I don't know, I already have too much stuff, it's the wrong color, the wrong size, I'm too fat, too short, too tall, it's too much money.

People happy, smiling after their "good deals"! "Look, I bought these sheets for \$10, I bought this Christmas plate for 25 cents, this quilt was only \$4.00, and this painting was only \$3.00."

After fourteen hours sitting, chatting, and hoping to sell my stuff, I decided that I could never be a sales lady or have a desk job. Also, I learned what not to sell at a flea market at Windsor Gardens: antiques, glassware, books, records, and clothes.