

CONFESSIONS OF A SHOPAHOLIC

When I was a little girl, there were real prices and mom prices. Real _____ got you shiny, sparkly things that lasted three weeks, and mom prices got you brown things... that lasted forever.

But when I looked into _____ windows, I saw another world. A dreamy world full of perfect things. A world where grown-up girls got what they wanted. They were _____. Like fairies or princesses. They didn't even need any money, they had magic _____. I wanted one.

Little did I know... I would end up with 12. Rebecca Bloomwood. Occupation: Journalist. _____: Visa. _____: AMEX. _____: MasterCard. It's vintage. And I got one percent _____. _____: Gucci! And _____ every penny. Moving to New York, I met guys. And that kind of put things in perspective. 'Cause you know that thing, when you see someone cute and he smiles, and your heart kind of goes like warm butter sliding down hot toast? Well, that's what it's like when I see a _____. Only it's better.

You see, a man will never love you or treat you as well as a store. If a man doesn't fit, you can't _____ him seven days later for a _____ cashmere _____. And a store always smells good. A store can awaken a lust for things you never even knew you needed. And when your fingers _____ those _____, new bags... Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, no... I spent \$900.