



## The Good The Bad and the Best!

There's just something about garage saling...

When I'm out searching for bargains—anywhere in the Valley—whether it's Glendale, Scottsdale or Chandler--- it makes me happy. It's hard not to be downright giddy when I walk up to a sale and see an entire driveway full of home décor, collectibles and more. I'm like a kid in a candy store.

Just the other day at a garage sale in Gold Canyon a nice lady approached me, put her arm around me and said "You're happy, aren't you?" "Well, yes. I guess I am," I said realizing garage sales *make* me smile. She often sees me at sales and says I'm always smiling. This was a very nice lady—I wish I would've gotten her name. But she did get me to thinking—while garage sales are a happy place for me there have been a few where I've been left scratching my head.

Yes, I've had a few non-smiling moments like the time I was at a bustling garage sale in Peoria. I spotted a small wooden side table and chatted with the seller about it. He told me I could have it for \$8 but I was able to bargain him down to just \$4. I continued looking around for more treasures when a man approached the seller, motioned toward me and said "You told her \$4 for the table?" "Ah, yeah, I guess", the seller said looking at me and shrugging. "Well, here you go" the buyer told him as he handed over the four bucks. I wasn't angry—just a bit disappointed in my fellow garage saler. And much to the amazement of anyone who knows me I didn't say a thing to him. I did, however give him my "Garage Sale Gal" glare sans the smile as he trotted to the car with his new table. That's when he said; "What? I didn't see you hand him any money." True but *ouch!*

**(Tip #1 If you really want something pick it up and carry it around or pay for it immediately!)**

Then there was the time I pulled up to a garage sale in Mesa and the seller was furious. "Oh, I'm so mad," she told me. "Some guys just stole all our hunting [knives](#) and my husband is chasing them." Okay, wait a minute—you mean someone took huge, killer knives and your better half is on their tail?

Yep.

I told her she ought to call the police and ask her husband to back off from what were probably some dangerous thugs.

**(Tip #2 Nothing you have is worth risking life and limb. So, let it go and call the folks who get paid to pick up the bad guys!)**

Now, this next incident is something straight from the *Twilight Zone*---you remember that 1950s series involving strange happenings? Well, picture this: It's 8:30 on a Saturday morning in Mesa, I pull up to a yard, driveway and garage full of thousands of things for sale---gobs of furniture, antiques—such as iron wagon wheels. I spotted a hand-painted coffee table (\$10) and a large crystal vase—new in the box (\$1). I went to pay but couldn't find the seller. I knocked on the door only to be greeted by a barking dachshund but he couldn't make change! So I waited a few more minutes figuring a human *had* to eventually appear but when other buyers headed for their cars I did the same. It was eerie, creepy. Were the sellers asleep? Making coffee? In the words of Rod Sterling: "*You've just crossed over into the Twilight Zone.*"  
*Do, do, do, do, do, do, do...*

Okay, so we may occasionally meet a few sourpusses but the good news (I say with a smile on my face) is that events like these are rare. Most of the people I meet--buyers and sellers alike—are joyful and grateful to mingle amongst all the treasures and treasure hunters.

**(Tip #3 Remember, the worst day of garage saling is better than the best day at work!)**

And since my *work* is garage saling, I really have no complaints!