

Self Storage and the Big Box Store

I have always secretly adored organizing. I am addicted to squirreling things away in appropriate bins and boxes. During finals week when I was an undergrad, I remember always organizing my closet. It was cathartic and helped get my mind focused. This usually happened around 10pm and could last well into the morning. I lived in a sorority house with lots of other women, most of whom loved a weekend trip to Target (or "Targe," as we would call it). We would go there, especially for bins and creative self storage solutions. You could also pick up snacks, socks, a book and some cheap exercise wear to round out your shopping experience. It is a dream for a girl on a budget. I had no idea that the self storage desires of the country would eventually create an entire retail arm of bin and box mania.

I am a parent now, so my self storage needs have become more complicated. Kids have lots of little tiny things that always end up under my feet or in our plumbing. To try to bring order to our lives, I try to give those little pieces places to live. Baskets, linen bins, plastic cubes.

When we moved to our new neighborhood, we now had different places for things. We now had a playroom with shelves. The playroom had lots and lots of little pieces on the floor at all times. I noticed this big store called "Container Store" just down the street. Could it be? A two floor store full of stuff to contain your stuff? (I can hear George Carlin now.) How can it be that we, as a nation, have so much stuff that an entire big box store has sprouted up to offer more stuff to put all that in? I ventured in and was overwhelmed. There was a self storage expert on hand, should I need to know how to measure my closet for wire brackets and brads. I was in way over my head, in spite of my years of sorority training at Target. There were bins for CDs, baskets for laundry, dodads for hanging coats, nifty belt organizers. I started to panic and get disoriented. HELP! I JUST NEED SOMETHING TO PUT TOYS IN! Self storage representative, please take me away!

In the end, I walked out with 3 medium linen baskets for toys. I have not been back since. I find I do not need the pressure. Target, once an innocent place to romp and play and get organized, was one of the big box store pioneers. We got our feet wet there, and now have moved on to the need to have an entire big box store for containers or wires or whatever. My self storage love affair has been cheapened by the big box store. Perhaps I will take up basket weaving to fill the time.

About the Author

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