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Seven Random Things You Should Sell

Ellen C. Wells



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“You should sell this.”

I spoke those very words on an operating table when I was 23. Oh, it was nothing, just a minor procedure that I mostly forget now except for the aforementioned sentence and the incident that prompted it. After prepping me for the surgery and wheeling me into the OR, the anesthesiologist poked me with a needle or two and proceeded to explain what was about to happen.

“What I’ve just given you is XYZ. In about 30 seconds you’ll start to feel its effects, so don’t worry when you start to feel a little funny.”

Sure. Okay, 30 seconds. I start counting to myself because that’s what I do—my subconscious is nearly always counting. So I’m counting ... I get to 10—nothing; 15 and 20 and still nothing. I count to 25 and 26 and 27 and I’m feeling nada happen. I’m fine! Whatever this stuff is, it’ll just put me under

slowly ...

At the 29 second mark I start to cough uncontrollably. “So this is the stuff kicking in, huh; something that’s going to kill me by coughing?” I’m thinking to myself. I start having a right good fit. But the team of nurses and doctors goes about their business pulling sheets up and down and looking at their tools like nothing at all is happening and I’m for sure believing I’m about to die and they don’t seem to notice.

Then it really kicks in, that light-as-air feeling. Feeling funny? Not in the least. In that calm and collected state I say to whomever is listening, “You should sell this.”

Now, I’m not promoting the selling or using of drugs here; that’s not my point. My point is, the “you should totally sell this” response is a powerful emotion—and it’s elicited by things other than chemicals dispensed by doctors.

Like what? I can think of 7 random things that prompt the “OMG you should sell this immediately (and I’ll take half of what you stock).” They are:

Christmas trees. This is a case of using scent to jog childhood memories to the fore. Even adult Ralphie Parker has sweet memories of his childhood Christmas experience, despite what those dogs did to the family turkey dinner.

While you’re at it, throw in some of those **cinnamon-scented pine cones**. Good enough to eat! But I wouldn’t recommend it.

Salt marsh hay. Garden centers in New England can't keep it in stock. It doesn't evoke childhood memories and doesn't smell like fresh-baked apple pies. So why is it on my list? Because it's the best seed-free mulch for a weed-free garden. You should sell it because this stuff works. And if you use it for a number of years, its sea-air smell portends a successful garden.

Speaking of **fresh-baked pies**, you should sell those, too. Sell slices of hot-out-of-the-oven apple pie along with mulled cider when you open your Christmas tree sales yard and you are golden, my friend.

Miniatures. From African violets to Adirondack chairs, ponies to pansies, minis of things are the ultimate "I must have that" items. Best thing about them is they don't need a mini price tag.

Baskets. Big, beautiful and boldly colored ones, too. Mixed combos that hang in midair are a party in a pot. So what if they last only until the purchaser stops watering them! They'll buy more! Even ones filled with holiday greens.

Avocados. What is it about those dark-skinned, pear-shaped fruits (it's a berry, botanically speaking) that make me want to hoard them all at the grocery store despite the hefty price point? It's the good fat content, more likely than not, that makes us want to eat them all day. My kingdom for a horse? Nope, I'll gladly exchange all my earthly possessions for a perfectly ripe avocado.

Okay, so maybe that last one is a little too random. But you see my point. There are just some things people gotta have. And you need to sell them. **GP**