

Overwhelming Big Box Self Storage

I have always had a love affair with organization. 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). Target offered a ridiculous amount of color coded multifaceted self storage options. And, while you were there, you could also get make up, frames and underwear. 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.

Now that I have children, my desire for organization has led me to explore new and fancy [self storage](#) options. There seem to be loads of little tiny wooden, paper and plastic pieces all over our house at all time. In my effort to corral those items, I have tried any number of receptacles. You name it, and I have tried to store something in it.

When we moved to our new neighborhood, we now had different places for things. Our kids finally had a playroom in the basement. 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. An ENTIRE store full of things to put your stuff in? (I can hear George Carlin now.) It is a sad commentary on our society when a whole retail chain flourishes because we have so much stuff that we need more things to put stuff in. I opened the door and it felt like I was in a nightmare staged in a giant closet. 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. TOO MANY CHOICES! Where is that self storage expert? Do you think he has some smelling salts?

In the end, I walked out with 3 medium linen baskets for toys. I have not been back since. I do not need that many options. Target, once an innocent place to romp and play and get organized, was one of the big box store pioneers. We got addicted to the multitude of cheap options and now must have an entire store dedicated to even more specific cheap options. The big box store has ruined my love of self storage and bins and boxes. Perhaps I will take up basket weaving to fill the time.

About the Author

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