

When you inadvertently become a collector of something you really aren't all that into

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As I was heading home at the end of the day, I ran into one of my colleagues who was also going home, and he was carrying a *Star Wars*-themed metal lunchbox similar to [this one](#). For those who didn't grow up in the United States, these metal lunchboxes are the type of things elementary school children use to carry their lunch to school. I remarked, "Nice lunchbox." My colleague explained, "Yeah, I sort of ended up as the lunchbox guy. It started when somebody gave me a lunchbox as a semi-humorous gift, and I kept it on my shelf. Then other people saw that I had a metal lunchbox and concluded, 'Oh, he must collect metal lunchboxes,' and they started giving me metal lunchboxes. And before I knew it, I became an unwitting collector of metal lunchboxes." The same thing happened to a different colleague of mine. As his first birthday after he got married approached, his new in-laws asked his wife, "What does Bob like?" His wife shrugged. "I dunno. He kind of likes Coca-Cola?" That year, he got a vintage Coca-Cola serving tray. The next year, he got a Coca-Cola clock. And then Coca-Cola drinking glasses. And so on.

Eventually, he had to ask his wife to tell her family, "Okay, you can stop now. Bob doesn't like Coca-Cola *that* much."

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