



EBAY SELLERS UNPLUGGED

For every stamp, a story

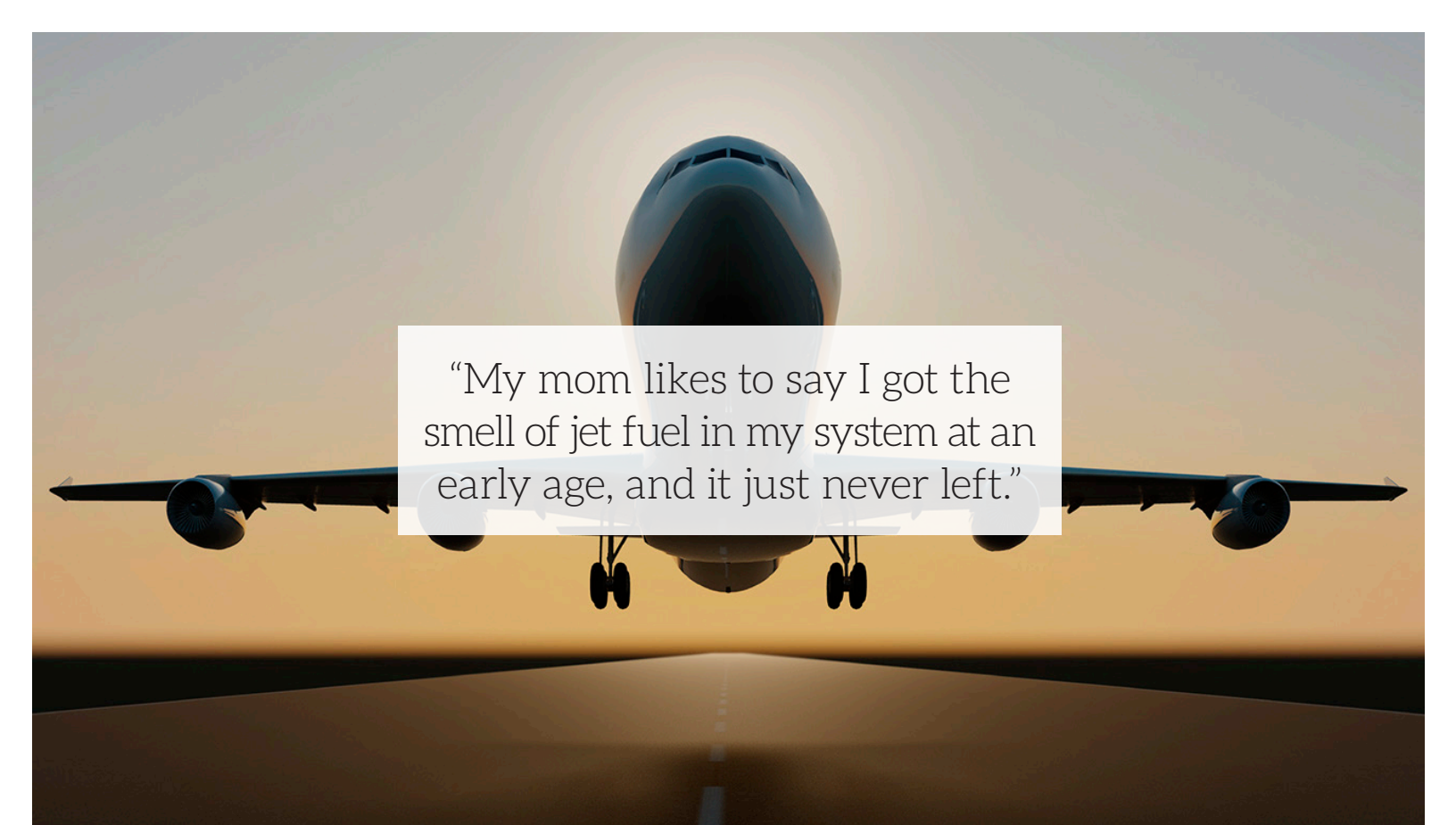
by Brook Stahley



eBay seller: purveyorallthingscreative

Some folks spend their money accumulating fine wines. Some can't ever seem to have enough fancy shoes. For Charlene Anderson, it's all about stamps. But not the kind you might think. Because while they bear the names of such far-flung destinations as Morocco, Myanmar, and the Maldives, the stamps Charlene collects aren't the ones you pick up at your local post office. They're the dozens and dozens pasted and pressed into every last page of her passport.

Honestly, calling Charlene a traveller is like calling Aretha Franklin a singer. She's that good at it. Just how much globe has she trotted? Put it this way: of the 196 countries in the world, Charlene has passport stamps from more than 100. New Caledonia to New Zealand, Thailand to Tasmania, Brazil to Botswana—she's been there. And most likely done that. Camel-busting in Luxor. Shark-diving in Bora Bora. Sand-boarding in Namibia. I'm getting winded just typing it.



“My mom likes to say I got the smell of jet fuel in my system at an early age, and it just never left.”

And if her life sounds a little like *The Amazing Race* (with maybe less bug eating), Charlene says that’s definitely by design: “It’s just what I’ve always loved to do, from the time I was a kid. Some people spend their money on fashion or food. I spend mine on travel. I’ve just got to go!”

Of course, it isn’t just the stamps Charlene treasures. It’s the friends and memories she’s gathered on every trek, *terrazzo*, and ship’s tender along the way. The rifle-toting guide in Kenya who made sure she got to breakfast—without becoming one for the local pride. Spell-shopping with witch doctors in a Togolese market. The unforgettable month she spent as World War II hero Louis Zamperini’s

unofficial “date” at the 2000 Olympics in Sydney. Every stamp tells a story.

When exactly did all this appetite for adventure begin? You can almost hear the smile in Charlene’s answer: “My mom likes to say I got the smell of jet fuel in my system at an early age, and it just never left.” It sure hasn’t.

So where’s next for this wayfaring *wanderluster*? “Switzerland—or Antarctica, maybe? I’d like to cross that seventh and final continent off of my list.”

Sounds like someone’s gonna need a bigger passport.

[Read the story online](#)