

## **Excerpt from 'Did You Know We Had a Screen Door?'**

### **Part Chapter 14**

When we knew Byron Bay would be on the itinerary, I was determined to buy some bathers from this trendy place. But as I walked into one of the boutiques and shared this information with the slim, young shop assistant, she appraised me for several seconds, and frowned.

'Yeah,' she sighed. 'Look, I think you're gonna need a high cut leg – give you more length – know what I mean?' she said.

How simple – why hadn't that dawned on me before? All those years when I was desperate for a few more inches!

'Okay,' I said, taking a deep breath before continuing. 'But let me ask you one thing. Do you honestly think a large flab of hip and buttocks hanging out of my bathers would seriously be considered part of my leg?'

I could only assume the hours she had spent in the sun to obtain skin the colour of boot polish, had affected her brain. She raised what was left of a heavily plucked eyebrow, gave me a second glance and sighed. I was going to be her challenge for the day. Her eyes slowly travelled up my body, finally settling in the region of my chest.

'What size are you – in the boobs, like?'

'I'm a 12E,' I said, pleased she had given up on the arse end of the bathers.

'Did you say E?' She couldn't have sounded more incredulous had I announced I possessed a third mammary gland.

'Er – I don't think we go that big.'

She paused, and I hoped she was looking for an answer to this problem – but no.

'We sell heaps of - like - B's'.

I wasn't sure what reaction she expected, but my mind was busy with a rather frightening visual. It seemed the only bathers on offer would expose so much of my arse and boobs I'd be left with just enough material for a rather thin belt. And let's not even start on my stomach!

After she flicked through every hanger in the shop, she finally produced three pairs of bathers with a D cup. I rushed to the fitting room, but privacy was not a priority in this fashion hellhole. The two swing doors took their job seriously and were destined never to meet. I had just dropped my shorts and was bending over about to step into Exhibit A, when wooden slats bashed against my rump.

'How's it going?' our anorexic assistant chirped. 'Any of them fit?'

'Maybe a two year old,' I nearly chirped back.

'I'll call you if I need any assistance,' I said, indicating she should probably leave if she valued her life, and acknowledging I'd just morphed into my mother at her haughtiest! I did entertain the idea of asking for a shoehorn for the excess flesh, but doubted our young friend would know what I was talking about. It will come as no surprise that I left the shop ten minutes later without making a purchase.