

Changing Times

By Judy Diehm

“Mmm, look at this delicious pomegranate. It fell from the tree. I'll just take a tiny bite, God won't mind. Oh my gosh, Adam, you're naked!” “Well missy, so are you!” “What shall we do, we need to cover up. Wait, I have an idea. I'll find a sharp thorn, make a needle out of it and with this strong fiber to act as thread I'll just sew large leaves to cover us up.” “Oh Eve, you are so smart.”

In a dark cave lit only by a small fire: “Elsa, did you see what Agnes is wearing? She has on a leopard skin today. She's such a slut, always trying to outdo the rest of us with our simple bear skins.” “I know, I can't wait until tomorrow to see what she's wearing then.”

In a palace: “I'm so bored with those needy peasants always complaining. All I hear is let them eat cake. Off with her head. Meanwhile I'm just trying to decide what to wear today. I wore the yellow silk yesterday, so I'm not going to be caught dead in it today. On top of that, the armholes are soaked with perspiration. Do you have any idea of how to take out those stains? I just wish we had a laundry product that you could spray on that would take out stains. If you hear about anything like that, let me know.”

In a plantation bedroom: “What do you mean I have to be laced into my underwear before getting dressed? The last time we tried this I passed out from holding my breath. And now you expect me to wear all these petticoats after the lacing. All this to fit into that ruffled dress! I am going to be the belle of the ball.”

“Who invented this bustle anyway? My butt is big enough as it is without adding all that extra padding. I can't even sit comfortably. I have to perch on the front of the chair to keep from crushing the darn thing. And the length of the skirt keeps tripping me up when I walk.”

We're going swimming this afternoon. I hate this scratchy wool bathing suit. When it gets wet it stinks to high heaven and reminds me of a wet dog. And on top of that we can't go into the water until all of the guys are out of the water and on to other pursuits. How do they expect us to attract men when they can't even see how lovely our ankles are?”

“Oh Doris, I love your flapper dress. You are going to be such a hit at the dance tonight. It's so daring to show your arms and your beautiful ankles.” “My mother doesn't know I'm going to wear this. She thinks I am going to tea with Mildred.”

I love wearing my saddle shoes and tight skirts. Do you think this skirt makes my butt look big? Oh, you are so sweet to say that. I know my gym bloomers and my red striped bathing suit with the bloomers make my butt look huge, but I wasn't sure about this skirt.”

“I hate to go shopping. I can find clothes for teenagers that show everything or clothes for 90 year old ladies, but nothing that is cute and looks good on me. Oh well, maybe another trip to my closet to find something I've worn a million times before. All these decisions are giving me a

headache. I think I'll go take an aspirin and lie down before getting dressed."