

Scarf Envy

By Marilyn Reeves

I have clothes in my closet that are 5, 10, even 20 years old. Some of the really old stuff is covered with paint stains and wrinkled and worn beyond repair. These are the things I wear for every day, and my neighbors have offered to take up a collection to buy me some new duds, as they're tired of seeing me down in the laundry room looking like a hobo who just wandered in off the street.

Some of my things are a little bit nicer, like my blue jeans and a few shirts that look half-way presentable, which I don when I go to the store or make a run to the library – that sort of thing.

The next step up are the things you see me wearing to the Writers Group, or to my Spanish class, or going out for a casual dinner with my sister.

Finally, I have a few nice things – well, JC Penney nice, not Sachs Fifth Avenue nice – that I wear once or twice a year for special occasions, like to our upcoming Tea Time.

My shoes also fall into the same categories, from my old, worn out every-day tennies to my slightly better ones; and I actually have a few pairs of nicer shoes – with low heels no less – which I save for special occasions.

And then there's my coat. The rule I have for replacing my coat is the same as the one for my shoes: once the holes become visible from across the room, it's time to replace it. In the meantime I try to distract the eye from its rather pathetic condition by wearing a colorful scarf. Except now all my old scarves are starting to look ratty and tatty and I'd like to find a really nice one that I could wear proudly everywhere, which would also hide some of the flaws of my old, worn out coat.

I've given serious consideration to trying to steal Loweta's pretty scarf. You know, the one that is all lushy and plushy in various shades of orange and red? I just love that scarf! But there's a problem with that. If I were to steal Loweta's scarf and then wear it to the Writers Group, she would probably notice and start hollering like a banshee, "That's MY scarf! You take it off RIGHT NOW or I'm calling the police!" Such humiliation. Such embarrassment. Plus it would probably cost me her friendship. So I guess I won't try to steal her pretty scarf. Besides, it looks better on her anyway.

On the other hand, if memory serves, Kay also has a pretty woven scarf that would work nicely with my coat. Do you think she'd miss it if I stole hers?