

The Red Dress

Part 1: The Party Girl's Story

I was designed for parties, in fact, I call myself "The Party Girl." I was designed and created in China, but I live in the United States. I've attended many parties where everyone always compliments me; I've been to so many events that I can't possible remember them all.

I've became friends with many women. Each one seemed so impressed with my beauty and took special care to help me so the beauty wouldn't be lost.

I've attended very few parties this last year; I don't know why but I've been hanging out in a very dark place. Last month, through no choice of my own I was moved by car to a large building where some other beauties hung out. To be perfectly honest, there were also some not so beautiful ones.

I was scrutinized by many women, pawed, pulled about and even when some kind words were spoken, I was eventually returned to a corner. I was lost, sad and missed the party days.

A few days passed; I saw a blond women walk towards me. She pulled me out of the corner and seemed excited. I heard her say "Ooh, how pretty!" She picked me up and we stood in a long line for ages. She talked about my beauty to other people in the line. Finally, after making negotiations with a person at a counter, she and I left together. I got to ride in the front seat of a beautiful blue car.

Soon she pulled into a driveway and announced, "We're home, you beautiful thing, you!" and she carried me into her home. We dressed together; she was unable to completely close the back zipper; it may have been because her fingers are rather large and swollen. We undressed and waited for her husband to arrive home. Then we dressed again, this time with help from her husband, who covered his eyes, smiled and exclaimed "You are too beautiful; you're hurting my eyes!" Her dress was a bit too long so she had to wear high heels. When she told her husband that she was going to wear high heels for the first time since her knee surgery many months ago, he was worried. "Honey, I don't want you to fall."

I was so excited; we were going to a party. Later that day, her husband took us to a wonderful dinner and dance. We talked to many people and our ears were filled

with compliments. We danced together -- not all the time -- I think her feet might have hurt -- but we danced and I was so glad she didn't fall.

What a night! When we got home I ended up in a dark place again, but not before my new friend lovingly stoked my red silkiness and promised, "We're going to have much more fun together, you and I; you make me very happy."

Part 2: Sunshine's Story -- The \$15 Party Dress

December, 2016 was the completion of an extremely busy time for me. We produced an beautiful holiday show for the community and raised over \$8,000 for charity. It was Saturday morning and I had not determined what to wear for the Rock 'n' Rollers Winter Wonderland Dinner Dance. David and I planned to go as we had on two prior years. The event was semi-formal and I wanted to wear red; I have a beautiful sequin covered fitted red dress, but when I tried it on I discovered that the two pounds I gained during the last month made my tummy pooch out so that dress wasn't an option. My only other choice was a black skirt and red blouse, but that just didn't feel fancy enough. I told David, "Honey, I'm going to hit the thrift stores and see if I can find a red dress." As normal, my very caring husband answered, "Drive carefully, Sunshine; I love you."

"I'll probably have to wear the skirt and blouse" I mused as I drove, "but maybe I'll get lucky." In the first store I found nothing that looked appealing. It was at the 2nd store that my eyes lit on a satiny-looking long red dress. I pulled it from the packed row of dresses. It was beautiful, but size 6 and I wondered if it would fit. I took it to the dressing room, but could not zip the back up with my rheumatoid afflicted fingers. But it seemed like it would work.

I was excited; I really didn't expect to find anything and the dress was simply gorgeous. The line for the cashier was long and we waited for at least 30 minutes. I showed the dress to the women in front and behind me. They too were impressed with the dress and it's price of \$30.

When I finally reached the cashier, she checked a list and keyed a price -- she said, "There's a 50% discount today; you got a lovely dress for \$15!" And she was so right.

As soon as I got home, I got the necklace which matched the ones the "Sunshine Girls" wore in the holiday show, a gold belt from another outfit and gold flats. Then I tried on the dress. I still couldn't finish zipping the back completely but I

could tell it would fit. I added the finery, but I couldn't walk because I kept tripping on the very long dress. I have a beautiful pair of gold high heels that I haven't worn for eleven months since my knee replacement. I tried them on and I was able to walk even though the dress was still a bit long. After undressing, I laid the beautiful dress on the bed and shook my head in wonder, "How lucky can a girl get" I pondered with a smile, "I have a wonderful husband to take me to a fun party in the most beautiful holiday dress."

When David got home, I walked towards him; his mouth dropped open and he covered his eyes. "You're scaring me with all this beauty." He was able to finish zipping the dress and yes indeed it was a perfect fit.



That evening as I walked in the door, everyone I saw walked over and talked about the beautiful dress. It was great fun. The food was delicious and our tablemates were interesting. The band members were extremely talented and played song after song. David and I danced together a little and I did a couple of line dances even in those gold high heeled shoes. Everywhere I walked and moved, the beautiful red dress swirled about me. I felt like a queen and it was lovely.

At home, I lovingly hung the dress in the closet and with a happy smile promised that we would have many more dances soon; we will soon dance together on New Year's Eve, at the Golfer's President Ball and on Valentine's Day.