

SWEATER SURVIVAL

I was on a mission---to buy a dress before my grandma attacked me with her hideous knitted polyester sweaters. All sorts of disgustingly itchy, tight, and coarsely woven monsters that attack my neck and arms in their oddly shaped colors and patterns. I needed an outfit for my cousins wedding so; my grandma and I went shopping. At every corner were the unsightly old lady sweaters, which she kept suggesting for me to try on. I couldn't exactly scream what I felt inside, "Those are the most hideous things I have ever seen!" to my darling grandma, whom I really do love. I just don't love her choices in fashion. I had to escape. I carefully crafted a brilliant plan to distract her using her favorite old lady perfume. I led her to the scent section and surreptitiously sprinted away to the junior's section.

It was incredibly overwhelming. I stopped my running and gasped at the jungle of dresses in every size, shape and color. Macy's had short dresses, long dresses, and medium dresses, it had neon orange dresses, sherbet pink dresses and ebony black dresses, it had every sort of silhouette from empire to ballroom to A-line. I wanted them all. Nevertheless, I knew she would be after me again and I needed to hurry. I picked out a few dresses and headed to the dressing rooms with my bulky pile of satin and lace. Of course, I could only take six of my twenty-five dresses at a time. I sighed. This was going to be a long day.

By the time I narrowed my selections down to ten and stepped out of the dressing room, she had found me. My beloved grandmother was waiting for me with her own pile of itchiness. I was surprised by her appearance, I was amazed at her speed, but most of all, I was disappointed in the failure of my seemingly perfect plan. Apparently Macy's had been out of her reeking fragrance. Today was not my lucky day. Since I love my grandma so, and she really, truly wanted me to try on the sweaters, I did, and found a useful excuse for why I should leave each one on the racks. I could see the disappointment in her softly creased face, so I invited her to lunch. We went to her favorite restaurant, Dairy Queen, and ate fries and fish sandwiches while talking about things other than shopping. After our meal, we went back to Macy's and she found me a sweater that I actually liked. I also finally chose an adorable dress to wear to the wedding. In the end, I had a grand time shopping with my grandma and we learned many new things about each other.