



13. Get dressed

“Wake up and get dressed!” my girlfriend, Molly, shouted. “Come on, put some fashionable clothes on! Hurry up. It’s time to go.”

I suddenly remembered that I had promised to attend fashion week with her. The problem was, I’m a guy and I even have problems selecting a t-shirt and socks in the morning, so I had no idea what was fashionable or not. Personally, I wanted to change my ticket to fashion week for a day in bed in my pyjamas.

Anyway, I started to get dressed but Molly wasn’t happy that I was putting jeans on. She, of course, was well dressed as always. She was wearing a black skirt, red belt, black shoes and light blue shirt which, I noticed, was transparent and showed

her bra. I wasn't happy that her bra was visible but there was no time for discussion.

“Here, put these trousers on,” Molly said, as she threw them at me.

“Wait, I need some pants,” I said, “I can't wear trousers without pants.”

While I dressed I was still thinking about the transparent shirt and the fact that all the men were going to look at her large breasts. “Why don't you wear that black dress?” I suggested.

“You don't care about clothes so why are you talking about that dress?” Molly saw that I was looking at her breasts.

“Oh no...I thought we'd talked about this,” she said.

“Exactly. I’m from Afghanistan... women don’t wear these clothes.”

“Sorry Abca, but we’re in South London not Kabul...bad luck. Now go and get your hat and jacket.”

Molly put on her coat and we left. We didn’t talk about the bra again.