

## FASHION WRAP

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### Sweater Fatigue

Recently, I was feeling sluggish, slightly restricted around the throat and a bit itchy. I know, sounds like a horrible, contagious virus none of us wants to get! But, turns out it's just a case of "sweater fatigue" the fashion doctors say, and chickadees, I've got it BAD. So, in an effort to drive this latest lurgy out of my system, I took a trip to the mall - yep, trudged in two layers of turtlenecks (or was it three?) to check out some lighter, uplifting wardrobe choices.

And, then, a miracle happened - the layers of wool and cashmere just melted away as I spied some silk chiffony-dresses in a beautiful deep powder blue, cast my peepers on some juicy citrus leather jackets and soaked up the sunny yellow clutches. Then, I wanted to roll around on a bed of kelly green tops, bangles and chunky necklaces (I know it would be a bit bumpy, but I was willing to give it a go), taking in all that was fresh.

By the time I left 40 minutes later, I was ready to bite into a pistachio ice cream, some key lime pie and throw one of those cutsey mini umbrellas into my latte, just to remind me that spring is-a-comin down the tracks, just not at the speed we'd all like. And, the clickety-clack slowed even more this week when that annoying little rodent saw his shadow. Those pesky creatures should just stay in their lairs until they have something good to announce, I say.

But, the rodent, the early-week snow, ice and who-knows-what-kind-of-storm, wasn't going to burst my spring bubble, no way.

I've still got sunshine-y dreams and fresh green reveries on my mind.

Sure, I've still got to wade around in these annoying sweater friends for a bit (six weeks if you believe the groundhog), but waiting, in my little dishevelled closets are some bright, sweet-talkin' positive friends.

Their waves of all that is good promise to envelope me.

I thought I'd first turn to the electric-y blue flowy dress with the cap sleeve. It's a relief from that strapped in feeling I get from my puffy down coat.

Then, how 'bout a cool pleated little skirt that just screams I'm as light as an airy breeze wafting from the Florida Keys? Pair that with one of those tan-in-a-can golden goddess tans, and we're all set, sisterfriends!

Of course, in order to "stay real" I'll pair it with an icy (sorry for using that word) sleeveless top, but it conjures up the ice at the bottom of my Bahama Mamma.

No more woolly mammoth here, folks, just the beamin' sun in my mind and on my back.  
So let's settle down by the tikki torches, pals o'mine, lean back, and watch those waves hit  
the shores, even if's on the TV screen.

Our new fashion friends will keep us cool...

No need to turn on the air conditioner honey, I don't wanna have to go searchin' for a  
sweater!