

## FASHION WRAP

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### Wellington Boots for Spring Weather

I've never really fancied myself the "Great Huntress", but lately circumstances have come to pass that I'm finding myself poking through the odd bush, green pasture, or just plain slushy old Halifax street.

So, of course one has to dress appropriately, n'est ce pas?

As a consequence, I've dropped the French (promise that was the las n'est ce pas in this column), and am out seeking the perfect British boot respite for those dirty, grey, ugly snowbanks, soggy bogs and just plain yucky countryside.

I think I sank up to a foot just the other day in a mucky pothole (don't get me started, I've got bruises people!), pretty well marking up my grey Uggs.

So, what's required? A perfect pair of Wellies, me thinks.

I'm fond of the knee-high variety, as you never know how deep or how low you can sink in the muck of it all.

Out for a walk the other day, it was hard to find a piece of sidewalk in between the dank pools of water swimming with sludge. At one point, my crazy Yorkie was shoulder high, for heaven's sake!

And a regular pair of winter boots just won't do this time of year (except for the next unscheduled snowstorm). What's really needed is a "kick-you-know-what" pair of rubber insulators that will slosh through winter's detris and debris with nary a nick.

And, at the end of the day, you can take the garden hose (or maybe throw them in your shower if the hose is still frozen), and wash them off in the easiest of ways.

If you happen to know a firefighter or two, all the better - maybe I'll just go speak with one of the seven or eight HRM boys who showed up a couple of weeks ago at Girls Night Out. Bet their apparatus would be just fine, come to think of it.

A slushy day, after all, calls for some major measures, "Pip, Pip," as the Brits would say, and I'm not above or below taking a precaution or two to get me through the 24 hours of pre-spring sludge.

It appears that golden girl Jennifer Aniston has taken to even advertising her Wellies - something I was just more than a bit unhappy about as it led to my size being off the store shelves locally anyway.

And I'm also blaming Ms. Aniston for prompting a run on them at a local lovely label discount store.

Just what does SHE need Wellies for in Hollywood?!! There's no muss, fuss, there, just overpaid stylists and starlettes, after all. Not that I dislike Miss Jennifer : I've always been a Team Aniston kinda gal.

I'm just rightfully ticked at anyone who's brought a former boots and barn secret into the mainstream of little old Eastern Canada.

Now, my chocolate Wellies are likely to tell two friends, and so on and so on. If I'm not careful, this Great Huntress will just be one of too many!

Come to think of it, it's time to pull on those suckers and put the rubber to the road; I haven't been on a good old hunt in a while.