

FASHION WRAP

Eva Hoare

Leopard Meets Zebra

Recently, at a lovely cocktail party (thanks Steph!) , I had to make a rather awkward introduction. So I just had to to le you know how it all went down and nearly got dirty. Luckily, I was on hand to broker a deal between these two feisty fashionistas.

So, here's how it went.

EvatheDiva - "Leopard, I'd like you to meet our new girlfriend, Zebra. Leopard, Zebra - Zebra, Leopard."

(Low whiny growls, snorting, some hoof scratching on the floor).

Me, again - "Now you two crazy kids are going to have to get along this season, K? 'Cuz gone are the days when just one patterned ruled, are you two down with that?"

(Nostrils are flaring from both patterned camps, Zebra's starting to get antsy. Leopard downs another martini. I wish she'd get that mani I advised...)

Me, again - Now, look, there's room for both of you in lots of fashionistas' closets - whether it be in scarves, shoes, luggage, clutches, handbags....so you're both "spot on" (maybe more so for you leopard, if you get my meaning) to be fashionable hits.

(Heavy breathing...whoops, that's from two other partygoers who are starting to get a bit frisky by the stairs, sorry...)

Me, again - Now leopard, I know you've ruled the Savanah for a long, long time, but now you've got to pull those claws back a titch, because some people are hot for a fresh look. You've gotta admit, Zebra's got a new take on the old Safari wear, n'est ce pas?

(Bit of whimpering is coming from the Leopard - oh, are those crocodile tears? Zebra, stoic as ever, stands her cloven-hoofed ground.)

Me, again - Maybe even a gal, say, named Savanah might be willing to do double-time with both of you (well, not simultaneously, that would be way too hard on the eyes.) But you know, one day she'll throw on a little leopard slingback, and the next she'll grab a little Zebra clutch. Then you'll both rule the jungle!

(The snorting keeps up, but the foot stomping and high-pitched whinging has died down considerably.)

Me, again - You can both go wild with the options, girls...After all, the fashion jungle is opening up to new ideas, new order. You're not stuck in a cage with just checks and polka

dots any more....

(OMG, they're actually nuzzling. Quick, get the camera! We need a shot of this. Girlfriends, don't try this combo at home, though, K?)

Me - Well, see? I might actually have to put on my sunglasses to block the glare...you two really rock. Are you dancing?!

So, my dears, that's how it all ended. I didn't see those two again. Somebody told me they grabbed a cab. These spring/summer pattern stories always seem to end happily ever after.

Before I hit the bar again, could you get me some Polysporin and an ice pack? How did I get those scratches on my arm and that wicked bruise on my shin?