

FASHION WRAP

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Gladiators (Shoes)

I don't know about you, but what part of getting locked out of the house with no handbag, not much outerwear, two dogs (one of them yappy) on leashes and work just moments away sounds like a bright, breezy day?

Oh, and then there were the cellphone calls to four locksmiths who couldn't remotely come to my rescue for at least two weeks - that just put the icing on the old crap cake if you ask me.

Well, after uttering a few epithets quietly into said balmy breeze, I resolved I was going to mean business and kick my own door in.

For this job, I realized I needed much more than my well worn Uggs - for this quasi-criminal action, I required some big guns - you got it - Gladiators!

There's no way that silly old front door was going to give way to a soft suede - nah ah...only a spirited, studded, kick-you-know-what pair of gladiator sandals was up to this challenge.

Just the thought of them, I swear, made my door shrink in fear.

If only I'd bought that righteous pair I spied just the other day lashing out at me from that boutique shelf downtown.

I know, gladiators were in last year too, and honestly, I can't get enough of them - everywhere I troll over the Internet (the nice sites only sisters), I linger on their multitude of straps.

I can't say I'll get the lace-up-to-the-knee types - I'm afraid they'd overwhelm my tender sensibilities. Plus, I don't think I have the patience, my dears, to sit and knot those suckers up and down.

But I do love the versions that send their straps just far and high enough - across the instep and maybe just up the ankle a titch.

And designers have also gotten hip with us busy gals - they've installed zippers up the back, so it's a quick in and out after a round in the workpen.

No cutesy cutesy here chicks - these gals mean business. They're up for a romp in the ring against any old monster you can chuck at them - and last Wednesday, the green-eyed front of my Goliath-like door was mega-forceful.

Lucky for me too, because it's not like I wanted the burglar alarm to sound, the cops to come, or my neighbours to have more to talk about over the fences.

So, that's my seasonal pick, chicks. Gladiators.

Now, will you please pass this little old David a cloth to remove those angry footprints from my door?