

## FASHION WRAP

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### Sportswear Even Eva Can Embrace

FOR AS LONG as I can remember, and my closets can attest to this, I've always gone gaga for dresses.

Barbecue invitation? Sundress. Dinner? Dress. Cocktails? Cocktail dress. And so on.

Aside from jeans, I've had lots of trouble cosying up to sportswear. For example, I bought an anorak a few years ago and I've only worn it a couple of times.

Honestly, I'd have to hunt pretty hard in my house to even find a hoodie. (I have a couple, they just don't get used except to work out.)

So recently, in an all-out effort to try new things, such as walking daily and the occasional boat ride (I know, it's likely called something else, all you snotty yachties! — just kidding), I've been trying to warm up to this thing you call the "sportswear" style of dress. (See, there I go again, fixating on the dress.)

I've gone through pages and pages of catalogues seeking this "sportswear look" of which some of you speak, but I might as well be searching for the Holy Grail.

I need something with a European flair, no? Yes, yes, I think I do.

I like to think that instead of traipsing through some wooded trail (like that'll ever happen) dolled up in hardy mosquito-repellent pants, a rainproof jacket and some version of a T-shirt underneath, I'd look chic in a little pair of cropped trousers and a nice pair of low slip-ons, possibly with some ornamental augmentation. Nothing too pronounced though, so as to keep the crows from finding me and my dazzly bits highly attractive.

You can see my conundrum, yes?

Hard to feel chic while applying bug repellent to yourself just before tucking into that ugly fleece. (Sorry, trying not to show my sheer hatred of such items, but it does trickle out sometimes.)

But I think I may have, at this advanced age (that's 39, I mean 29, if anyone's asking), FINALLY arrived at a soft, feminine solution.

Tottering past a lovely boutique not long ago, I spied what I believed to be a sweet little drawstring long white top, some cute, flowy drawstring shorts, then some capris and a darling little hat. No sou'westers here, folks, no ball caps and definitely nothing fleecy.

My heart lifted, even though there was not a dress in sight. I couldn't help but home in on

a sweet floral top. Sure it was cotton and not silk, but it had all the happiness of a spring bouquet. And the boots next door were pink, green and blue — all the colours of the rainbow, which I'm sure we'll see soon. With all the rain, I wonder where the "bow" is anyway?

What a happy world this pretty new sportswear inhabits.

And the toppers didn't leave me smelling of some rainproof rubberish compound that appears to emanate from most sporty outerwear.

So now there's something to be worn when the garden calls (like I'll answer), the yachties beckon (after that comment above, I somehow doubt it), or a sunshiney shower comes along (you can take that one to the bank).

Talk about coming up smelling like daisies!