

Make-Up Mishap

My real friends know enough not to call me until after my second cup of coffee. So, when my phone rang at 9AM this morning, I knew that it was either a wrong number or someone blissfully unaware of my morning persona. It was Shirley Hart, queen of bad news and sad stories. Logically, I know, I should hang up as soon as I hear her obnoxious chirping, but curiosity usually wins. We met in high school and I've been trying to avoid her ever since. Shirley likes to dish out unwanted dieting advice and keep tabs on everyone's financial and romantic states of affairs. Her much embellished, dreamlike memories of our shared high school years, make me wonder if we went to the same school or even lived on the same planet.

"Hey! How's it going?"

I am silent, while deciding whether to hang up quietly, or suffer the sound of her voice.

"I know you're there."

"Who is this?"

“Shirley! Shirley, Shirley bo Birley- Bonana fanna - fo Firley - Fee fy mo Mirley ...
Shirley!”

Oh crap... I gave her the perfect opportunity to burst into that ridiculous song from the sixties. I held the phone away from my ear until she was finished with her self-proclaimed theme song.

“What’s up? I’m on my way out the door.” (As I stand by the sink in my red oriental pajamas.)

She got right down to the nitty gritty and said that she just got a disturbing call from Marie Taylor.

“Marie said that you waltzed right by her yesterday in the parking lot of the South Shore Plaza. She said she called your name, but you ignored her.”

“High school was over forty years ago, even if I was there, I probably wouldn’t recognize her.”

The truth was that, recently, after a late night glass of Pinot Noir (ok, two glasses), out of sheer boredom, I happened to glance at Marie’s Facebook page to see what was up. (No, I wasn’t stalking her, that’s a harsh term, I was just checking out her activities and

inane comments) I saw photos of her homes in Hawaii and the Cape, her handsome millionaire husband and her brilliant and beautiful children. Her life was an open book, grinning at me, on Facebook.

“Where you at the South Shore Plaza, Shirley asked?”

“No, nowhere near there,” I lied, in hopes of ending the interrogation.

“Marie said that the woman was driving a silver Nissan Versa.”

“ Really ... the woman looked like me AND drove the same car! How weird it that?”

I know she didn't believe me. OK, I did ignore Marie, even after she called my name. Not because I am bitter, jealous or antisocial, but because my eyebrows were black and wavy and my lips were an insane shade of red. It looked as if a gang of angry monkeys, armed with magic markers, had their way with my face.

How did this happen? While wandering, aimlessly, through the South Shore Plaza, when I should have been signing up for spinning classes somewhere, I found myself drawn into a deliciously scented store. Gliding into the doorway, (yes, sometimes I glide) I was greeted by an attractive, Barbi-dollish young woman who offered to help me.

I said, "No thank you, I'm just browsing."

She glanced at my face with a worried expression and offered to set me up with a make-up consultant, who happened to have an opening. Before I could protest, the expert was summoned to my side. She studied me with her bright blue eyes, which were hidden behind excessively long, very distracting eyelashes. I had to step back for fear of being assaulted by the black, glossy weapons. She said nothing for about twenty seconds while she studied my face.

"What kind of cleanser do you use?"

I was afraid to reveal that I used soap and water, so I replied, "cold cream", feeling smug. This didn't have the desired effect. She said I needed to use a three-step cleansing program because my pores were large! Well I knew that my thighs were on the big side, but my pores? She said I needed a good toner. I lied and said I had some at home. She wanted to know if I was always "puffy". She asked about my primer and I must have looked blank at this point, because she said,

"You don't wear a primer? "

"No", I answered, feeling as if I had just committed a murder in aisle four. She introduced me to the primer, cleaned my face with a round, white cotton pad which was

dipped into, what I can only assume, was a magic cleansing potion. Then she proceeded to spread a layer of pink goop all over my big-pored puffy face. Both she and the salesgirl were impressed with the results. It was decided that I really needed this pink goop and I should use it every morning. I figured it must be expensive, but I didn't want to ask, so I smiled and dropped the tiny bottle into the cute pink basket that was handed to me. I was lectured on the dangers of dead skin cells and the perils of using the "wrong" moisturizer.

Next thing you know, I was whisked over to the foundation department. A very special foundation was selected, which, if it failed to change my life, it would certainly change my financial status. I plopped it into my little pink basket. Next, it was bronzer, which would give me a heathy glow. By then my confidence was destroyed ... I would have purchased a jar of dead worms if these make-up madonna's thought it might help stem the tide of destruction.

My eyes were scrutinized and it turns out, I had been using the wrong products for my entire life! I silently cursed my, so-called friends, who never mentioned this sad fact. I rationalized the purchases and decided to charge them now and worry later. I wanted, desperately, to look like one of those freakishly thin girls with perfect skin, smoky eyes and full, pouty lips.

When I glanced into a mirror on my way to the cashier, I saw a face that resembled a broken down carnival ride. Scary sage eye shadow clashed with sparkly

pink cheeks. This was badly accented by blue mascara and two oddly shaped eyebrows, making me look both confused and angry at the same time.

I put my little basket down and made a mad dash for the exit, hoping I wouldn't run into anyone I knew. I made it as far as the parking lot before I spotted the fabulous Marie, who looked fit, trim and stylish, while stepping out of her shiny, gold Lexus. I looked right through her, slid into my car and nearly left rubber. Besides the make-up mishap, I was at least 20 pounds overweight ... all right 30 pounds. Instead of mindless shopping, I should have been working out at a gym. Dismissing these depressing thoughts, I decided to stop and visit my two best friends, who never failed to cheer me up. Ben and Jerry were always there for me. Double chocolate peanut butter ice cream was what I really needed.

