

The Fashion Show: Part 2

In an attempt to hold a fundraiser that would actually raise some money, we'd decided to put on a fashion show. It had been Kate's idea.

The sewing class had been busy for weeks creating things for us to wear. There were track suits, pajamas, shirts, aprons, bathing suits, and at least one full length gown. But we weren't allowed to look. What the staff wore on stage was supposed to be a surprise until the last moment. We figured this was so no-one would change their mind when they saw what they were supposed to wear.

We also noticed that whenever Kate went into the sewing room, she came out giggling. That worried us a lot.

The night of the gala arrived, and the gym was packed. We weren't sure whether it was because of the wonderful dinner that Val and Bonnie had prepared, or the thought of witnessing the staff parading out on stage in a variety of clothing that might or might not be highly amusing.

We were hoping for 'not'.

Anyway, the meal was much appreciated. I'm not sure how Bonnie and Val always manage to prepare food for two hundred people that tastes so good. I can't even cook something decent just for me. Dinner at their places must be terrific. I'd have to make a note to wangle myself a dinner invitation sometime. Maybe when I'm getting low on 'Chef Boyardee Mini Raviolis'.

The fashion show was to take place on the stage. All the items prepared by the sewing class were hanging on racks in the hallway, and two nearby classrooms were being used as dressing rooms. Most of the staff were participating, along with a few former students who had returned from college for the weekend.

"OK, it's time to start. Mindy, you're on first! Let's go!" Kate was a tyrant.

We'd noticed that Kate wasn't going to be modelling anything. She'd learned that when you're in charge, you don't actually have to do much. I'd learned that a long time ago as a Grad supervisor.

Mindy strutted onto the stage to the accompaniment of music from 'My Fair Lady'. She was wearing a purple and green track suit. The audience didn't seem to mind the clashing colours ... she got lots of cheers. Although that may have been because she was related to three quarters of the audience ...

Dawn was next. She had been given a long flowing gown made from some shimmering silver fabric, and it looked fantastic. Unfortunately the student who'd sewn it was almost six feet tall. Dawn's height was considerably less.

But Dawn was very dignified, even after she'd picked herself up off the floor for the third time.

We heard the music start for the next model. It was 'Cabaret'. This should be interesting.

Then a bellow from the vicinity of the room across the hall: "I'm not going out there dressed in this! I refuse! You can't make me!"

Apparently Darren had got the bathing suit.

It was actually a quite attractive bikini. At least, it would have been, on a girl.

"You have to". That was Kate. She was there to make sure no-one chickened out.

"I'm the Principal! I get to say 'no' once in a while!"

Apparently not tonight. After some cajoling and a few threats, Darren eventually made his way onto the stage. Kate had let him wear the bathing suit over a T-shirt and shorts.

I won't say that some of us weren't a little relieved.

He certainly got a lot of cheers. But he was a little disconcerted when he realized they were mostly from the men in the audience.

Next up were our former students, who had returned from college to participate. We suspected that some of them just wanted to get a look at our new single male Social Studies teacher. But we were glad they were back.

Kate had asked for clothing that sort of represented what they were doing in college. So Carson got to wear a rather nice leather welding apron and gloves. They hid the welding scars on his fingers and arms quite well.

Melanie came on stage wearing an elegant pant suit combination. We were very impressed; we hadn't realized that our sewing students were capable of such good work.

It turned out later that the 'Pippi Longstocking' costume that had been made for her wasn't ready, so she'd just gone onstage wearing what she'd worn that evening.

Amanda and Brooke took the stage in matching skirts and rather low-cut blouses; Val and Bonnie were busy in the hallway with safety pins before they'd let them go on stage. Mothers are like that.

Michelle couldn't make it; she was at college in Olds and her mother didn't think it would be a good idea for her to hitch-hike. She'd wanted to. But she sent us a pair of farm coveralls that she'd made herself in her spare time between classes. Bailey wore them.

After the college students were done, there were still a few staff members left who had to model something. As usual, I had escaped from having to participate, since, of course, *someone* had to take photographs!

This was a good excuse I'd used lots of times before ... I'd even tried to take photos at my own wedding, but for some reason Jane wouldn't let me.

Kathleen's 'Metallica' pajamas were, if not appropriate to her musical tastes, at least well made. She asked if she could keep them. We said no. Val had already claimed them.

It was Bonnie's appearance on stage that brought down the house.

The slacks were very tasteful, in sort of a subdued pastel brown. The blouse was very attractive. Someone in the sewing class had done good work.

We never did discover who had made it, but it was probably an oversight that none of the seams on the blouse were finished.

Bonnie's 'wardrobe malfunction' was indeed memorable.

After the show, all of the items were auctioned off, which made us even more money. Most of the items of clothing sold for twenty to thirty dollars. Someone even wanted to buy Melanie's pant suit.

Bonnie's blouse went for three hundred dollars.