

Sydney's Bed Rest Nightmare

After greeting my mother-in-law with the requisite three kisses on alternating cheeks, Maya turned to me and grinned wickedly. "How's it going, jailbird? Enjoying life with your warden?"

I sighed. "So not funny."

Maya chortled. "Sure it is! Maybe not to you, but the rest of us are highly amused."

I shook my head. "Lovely, Maya."

She sat down in the chair across from me. "Lighten up, Syd. You looked like you could use a laugh."

I leaned my head against my hand. "You did come by at an extremely opportune moment."

Simone elected this moment to insert herself into the conversation. "*Est-ce ton ami qui aime la mode?*"

I actually understood that! Maya IS my friend who likes fashion. Oh no! She is going to try to rope Maya into getting me to wear the garish clothes she brought me. This didn't bode well for me. Maya would love nothing more than a photo of me in one of these unfortunate garments.

I could see the wheels turning in Maya's head. She knew what Simone was up to and she was—currently mulling over her options. The question was would she help me or would she sell me out for her own amusement? The only advantage I had was my large girth and the medical instruction to lay prostrate for the majority of my day. However, there were two of them. They may have been two of the most petite women on the planet, but they were also two of the scrappiest. I wouldn't put it past them to change my clothes against my will.

I had to act quickly. Keeping my voice even, I pleaded, "Don't, Maya. Don't acknowledge the scary maternity clothes. I beg of you. Please, play dumb!" Whether or not Maya would admit it, she was exceedingly good at this.

While Maya debated, Simone began to pull out more choices. There was a purple muumuu with a giant fuzzy giraffe head, a black muumuu with bedazzled tiger—fangs and all—and a silver muumuu with a rhinestone boa constrictor. Wait! She wasn't done. I knew it! She had yet to come to the item in her favorite color. The *piece de resistance* was a gold muumuu affixed with a lion sporting a mane of dangling metallic ribbons.

I felt a wave of nausea pass over me. What could I possibly do? I couldn't insult my mother-in-law by refusing to wear her thoughtful gifts, but I also couldn't insult myself by wearing them. I was in an untenable position. In other words, I was screwed.

I heard a small giggle from across the room. Maya had removed herself from our immediate line of sight so she could have the freedom of laughing her ass off without upsetting Simone. She *would* find this funny. How much time did she spend trying to convince me I would be wearing the best burlesque costume the world could offer as my matron of honor dress? This was right up her alley.

Once she had composed herself, Maya rejoined us in the living room and liberally sprinkled words like, "*très jolie*" and "*quelle belle robe.*" I desperately wanted to kill her. She wouldn't have thought any of these monstrosities beautiful had she been expected to wear them.

I felt my blood starting to boil. The two women in front of me were supposedly here with the express purpose of taking care of me. One had the best of intentions, the other not so much. Perhaps it was time I reminded the latter of her responsibility.

I grabbed Maya by the wrist and informed her through gritted teeth, "The woman is trying to make me some kind of jungle animal exhibit! You have to help me!"

She responded very softly. "Syd, this blouse cost more than your wedding dress; unhand it immediately."

I slowly released my grip on the sleeve of her silk blouse, all the while staring her down. The disturbed look in my eyes must have forced her to realize I was in dire straits.

Maya knelt next to me and took my hand. "I'm teasing you, Syd. Just because you were in the hospital doesn't mean I can't have ANY fun."

I closed my eyes. "Why is it that I keep you in my life?"

She laughed loudly, causing my eyes to snap open in expectation of a hidden garment of Simone's choosing. Perhaps something with a flamingo or a peacock? Simone was extremely fond of plumage. (Need I remind you of the ensemble I was forced to borrow from Simone during our last trip to France, prompting

Louis' father to tell me I resembled a "deranged Muppet?" His description was dead-on.) Thankfully, a quick scan of the room revealed this was not the case.

Maya winked. "Don't worry. I'll take care of it."

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