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"Shapeless in New Boston"

The price slender women pay

By Kimberly Blaker

At 33 going on 13, I'm still waiting for the day I reach puberty. While I get to enjoy that wonderful time of month that all women look so forward to, I'm still waiting for my body to blossom. I guess I'm just a late bloomer.

Although I no longer play with Barbie, I still admire her perfect curves.

During my first pregnancy, at the age of 25, I was thrilled to finally see my 'B' cups overflowing. Of course, I also acquired a large basketball shape just below.

Following the delivery of my daughter, however, I was able to retain my full curves for merely 2 or 3 weeks. Inevitably, I shrank back down to the barely-B I had always been.

"Well, that's not so bad," I finally conceded. "At least I'm not an 'A.'"

When I became pregnant with my second child, I again felt like a goddess as I began to blossom once more. This time, however, following delivery, I didn't return to

my faithful B cup—instead, I began to shrink and six months later found myself replacing my old bras with size As.

“How could this be?” I thought. My body was working in reverse.

But, as luck would have it, the Wonder bra was invented. By day, I magically transformed into a shapely woman, until the clock struck bedtime, when I would revert back to my preteen shape.

This charade went well for several months until I started to notice that when I put on clingy shirts, I was getting a lumpy effect.

"Maybe the bras are losing their shape," I thought.

But this was pure wishful thinking. It wasn't the bras losing their shape—it was *me* losing my shape.

So, off to the department stores I headed, where I tried on every size "A" available, each of which looked like I was stuffed with lumpy tissue, with the exception of the sheer ones that only flattened my boyish figure.

As panic set in, I grew desperate and even caught myself glancing in the direction of training bras. Still, I refused to give in to such temptation. What would my husband think? Obviously, he was well aware of my small proportions, but during the day, fully clothed with my Wonder bra in place, he could at least fantasize about what *might* be underneath.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I spotted it—a double A that was well endowed. So, I raced to the fitting room and tried it on. It was a perfect fit, and I was back in the game.

Regardless of my tribulations, I find I'm the envy of many women. At 36 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall and 105 pounds, many think my slenderness is something to die for, and insist, "I *wish* I had your problems."

However, being thin isn't all it's cracked up to be.

So, if you're struggling to shed those last few pounds, don't ruin a night's sleep over it. Be proud that you're well endowed, because with every shape there's a price to pay. Believe me, as *you're* envying the slender women who cross your path, *we're* envying *your* fully developed curves.

The End

Alternate ending:

Regardless of my tribulations, I find I'm the envy of many women. At 36 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall and 105 pounds, many moms think my slender figure is something to die for.

However, when it comes to motherhood, we all pay the price. For those of us fortunate enough to shed those leftover pounds, chances are, we were cursed in other ways. If not with stretch marks then most likely a preadolescent figure is what we must endure, with little hope of recouping our loss.

The End

PULL QUOTE: By day, I magically transformed into a shapely woman, until the clock struck bedtime, when I would revert back to my preteen shape.

PULL QUOTE: As panic set in, I grew desperate and even caught myself glancing in the direction of training bras.

Kimberly Blaker of New Boston, Michigan is a mother of two. Kimberly writes for parenting and women's magazines across the United States and other publications.

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