

After the Honeymoon

Wednesday, 26 August 2009

After the kids,

Come the granny pants.

You know the ones. Underwear as comfortable as the flannel nighties and Crocs you started to wear when "feeling sexy" finally slipped off your list of Life's Priorities.

Chuck saw "underwear" on my shopping list and humbly requested that I buy some panties that don't look like the ones from his mom's laundry basket. Some that live up to the name - unmentionables.

So, I decided to honor his fantasy and bought a package of the cutest, cheap, plus-sized Hanes ladies' briefs (those high-cut, hip-hugging kind) that Wal-Mart carries.

A couple of days later, I pulled on a pair and, "Darn!"

"What's wrong?"

"I just tore a hole in my new underwear!"

Chuck sighed, "Well, I guess they just don't make 'em like they did in '1956."

Sigh. Nope, I'm sorry, Dear. They don't.

