

Wanderlust for the perfect bra

Recently, I went on a mission. Not a spiritual one. Not a do-gooder one. A mission to find the perfect fitting bra. I heard rumors that one was “out there” somewhere and when I say “out there” I mean at Nordstrom. There, I was told, they have trained professionals with tape measures around their necks who knew their AA, B, DD’s.

(That’s right, I said AA.)

Some of you might be thinking, she means an “A.” No! There is a size called “AA.” It’s smaller than an “A” and, I think, the most delightful of all bra sizes. Not just a silly “A” and not all show-off-y like “DD”.

I’m getting ahead of myself.

So I found myself at Nordstrom, face to face with a bra “pro.” At least I think she was a pro, she had a real notebook and everything. She was all of 20 year olds and she had recently had eyelash extensions that she “just totally loved.” So good. Let’s call her “Jen.” Jen was very skillful with her measuring tape and listened with compassion as I told my story of the hours spent scavenging through the random A bins at Victoria Secrets sales, the poor sales person sent to the “back room” to find a smaller size in a bra I loved (only to come back defeated and empty-handed or sometimes never to return), and the years of wanderlust looking for the perfect fitting bra.

She scribbled down my numbers, tilted her head and then she said the words that changed it all: “You’re a ‘AA’, not an “A.”

“Really?” I said in surprise (not to be mistaken with disappointment). “I didn’t know there was such a thing. ‘AA,’

really?"

Jen nodded sadly, her eyes filled with compassion behind their perfectly coifed lashes, "Yes, it's (pause...she collects herself) smaller than an 'A', " she barely finished.

"Great! Do you have these 'AA' bras of which you speak? Can I try one?" I said with renewed zeal and hope.

She trots off and brings me back five or six. The whole time I'm making jokes like, "So you must have an overstock of these in Orange County...Do you offer a discount on the smaller sizes?" That kind of thing. Obviously not embarrassed or ashamed.

I like the way I am.

After one last crack, something like, "Have you ever sold one of these at South Coast Plaza? Will there be any special ceremony or fanfare?" Ms.-all-of-20-years-old, new-eyelash-extensions, never-stepped-foot-outside-Orange-Countys-limits said, (dramatized pause) "It's okay, you have a pretty face."

Gee thanks, Jen.

Some of my compadres...

