



A Breast Journal

a letter from Asher

The Bra Fitting from Lane Willey

On a warm day several weeks ago I took off a bra—straps and back slightly stretched—and replaced it with another well worn one; only difference was that the second one was tan... Still not a good fit.

Evidently the bras had shrunk from being placed in a drier, or, as I was to learn, I had developed a condition called *marshmallow fluff*. At that time I had no idea I had a problem but knew it was time to visit the lingerie, or 'intimate apparel' department of a women's store.

In our area the choices are small but I found a place that was having a 'bra fitting' special one week hence. I immediately signed up, sure that I could use the help to be shown a few new bra styles, and went home to await the day.

At the assigned date and time, showered and attired in clean 'intimate apparel', I entered the store and was told it would be just a minute. I rummaged around the rows of panties and bras, always amazed by what is being offered: hardly any material and costing a fortune. Within minutes I was called to the desk and met a woman I can only describe as the opposite of what I had expected.

What greeted me, my 'fitter', was a woman *much* more mature than I—and I am no spring chicken, which, if I were, I would not have marshmallow fluff. The fitter, thin, stringy hair, no make-up, and very plain looking, dressed in a blouse too tight for even her small bosom and pants that were too long, greeted me. I had figured a fitter would be stylish, svelte, with the newest hair style and clothes out of an up-to-date magazine. From the first moment, I suspect I did not have the trust I was sure one should feel when entering a dressing room to be stripped bare and fitted.

I was there—and with ten percent off for trying said bras and an additional twenty-five percent off on all bras, I ventured forward. *She* followed me into the dressing room, hollowed of hollows, sanctuary for bare bosoms, requesting me to take off everything above the waist. I complied, covering my somewhat sagging breasts with my arms, feeling rather vulnerable.

"Okay, missy, hands above your head, got to measure you just below your boobs."

Obedient hands flew over head, 'boobs' dropped and she measured. Then her hands went around the front, then another measurement over the top.

She asked what size bra I had been wearing. She clucked, "Oh, yes I can see why you were having problems with marshmallow fluff coming out the sides; bra is too small around the back. We all grow as we age you know," she said, though I could see *she* hadn't.

I explained I wanted bras with no padding, no wires and, if possible, that closed in the front. She left the room and I sat down on the tiny bench to wait, once again covering myself with my arms.

She returned telling me immediately that there were no bras that snapped in the front that fit my needs. She carried several with the other qualifications that I was to try. Now, I have never given much thought to putting on a bra; just put it on the proper direction and snap the hooks. I began to do this and was immediately stopped by her commanding voice.

"Oh, missy, that is not the way to put on a bra. Let me help."

With those words she pushed the top half of my body forward and reached around with the bra, letting me hang out so to speak as she ignored the apparent purpose which I thought of as covering my breasts, and snapped it in place—on the middle hooks she explained, so as to give room for more growth (heaven forbid) or if ill, to tighten.

"Now, reach right in each side and just move your boobs around until the cup fits perfectly, no fluff should be hanging out the sides."

I quickly did as I was told, not wanting her help, which she would have gladly given.

When I felt *they* were in the right spot, I stood up.

"Oh, no, that is not correct. Your nipples are not aligned! You should be able to see them like two headlights, shining through your bra, nice and even."

I rearranged my *lights* and stepped back.

"Better," she said, "but one is not quite as high. Arrange a little more."

As I did I thought of my mother, who wore bras held together by safety pins, one hook left and lace no longer visible. I wondered if there had been a fitter in her day when she, as I swore to do, would never allow herself to be humiliated again.

I stepped back, as did *she*, who smiled. "Good, no marshmallow fluff, nipples even, a good fit. How many bras do you want?"

I decided I would take all four she had brought in. I didn't even care about the cost,

just that I didn't want to have to come in, maybe not in my whole life, to do this again.

She left with the bras, and I began to dress. It was then that I heard giggles coming from at least two of the other dressing rooms. Whoever was in there had heard the entire conversation! I dressed as quickly as I could and ventured out of the dressing room to pay. I did not want to see who was in those dressing rooms and I sure as hell didn't want them to see me—to assess whether my headlights were indeed straight!