



A Ripper of a Problem

by Robert Prins

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I couldn't believe it. And I only bent over a little bit!

It was Sunday morning. I was excited to be away for a weekend away catching up with friends. And I was looking forward to speaking at their church that morning. I put on my good trousers, buttoned my dress shirt and perfectly knotted my tie. It was when I bent down to pick up my shoes that it happened. A loud rip and popping sound came from behind me. It wasn't what you think. Then the squeeze of the trousers on my buttocks released and I saw in the mirror the bright flash of red boxer shorts explode through the back of my best trousers!

Oh no! I couldn't believe it! My hands rushed around to my backside to confirm what I thought had happened, but the breeze on the tops of my legs had already confirmed it. My trousers had split. Wide and deep. Instead of bun covers, I now had buttock flaps.

So began my trouser woes.

With my shorts back on, I asked if our hosts had any solutions to my trouserless problem. It's not easy to borrow a pair of longs when you are a five-foot-something short man, with six-foot-something friends. I tried on a pair of Mark's trousers. I had to belt them up around my chest and then roll the bottoms up to what would be mid-calf on him. They didn't look good. Shorts it would have to be.

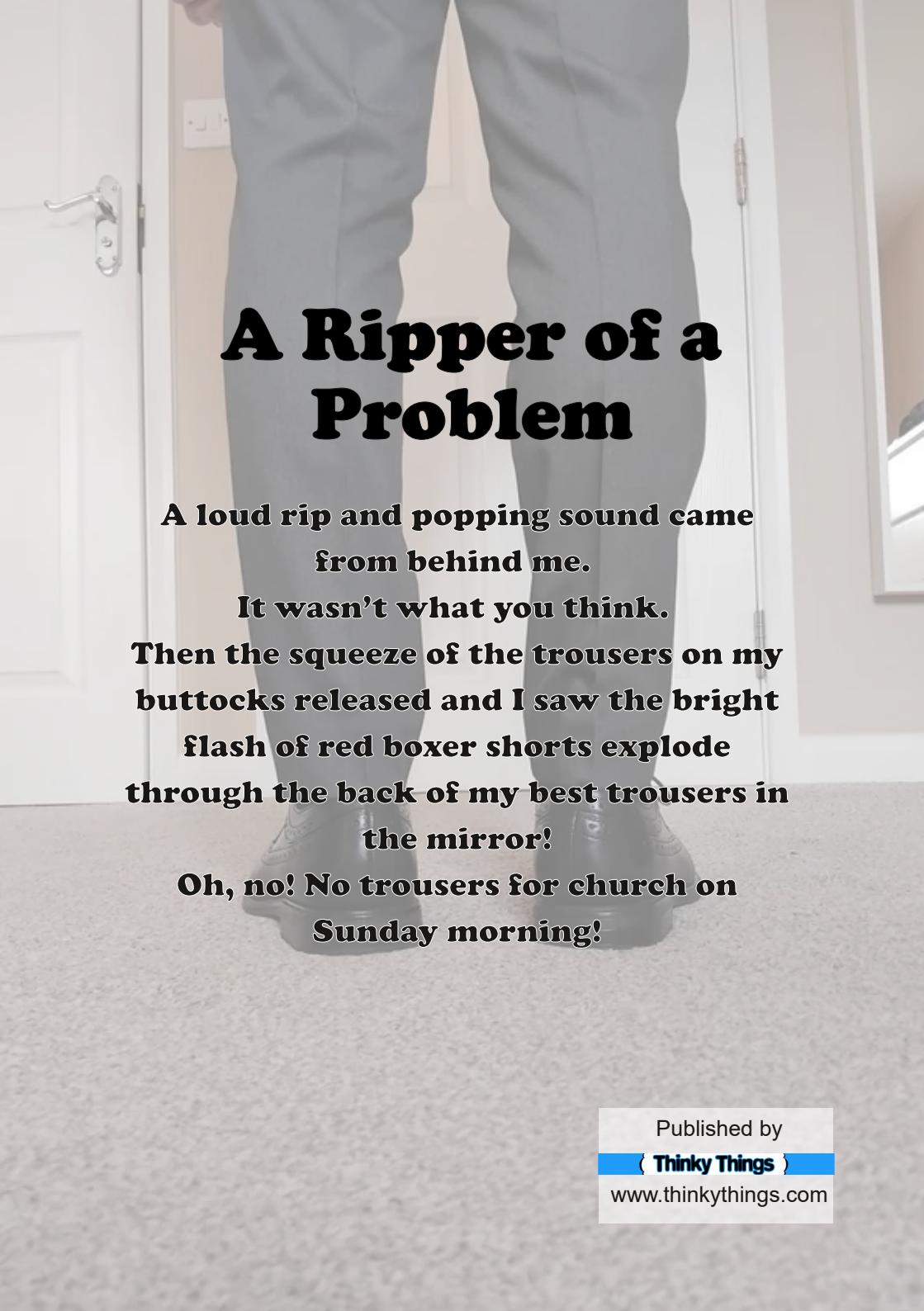
I was the first guest speaker ever to turn up at his church wearing a shirt, tie, jacket, dress shoes, long socks and little rugby shorts. I am sure they didn't remember a thing I said, but they will always remember the speaker with no trousers!

Shopping for new trousers is not easy for those of us with a different shape. I found a reputable menswear shop and headed straight toward the trousers department. There were two racks of trousers. One was labelled "Slim", and the other was labelled "Skinny." I stared at them. The legs were so narrow, I would have been lucky to get my calves through the thighs of their trousers, while each pair of trousers was almost as tall as I was!

A young female shop attendant stopped to ask if I was OK. "Yes..." I replied, "But those are 'Slim', and these are 'Skinny', where are your trousers for short, fat people?"

She looked at me with shock in her eyes. She scanned the rows and looked back at me again. Then she suddenly laughed out loud. "Ha, ha, you almost had me there," she said, as she tossed her ponytail and rushed out of sight before I could ask any more questions.

So here is my plea to the makers and sellers of men's trousers: Not everyone is tall, skinny and slim. Some of us are short, fat and lopsided. Maybe you could think about making trousers for us too!



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**A loud rip and popping sound came
from behind me.**

It wasn't what you think.

**Then the squeeze of the trousers on my
buttocks released and I saw the bright
flash of red boxer shorts explode
through the back of my best trousers in
the mirror!**

**Oh, no! No trousers for church on
Sunday morning!**