

## So I Wore My Du Rag To The Grocery Store

"Babe, I feel like cake. Did you get stuff to make any when you went to the store?" Asks my husband.

"Huh?" I reply like I hadn't heard what he had asked.

"Cake." He replies. "I can go for something sweet."

"Oh cake.... No I didn't. Do you want me to go to the store?" I ask thinking that this would be a great opportunity to pick up another bottle of Wine. The bottle chilling in the fridge was closely approaching "e".

"Yeah. I mean only if you feel like it?" He replies.

"I'll go. What kind do you want?" I ask as I prepare to peel myself out of the indentation I was nestled into on the loveseat.

"Yellow with chocolate frosting sounds good." He replies nodding at the thought. Did I mention that I had already showered? I mean, I was wearing my PJ's and had cooked a fabulous dinner. I only mention this to bring attention to the fact that I am an amazing wife, who despite a long tiring day, was mentally preparing to go to the store and make her husband a cake! That and I wanted to make sure that my bottle of Pinot didn't actually reach "e" before the night was out.

Anyways.... I peel myself from the loveseat, pull on my sneakers, grab my jacket and head out of the door.

As I start driving I realize that I still have on my du rag. Great! I think. My hair was a mess, and I didn't dare pull it off.

"Girl I know you're not gone keep that shyte on your head." I hear my mother shouting in her Bajan patois. She didn't go for ratchet stuff like wearing head ties, du rags or bonnets outside of the house. I slouch down in the car as I imagine how disappointed with me she would be.

"It's not that serious". I think, reassuring myself as I head to the store. I pull into the parking lot looking extra ratchet I might add. Did I mention that I was also blasting Chris Brown's "Look at me now" I immediately turn the radio off. I really didn't need to draw attention to myself.

I knew that my hair was a mess and I cringe at the thought of going into the store with the du rag on or off. Jesus all this for some damn cake!

"Don't forget the wine." I think as I refocus. Priorities girl! Priorities! The wine made it worth it, didn't it?

I start to think of all of the times that I had seen women in bonnets or flip flops on top of socks and had shook my head in disdain.

"How had I become one of these women? What if I saw one of my girlfriends?" I thought. None of them lived close by though.

"Lisa and Karen live over here fool." I remind myself, we're practically neighbors!

Did I mention that I've been known to be a little Step-Ford-ish (Like a Step Ford wife)." Tara had jokingly said as much at dinner with the girls a few weeks ago. God if she could see me now. No makeup, chapped lips and a du rag on my head of all things. Maybe I should just go back to the house. Tell bae the store is out of cake!

"Ok now you're od-ing." I think to myself. "It's really not that serious." I chuckle nervously.

"BEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPP" Blast the horn of the car behind me. Oh shenanigans! Did I really zone out for a minute. A parking space was open to my right. I look in the rear view mirror at the scowling man in the car behind me. He was probably glaring at the top of my bright blue, du ragged head thinking that I was a freak. I pull into the parking space and hold my breath before getting out of the car. I pull on my hood aiming to stay as inconspicuous as possible. I hurry through the grocery store. I grab the cake mix, frosting and a bottle of wine before quickly heading to self-checkout.

I gasp as I approach the self check-out line. It curved into the food aisle in a meandering coil of snakey ridiculousness. "What in tarnation!" I think as I look at the other lines that are just as long.

By this time, I'm sweating because even though its winter and about 10 degrees outside Krogers has the audacity to be 80 degrees!

"Is this really my life?" I think to myself as I swelter and swoon inside of my down jacket.

"Should have taken five minutes to make yourself look halfway decent!" I hear my mother's voice scolding, as I imagine her shaking her head in disgust.

Images of me passing out from the heat inside my jacket start to horrify me. If I pass out my hood will certainly fall off, exposing my du rag for everyone to see. LORD!! I could see the scandal now.

What if one of my blog followers are in this supermarket! My appearance is a far cry from my profile picture.

"Your blog's not that popular crazy!" My more level headed voice of reason reminds me. This much was true. I was really allowing my imagination to run rampant. Maybe it was the heat.

I'm about two seconds from a heat stroke and I can't take one second more of it. I rip off my hood and try to ignore any gasps that I was sure would follow.

Nothing.... I zip down my jacket to further relieve myself from the sauna that had temporarily become my prison.

I proceed to check myself out amidst a slew of imaginary stares. I look around nervously, but no one appears to be paying me the least bit of attention. As I swipe the wine bottle across the scanner, the machine informs me that an attendant will be over to assist me. GREAT!

"Can I see your ID?" The attendant asks seeming to not give one iota about my blue du rag. I show her my ID, glad that at least my picture was decent.

She glances at my age and says "Thanks." before returning back to the podium at the front of self-checkout.

*“See crazy, all of that nonsense for nothing!” My know it all voice of reason adds.*

*I exit the supermarket and walk to my car. I start to throw my bags onto the passenger seat before I notice a kid eyeing me from across the parking lot. He looks like a baby, couldn't be older than 19. I look at him and he looks back at me like he got beef. Was this kid serious? I throw my hands up like lil dude please! I could be your mother, like literally.*

*He looks surprised. Looks like he's rethinking whatever he has in mind. He shakes his head and decides to keep it moving.*

*I get in the car and start the engine when it suddenly occurs to me. That kid was probably gonna try and thug me for money.*

*“OMG! The du rag probably made him re-evaluate the whole situation!” I smirk to myself.*

*“Yasss girl yasss!” I crank up Chris Brown and head from Krogers' parking lot like the Queen that I am (dude rag and all).*

*Nefretiti A. Morant*