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A Sunny Attitude – 1

The brilliant yellow purse screams, “Look at me, look at me,” from the top shelf of the Merle Norman counter. Wow, what a cool bag, I think to myself as I lay out cash for a new tube of lipstick.

The sales clerk notices my eyes lingering on the spectacular piece. She quickly plucks it from its perch and sets it before me, “Only thirty-two dollars.”

“Hmmm, it *is* really cute,” I muse. I separate the handles and unzip the opening to reveal the inside compartments. I’ve never been into purses, and certainly never thought much about their style. I abruptly zip it closed, and hand it back to her saying, “Better not go there today, but I will think about it.”

Think about it I do. I dream that it is on my shoulder as I walk the runway in Milan. I imagine it coordinated with each of my outfits as I dress every morning. There is just something about that bag. Four days later, I peel off the interstate at the Frankfort exit and wind my way into the Merle Norman parking lot. Thankfully, the bag is still there.

The handbag and I become inseparable.

Soon, astonishing things began to occur. The purse has quite a personality – a real, honest to goodness attitude.

A Sunny Attitude – 2

Complete strangers begin stopping me on the street to remark about the purse. Comments such as, “That’s a cute bag,” and “Wow, where did you find that wonderful purse,” are directed to me at every turn. I suppose the heat of summer makes it even more noticeable. One lady even says it reminds her of a caution sign.

The glossy purse is crescent shaped with decorative top-stitched pleats. Brown circles of braided patent leather roping create the handles. It is quite simple in design. The vibrant personality comes from the wallop of color – a yellow as bright as the noon-day sun.

One unforgettable moment comes when I am in a grocery store and two complete strangers race up to me as I shop. “Oh, there is that fabulous handbag I was telling you about,” says one of the ladies to the other. She fondles the bag in my cart, turns to me and says, “I saw you last week when you were getting into your car and I swear, that purse waved at me – where on earth did you get such a find?”

Not knowing if she is going to take it away from me right there, I quickly gave her the details.

What really floors me is the number of men that actually comment about the purse. While I am on an elevator, when I am pumping gas at Thornton’s, and walking into church one Sunday morning. If only I’d had a spectacular satchel like this when I was single!

As summer draws to a close, it is difficult to put the luminous pocketbook into storage. There is something indescribably sad about shelving this fun companion for the drab, nondescript brown handbag I carry in the winter.

I empty the contents and wipe the outside with sudsy water with a sigh. I solemnly take it to the closet and swap it for the winter one. Now, every day as I enter the closet to pick out something to wear, it winks at me – a reminder that summer is not that far away.