

Ice Cubes and Sewing Needles

First published April 13, 2017

It all started with Judy's idea to do some makeup shopping. On Saturday morning I called her, looking for something to do and that was her best suggestion.

Karen and Judy were waiting for me at the corner and we set off for Beamish's which had a pretty fair makeup counter. We always needed new hair rollers, eye shadow and Maybelline mascara. It was crucial to find the right colour of shadow and thickness of mascara though, so our selection took a while.

We didn't have the nerve to buy eyelash curlers; we had visions of accidentally pulling our eyelashes out of our heads. New Dawn hair colour was very enticing, but after some discussion we chickened out. Our parents would kill us for sure.

Then we headed for the very "affordable" jewellery counter where a new selection of earrings had just been put on display. Sadly, most of these were for pierced ears and Karen was the only one who could wear them. She chose two pairs of gold-coloured hoop earrings. Judy and I looked at each other, and bright idea dawned in two minds at once. "Karen knows how to pierce ears. Karen, why don't you do ours for us?" I asked excitedly.

"What would your mom say?" Karen worried. "She'll probably kill me, but she doesn't have to know until it's done" I said. Judy added "My mom won't mind, we talked about it before." (Judy was the spoiled brat of our group.)

So Judy and I bought a pair of hoops each, and headed back to my house where Karen could perform the surgery. All we needed were ice cubes to "freeze" our earlobes, and a needle. Simple.

Before she got started, my mom invited them both to stay for dinner, so we all sat down to eat. Afterwards, we furtively removed an ice cube tray from the freezer and hurried into my room.

Luckily I had a sewing needle handy and the operation began, Judy heroically electing to go first.

Karen held an ice cube on both sides of Judy's earlobe until she squawked that her ear was freezing. "That's the whole idea, stupid" cold-hearted Karen replied. "Rubber Soul" was playing on my stereo, and we turned up the volume a little. The ice cubes were removed and the needle approached.

Judy scrunched her eyes shut and let out a muffled yell as Karen pushed the needle through. "I can hear crackling!"

"That's just the cartilage. Relax and stay still" Karen ordered. Soon the deed was done and in spite of Judy's nonstop moans and groans, the earring was painfully wriggled into place. With the second earring in place, Judy went home to recuperate, which didn't make me feel any better.

When the first needle had been pushed through my crackling ear, suddenly my mom called us to do the dishes. Luckily my hair hid the needle still stuck through my ear and Mom didn't notice a thing. Finally with both earrings in, I tucked my hair behind my ears and bravely went into the kitchen to face the music.

"I knew it!" Mom exclaimed to my astonishment. "When I saw Karen taking the ice cubes in your room, I knew what was going on. Tomorrow we can go downtown to Sparks Street and get a better pair of earrings at the Green Dragon." I let out a huge sigh of surprise and relief and looked forward to yet another shopping trip for jewellery.