

A little bit of sunshine and the milk bottle legs start appearing. Yes, the weather we are having is lovely, yes, I am assuming that by the time you read this the weather remains lovely and yes, this is unlikely as two hot weekends in a row are beyond even my wildest dreams any more. Not like when I were a lass, and the sun shone every day from June to September, only getting cold in time for the tattie week in October.

Up until a few years ago the worst horror we had to witness at this time of year was wobbly bottoms in shorts, bingo wings and white socks with Jesus sandals (although that at least disguises crusty nails and bunions). But now we have a whole new range on display when the sun shines. I am just about getting used to seeing boxer shorts or g-strings peeking out of the tops of jeans, but in summer this is now complemented by belly-button rings shining out from a roll of fat.

Please, if you are inclined to wear a crop top, anything in white, something that starts below your collar bone or finishes above your knees, or are tempted to expose your underwear, then have a good look in the mirror before you venture out. I concede that you are more likely to 'get away with it' if you are in your teens, but this does not give you immunity to style disasters.

Many years ago I worked in a sports shop where we had a strict, but self-imposed, uniform; New Balance trainers, Ron Hill tracksters and an Ocean Pacific t-shirt to express our individuality. In winter you were allowed to add a Patagonia fleece and Nokia wellies which were the height of fashion in Fort William at the time.

On the few occasions I wore jeans, someone was bound to ask "Where are you going all dressed up?"

I make no claims now to be a fashion icon, although I am beginning to think there must be more to a daytime ensemble than charity shop jeans and a 'my favourite film festival' t-shirt (in the evening, I like to dress up the outfit with a pair of dangly earrings and a change of socks). I am determined never to visit my local in my slippers, and have instructed them not to serve me in that state.

Now that summer is here, I may just take myself into town at the weekend, and seek a new look for myself. This is not as easy as it sounds, balancing budget with the ethics of third-world exploitation in the clothing industry. I took a sneaky look at some magazines yesterday to see what this season's look was, and how it can be adapted for the mutton generation. A ra-ra skirt, gladiator sandals and a tie-dye top adapted for our non-Californian climate, and Bob could well be my uncle. I'm even considering trading in my rucksack for the latest 'IT' bag; a hot 70's clutch. But I'm sure I'll get over it.

I am sure you are now worrying about where I am going to wear all my new glad rags. Well, there is that trip planned to Glasgow in June, and The Proclaimers gig in July. I'm sure the new glamorous me will be invited to boogie on down at more than one music festival this season.

In the meantime, as I unfortunately was unable to make Victoria and David's birthday celebrations, I am hoping for an invite to a party in my friend's back garden this weekend. Her celebrity friends are far more entertaining. I just hope she puts a bit more effort into it than the family meal she had last weekend. A flame-grilled burger from a takeaway eaten in the garden does not constitute a barbecue. She tried to claim that the sunshine was unexpected and that the children were delighted, but any more of that and I might just have to report her to Gordon Ramsay.

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