

The funniest thing that ever happened to me was in the early eighties. I was 21 years old and teaching 3rd and 4th grade in a Christian school in California. There was a parent named Mr. R. He was a former elementary school principal who was now a pastor. He was volunteering in my classroom.

In order to be respectful of all denominations, the school had a strict dress code, requiring that we wear dresses and nylons to work. I've never been able to stand panty hose because I'm very ticklish and I can't stand anything around my waist. So, after much searching, I discovered thigh-highs. They are just like knee-highs, but they go up much higher and have a heavy elastic band around the top. Preferring to have elastic around my thigh, rather than around my waist, they seemed like the perfect solution. I wore them and washed them and dried them regularly.

Then, one day, I was standing up in front of the entire class teaching. All eyes were on me, when I felt the elastic in both legs suddenly let go. Because the elastic was so heavy, when it gave out, the top of the thigh highs began sliding towards the floor first, unpeeling my legs. When I realized what was happening, I squeezed my knees together and told the kids I had something important to get out of the closet and I did the duck walk to the closet and went inside and shut the door.

This wasn't a walk-in closet. It was the kind with the bi-fold doors, but I managed to slip inside and shut them behind me. From the beginning, the biggest problem was that it was cracking me up. Teachers have to maintain a certain amount of dignity and self-control, and I was about to lose both. I pulled up the thigh highs and went back to teaching.

It was immediately clear that these thigh highs were determined to come down. Whatever elasticity they once had was completely gone now. The first signs of hysteria were showing on my face as every dimple revealed my clenched facial muscles. Some of the

kids began to realize that something was up.

I hadn't been in front of them again for 60 seconds when I had to once again excuse myself to get something important from the closet. I duck-walked back into the closet and couldn't help laughing out loud once the door was closed. I searched all through the closet in the art supplies and found some safety pins. Then, I stretched the thigh-highs as far as they would reach and pinned them to my underwear. I took a few moments to regain my composure, grabbed a stapler and headed back out.

The whole class and Mr. R were staring at me because they heard me laughing hysterically in the closet. I gave them a stoic "everything is fine" face and found some things to staple as I went on teaching them.

Thirty seconds hadn't passed when it began to happen. My thigh-highs started pulling down my underwear. This time, I couldn't help myself and just blurted out laughing uncontrollably in front of the class. The kids were now loving this and laughing with me, although none of them had a clue what we were laughing about.

Mr. R had the wise discretion not to ask. Now in danger of having my underwear fall completely down around my ankles in front of 30 children and a pastor, I held my legs completely together and without making any excuses, waddled back to the closet.

Once in the closet, I completely lost it. No longer able to stifle my laughter, I just let it explode from within me. The entire class was listening to me and laughing hysterically from the classroom. I wondered what Mr. R was thinking. I disappear into the closet and come out laughing. What if he thought I was smoking dope? How else would you explain my bizarre behavior? I imagined myself telling Brenda, the music teacher during the next break. The thought of that made me laugh all the more.

There was obviously only one solution left. I would have to remove my thigh-highs. I took them off and put my bare feet back into my shoes and after a great while of composing myself, returned to my hysterical class.

Not wanting to call attention to the fact that I now had bare legs, it was essential that I regain control of the class. I kept my stoic face as kids begged for me to tell them what was so funny. At the next break, all of them rushed to closet to see what was in there. I knew that would happen. The thigh-highs were hidden in my pockets and the secret was mine to keep. Until now.