

NYLON STOCKINGS

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“A wetsuit?” asked Skubba surprised.

Yes, his mother had bought him a real diving suit. Wow! Cool!

Fred took a piece of chalk and drew a piece of cheese with holes on the sidewalk.

“Neoprene is like a sandwich with cheese,” he said.

Skubba looked rather surprised. My mom gave me a suit of cheese? Must I dive in that? But, cheese is yellow and my suit is black.

“The outer layer, the buns, protect the inside against sharp things. The inside, the thick layer of cheese is rubber, such as a rubber band, but with air bubbles trapped in it. These bubbles will keep you warm in cold water.”

Skubba heard water and thought no more of cheese, but of scuba diving. He wanted to get in his suit and in the water as quickly as possible. However, getting in the suit was not that easy. He did not want to use excessive force because he was afraid to destroy the neo-thingy. What would happen if he tore the outer layer and all those air bubbles suddenly escaped from the suit? Would he fly away like a balloon? Halfway up his leg, his foot got stuck. What now?

“What I wanted to tell you was that it is not easy to put a neoprene suit on. It’s like a new rubber band, you have to stretch it a little so that it fits your body,” said Fred.

“But how do I get into it without tearing it?” asked Skubba still thinking about the balloon flying through the air with a brrr-sound.

“Put some socks on.”

“Socks?”

“Yes, it will be easier to put it on.”

The moment Skubba put a sock on to get into his suit, his mother came back into the garage. She had a pair of nylon stockings with her.

“Take these. They are old ones.”

Skubba looked at Fred, puzzled. Did his friend also expect him to put on girls stockings?

“Oh yes. Put them on.” Fred sounded clearly enthusiastic. “Nylon glides better than cotton. Put them on!”

Indeed, with his mother’s stockings on, getting into the suit was easier. But must he now wear nylon gloves to get his arms in the suit?

Fred had already foreseen the question and was holding a plastic bag.

“Put this over your hands and glide your arm into your suit.”

“But I cannot dive with my hands in a bag.”

“Put your arm through the sleeve,” Fred said.

After Skubba’s hand came out of the sleeve, Fred pulled the bag off and put it on the left hand.

Two legs and two arms in the suit. After some pulling and pushing, all the wrinkles were gone. The first time in a neoprene suit felt like being buried in the sand on the beach. However, Skubba was very happy and felt, for the first time, like a real diver in a real diving suit. He was beaming. He was ready for another adventure.

