

Vital Research

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Rated PG

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Summary: Lois realizes Jimmy is wearing a bra, but is he the only one?

Hello peoples of FoLCsville. Here is a new one that if you don't notice is actually from the first line challenge that was posted in July... soo... yeah!

I would like to give special thank yous and a huge mwah! to Nancy. You're a Star!!

Also I'd like to thank Jeanne for GE-ing this, I really appreciate your patience.

Disclaimer: Blah blah blah, they're not mine, and don't sue me. And don't forget to give feedback.

"Jimmy, are you wearing a *bra*?"

I hoped I was wrong, but all I'm seeing is a baby blue bra strap showing from his left shoulder. To be honest, I try to look away. But I'm transfixed. I try to think of something else. I try to get back to the story. Try to stare at the little piece of chicken stuck between his teeth. But like a magnet, my eyes keep going to his left shoulder. I try to think what else it could be. But the same thing keeps coming back to me. The same conclusion. Bra... bra... bra...bra...bra...bra. And is that lace?

"Oh, so you noticed, huh?" he answers while checking that the strap is hidden.

"You're *wearing a bra*?" It's an actual bra! I can't believe this! And he's being so calm about this... The story I was working on has been long forgotten because I can only think of the reason why Jimmy is wearing a bra. This is so insane. This feels like a dream.

"Why are you wearing a bra?" is the first thing that comes out of my mouth. Maybe this is none of my business. But I'm a journalist. It's my business to know these things...

"For research," Jimmy says.

Is he serious? He's wearing a baby blue bra for research?

"You're wearing a bra for research?" I say with a voice that says, 'Are you kidding me?'

"Would you stop saying the word bra? People are looking at me funny," says Jimmy as he readjusts his shirt so the strap won't show.

Why would he research bras? I am so confused I feel a migraine is about to hit me. This is completely unbelievable. I can't believe this is actually happening.

"I'm saying that because you *are* wearing a bra!" I can't stop saying the word bra. I'm trying so hard to stop saying it. But it seems like my whole vocabulary exists around the word "BRA."

Jimmy is wearing a bra. For research. That's like saying Clark is Superman. Nobody would believe that. It's ludicrous.

"For research! And I don't know how you girls wear these things on a daily basis. It hurts and the straps keep falling off. Plus it keeps poking me. I just bought this bra and it already ripped on the side," Jimmy says as he starts touching the side of his chest, trying to show how hard it is to wear a bra.

"It tore already?" I say as I stand up. My recent shock has been forgotten and has turned into curiosity. I go over to help him

with the strap.

"Yeah, and it was really expensive. But I got a good deal. It was on sale."

I finish tightening his bra strap on the left and I go to the one on the right. When I do that, I'm able to get a peek at the bra itself. It's really cute. The color is really pretty. I wonder if they have it in pink?

"I really like the color," I say absently while finishing the strap. "How's that?" I ask as I take a step back to let him examine the straps.

"Yeah, it's good now, thanks. Did you notice that it's lacy, too?" he adds as an afterthought.

"Really?! Let me see." It's lacy too... I wonder where he got it?

"Where'd you get this? It's really cute!" I ask as I pull his shirt away from his chest and inspect the patterns on the cup.

"Oh I got it from this store. It has really nice bras and stuff. I'll give you the address if you want."

"Yeah, that would be great. Thanks." As I keep making random tracings on the cup of Jimmy's bra, I'm suddenly aware of something. I'm discussing bras with Jimmy, and I'm wondering what cup size he's wearing.

"Jimmy?" I say while I stare at his bra, preparing myself for what's to come. Keep your voice even; don't look into his eyes. And don't stare at the piece of chicken stuck between his teeth.

"Hmm?" I hear him say. Okay this is it. Calm Lois. Keep calm.

"What cup size is this?" SUCCESS!!! My voice was calm and collected. I didn't look him in the eye, and I didn't laugh hysterically in his face, but I did glance at the piece of chicken. I don't think he even knows it's there. Maybe I should tell him. A good friend would tell him. I'll do that in a minute.

"I don't know," says Jimmy as he looks everywhere but at me.

Okay. He said that too fast. He knows. And he won't tell me. In the beginning I just wanted to know. It was mild curiosity. Now I *have* to know. I need to know. If he doesn't tell me I'll be thinking about it all day. It's not just curiosity anymore; it's a necessity.

"You don't know?" I ask him completely seriously. All funny feelings are gone and although I'm all business now, I have a feeling a giggle will spontaneously bubble out of me from nowhere.

"But you bought it," I tell him as I take a step towards him. While I close in he takes a step back putting some distance between us. This is completely crazy! Why won't Jimmy tell me his bra size? I'm his friend; he shouldn't be shy about this.

Maybe I shouldn't tell him about the chicken. Let him suffer a little.

"I don't know, Lois. I just took it from a rack."

I lift an eyebrow at that. Is that right? From a rack?

"At the store! I bought it from a rack at the store! A stand... thing. What do they call those things? You know, that they hang bras on?" he says, his voice almost a stutter. He's definitely hiding something if he's nervous.

"A rack?" Is it a rack? I have no idea to be honest. And I couldn't care less. I just want to know what cup size he's wearing.

"Yeah, that's right! I knew I was right." He gives a nervous laugh as he looks at his surroundings.

Nobody's looking at us. So I don't know why he won't tell me.

"Well, I've got to go check something... some photos and the thing with the chief..." he says as he turns and starts walking away almost at a run.

"Jimmy, wait! I have to tell you something about a chicken!" I yell after him, but he's gone. He even started running after I

called his name. Augh! And I still don't know his cup size; I still don't know why he's researching bras.

As I reach my desk, I sit down with a thump and put my hand on my forehead. There's that migraine I knew was coming. I laugh a weak laugh. This is absolutely crazy. Jimmy's wearing a bra. And that piece of chicken is still going to be there for a while.

I feel Clark walking by my desk. Where has he been? What was his excuse again? He had to go pick up his dry-cleaner's sister-in-law's cousin from the airport? I don't care anymore. I stopped listening to Clark's excuses after the cheese-of-the-month one. I should look into that. See if it exists.

"What's wrong with Jimmy? What did you say to him?" Clark says as he walks to his desk.

"Chicken," I reply with my eyes still closed. How much should I tell him? Should I tell him about the bra?

"I'm sorry?"

"Chi-cken!" I say losing my patience. Is he being difficult on purpose?

"O... kay," he says with confusion. He shakes his mouse to stop the screen saver and logs in to his computer.

"Hey, did you know Jimmy's wearing a *bra*?" I ask as I face him. I have to tell him. How can Jimmy expect me to just be quiet about this?! I have to tell Clark. He's my partner. If he weren't, I wouldn't tell him. At least that's what I'm telling myself.

Clark looks up from his screen with a look of surprise and shock. "He's wearing one, too?"

~fade to black~

THE END