

You Can't Dress Me Up



If you study your home movies closely enough, you may begin to see the origin of certain character traits or peculiarities you may have. It just happened to me. I had an epiphany. You see, for as long as I can remember, I have always hated costume parties. Just getting an invitation to one would make me cringe.

Halloween, for all its candy, is absolutely my least favorite holiday. Why? It's the dressing up part... which is a bit odd for someone who spent a large part of his life on stage in costumes playing different characters. That didn't seem to bother me. But I have almost always had an aversion to costume parties and Halloween celebrations where dressing in costume was a prerequisite.

I think I've discovered the reason why I have such a negative bias of a practice that so many others enjoy. I came across this rare footage of me as a child in the midst of what must be a Halloween parade.

First off, let me say the sight of so many white sheeted costumes with pointy hats is a bit off-putting. I'm pretty sure they were supposed to be ghosts (Casper was popular back then) but when viewing the past through the lens of today's social filters things can tend to take on unintentional meanings.



So, here are my sisters. Angelic looking aren't they? No, I'm not the creepy kid behind them looking like a zombiefied caped crusader. I wish I was. It would have been much cooler. Here I am in my costume:



Seriously? Of all the costumes in the world to choose from, I got to dress up as a fashion challenged Mickey Mouse in a Pepto Bismol colored fat suit with pom poms? Granted this picture doesn't do it justice but in all honesty, I'm not even sure that's a genuine Mickey Mouse mask. Looks a little deformed. But get this:



Again, hard to see but this is a different year. The pink outfit is gone but the same mask is being used? I must have complained about the oversized clown suit so this was the solution? Dress the boy all in black and send him out into the

night? I'm amazed I got to live through puberty.

With this as my entry into a world of costumes, it is no wonder I shy away from them. Since I still get the inevitable invites, I have, though pure necessity, devised the only getup I'll wear. I've got jeans, boots, and a plaid shirt. If your party ever needs a cowboy, I'm your guy. Hat is optional.

Michael Ondrasik and Home Video Studio specialize in the preservation of family memories through the digitalization of films, videotapes, audio cassettes, photos and slides. For more information, call 352-735-8550 or visit our [website](#).