

The Clockhat



Dinah Dinklaker was a real trendsetter when it came to clothes. A day after she showed up at the Bacontown Ball in a piranha gown, a dozen other women were shopping for the same dress. And she single-handedly started the flammable fur fad after her faux mink muff spontaneously combusted at the opera house during a performance of *Die Meistersinger von Nashville*. But she surely is best known for turning the millinery world on to the clockhat when she appeared on the Atlantic City boardwalk one wintry morning with one strapped to her head. Bigger than a wristwatch by an order of a thousand, the double-duty clockhat kept time while shielding the wearer from dangerous W-rays from space. Plus, to some it was an attractive headpiece. The only downside was its counter-aerodynamic design. The one time Dinah wore it outside, a typhoon abruptly blew into town, picked up the hat with the *fashionista* attached, and knocked both of them into the neighboring township. Miraculously, the hat survived, and even gained two minutes; Dinah, alas, survived only as two column inches in the obit column.