Mini Story: Renaissance Woman

By TheSpiralledEye

I sat back in frustration, staring at the half finished essay in front of me. I was used to writing historical essays, not pieces of fiction. Once again I glanced over the assignment brief with disgust; 'Write an essay on life as a woman during the renaissance. I know feminist readings were all the rage these days but this was not why I decided to get a degree in art history.

I was a white guy from the twenty-first century; how the hell was I supposed to know how it would feel to be a woman; let alone one who lived hundreds of years ago?

I flicked open yet another book I'd borrowed from the library; hoping it would be the one to finally spark some sort of inspiration in me. It certainly sparked something, though nothing quite as ephemeral as inspiration. Instead the spark was literal; a fizzing yellow flash that temporarily blinded me and left my mind reeling. Had somebody rigged this thing with a flash bomb as a prank or something?

I blinked away the spots in my vision only to find myself stunned. My desk was gone, so was my dorm room and the whole campus. Instead I found myself standing in a cobblestone street in the middle of what looked like the world's most well funded Ren Faire.

Confused, I reached out to steady myself against the nearby wall but realised something felt…off. Confusion gripped me as I glanced down at my hands, only to see slender fingers adorned with rings and bracelets I had never worn before. Adorning fingers that were far too long to be mine. Not to mention the sleeves; I'd been wearing a shirt a moment ago, but now I was dressed in something made of rougher cloth with a crude lace fringe.

My eyes travelled up the sleeves to the rest of the outfit and my eyes almost fell out of my skull. It was a dress! A beautiful, renaissance style dress with a full on bodice and long skirt that brushed the cobbles. Not only that; I had the body to match!

Gentle curves, a generous bosom and a distinct lack of a certain appendage between my legs. Women of this time period rarely wore undergarments; at least not

underwear. So I could feel a slight breeze brushing at something sensitive between my legs.

I had just been bemoaning the fact that I could never know what it felt like to be a woman and now all of a sudden, I was one!

But instead of panic, a sense of wonder overtook me as I looked upon the sumptuous garments that draped my figure. Layers of rich fabrics cascaded around me, and I marvelled at the intricate embroidery and elegant lace that adorned each piece. CLearly hand made with care; it felt so lovely on my soft skin.

I could hear people talking and looked out of the little alley I had appeared in to see a bustling city street and a market place not far away. Excitement filled me and I stepped out into the new and exciting world I had only ever seen in paintings.

With every step I took, the soft rustle of silk and the gentle sway of my skirt brushed against my legs. I felt a sense of freedom in the billowing folds of my gown, a liberation I had never experienced before.

As I wandered through the cobblestone streets, I couldn't help but notice the curious glances and whispered conversations that followed in my wake. At first I thought it was because they were seeing the real me but then I noticed it was the outfit that drew eyes; it was of much finer make than anything the women around me were wearing. I embraced the attention, revelling in the sensation of being someone entirely new.

I grinned, enjoying the sway of my hips and the gold adorning my fingers; a noble woman no doubt. I'd never been anybody important before. This was pretty fun! I'm not sure how, but I knew this wasn;t going to last so I made sure to take in every detail for my project. I took in every sight but most importantly, every sensation. From the soft brush of my skirt to the tightness of my sleeves; I wanted to memorise every single feeling.

For my report of course. No other reason.