

## **Just Like Lynda Carter**

**Extract from a story by Emma Mooney**

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When she'd ordered the bright red robe, she'd pictured herself slipping off her glasses, shaking her hair loose around her shoulders while simultaneously spinning around on her tiptoes, arms stretched out wide. Ta-da. Transformed in an instant. Just like Lynda Carter.

Instead, it's like battling inside a giant duvet cover, and when she eventually emerges in her wetsuit, she looks like a shrink-wrapped chicken. She waddles down the muddy banking and tentatively steps into the water. Icy water grips her ankles. She breathes out - slowly - and steps in up to her knees. Her thighs...

**... read the full story in POTB Issue 17**