

In this wonderful multi-cultural Capital of ours we're constantly meeting people from different nationalities.

In our office alone we can boast Brits, Kiwis, Filipinas, Emiratis, Lebanese, Indians, Moroccans, Americans and even an Irish leprechaun.

On a regular basis this leads to confusion – do we throw out the trash or the rubbish? From the bin or the trashcan? Do we answer our cell or mobile? Before we pop outside for a fag and throw our fanny packs in the boot.

And that's just the lingo. When it comes to cultures and customs, that's a whole other ball of wax.

A hot topic of discussion at the moment seems to be appropriate dress codes in city malls. The scales are tipping once again towards a backlash against people exposing too much flesh in public – as always happens when temperatures start soaring.

In our opinion, we couldn't agree more with those outraged individuals demanding a more modest dress code. There's nothing worse than sitting down for a coffee in the mall only to be confronted with the sight of someone strutting past with a short wedgie or glancing around to spot a fellow diner's chest spilling onto the table.

If you're within the confines of a nightclub or a friend's house then how you dress is your concern, but when you're out in public you're inflicting your fashion hits and misses on strangers. So you've got great legs? Or you've just spent a fortune enhancing your assets? There's a time and a place to show them off. The mall is not that place.

We're living in an Islamic state, a state that incidentally shows every resident a huge amount of respect and tolerance in terms of freedom of sartorial expression. In turn, I believe we should return that respect. When you head to the mall, ditch the shorts for a pair of trousers or take a

What not to wear

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pashmina to cover your shoulders.

Megan Wynes