

## A Day in The Life of a T- shirt

One night I put on my mother's old T-shirt with the Modesty Blaise print and fell asleep, not knowing that I will open a long-locked door to the past. As I drift off to sleep, it seemed to me like T-shirt was breathing, gently pulling me into another dimension. I opened my eyes and the world was different. I was sitting on a floral bedspread, in a room where nothing was mine but everything looked so familiar. There were posters of 2Pac, Dr.Dre, Coolio, Salt-N-Peppa and many other artists on the wall. On the shelf stood bunch of Alan Ford comics, a few cassettes and a small plastic walkman with headphones wrapped with Scotchtape. On the desk stood a calendar from 1998 and several notebooks full of graffiti and drawings. When I looked myself in the mirror, instead of my face I saw my mom's - same hair, same brown eyes and that familiar smile that always hides an idea. I realized - I was in my mom's teenage years!

On the street in the front of the house children were playing gumi-gumi. Loud rap music was heard from a speeding car. I noticed a group of young people all wearing Reebok and Nike sneakers, tracksuits and oversized T-shirts with all kind of prints. Almost no one had a cell phone, except those „boxy“ Ericssons and Nokias which only a few of them had. I went to school and everything was like in an old movie. The school hallways smelled on chalk and disinfectant. There was a sign on the classroom door: 8. b . I sat down at desk. My mother's best friend sat next to me. I recognized her from an old photo I had looked at so many times before. She had two small braids that fell on her cheeks. When big recess came, we went outside on the school playground and eat Chio Chips and drink Sprite from a can. In one corner of school playground we saw few boy listening to the Fugees and their mega-popular *Killing me Softly*

rapping with a bad English accent but with a lot of passion. Mom, actually me, knew every word. We joined them and they laughed sweetly. After school I went to the nearest neighborhood store and bought two Twix chocolates and quickly ran to my best friend's house. She had VCR (video cassette recorder). We immediately put in a videotape that said *Clueless*, a movie that we liked so much and kept watching over and over again. The first stars appeared in the sky and I felt something I had never felt before – a time in which no one was in a hurry. That evening, when I went to bed, the shadows of a street lamp were all over the room wall. I grabbed one random piece of Alan Ford comic book from the shelf and started reading about the crazy adventures of Grunf an Number One while Mariah Carey's gentle voice softly echoed in the background. The images suddenly began to narrow into shimmering point and finally disappear...

I opened my eyes and I was back in my room. The T-shirt was still on me but the smell was different, like a trace of something warm and distant. On the shelf in my room I found an old cassette tape. When I put it in my small retro cassette player at first I heard some crackling sound and then a woman's voice saying: „People, it 1998, the best year of all!“. Many thoughts ran through my head. At first I thought maybe all this wasn't a dream, maybe T-shirt had a secret power or maybe, on the other hand, it was just my imagination. But one thing was for sure – in that point I understood my mom more than ever and the time in which she spent her young age. Nowadays, every time I put on mom's T-shirt I feel like I can hear that good old familiar melody playing somewhere far away. I often wish I could sink again into peaceful dreams of mom's growing up filled with carefree time and genuine joy.