

## 32/34 STAR

Oh Yes! She is wearing me! She fits me well, although I cannot actually touch her back. Maybe I'm a tad loose around there. Her bum and thighs are quite right: not too bony, not too fat. I can feel the ground, but that's not a problem. I can bear that. So what if I get a bit scruffy and grungy? It's always better to be hanging on the ground, than to be too short. If I was too short, she'd look like an idiot. Being too short is unacceptable in this day and age. And yes, I do come from a very big factory, but even I have my pride.

On the bike now. This chick sure has some muscles in her thighs, I can feel myself getting all stretched out! Luckily there is some stretch in me, otherwise what kind of j... would I be?

Oh damn, now she's putting on another pair of pants, because we are getting wet. I was hoping for a splendid entrance and lots of compliments, but now I'm all covered up. Bummer! Well at least she has put on her high heels today, to make us look extra gorgeous.

'She holds her hips so high, like a statue in the sky!'  
Tip-tap, click-clack. There we go!

Now, a year later, I am still in good condition. My ends are a bit scruffy and I'm not in the shape I used to be. I've also grown paler than I was before. She is still wearing me a lot though. I am not afraid of the competition. I know she prefers me above all her others. I have a good life. I am seldom put in the tumble dryer: that is really every self respecting piece of clothing's worst nightmare.

At the moment I'm rolled up and I'm lying in some big, dark bag. I prefer to lie flat, but I really have no choice in the matter: the others are rolled up too. It's very small and cramped around here, I wonder why we all have so little space. And what is all this other stuff doing here: sunscreen lotion, a hat, a big fat book, shampoo, sunglasses? I don't like this at all.

Wait a second, now there is light coming in! Light which is horribly vivid! I don't think I'm in danger of getting wet any time soon now.

Yeah! I'm being worn again! I was beginning to feel left out you know. She's not wearing me much at all these days. Most of the time I'm rolled up in this dark, ugly, smelly cavern. Maybe that has something to do with the bright light?

We are walking now. No lights this time, all is dark. Night it is. Usually she's wearing her old pink shorts at night. What is up?

I can see a colleague next to me: she's classic, five pocket and indigo blue. The colleague belongs to a cheerful blonde girl. I think we are about the same size.

Ow yuck! What is on me? Something smelly and sticky has landed on me, out of nowhere. Gross. Colleagues are everywhere now. The whole place is crowded and our bosses are all bopping and hopping around. My girl used to that in front of the mirror and at the same time she would be making all sorts of funny faces. I can't actually see if she's doing that at this moment, but she sure is moving around.

A colleague again, coming closer now. Very close now – we're touching – and I feel strange hands on me! What is happening? If this goes on the whole evening, I will wear out more in one evening than I normally do in one month. This is tough indeed.

O thank goodness, it's finally finished. We're out in the air now and it's rather cold. She sits down on the pavement, not on a bench or something. I'm not actually used to sitting on the dirty ground. You see, my girl is always very considerate.

Have you ever! Again those hands, and all over me too!

We're going in again. It's no longer cold. Her room. More strange hands. Unzipping now, and undoing. Whoops! That's me crashing down on the ground in some far corner of the room. I'm inside out and crumpled, lying in a pile. My zip is open, and my pockets are full of curious stuff: coins, notes, lip-gloss. Whoosh – that's my colleague landing beside me, in the same creased condition.

What is she doing? ...

by Anna Visser

